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PUNCH



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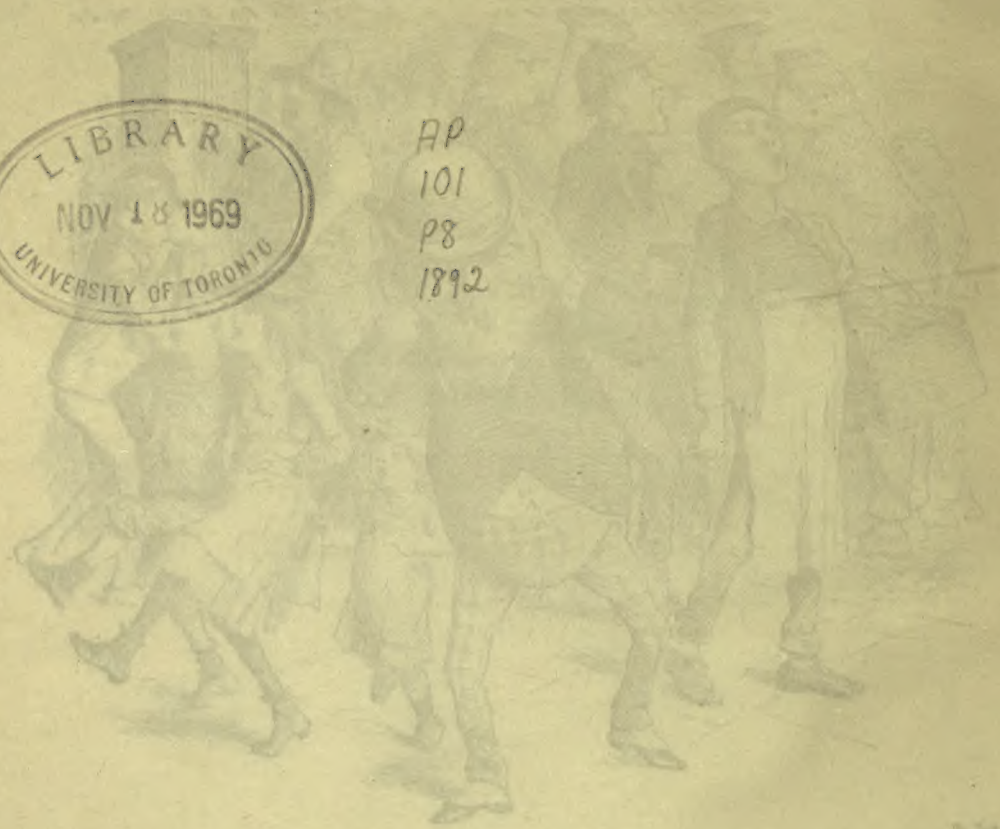
VOL CII

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1892.



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P8
1892



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE 22, FLEET STREET.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



SCENE—A snug riverside nook hard by a weir. Mr. PISCATOR PUNCH discovered enjoying the *Contemplative Man's Recreation* in a solitude à deux (with TOBIAS). To him enter, from opposite sides, two furtive, mysterious, and apparently disguised personages, each bearing rod and line, but looking little to the piscatorial manner born.

First Angler (catching sight of second, aside, with acerbity). Tut! tut! He here! Hoped he was at Hawarden!

Second Angler (catching sight of first, aside, peevishly). Confound him! what does he want? Had an idea he was at Hatfield!

Mr. Punch (catching sight of both, aside, merrily). Aha! here they are. Can't leave me alone. Fancy I do not recognise them, perhaps, in that ill-fitting Izaak-Waltonish disguise. (*Sings.*)

For Whigs are full of flattery,
And Tories full of pride;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe!
Both fish for Votes, I fish for perch,
All by the river's side.
I'm sure of unopposed return.
My countrymen know Me!
Heigh trolollie lollie loe!

First Angler (aside). Hanged if he does not twig!

Second Angler (aside). Verily he seemeth to smell a rat!

Mr. Punch (aloud). Hail, Brothers of the Angle! Good-morrow to you both, and a pleasant pitch—at courteous angler's correct distance. Whither away, Gentlemen? And are you perchance bekknown one to the other?

First Angler (embarrassed). Well, Mr. Pu—PISCATOR, we are not of a party on this occasion; yet meseems I have seen our friend in the voluminous collars somewhere ere now.

Second Angler (awkwardly). And I, on my part, seem to recognise that burly form, that bushy beard—

Mr. Punch (laughing). Oh, turn it up, my noble swells! I know you, as you know each other—and Me! You have both of you tracked me down to my rural retirement, with an eye, respectively, to "tips." This fortuitous concurrence displeaseth you much, but you must make the best of it. Perpend, sham Piscators. What d'ye lack? What, in short, is your little game, Gentlemen?

First and Second Anglers (together). Well, you see, Sir, the Gen—

[*They both pause.*]

Mr. Punch (gravely). I perceive. In view of the imminent General Election, each of you thought he would like a quiet hour alone with Mr. PUNCH, with an eye to "pumping" him—each in the interest of his Party. A miscalculation, Gentlemen! Mr. PUNCH hath no Party—save Mankind; no Leader—but himself! However, don't look so uncomfortable, the pair of you, but sit down sociably, help yourselves to the shandy-gaff, and have a chat. Let "peace, and patience, and a calm content cohabit in your cheerful hearts" (as they did in Sir HENRY WOTTON'S), while—as he did—we "sit quietly in a

summer's evening, on a bank a-fishing." As CORYDON sang, "Fishers must not wrangle." Aha! his song might be parodied—for your behoof, Brother Anglers!

O the brave (Vote) fisher's life
Is the best of any!
Full of pleasure found in strife,
So beloved of many.

Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Stirring is,
For our WILL
Polls will fill.

Power's the only pleasure!

We have sly baits in our horn,
Party paste and worms too;
We can work both night and morn,
Suffer toil and storms too.

None do fear
Arms to bear
In the fray;
Fight away!
Some sit still,
And bait with skill.

Wire-pullers must not wrangle!

First Angler. Ay, marry, Sir, now you talk like an artist! (*Aside*) Only wish WILLIAM were not here! *Then* I might have a chance!

Second Angler (gravely). An art something too artful wholly to hit my taste. (*Aside.*) Oh, were SOLLY only away! Can't speak freely and frankly in his presence.

Mr. Punch (twigging). Marry, scholars, 'tis little use "muttherin' there as if ye'd been ill-thrated." My best counsel is at the service of both of you, as old PISCATOR's was, whether to VENATOR, AUCUPS, PETER, or CORYDON.

First and Second Anglers (together, eagerly). Well, what think you of my chances at the Gen——?

[Both stop short, and scowl at each other.]

Mr. Punch (winking) singeth:—

I'm a gay but "leary" Sage, with my one, two, three,
I'm willing to give counsel or wise warning;
But if it's me you'd pump, with a view to Party "stump,"
You must get up *very* early in the morning!

There is reason, put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man, as honest old IZAAK says.

Second Angler (plaintively). But, Master, have you nothing pertinently practical to mix with this 'frollic discourse, which, in view of the tremendous issues toward, doth now grow tedious and tiresome?

Mr. Punch. Cheer up, honest Scholars, and perpend! I may not mar this bright June day, this sylvan scene, this quiet swim, with platform platitudes, party bickerings, or wire-puller prophecy. I would rather hear MAUDLIN piping her "Milk-Maid's Song," or CORYDON trolling his catch. But if it is sage counsel you want, take it. You are about to enter on a great political fishing match. Fight it out like honest anglers and good-tempered—like those that, as IZAAK hath it, "are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling." Fish fair, don't foul your opponent's tackle, or needlessly disturb his swim. Don't use fancy or poaching baits, nor overmuch of *any*. Remember the old angling maxim: "Swear not, lest ye catch no fish."

"Oaths do fray
Fish away,"

and vituperation loses Votes. Finally, if you be beaten, take your licking like a man—and an Angler. If further counsel ye want, you will find it to the full of your joint and several needs and capacities in this my

One Hundred and Second Volume!!!





CALENDAR
MDCCCXCIII

JANUARY xxxi Days.

1 S	12 af Chr	17 T	Franklin
2 S	Abeyat	18 W	Trison
3 T	B Treloa	19 Th	Watt B
4 T	Yamane	20 L	Labin
5 Th	M Jmf d	21 S	Asen
6 Th	Wepary	22 S	Asen
7 S	Bp Jy d	23 S	Asen
8 S	af Rep	24 Th	af Epl
9 M	af Rep	25 Th	Patt d 174
10 M	af 10 m	26 Th	Patt B 174
11 M	af 10 m	27 Th	Burns B
12 Th	Lavater d	28 Th	Reard disc
13 F	Hil Sit B	29 F	J Gibson
14 F	Lavater d	30 F	Prescott d
15 F	B Cannon	31 M	Seting S
16 F	af L T B	32 M	Chas I Blo
17 S	28 af Epl	33 Tu	B Kratz
18 M	B Cornua		

FEBRUARY xxviii Days

1 W Fd Coke b	1 W Ash Wad
2 Th B Lonsd	16 Th Burke 122
3 F Bassard d	17 F Brunsd d
4 S S. Th. M	18 S Luth d
5 S Saxg N	19 S L in Lent
6 M S. G. M	20 M J. Home d
7 Tu Q at St. M.	21 Tu Trinitat d
8 W H. at Bay	22 W Ferguson d
9 Th Barclay m	23 Th S Brooks d
10 F Q. V. marr	24 F Matthias
11 S D. M. 42m	25 S Wren d
12 S Quinsu s	26 S S in Lent
13 M Revel 1658	27 M Benvenuto
14 Tu Valentine	28 Tu J. Trinitat

MARCH xxxi Days.

1 W St David	17 P St Patrick
2 Th Wesley d	1 S Sacrament
3 P R Merton	1 S S in tent
4 S Sonoma	1 S Spring com
5 S Inland	1 Th Benedict
6 P Du Mont	1 W Genevieve d
7 Th St Ch. 36m	2 Th Nat. cal.
8 W St Ch. 4m	2 P Q. Phil d
9 Th Cobbett u	2 S Lady Day
10 P Schiller b	2 S Palis S
11 S Inc T Imp	2 M James I. d.
12 S 4 S in tent	2 T. T. T. tent
13 M Priestley l	2 W R T. T. tent
14 Th Bing shot	2 Th steel Vesp.
15 W Manning d	3 P Good Frid.
16 Th De Kent d	

APRIL xxx Days.

2	Alt. seeds	17	2 F. af Kae
3	Black, nat.	16	M. C. Lillander
4	Mk. Holslay	1	To Granger d.
4	nat. 100 sm.	1	W. J. Indrie
5	nat. 100 sm.	2	Sp. d. dea
6	To Laily Day	21	P. H. Hober t
7	Pr. Leap t.	22	Oleum tunc
8	B. Savona	24	38 af ka
9	Low sum.	24	M. L. Landree
10	Harlett b.	25	Ps. Albre
11	Plant. 8th b.	26	D. 14th 2m
12	Young d.	27	Th. Gibbon b.
13	Hamdel d.	2	F. B. Toms
14	Pr. Near b.	28	S. Cath. S.
15	S. Maron	30	4 S. af ka

MAY xxi Days

1	M. P. Thompson	17	W. W. Carls, Jr.
2	T. W. O. O'Brien	18	D. Howard
3	W. H. Zamboni	19	K. S. S. S. S.
4	J. S. S. S. S.	20	C. S. S. S.
5	J. S. S. S. S.	21	W. S. S. S.
6	J. S. S. S. S.	22	M. H. H. H.
7	J. S. S. S. S.	23	M. L. L. L.
8	J. S. S. S. S.	24	C. V. V. V.
9	J. S. S. S. S.	25	C. H. H. H.
10	J. S. S. S. S.	26	A. S. S. S.
11	J. S. S. S. S.	27	S. S. S. S.
12	J. S. S. S. S.	28	T. S. S. S.
13	J. S. S. S. S.	29	M. S. S. S.
14	J. S. S. S. S.	30	T. S. S. S.
15	J. S. S. S. S.	31	R. S. S. S.
16	J. S. S. S. S.		

JUNE xxx Days.

[illegible]

JULY xxi Days.

18	R. H. Vance	17 M. P. Pouch	41
19	S. J. Smith	18 W. H. Pouch	42
20	S. J. Smith	19 W. H. Pouch	43
21	S. J. Smith	20 W. H. Pouch	44
22	S. J. Smith	21 W. H. Pouch	45
23	S. J. Smith	22 W. H. Pouch	46
24	S. J. Smith	23 W. H. Pouch	47
25	S. J. Smith	24 W. H. Pouch	48
26	S. J. Smith	25 W. H. Pouch	49
27	S. J. Smith	26 W. H. Pouch	50
28	S. J. Smith	27 W. H. Pouch	51
29	S. J. Smith	28 W. H. Pouch	52
30	S. J. Smith	29 W. H. Pouch	53
31	S. J. Smith	30 W. H. Pouch	54
32	S. J. Smith	31 W. H. Pouch	55
33	S. J. Smith	32 W. H. Pouch	56
34	S. J. Smith	33 W. H. Pouch	57
35	S. J. Smith	34 W. H. Pouch	58
36	S. J. Smith	35 W. H. Pouch	59
37	S. J. Smith	36 W. H. Pouch	60
38	S. J. Smith	37 W. H. Pouch	61
39	S. J. Smith	38 W. H. Pouch	62
40	S. J. Smith	39 W. H. Pouch	63
41	S. J. Smith	40 W. H. Pouch	64
42	S. J. Smith	41 W. H. Pouch	65
43	S. J. Smith	42 W. H. Pouch	66
44	S. J. Smith	43 W. H. Pouch	67
45	S. J. Smith	44 W. H. Pouch	68
46	S. J. Smith	45 W. H. Pouch	69
47	S. J. Smith	46 W. H. Pouch	70
48	S. J. Smith	47 W. H. Pouch	71
49	S. J. Smith	48 W. H. Pouch	72
50	S. J. Smith	49 W. H. Pouch	73
51	S. J. Smith	50 W. H. Pouch	74
52	S. J. Smith	51 W. H. Pouch	75
53	S. J. Smith	52 W. H. Pouch	76
54	S. J. Smith	53 W. H. Pouch	77
55	S. J. Smith	54 W. H. Pouch	78
56	S. J. Smith	55 W. H. Pouch	79
57	S. J. Smith	56 W. H. Pouch	80
58	S. J. Smith	57 W. H. Pouch	81
59	S. J. Smith	58 W. H. Pouch	82
60	S. J. Smith	59 W. H. Pouch	83
61	S. J. Smith	60 W. H. Pouch	84
62	S. J. Smith	61 W. H. Pouch	85
63	S. J. Smith	62 W. H. Pouch	86
64	S. J. Smith	63 W. H. Pouch	87
65	S. J. Smith	64 W. H. Pouch	88
66	S. J. Smith	65 W. H. Pouch	89
67	S. J. Smith	66 W. H. Pouch	90
68	S. J. Smith	67 W. H. Pouch	91
69	S. J. Smith	68 W. H. Pouch	92
70	S. J. Smith	69 W. H. Pouch	93
71	S. J. Smith	70 W. H. Pouch	94
72	S. J. Smith	71 W. H. Pouch	95
73	S. J. Smith	72 W. H. Pouch	96
74	S. J. Smith	73 W. H. Pouch	97
75	S. J. Smith	74 W. H. Pouch	98
76	S. J. Smith	75 W. H. Pouch	99
77	S. J. Smith	76 W. H. Pouch	100
78	S. J. Smith	77 W. H. Pouch	101
79	S. J. Smith	78 W. H. Pouch	102
80	S. J. Smith	79 W. H. Pouch	103
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82	S. J. Smith	81 W. H. Pouch	105
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84	S. J. Smith	83 W. H. Pouch	107
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86	S. J. Smith	85 W. H. Pouch	109
87	S. J. Smith	86 W. H. Pouch	110
88	S. J. Smith	87 W. H. Pouch	111
89	S. J. Smith	88 W. H. Pouch	112
90	S. J. Smith	89 W. H. Pouch	113
91	S. J. Smith	90 W. H. Pouch	114
92	S. J. Smith	91 W. H. Pouch	115
93	S. J. Smith	92 W. H. Pouch	116
94	S. J. Smith	93 W. H. Pouch	117
95	S. J. Smith	94 W. H. Pouch	118
96	S. J. Smith	95 W. H. Pouch	119
97	S. J. Smith	96 W. H. Pouch	120
98	S. J. Smith	97 W. H. Pouch	121
99	S. J. Smith	98 W. H. Pouch	122
100	S. J. Smith	99 W. H. Pouch	123
101	S. J. Smith	100 W. H. Pouch	124
102	S. J. Smith	101 W. H. Pouch	125
103	S. J. Smith	102 W. H. Pouch	126
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AUGUST xxxi Days.

2 W. L. Zama	17 Th. A. Blake d.
3 W. B. Zama	18 F. B. Spurr
4 Th. Birm. Pk. c.	19 S. Ormiston
5 H. Oyst. Sec. d.	20 L. S. of Tr.
6 S. W. Ch. Tr.	21 M. Black k. s. t.
7 S. John. of Tr.	22 H. B. Russell
8 M. H. Holidays	23 W. Wallace b. l.
9 Th. Orway b.	24 Th. Barthol.
10 W. Sa. Th. Bm.	25 F. J. Watt d.
11 Th. Lawrence	26 S. P. Cons b.
12 F. H. H. Tr.	27 S. B. S. of Tr.
13 Th. Trin. Bk. c.	28 M. B. Leipzig
14 S. B. S. of Tr.	29 Th. Jno. Bp. b.
15 M. L. Clived.	30 W. Paley b.
16 W. Scott b.	31 Th. Bunyan d.
17 W. B. Cranden	

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

2	F. Paré	17	Ja. H. d.
3	capt. Nolan	17	16 S. of Tr.
4	14 S. of Tr.	18	Geo. I. land
5	S. of Tr. 17m	19	T. B. Posters
6	Cont'd.	20	W. B. of A. m.
7	S. of Tr. 4m	21	Th. St. Matth.
8	P. Burchard	22	F. Virgil
9	Nat. B. V. M.	23	Auto. Q. B.
10	B. Fladlin	24	17 S. of Tr.
11	15 S. of Tr.	25	Person.
12	S. of Tr. 10m	26	T. J. v. v. v.
13	O. P. R. R.	27	W. B. C. v. v.
14	C. F. J. d.	28	17 S. of Tr.
15	H. v. v. v.	29	Mich. Day
16	B. R. v. v.	30	34. Jerome

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

2	S	to at Tr	17	1	The Irena
3	M	Anged	18	W	St. Ice
4	T	Alfred	19	F	Knicker 1
5	W	Ignat	20	H	de Navarre
6	S	to the Elm	21	S	Trappas
7	P	Path	22	S	ch at Tr
8	S	h Th	23	M	Irish Rob
9	S	to at Tr	24	P	Light
10	S	to Donna	25	S	Crugin
11	T	Mountain the	26	T	Horton b
12	W	and Mile Tr	27	P	Crack b
13	T	America d	28	J	Locke d
14	S	to at Tr	29	S	ch at Tr
15	H	Seaside	30	S	Sherridan b
16	S	to at Tr	31	T	All Hallow
17	M	Beaumont			

NOVEMBER xx Days.

[illegible]

DECEMBER xxi Days

[illegible]

ANGLEOMANIA;

OR MEMS BY A "CONTEMPLATIVE
MAN"

"We will do nothing but angle, and talk of fish
and fishin' g."

The Compleat Angler.

First Entry.—Since I was fourteen, and odd boy at a Buttermonger's, "retirement" has been the dream of my life. Now I am fifty-five, I have realised it, at Rose Cottage, Bramblewood. And—heigho!—Retirement is not so rosy as I had fancied. *Don't know what to do with myself!*

BUMPSTEAD, my neighbour, says I want a hobby.

BUMPSTEAD, who, like *Silas Wegg*, has a weakness for "dropping into poetry," thus doggerelises:—

"Eh? You're chippy, stale, dull cobby?
You've the blooming hump, my BOMBY!
Stir your stumps, and mount a Hobby!"

But what hobby? BUMPSTEAD, an enthusiastic Waltonian, says Angling! He'll play *Piscator* to my *Venator*. Knows all about it; generally smells of fish; clothes commonly speckled with scales, with slimy dabs at knees. Stuffed fish in chilly-looking glass-cases all over the house, even in bed-rooms. Says he caught 'em all himself. "All men are liars, and some are anglers." So says JOBSON, my neighbour on 'tother side. But he's an orchidomaniac, and consequently scorns BUMPSTEAD and his hobby. Will think it over.

Second Entry.—Have thought it over—with results. Think I've bought every book on angling ever written, from Dame JULIANA BERNERS to ANDREW LANG. As to tackle! Well, you should see. I purchase one sample at least, of every article in Tackle-shop, from a twenty feet salmon-rod to a sixpenny bone disgorgers. Haven't least idea of use of one-half of them. But they nearly fill a four-wheeler, and frighten JANE, my wife, almost into fits.

BUMPSTEAD says:—

"Never care for female cackle!
Angler's heaven is heaps of Tackle!"

But BUMPSTEAD is a bachelor.

Third Entry.—Have been reading books and studying tackle, till I'm half dazed. Am in great fog about baits, make an awful



mess of mounting a line; my teeth ache with biting "shots" on to the "gut," and my fingers—not to name other parts of my person—are sore from fortuitous hook-pricks. I never knew anything so plaguy perverse, or so unaccountable in its vagaries, as your average fish-hook. If the fish find it half as difficult to keep clear of 'em as I do, what sport I shall have!

You should have seen me yesterday after mounting an eighteen foot rod in the garden, trying to drop the bait "gently," and "softly as a snail moves" (as IZAAK directs), into a washing-tub filled with water. Rod sprang and swished like a live thing, hooks got entangled in every unlikely thing within reach, from the seat of my pants to a flower-pot on an upper window-sill, from JANE's cap to *Fido's* tail. Ultimately, after snapping two top joints, smashing my wife's favourite myrtle, and embedding a hook in TOMMY's left ear (it had to be cut out by the surgeon), I got the whole confounded caboodle into a sort of aggravated Gordian knot and gave it up—for the day.



Fourth Entry.—I have caught my first fish!!! Only an eight-ounce roach. But oh! the thrill of that first tug at the line, the breathless excitement of that "play," the finished rapture of that "land." I was half hysterical with joy. Hooray! Angling for ever! Bless BUMPSTEAD, and bully for IZAAK! Pass the big stone-bottle, B., and I'll drink to my first catch.

"Oh, the gallant fisher's life
Is the best of any!"

Woohoop!

"There, sit down, man," says BUMPSTEAD tartly, "or you'll upset the punt and frighten away all the fish!"

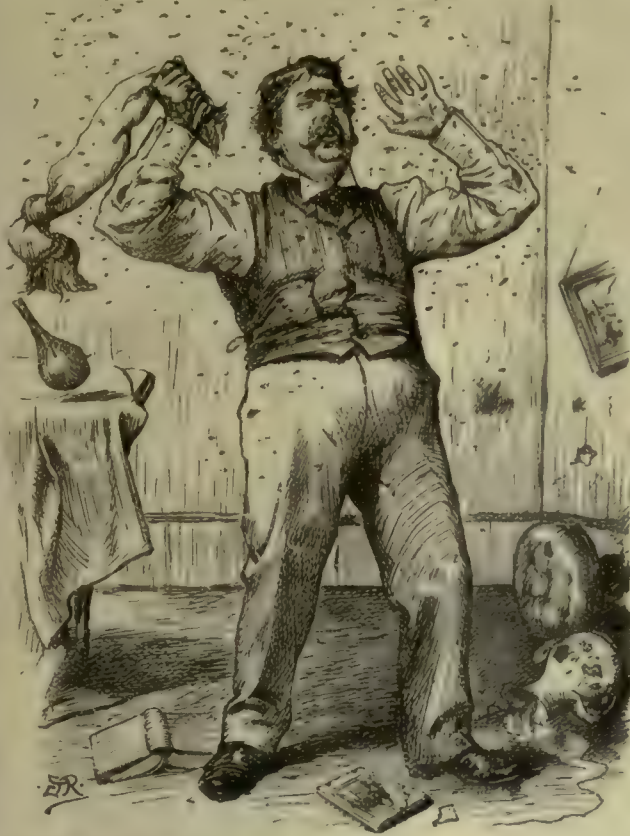
Didn't catch another fish that day. But I fouled my tackle fifty times at least, lost a top joint, and hooked—but failed to "land"—the frame of an old umbrella.

Went home with my one fish, feeling depressed. BUMPSTEAD says I must not be discouraged,—

"For like 'n quereors and Clowns,
Anglers have their ups and downs."

Fifth Entry.—BUMPSTEAD quite right. Anglers have their ups and downs. Wonder if it was first called the Gentle Craft on account of—"gentles." Horrid clammy, wriggling, evil-smelling things, which nobody but an ardent angler would touch. JANE loathes 'em. Took an extra fine lot—about half a pailful—home, in view of "a day among the roach." Got loose in night, and next morning were crawling all over place,—those that hadn't turned into bluebottles. Such a "plague of flies" as we've had ever since Egypt never equalled. Fly-traps, catch-'em-alive-ohs! *papier mouché*, and organised hunts with entomological nets and

knotted towels all equally futile. Broke ornaments, brought down cornices, and blobbel wall-papers all over. But didn't seem to diminish flies. Dull, indeed! and with JANE in such a tantrum!



BUMPSTEAD sings:—

"We have gentles in our horn,
We have paste and worms too;
Don't they rouse the slavey's scorn?
Give the wife the squirms, too!"

Doggerel, but dreadfully true!

Next day collected scanty remnants of the "gentle" host, and had a go at the roach. Caught two, one undersized. Have heard how many dozen bullets, on average, it takes to kill a man in battle. Wonder how many hundred "gentles" go to the hooking of an eight-ounce roach.

Sixth Entry.—BUMPSTEAD down with rheumatism, caught by sitting six hours in punt, and in heavy rain, at Crumples' Corner after chub. Invited to a day's dace-fishing at Staines. Arrive at 10 o'clock on a fine summer morning. Host called away on jury. Left to tender mercies of his son, who is sweet-hearting. The pair of spoons moor the punt in a capital "pitch" under some willows, and then go off together in boat. They say to fetch lunch. Two hours pass and neither they nor the lunch comes. Nor do the dace. Sun shifts, and I'm left in full glare thereof. Began to melt, and fear sunstroke. Arrange handkerchief under my straw as sort of "puggree." No use, fish keep in the shade, I can't.

Can stand this no longer. Must try to shift the punt myself. Carefully loosen chain, and drag violently at one pole. Won't leave its hold on bottom for ever so long. Finally does so suddenly with a jerk, landing me on my back in middle of punt. Hurts. Gather myself up and shift shorter pole. Punt wobbles away at an angle all across river. Plunge about with iron-shod pole trying to bring punt "up," and re-moor. Pole either won't hold, or buries itself firmly in stodgy clay of bottom, declining to come out. Perfectly horrible. Never felt so helpless in my life. Punt drifting doggedly down-stream towards weir. I have no sort of control over it. Shout for help, and strike wildly for bottom. Pole holds at last, thank heaven! By Jove it does hold? Punt doesn't though, but

drags itself away from me. Hold on in agony by my toes for half minute, and then find myself out of punt in mid-stream clinging on to pole as though I were trying to climb it.

If those confounded "spoons," alarmed by my yells, had not come in boat to my rescue, that would have been my last day's angling. As it is, *never* trust myself alone in punt again until I've learned how to handle it. The comfortable flat-bottomed philistine looking thing, *once adrift*, is worse than skates, bicycles, or wild horses.

Seventh Entry.—

"When you can hook, play, and land a barbel," says BUMPSTEAD, "you may begin to fancy yourself a fisherman of the bottom-fishing sort at least." Most exciting!

"When the warm sun shines, and birds do warble,
If you're drowsy—just you hook a barbel!
With wet feet, red nose, and toes like marble,
Would you warm yourself?—just play a barbel!"

DICK DUBBINS, the Richmond fisherman, promises to teach me. They call him "DOTTY DICK." But he can fish.

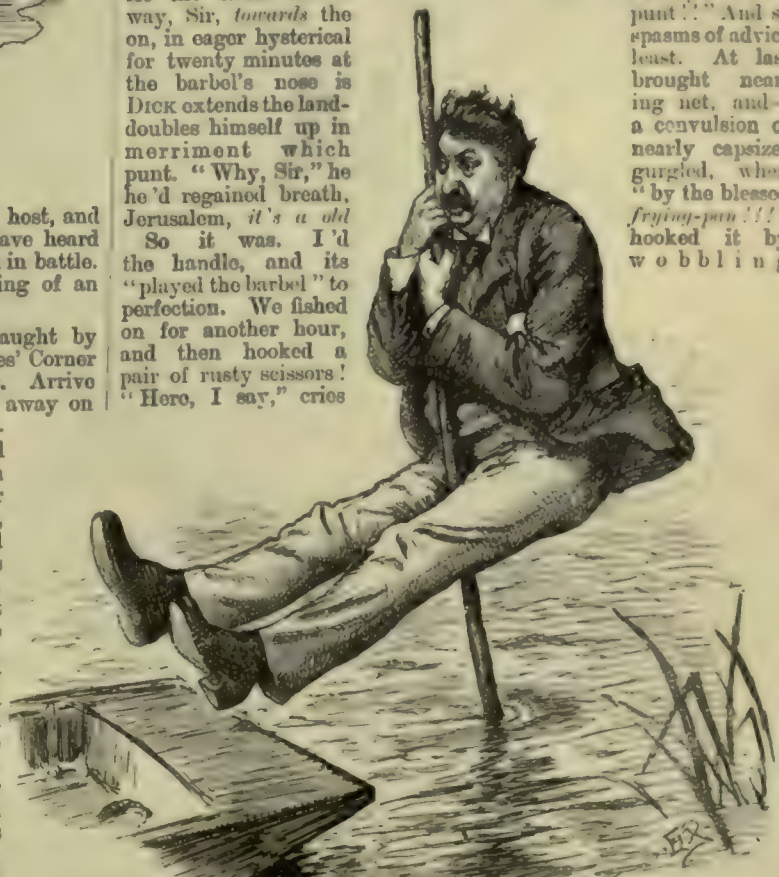
Try for hours for a big barbel in vain. Thinking of giving it up, when DICK cries suddenly, in a sort of choked about, "Got him, Sir, by the Holy Moses!"

"Seven-pounder if it's a hounce!" cried DICK. "Be careful, Sir! Keep the point well hup! Let 'im run, Sir! Wind in a bit! Don't let the slack foul!"

way, Sir, *towards* the on, in eager hysterical for twenty minutes at the barbel's nose is DICK extends the land-doubles himself up in merriment which punt. "Why, Sir," he he'd regained breath, Jerusalem, it's a old

So it was. I'd the handle, and its "played the barbel" to perfection. We fished on for another hour, and then hooked a pair of rusty scissors! "Here, I say," cries

Gently! *This* punt!" And so spasms of advice least. At last brought near, ing net, and—a convulsion of nearly capsizes gurgled, when "by the blessed *frying-pan*!!!" hooked it by wobbling





Linley Sanborn. Del.

THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"BAH! BAH! BLACK SHEEP."
(Knavish Speculation.)

"LITTLE MISS MUFFET."
(Realism and Conventional Fiction.)

"DICKERY DICKERY DOCK."
(Eight Hours' Labour Question.)



THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"RAIN, FAIN, GO AWAY!"
(Spoilt Pleasure.)

"JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL."
(Mariage de Convenience)

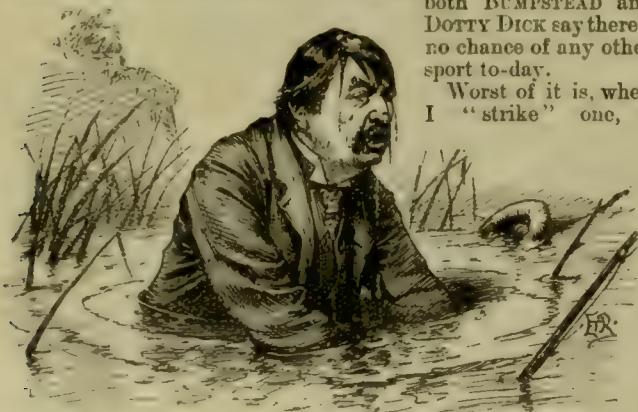
"SNAIL, SNAIL, COME OUT OF YOUR HOLE."
(Capital and Labour.)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

DICK, "we'll make a shift, if you please, Sir. Jiggered if we 'ave'n't been and dropped into a bloomin' ironmonger's shop!!!"

Eighth Entry.—From barbel to gudgeon seems a drop. But both BUMPSTEAD and DOTTY DICK say there's no chance of any other sport to-day.

Worst of it is, when I "strike" one, I



"whip" it over my head, 'tis so light. This annoys BUMPSTEAD, especially when the fish lands down his shirt-collar, and the hook in his neck. My erratic movements upset him, the swim, and pretty nearly the punt. BUMPSTEAD swears, I put down my rod and sulk. DOTTY DICK catches the infection of ill-temper, and makes rude allusions to "parties with the St. Witus's dance who won't never make no fishermen—not them!" Then he drinks too much ale and gets first noisy then morose. He grimly prophesies that we shall "ketch no more fish this bout." Nor do we. A Thames fisherman once in the sulks is implacable. So ends my first day's "gudgeoning."

Ninth Entry.—"Bottom-fishing is the prose, fly-fishing the poetry of angling," says BUMPSTEAD.

"I'm a float! I'm a float! Ah! that's all very fine, But float-fishing is not a poetical line. If angling in Helicon hardlings should try, Be sure, my dear boy, they would fish with a fly!"

"The dexterous drop and the delicate draw, Seem nicely in keeping with rhythmical law. If the angler would rise to 'the lyrical cry,' Let him try to tempt troutlings to rise to a fly!"

Poetry or not, I find wading in Thames shallows slippery and sloppy work. Slide into holes and trip over snags. Branches too, are bothersome. Pretty to talk about, "whipping a stream." But my line and hook seem to prefer to "whip" the willows, the bushes, the banks, the posts and rails, my own hat or the bottom of my creel, anything rather than the water. And I "catch" osier-sprigs, weed-tangles, bits of wood, small slimy stones, everything but dace.

At last I make a wild cast, the line quite irrespective of my wishes whirling high over a clump of osiers. What "comes back" to me is a girl's hat—and a scream. A pair of sweethearts in a canoe, spooning under the lee of that osier clump, quite unsuspected by me! Alarm of *Amanda*, rage of *Amandus*. Stepping forward hastily to apologise, I trip over a sunk branch, and flop bodily into a pool. Tableau, tangle, trip, impromptu "tub," temper!! If this is "poetry," give me "dry" prose!

Tenth Entry.—"Fly-making great fun!" says BUMPSTEAD, patting his podgy book affectionately.

"Fish take flies, and flies then take 'em. Duffers buy 'em, wise men make 'em!"

Means teaching me to be wise man.

They seem to make flies out of everything that is out-of-the-way, useless, and hard to procure. Coloured silk, crewel, sheep's wool, hog's hair, gold and silver thread, silks of all colours, feathers of all fowls that fly, or don't fly, from peacocks to plovers, from canaries to capons, from mallards to—dodos, I daresay; snippets from my mare's tail, pullings from my dun heifer, clippings from JANE's dresses, and hairs surreptitiously from her head, all sorts of stickinesses and nastinesses in the way of varnish, dubbing, &c., &c., &c. JANE mocks me, immersed in multifarious "materials" like a milliner, and anathematising like an angry cabby. "Wait till I bring you home a thirty-pound salmon of my own catching!" I cry. "Ah!" says JANE, significantly.

Eleventh Entry.—Appreciate JANE's sardonic "Ah!" now. Been to Scotland with BUMPSTEAD and a bushel of flies. "Tossing the Caber" easy exercise compared with "throwing a fly." BUMPSTEAD wields his "pole" (as Yanks call it), as though it were a switch, and drops his fly where he pleases as deftly and delicately as "a bee on a posy." I agonise with my "pole" until my wrist feels gouty, and drop my fly, with a flop, on boulder, up a tree, in crevice of rock, in small of my back, or BUMPSTEAD's Glengary—anywhere, anywhere out of the water!

Hook fish at last, however. "Forty-pounder, if an ounce!" swears BUMPSTEAD. Feels a hundredweight, at least. Drags me where it pleases, into stream, over slippery boulders, through painfully prickly bushes, and numerous defiles of sharp-edged rough-surfaced rocks. Feel all aches and abrasures, sprains, and smarts. Finally parts company with a plunge and a pop, carrying tackle with him, leaving me on my back in a chilly pool, with my heels in the air, and waving (like *Murmion*), "the fragment of a—rod!"

Twelfth Entry.—"Trolling for pike in winter is splendid sport," says BUMPSTEAD, enthusiastically.

"If there's a lark that an angler must like, 'Tis mounting a gorge-hook, and trolling for pike."

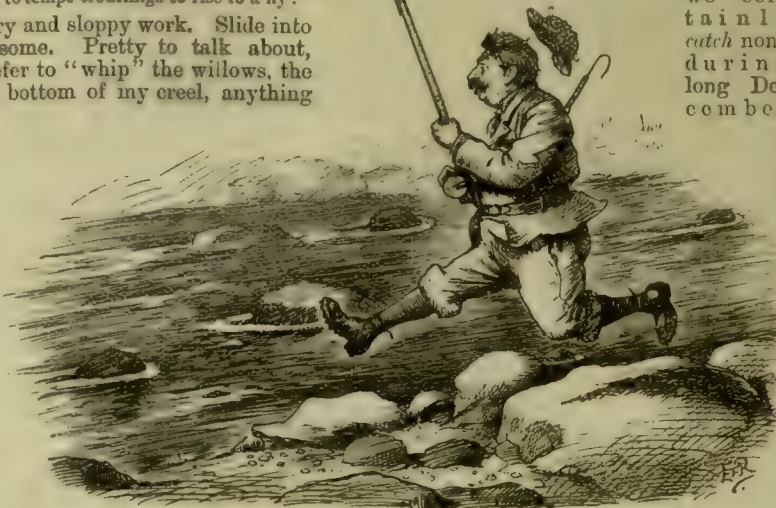
"Sinking and roving"

You 'll find sluggards loving,

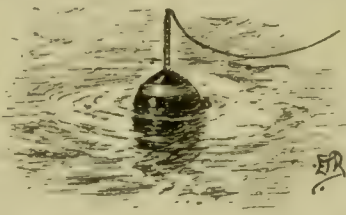
But give me sharp weather, and trolling for pike!"

Twelve-foot trolling-rod and eighty yards of line not easy to handle—especially when one's fingers are frozen numb by cold winds, and one's eyes half blinded with driving sleet. Try to "cast my gorge-bait" skilfully, and allow my line to "fall in free coils by my feet on left side." No go! Always shy the bait as though it were a stone, making it fall into water with huge "plosh," invariably in wrong place. And the "free-coils" always get about my feet in complicated, inextricable tangles and snarls. Feel like frozen fly in a titanic spider's web. Sneezes violently and continuously—which frightens away fish, says BUMPSTEAD. So it seems, for

we certainly catch none during long December



day of "Sport." Sport to BUMPSTEAD very nearly death to me. While making this Twelfth, and last entry, am propped up in bed (a "feather-bed non-angler now) slowly recovering from attack of rheumatism. Am also quite recovered from acute attack of Angleomania. Never again with you, BUMPSTEAD! Have had plenty of time for "Contemplation," but it has not been "Recreative." Its result is that I've made JANE happy by promising to sell off my room-full of "tackle" in one cheap "Job Lot," make waste-paper of BERNERS, WALTON, COTTON & Co., and trust Providence, and be quiet, and (not) go "a-angling"!





THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR.

JANUARY.—Feel that the national stage requires regeneration. Doing fairly well with Dr. IRVING and Mr. TOOLE, but might do better. Will let the British Public see how *Hamlet* should be

played by appearing as the noble Dane myself. Think I will give selections. By this means avoid tedious scenes without *Hamlet*. In other words without myself. Must be supported by efficient company. Two ladies, Mrs. and Miss BOSWORTH BROWN, for *Queen* and *Ophelia*. On being approached, they are very pleased; only the performance must be for a charity. Could not think of appearing in public except for a charity. Decide that performance shall be for a charity.

FEBRUARY.—No idea it was so difficult to organise theatricals. Ladies all right, but men difficult.

All approved of the notion of producing *Hamlet*, but wanted to play the same part. In fact, *Hamlet*. So selfish of them! Playing *Hamlet* myself.

MARCH.—Amateur *Hamlet* doing nicely. Rehearsals as a whole difficult. Hard to get the company together. If

King is available, *Queen*

obliged to go to the country. Both say they will be all right on the night. Sure I have heard that phrase before—somewhere. However, at all rehearsals, *Hamlet* invariably present, I am *Hamlet*. Believe I shall be good. Ask members of the company what they think of my reading. They reply, "Splendid; but what do I think of theirs?" I answer "Splendid!" Amateurs awfully selfish; only think of themselves. Have secured a charity. Universal Philanthropists declined. Thought play-acting wicked. Go for Fund for Ancient Omnibus Horses.

APRIL.—First of the month fixed for performance. Friends of Ancient Omnibus Horses disposed of in *tableaux vivants*. Notion of Secretary. My selections given in full. Rest of tragedy in dumb show. Mrs. BOSWORTH BROWN amusing as *Ophelia*. Fostered notion that *Hamlet* must have been mad. Miss BOSWORTH BROWN a feeble *Queen*. Frightened at the *Ghost*. And at everyone else. After paying expenses, Ancient Omnibus Horses came off rather shabbily.

"Two pounds ten and six," says Secretary, pleased.

More than forty shillings better than last charity performance. Besides his name mentioned in the Press notices. Distinct gain to the institution.

MAY.—Think painting requires patronage. Royal Academy decent, but scarcely up to the mark. Painters mean well. Directors of the New Gallery, too, have good intentions. But scarcely enough. Want new blood. Need new ideas. Don't know a good picture when they see it. Rejected mine. Not that that has much to do with it. At least, not much. However, West End Lopeless. Did not appreciate selections from *Hamlet*. Went to sleep, although SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy was played by amateurs. Why not assist the East End? Viscountess FELSTEAD Honorary Treasurer. Committee meet at house of Lady UPHAM PARKE. Tea, cakes, and business. Rough idea—help the working-classes. Also idea for roughs. Levy depreciated. I suggest Pictures. Some one says, Why not frames? Idea catches on. Picture-frames better than pictures. Often more valuable. And artistic. Viscountess FELSTEAD says she can sing. No one contradicts her. Too polite. Viscountess says that, while she sings, working-classes can look at the picture-frames. Notion accepted, but without enthusiasm. Having assembled, some one suggests we

require a name. Why not Band of Amateur Benefactors? Yes—but why? Because we are benefactors—at least, *en amateur*.

JUNE.—Band of Amateur Benefactors hard at work. Proceedings take the shape chiefly of flirtation and strawberries and cream. East-End occasionally mentioned in the course of the proceedings. Exhibition of Picture-Frames growing. Viscountess FELSTEAD, going to sing. Lady UPHAM PARKE, going to dance. Eminent *maitre de ballet*, teaching her. Of course step-dance. Requires long trains. Two of them—worn at the side—made of muslin, and held up like wings. Young Curates assisting with a dance of their own. Catamarango of the time of JAMES THE FIRST. Eminent *maitre de ballet* teaching them too.

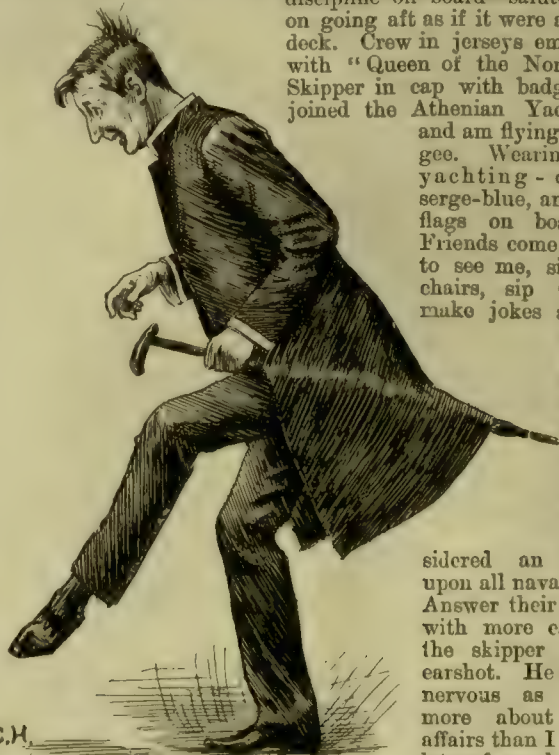
"Meant to represent the movement of the cockatoo," says he. When actually danced, large cloaks and rapiers necessary. Cloak has to be thrown up over head to represent raising of the feathers. Sword assists operation. At practice, umbrellas and Inverness-capes are used as substitutes. Curates volunteer to do this to amuse their poorer parishioners. Nice idea to bring class and class together. Nice idea too, to think it over in the drawing-room of Viscountess FELSTEAD'S town-house, and the grounds of the place of Lady UPHAM PARKE in the country. Matters progressing satisfactorily.

JULY.—Take it all round, the performance of the Band of Amateur Benefactors was a success. But the working-men and their wives and families, for whom the performance was organised, did not come up—but this was rather an advantage than otherwise. Left more room for the friends of the performers. The Catamarango a great success. Encored twice. Second time the Curates only gave the last figure, when the dancers go through a performance suggestive of the Cockatoos putting their heads in the sand, thinking no one can see their bodies. Slight confusion of ideas. Some slight difficulty at first because leading Curate insisted that the stage was too low to show his legs. He wanted the footlights sunk, and the scenery next. In fact, ordered the alterations. Fortunately Local Surveyor interfered, and matters were left as they were. A full audience. And, to make things complete, one working-man turned up, looking beautifully clean. Discovered, subsequently, that it was a gravedigger, who had been induced to look on, thanks to the influence of the Vicar.

AUGUST.—People going out of town. Secured a yacht—*The Lady of the North Pole*. Everything very perfect. Man-o'-war discipline on board—salute the flag on going aft as if it were a quarter-deck. Crew in jerseys embroidered with "Queen of the North Pole." Skipper in cap with badge. Have joined the Athenian Yacht Club, and am flying the burgee. Wearing correct yachting-costume—serge-blue, and crossed flags on boating-cap. Friends come on board to see me, sit on easy chairs, sip Cup, and make jokes about going down stairs, and smack sails as if they were judging the points of a horse. Am considered an authority upon all naval matters. Answer their questions with more ease when the skipper is out of earshot. He makes me nervous as he knows more about nautical affairs than I do. Have lots of sea-books, and Lord BRASSEY'S Annual. Lengthy stay in the harbour. Say I am kept there by stress of weather. If rough condition of ocean speaks for itself, it would declare we are expecting a "capful of wind with some



"Hamlet invariably present."



Catamarango.

Fast in it." Sleep on board occasionally. When tired of one place, go to another. Send home the yacht by sea. Follow myself in a first-class compartment on the railway. Good arrangement—especially in dirty weather.

SEPTEMBER.—Think it a good idea to run a coach. Improve the



Turning a Corner.

breed of horses (don't know how, but that's the idea), and revive good old English custom. Call my vehicle "The Merry Times," and have relays at various points. Livery stableman manages it for me. Run from Slowborough to Nettle-on-the-Rash. Six miles there, six miles back. Quite the coachman. Livery stable-keeper supplies drivers when necessary. Drivers usually necessary, in fact, invariably. Make them do all the routine work. Guard in red with a horn. Guard has a selection of fragments. Fragments of "Ta-ra-ra boom de ay!" also "Last Rose of Summer."

"Learnt 'em," says he, in his cups, "Band—river—steam—boat."

He wears a white hat, made of beaver. So does the driver, when I am looking. Hear (from a friend) that when my back is turned they both put on flannel caps. Pity. Flannel caps spoil the effect. I wear horsey get up. White hat, small drab coat with large bone buttons. Button-hole. Horse-shoe pin. Shiny boots and white spats. Big cigar. Sometimes drive the team for a dozen yards on starting and arriving. Driver beside me to take the reins in turning a corner. Or if I meet a butcher's cart, or worse, a tricycle. Rest of the journey ride inside reading the newspaper. Passengers charged ten shillings each. That was the charge for the first day. No one came, so lowered the fare to sixpence a-piece. Company consequently more numerous than select. Coach unpleasantly full on Bank Holiday. Paid that day, but on no other. Stopped coach communication between Slowborough and Nettle-on-the-Rash abruptly.

OCTOBER.—Think I ought to retrench. To effect this desirable object will try amateur house-keeping at the sea-side. Season nearly over, so should get apartments at a moderate rate. Try Slushington-on-Sea. Landlady requires eight guineas a week for a sitting-room and a bedroom. Determine to do my own ordering. Find that a sirloin of beef weighing from seven to nine pounds cooks like a beef steak. Enough for dinner, but not for next morning's breakfast. Joint of mutton weighing from six to eight pounds produces a dish that looks uncommonly like a chop.

"Good Mother," says servant who waits on me, "brings up children on nothin'."

The children apparently live in the coal-cellar or on the roof. Must do this, as the house is quite full of other sojourners. Appears I am a great tea-drinker—get through half a pound a

day. Also fond of butter—a couple of pounds of "best fresh" twice a week. I discover, too, that I eat sacks of potatoes, and (I think) bushels of flour. Fancy, after all, I can retrench better at my Club than furnished apartments.

NOVEMBER.—Retrenchment incomplete, so shall try my hand as an amateur financier. Know CON TANGO of the Stock Exchange. CON is an awfully good fellow, and has promised to give me lots of tips when I ask him. Go to City and consult him.

"Do I want to invest, or only to flutter?"

If former, recommends Consols; if latter, Deferred Greenlanders for the rise. "Greenies" (short Stock Exchange slang for Deferred Greenlanders) expected to go up with a rush before the next account. Like his idea of a flutter. I ask if I can make more by "Greenies" than Consols. CON says, "Yes." I can make about two pounds ten by Consols in twenty years, and "six hundred quid" in five minutes by "Greenies." Prefer "Greenies." CON says "then that will be a flutter." Very well. CON asks how much I am willing to lose. Reply with a laugh that "I am willing to win as much as possible." CON rather annoyed. Says he never "plays the fool in business hours." Become serious myself. Arranged to risk six hundred on "Greenies," six hundred to be the extent of cover. CON wants to know if I will order myself, or leave it to him? As he has expressed annoyance at my levity, I say I will leave it to him. Come West and spend the rest of the day at my Club watching the tape. "Greenies" seem to be failing. They come out with Greeks, Portuguese, Italians, and Egyptian Unified. Hang all these stocks! Who cares about them? Man standing near me tells a friend that he has had a good tip. He has sold "Greenies" for the fall. They are going down like winking. Should like to ask him all about it, but can't; never been introduced. Receive later a contract-note telling me officially that I have bought some thousands of Deferred Greenlanders for the account at 37½. Look at evening paper and find that Deferred Greenlanders closed at 33½. So far as I can make out am not exactly recouping. However will leave matters in the hand of CON. He is an excellent man of business, and my friend! A fortnight later know I have lost my six hundred! CON tells me gravely (he never plays the fool in the City) that it would have been better had I invested in Consols. Give up the idea of becoming an amateur financier for the present.

DECEMBER.—Money matters becoming troublesome. Also slightly off colour. Doctor suggests Margate. Think the



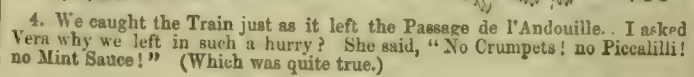
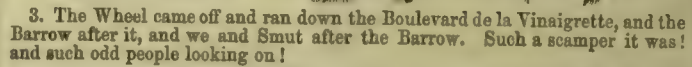
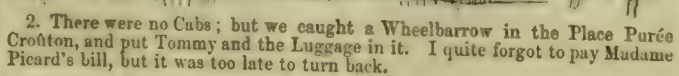
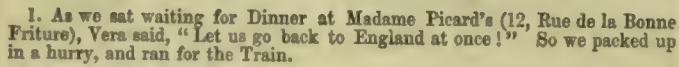
A Flutter.

idea good. So will go there—via Monte Carlo. A patient (especially an amateur patient) may surely choose his own route. Arrive in the Riviera, and find it pleasant. However, as an amateur invalid don't think I should run the risk of the night air, so seek shelter in the

Casino. Take three or four days in mastering the system. And then it has rather the better of it. Discover that I am penniless. End the year distinctly impoverished. Still alive, but only living in an amateur.

FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)

FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



5. The Train dropped us very civilly in the Rue Galantine. I told Vera to run to the Boat with Tommy and Smut, and secure berths, while I bought a Cigar at Père David's and some French Mustard.



7. He played me for it at Billiards against my Hand-bag. It was a bad table, and he fluked and won. I hit him on the head with a red-hot Billiard-cue, and he fell fast asleep and snored profusely from the nose.

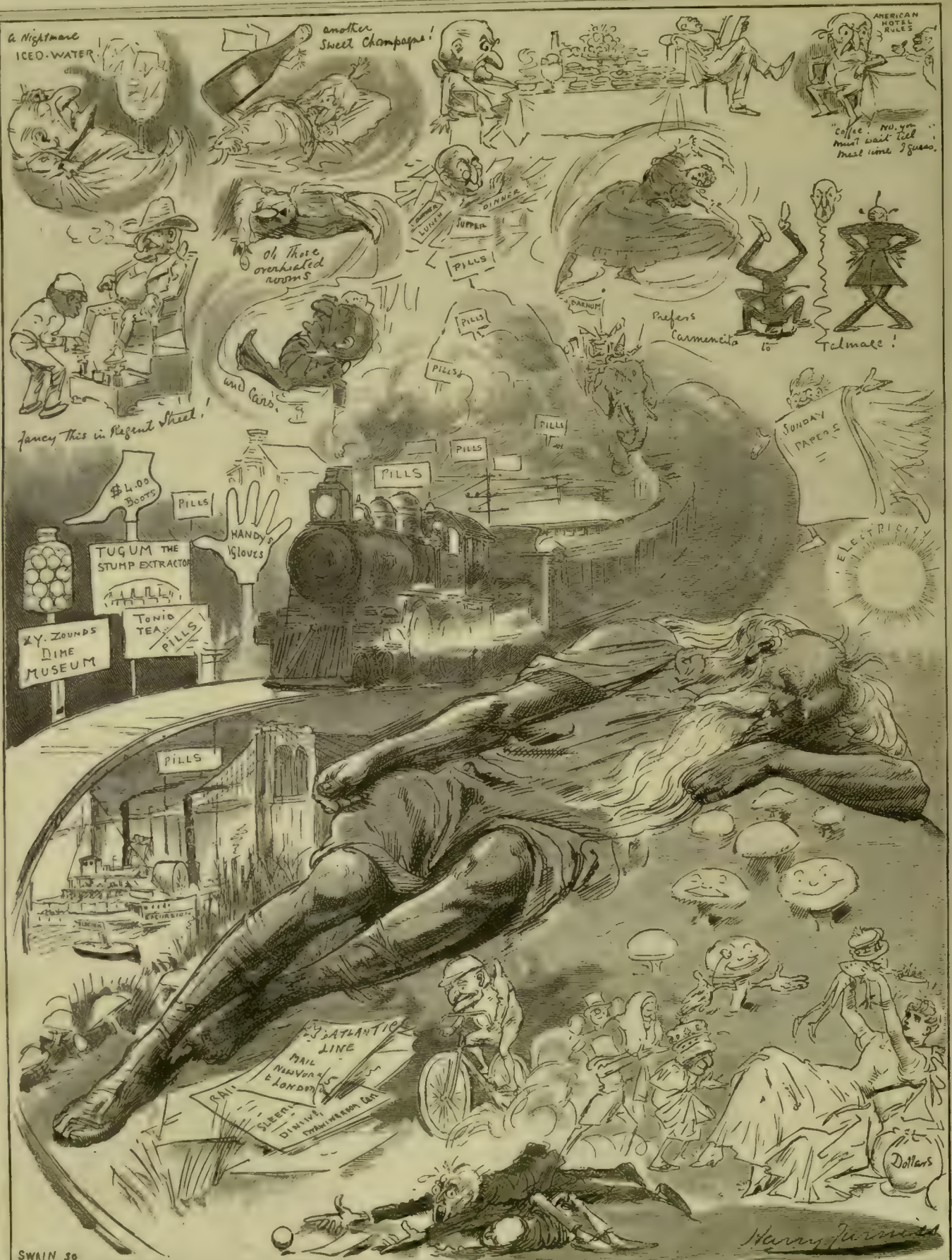


6. The fact is, Père David had a little Bird that could sing "Home, sweet Home" in four languages—Vera's favourite song! I wanted that Bird very badly, for Vera. It was the nicest bird I ever saw.

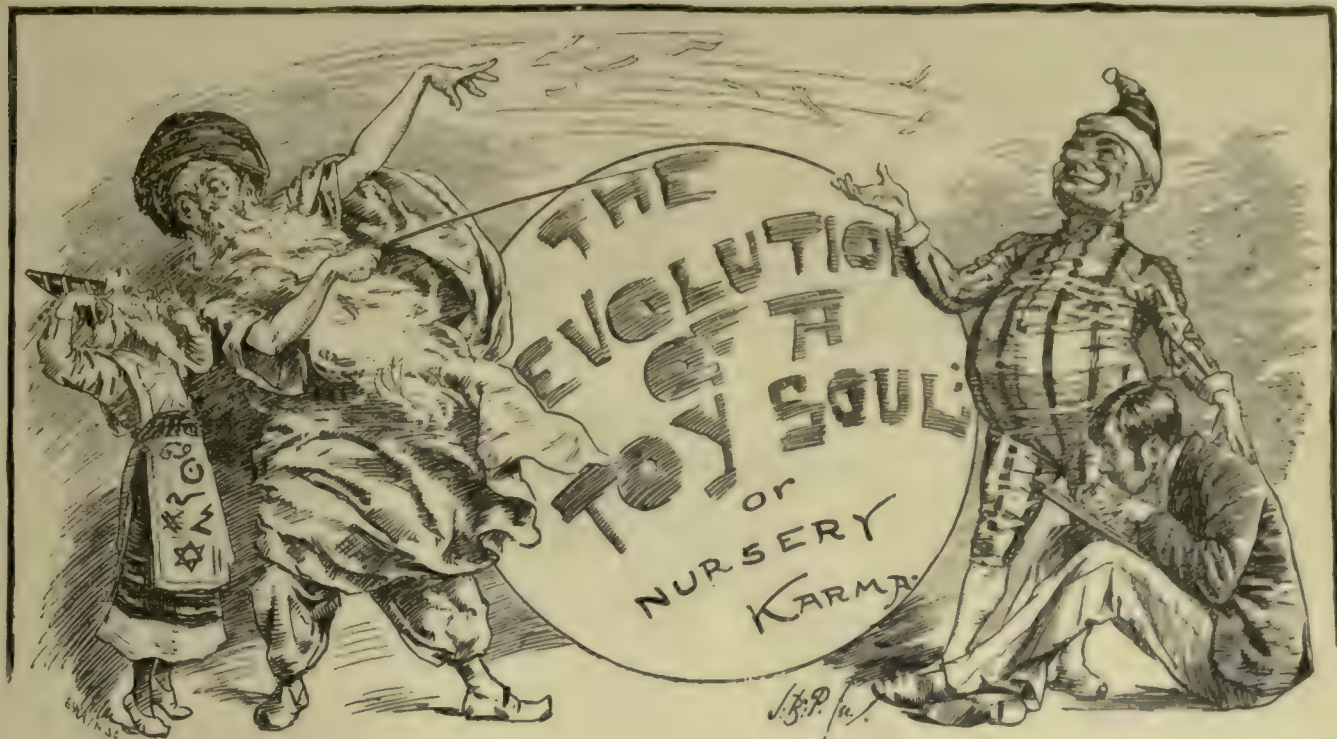


8. It was rather late, so I ran down the Quai des Rissols with giant strides. I saw the Boat getting up steam at the end of it, amid a forest of masts, and I heard the Bell ring for non-passengers to go ashore. [Continued at p. 20.]

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. No. 2.—RIP VAN WINKLE UP TO DATE.



INTRODUCTION.

PEOPLE are greatly mistaken when they imagine that Toys have no Souls. They *have*—only they don't choose to make a fuss about it. Such, at least, is now the accepted opinion among the most eminent Baby Esoteric Buddhists, who contend, moreover, that the Toy Soul is every whit as capable of Spiritual Evolution, after its own fashion, and as liable to generate what is known as "Karma" for good or evil in successive states of objective existence, as the Human Monad itself.

In less technical terms, the Toy Soul, at the end of its career in one form, is transmigrated to another, in which it reaps the reward, or pays the penalty for its conduct or misconduct in its preceding state, and the manner in which it acquires itself in each new embodiment determines whether it is to rise to a higher plane, sink to a lower, or remain where it was upon its next incorporation. This, rightly understood, is a comforting doctrine, accounting, as it does, for much of the apparently undeserved ill-usage encountered by a great majority of Toys in the Nursery world; for the striking differences in price and material which otherwise seemed to be fixed by mere arbitrary caprice; and, in short, for much that has softened many a stout wooden head, and soured much generous sawdust in the hopeless effort to comprehend and explain.

It is occasionally, though rarely the case, that a Toy Soul, after long and painful effort, succeeds in raising itself by successive stages towards a state of Spiritual Perfection, and attains a condition aptly termed by that distinguished Esoteric Buddhist, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the Threshold of Nirvana—"a condition," namely, "in which a complete recollection of all the lives lived at any time in the past returns to it."

That such a retrospect, if it could but be revealed, would be fraught with instruction and interest, even to other than Toys, has long been the opinion of Mr. Punch, himself an adept of some standing. Accordingly he has for some time sought to impress this view upon his Guru, a powerful but unassuming Mahatma, who dwells in the utmost seclusion in a small toy-stall upon the summit of the most inaccessible peak in Thibet.

The Guru, a courteous and copious correspondent (though he will precipitate all his replies on the coloured paper that comes out of crackers!) threw difficulties in the way, as Gurus will, for a considerable period, but ultimately consented to use his influence with a Spiritual Toy, who is already all but over the Threshold, to project its reminiscences per astral current, post free, upon the brain of the most sympathetic and receptive of Mr. Punch's contributors, by whom they were at once committed to writing.

So here they are—and should the reader find the Toy Soul a

little tedious occasionally (as he is not unlikely to do), he must remember that its Ego has reached a state in which Time is no longer of any consequence.

MY FIRST BIRTH.

THE body in which I first became conscious of my existence was that of an India-rubber Ball, and it would hardly be possible to start *much* lower down in the scale of Toy Creation—unless, indeed, one were condemned to begin life as a Brick. It might be thought that a Ball has neither opportunity nor excuse for being anything but absolutely blameless—but this is a superficial view; with the best intentions, and the loftiest aims, balls are only too liable to fall, and I fear I was erratic from the first. I was always getting myself into messes, and I never could pass a puddle without rolling into it. I got out of them somehow, by dint of sheer bounce, which I could always rely upon in those days; but such habits, nevertheless, exercised a gradually deteriorating effect on my character, and left it less able to withstand a serious temptation. I was soon assailed by a sinister longing to break a pane of glass; the poor pane had never done *me* any injury, but I was none the less strongly impelled on that account—and, unhappily, I had never been trained to resist my impulses!

It was of course impossible for me to effect my criminal design unaided; but, when we have once resolved upon misdoing, the means are seldom long in presenting themselves! Chance furnished me with an accomplice, in the person of a Human Boy, whom I easily induced to put me in the way of gratifying my passion for destruction. The window was smashed to atoms, and I well remember the elation with which my whole being expanded as the fragments shivered at my touch.

The Boy got a severe thrashing, and had to stand in a corner, while I—the real offender—was given a week's holiday, which I spent in a drawer, cracking my sides (for I had a rudimentary sense of humour) on this curious instance of nursery equity. I little knew then, however, that, though I escaped punishment in my Ball-form, in *another*—but I shall come to that by-and-by. My retirement, I blush to say, was employed in planning fresh schemes of outrage, to which I was mortified to find afterwards that my dupe obstinately refused to lend himself. In fact, he showed a strong disposition to avoid having anything more to do with me for the future. So I was reduced to brooding over my forced inactivity; neglect told on my constitution; I lost all my old light-heartedness and elasticity; and yet, short-winded as I was, I was still impenitently meditating indiscretions I was now powerless to commit, when Destiny interposed in the form of a nursery pin, and I felt too late how hollow was all ambition! My soul seized the opportunity to escape through the aperture, and

leave behind it an empty and discredited shell, which, I believe, lingered on in an automatic unconscious fashion for some time afterwards, though my connection with it was fortunately dissolved for ever.

MY SECOND BIRTH.

AFTER an interval (which, although I was not aware of it at the time, I spent in a sort of intermediate state known to us Buddhists as "Devachan"), I returned to the vicissitudes of nursery life as a Ninepin. Not that I was an ordinary Ninepin—at least not so ordinary as the other eight—for Fate, with its usual irony, had set upon my brow the circlet of Royalty—I was the Ninepin King. The distinction was a mere mockery, however, for it only singled me out as a special object for attack. There was a beast of a Ball, with revolutionary principles, which seemed—*why* I never could imagine—actuated by some personal animosity against me, for it was perpetually seeking my overthrow, and, what was worse, almost invariably succeeded!

I felt this acutely, for no monarch could have been more constitutional, more utterly inoffensive than myself. I was quite willing to retire, but I found myself restored as often as I was deposed! Of course I now recognise that this was nothing but a beautiful example of the retributive operation of Karma. I was only paying for that broken pane of glass, and, by an exquisitely appropriate arrangement, a Ball was selected to exact the penalty! But, as I had no recollection then of ever having been a Ball in a previous state, I found it very perplexing. My courtiers stood by me as long as they could, sharing my downfalls and my restorations; but the monotony of the life became too much for them at last, and, one by one, they abandoned me, until I was left in solitary state. Then even the Ball seemed satisfied, and gave up a persecution, which—such a creature of habit is every Ninepin!—I actually missed, and caught myself resenting its cessation as a personal slight.

However, I was not allowed to sink into obscurity; I fell into the hands of a Human Child, who, as I now firmly believe, was hopelessly mad. She insisted on attiring me in various costumes, to which my figure was not in the least adapted, and in which I must have looked a perfect fool, and she invented the wildest stories about me, relying upon my powerlessness to contradict her. I have been a selfish old Peer, reformed by a good little Lord (she said *she* was the Lord!); an African explorer; and a young Prince, in imminent danger of having his eyes put out (and I hadn't any eyes to put out!); in the course of a single afternoon! I have been the greatest and bravest General in the whole world one hour, and the next the loveliest and unhappiest Princess that ever was. What a position for an elderly Ninepin of any common sense to be placed in! At first I was indignant at being drawn into these useless deceptions, then hopelessly bewildered, until at last I insensibly lost all hold on my identity, and was ready to believe I was anybody she chose to call me! But it slowly warped my grain, nevertheless, and a crisis came at last which upset my equilibrium for ever. Some one—or so I gathered—had taken the child to a Haymarket, where she had seen, and, I suppose, conversed with, an individual called "SHAKSPEARE." What occurred in that interview I do not know even now, but, when she returned, she wrapped me in black velvet, and addressed me as "HAMLET!" The terror of being confronted with her hand, attired in a silver thimble and a pocket handkerchief, and finding

myself expected to recognise in it my father's spirit, the strong language that was put into what I must figuratively call my mouth, the shock of finding that I had stabbed an inoffensive old pincushion, who was first called "POLONIUS," and afterwards "CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark," must have strained my fibre beyond what it was capable of bearing. All I know is, that from the date of that trying afternoon I was hopelessly cracked! And that is all I remember.

MY THIRD BIRTH.

THE Law of Karma has mysteries which are hid even from the initiated, and I am still at a loss to explain how it came about that I was next incorporated in an Organ Top. But so it was. I had been a fairly good Ninepin, but then a Ninepin's virtue is purely of the negative order, and this may have been the reason why I was not held entitled to higher promotion. Still, a Top

that, when spun, emits a kind of devotional drone, with a distinct choral suggestion about it, was a rise from a Ninepin, and I had a feeling that I had a mission to perform, even though I was rather vague as to its precise nature. There were thousands of frivolous toys in the Arcade where I was spun, and I did what I could to introduce a note of deeper solemnity in my uncongenial surroundings, though, I fear, with little success. At last I was purchased and taken away by a well-meaning person, who saw in me a suitable Sunday toy for a small godchild. The godchild, unfortunately, regarded me with unfeigned alarm, and could never be induced to come near me, while the majority of the household treated the low Gregorian chant which I hummed so perpetually as an unmitigated nuisance.

There was one person, however, who seemed to find it soothing, but she was an old grandmother, and suspected of being in her dotage. Every Sunday she would spin me all the morning—ostensibly to amuse her grandson, but, in reality, with a confused sense that it was almost as satisfactory as attending church. I should have felt this a greater compliment if she had been an old lady of stronger intellect; as it was, I was dissatisfied with my limited opportunities. I longed to be of some real use, to do something sensa-

tional; and I was still occupied with these empty dreams, when a ribald member of the family, on the plea that I gave him "the dismals"—whatever *they* may be—inflicted an inglorious martyrdom upon me by filling me up with Portland cement. My last breath as I suffocated was a sigh for so futile and wasted a career.

But it was *not* wasted. I had accomplished more than most Toys, although I did not know it then. For, on one of those very Sundays when the old lady was enjoying my ministrations, a reckless and desperate tramp came in at the front door. He knew that there was no one but the helpless grandmother, one female servant, and an infant in the house, and it was his deliberate intention to commit robbery, and even murder, should he be obliged to resort to extremes. He was already slipping off his boots on the mat in the hall, when a faint sweet strain struck his ear. That was *me*. No one who ever heard me hum did so without emotion of some kind. The tramp stopped, spell-bound. Memories, long forgotten, of his innocent boyhood—when he was a white-robed chorister in the village choir, and before he had been ignominiously expelled for devouring two plums and a necta-



MY SECOND BIRTH.



MY THIRD BIRTH.

mine from the decorations at the Harvest Festival—stole back to his conscience-stricken heart. It suddenly occurred to him that he was a scoundrel, and he could scarcely bear it. His eyes brimmed with unaccustomed brine; he renounced his criminal career from that instant, and, resuming his boots, stole gently away, an altered man, with a selection of overcoats and umbrellas from the hat-stand.

I do not mention this by way of self-glorification, for, after all, the action was unintentional on my part, and, on that account, was not even entered on the credit side of my Karma. Still, it may serve as an encouragement for Toys who may be tempted to feel, as I was, that they have missed their mark altogether.

MY FOURTH BIRTH.

By way, I presume, of compensation for the Portland cement, I was next advanced, at a bound, to the rank of a Toy Animal. I was a large brown fur Monkey, with glass eyes, and a double row of white beads for teeth. But the Organ Top had left its indelible traces upon my individuality. I suffered from a chronic melancholy. My stuffing, which was made out of the mane and tail of a highly conscientious old bus-horse who had died in harness, was animated by a strong sense of duty; but I was a morbidly morose and pessimistic monkey. I found myself the property of a little Girl, who positively adored me; but I am ashamed to say I never responded with any real warmth to her caresses. She was a well-meaning little creature in her way; but I hated being cuddled and messed about when I was in low spirits, and I was rather easily bored. A woolly Cockatoo, who was in the same Nursery with me, was more of an intellectual companion, though I thought her frivolous, and too full of flock, until the elastic came out of her back, and she gave up dancing. Then we used to have long and serious talks on the uncertainties of Nursery Life, and the perishability of all Newness. It sometimes struck me that the Cockatoo would have been glad to guide the conversation into a channel of tenderer intimacy—but I was not the kind of monkey to encourage this. Life always seemed to me quite serious and perplexing enough, without introducing emotional complications of that description. And besides, the child claimed such devotion as I was free to bestow, for she depended almost entirely upon me for solace. She had a cousin, a brutal Boy, who did me the honour to be jealous of her evident preference of my society to his own, and paid me out by countless petty indignities whenever he caught me alone, generally placing me in some conspicuous and humiliating position, in the vain hope of lowering my patroness's respect for me. The Cockatoo was indignant on my account, and remarked, with some asperity, that the meekness with which I allowed myself to be taken by the tail and flung about the room was unmonkeylike. But it was not so much meekness after all as a

cynical acceptance of treatment I saw no use in resenting; I don't say I never felt tempted to escape through an open nursery window, but pride kept me from deserting my post, and, besides, I invariably landed too short on the sill. One day my child proprietress was taken ill, and obliged to remain in bed, and that morning I had a worse time of it than ever, for that diabolical boy took advantage of the occasion to extract every one of my bead teeth! However, I was saved from further ill-treatment, for the little girl's illness proved to be something called "infectious," and her cousin was sent away for fear of catching it, though it seemed to me he deserved to catch it for his cruelty to me. After that I was left in peace for some time, for which I was thankful, as it gave me leisure to think out my relations to the Toy Cosmos scene from molestation, and I had just reached a comforting conviction that I was perhaps the most miserable fur monkey that ever was stuffed, when duty again summoned me from meditations that afforded me the keenest intellectual enjoyment. The child was worse, and, in her fractiousness, nothing would content her but my companionship—she was constantly calling for me. Now the question with me was, whether I was bound to undertake the worry and responsibility of watching a sick child. It was not what I had been bought for, and I really felt the need of repose. So I hid myself behind a chest of drawers; but the child's wailings penetrated even to my hiding-place, until I could not stand it any longer. The Cockatoo did her best to persuade me that I was under no moral obligation to go; but my stuffing asserted itself; and so, when the child next awoke, it was to recognise me seated on a cane chair by her bedside.

I remained by her side until her illness terminated, enduring her caprices, and bearing her perverseness—and, what it cost me in wear and tear, I cannot describe. I took no pleasure in the work; there was a certain harshness about the horsehair of which I was composed, that prevented me from feeling more than a decorous sympathy with the sufferer. I went through it from a stern sense that it was my duty, and supported entirely by my own approbation. But I pulled her through all the same; and, when the crisis was safely passed, and the patient convalescent, I felt that the credit was due to me alone. She got well so rapidly that the doctor began to talk about removing her to the seaside, which I thought an excellent plan, for I wanted a change of air myself, and it was not likely that, after such services as mine, I should be left behind. To my bitter disappointment, however, I found myself rewarded with the most heartless ingratitude. The child went to the seaside—but I did not. On the contrary, I found myself treated as a dangerous character, and put on the Nursery fire,—to reflect as I frizzled, that this was all I got for being a meritorious Monkey!

MY FIFTH BIRTH.

It may seem odd that I should have made my next appearance in the character of a clock-work mouse—but such was the fact,



MY FOURTH BIRTH.

and Karma was right, as usual. For I deserved a step upwards for my strict attention to duty in my previous state, and a mechanical mouse is obviously a more highly organised Toy than a Fur Monkey. On the other hand, I had been rather too stiff and self-satisfied, and this had to be taken out of me—so I was merely a Mouse.

In my ignorance I quite believed I was a *real* one, and sought the acquaintance of the genuine mice who lived behind the nursery wainscot. They were puzzled about me at first, until I innocently betrayed the fact that I was full of clock-work, and could not run about until I was wound up; it never occurred to me that *all* mice were not like that, but I soon found myself shunned as an impostor, with nothing inside him but an uncanny collection of cogwheels. Those cogwheels creaked sorely enough, and my spring was very rusty at times at the thought of my ignominy, for, if I was not a real mouse, I could not think why I should have been constructed to resemble one. But at length my thoughts were diverted to a more agreeable subject—I fell in love. The object of my passion was a beautiful slender creature, a real live Hen Canary. Now I was almost glad that I was *not* a real mouse, for, had I been one, I should have been incapable of appreciating her. It was presumptuous—mad, even—to lift my thoughts to one so far above me in every sense; but, Toy as I was, I loved that Canary with an ardour that made every wheel within me whirr till I positively shook. And all the time she twittered and chirruped in her gleaming mansion high overhead, and gave no sign of being so much as aware that I existed. How I used to watch her out of my bead eyes, how I sought to attract her notice whenever I was wound up, by the mathematical correctness of the circles I described on the floor!

Now and then she would leave her residence, and flit about from one piece of furniture to another, and I always had a wild fancy that she might perch some day near the glass-lidded box which was my humble home, and that, if I could once make her acquaintance, I should excite her interest by the ingenuity of my mechanism. But it was never to be; Destiny decreed that that Canary should never fly towards my side of the floor—and perhaps it would have made no difference if she had. I had one Bird-friend, though, who took a decided interest in me. She was a Cuckoo, but she was clockwork herself—lived in a clock, in fact—which accounted for her sympathy. Never an hour went by



MY SIXTH BIRTH.

without her coming out, if only for a moment, to pass the time of day. She soon discovered my infatuation for the Canary, whom she seemed to dislike for some reason. The Cuckoo gave me excellent advice, for she was a practical, bustling creature, but I was not grateful. I found her tiresome, and she had a trick of slamming the door after her, which annoyed me. "Cuckoo!" she would cry, "what's the good of machinery if you don't make use of it? Get something to do in a clock—like me; you'll have no time for sentiment then. Cuckoo!" or else it would be—"You're running down fast, wearing yourself out for a foolish feather-headed Canary, when, all the time, if you cared to use your eyes, there is one who—Cuckoo!" And she was gone again, with a more energetic slam than usual. But I went on caring for the Canary as much as ever, though I knew too well that she could never be mine. I would have done anything for her—but what could a mechanical Mouse

do for a live Canary? Accident supplied an answer to that question. It happened that the Canary was fluttering about the room one afternoon as usual, when the kitchen Cat came up. I was out of my box at the time, and from my corner I saw the cruel brute stalking my unsuspecting love, who was preening her pretty yellow feathers on the coalscuttle. I held my spring in suspense—in another instant my dainty darling would be devoured before my eyes—unless a substitute offered himself! And then I saw my way—a substitute *should* be found. Fortunately I had been wound up that morning, but had not felt inclined to go; so, just at the critical moment, I released the catch, and ran out—shakily enough—right between her outstretched paws. As I calculated, the Cat, being young, and a fool, was deceived by the

stratagem—she had me by the back in a moment. Her teeth met in my plaster back, but she seemed to find my flavour disappointing, and revenged herself by clawing all the wheels out of me one by one, till the last cog rolled into a corner, and I ceased to exist. But, long before I went, I had the satisfaction of knowing that the Canary was safe—for I could hear her chirping away as merrily as ever.

MY SIXTH BIRTH.

In spite of my folly, I had on the whole, behaved myself so well as a Mouse, that I was allowed to begin my next life with brighter prospects. I was a Drumming Rabbit on a wheeled car, and I first realised my own importance, when my youthful proprietor took me to cheer the bedside



MY SEVENTH BIRTH.





of an elderly relative who was suffering from a sick headache. My influence was simply marvellous. At the sound of my tambourine, the patient, who had appeared utterly prostrate suddenly revived, and spoke and acted with extraordinary vivacity and energy!



MY NINTH BIRTH.

rior. He was a Bull, covered like myself with real skin, but there was a cord attached to his throat, and when the cord was pulled, he bellowed in a tone that was too deep for any tambourine to drown. The more critical toys, such as the Mouth-Organ and the Penny Trumpet, admitted that my drumming was original and lively—but could I bellow like the Bull? *That* was the test of real ability.

I could only retort that no Rabbit who respected himself would condescend to bellow. But I hated the Bull—all the more because he was so confoundingly patronising; he praised my performances, and predicted that I should make a great noise in the Nursery world. I made up my mind that I would drum *him* down at all events before I had done; and I did. I drummed an impression into several influential toys that bellowing was played out, that, even as a bellow, the Bull was an overrated animal, and that he was beginning to repeat himself. I soon had my partisans; there were several toys which, though neither vocally nor instrumentally gifted themselves, were yet excellent judges of noise, and they maintained that, while my drumming was admirably true to Rabbit-nature, the Bull's bellow was utterly false and conventional. The Children with whom we were connected soon adopted this view themselves, and the Bull fell into general disrepute, though he was such a beastly magnanimous brute that he didn't seem to mind it much. "I've had my day," he told me (he would insist on being friendly up to the last); "they're tired of me—and no wonder; so it's time I made way for a newer toy!" I could not help tapping my tambourine impatiently, for I felt that this good-humour of his was an outrageous piece of humbug—he *must* be jealous of such evident superiority as mine; of course he detested me for exposing his pompous old imposture! My triumph would not have been half so enjoyable if he hadn't. Well, he drifted into the background, and the Nursery heard him no more; after which, I had the entire carpet to myself. I fear I allowed my head to be slightly turned. I overdid the drumming; I took myself just a little *too* seriously, perhaps. I felt that my drumming was an important factor in Nursery society, and was entitled to the most earnest attention—I felt bound to insist on it. This went on, and I became prouder and prouder, until one day they brought a plain square chest into the room, and it was rumoured among the toys, that the new arrival was a more wonderful musician even than myself. I endeavoured to show the absurdity of supposing that anything worthy of the name of music could be contained in such a very ordinary box; but I was a little anxious myself until they wound the thing up and it played. To my relief, it proved a very poor performance, and the drumming—the only creditable feature in it—was simply an

This alone, would have convinced me that I was no ordinary Rabbit, without the cordial reception I obtained in the Nursery, where, as is well-known, the toy that makes the most noise may count on obtaining the largest share of popular favour; I made a good deal, and I never lost an opportunity of exhibiting my powers. However, I had a rival, who for some time was considered to be immeasurably my superior.

impudent imitation of my own manner. But somehow the thing was popular; it played tunes, which—so deplorable is Nursery culture!—were actually preferred to my tambourine, a far clatter and severer form of noise, in *my* opinion. It was no use, however, I was insulted by being made to keep quiet while that box performed. As a Rabbit of spirit, I was not going to yield without a struggle: I drummed more vigorously than ever, whenever I got the chance. I was determined to restore popular taste to a healthier condition, and I still believe I should have succeeded in time—ever though, in my excitement, I had drummed a hole in my tambourine—but one day I felt something snap inside me, and found to my horror, that my front paws were powerless! I was now a ruined Rabbit, and met the fate of all superannuated toys—I was put on the shelf close to a dilapidated-looking quadruped on a green stand, which was now almost wheel-less. I knew him at once—it was my old rival, the Bull; he had lost his right eye and his left horn, his skin was tattered, and his bellow reduced to a mere wheeze—but he was just as cheerful and friendly as ever. "Why, you don't mean to say you've got here *already*!" he began. I told him, rather stiffly, I was only there temporarily—for rest. He cast his remaining eye on my ragged fur, my paralysed drumsticks and burst tambourine, after which he observed, mildly, that he was "very glad to hear it." I had not intended to cultivate his acquaintance, but I needed sympathy so much, that, without quite knowing how, I told him how the fickle public of the Nursery had deserted me—at a time too, when, as I know myself, I had never drummed better! for a meretricious Musical-Box. The Bull agreed that it was hard, but said it was the way of the Nursery world—they *did* get tired of their toys rather quickly. I asked him whether he did not think that—in *my* case at least—they would, as they grew wiser and older, see their injustice and repair it. The Bull said they *might*—but, by that time, it would probably be too late to repair *me*. I suppose I betrayed some disappointment, for he added, "After all, you know, what *does* it matter? It must end at some time—a little sooner or a little later—isn't it enough to have given any pleasure at all? Let us be philosophical—this is a very comfortable shelf, and we are in a capital position for hearing the Musical-Box, which, between ourselves, I cannot help admitting is more agreeable than either my bellow or your tambourine." I differed from him—so far as the latter



MY TENTH BIRTH.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

was concerned, for I am still of opinion that there never was any music that made anything like the noise of my drum. In spite of this conversation, however, my relations with the Bull never became very intimate; he never seemed to realise what retirement



MY ELEVENTH BIRTH. (First Stage.)

MY SEVENTH BIRTH.

HAVING satisfied my "Karma" in my previous state, I had qualified myself for a higher grade, and was accordingly honoured by receiving a nobler form. I was now a Toy Man. My resemblance to humanity may not have been startling, and I was only a meek little Plaster Grocer—but still I was a man, which was something. Unfortunately, I did not realise that the higher estate brought with it a greater responsibility. No Toy Tradesman could have started in business with better chances. I had the neatest little shop, with a counter and scales, labelled drawers, and a carefully selected stock, complete. The children who helped me to conduct my business recommended me to various toy customers, and did their utmost to complete my commercial training. Moreover, I had every motive for getting on, for I was "keeping company" with a young Shepherdess at a neighbouring toy farm. She was a buxom maid, with little black dots of eyes which sparkled under her broad-brimmed hat; she would have been nearer the classic type, perhaps, if she had possessed anything like a profile, but I was a little undefined in that respect myself, so I could not afford to be very critical. She had a little flock of remarkably crinkly sheep, each with a red ribbon round its neck, and I used to go and visit her every evening as soon as play was over for the day. Often did we stand or lie—for we were neither of us in the habit of sitting—under one of the spreading green-shaving trees, and talk, hopefully enough, of the future. I was to work very hard and gradually enlarge my premises into stores, and then we could marry, and she would superintend the dairy department. For she came from a big emporium, where there were departments for everything, so she knew all about it. But, privately, I felt a certain want of confidence in my own capacity for enterprise, although I did not confess to it then. I had already discovered that much of the stock with which I had been

supplied was deceptive, and I was so inexperienced that I felt considerable difficulty in selling articles which I could not conscientiously recommend. But I *did* get over that in time. And then the labels on my drawers and things bothered me a good deal; there was a small china jar, for instance, which bore the word "Senf" written upon it in crabbed letters. What "Senf" might happen to be I had no idea, and yet SHEM was constantly coming in and asking for a pound of it, and I had to pacify him by representing that we were out of it for the present. So we were, for that matter, for the jar, like most of the drawers, was perfectly empty—but it was very worrying all the same. As I look back



MY ELEVENTH BIRTH. (Second Stage.)

now, with that larger, fuller knowledge which has come to me, I know of course that Senf was merely a German expression for mustard—but I was not permitted to learn that then. The children, who I began to see with alarm, were most unprincipled persons to be connected with, stocked my drawers with sand and sawdust, which they obliged me to palm off upon Mrs. NOAH—a most respectable lady—as the best tea and coffee! Is it any wonder that my scruples were gradually overcome under such influences? I could hardly expect to prosper—and I didn't. Mrs. NOAH objected that the tea was gritty, which was true enough, and left me in consequence. I had a most unpleasant

scene, too, with HAM and JAPHET, who returned a box of cigars I had sold them, on the ground that it was nothing but a block of painted wood. No more it was; but then, as I explained, it was the only brand I kept in stock, and I had never had any complaints before. Upon this, however, they both became so abusive that I was really obliged to tell them very severely, that I *did* think that, as *Sunday toys*, they ought to be ashamed of themselves! After a few experiences of this sort, I grew reckless and demoralised; my weights were detected as false, and I only smiled. I told the Shepherdess frankly that, at the rate I was going on, I saw no prospect whatever of being in a position to marry, and that we had better consider our engagement at an end. She took it very quietly—she was always gentle and placid—only that very night she snapped off quite suddenly at the waist. Nursery opinion held me responsible, and I daresay I was, but I couldn't help it. Was it *my* fault if I was placed in a false position from the first? The climax soon came; my business declined, my stock, such as it was, was dispersed, and my fittings dismantled; then I was turned out of my shop, which the children subsequently converted into a school, and then into a fort. I was a plaster bankrupt with the world to begin anew. The children found me employment as a driver



MY TWELFTH BIRTH.

of a tin hansom, but, being as incompetent a cabman as I had been a grocer, I promptly fell off my perch and broke my neck. I remember that I was glad when I heard it go, and knew that at last I had done with a life of which I had made such a hopeless muddle!

MY EIGHTH BIRTH.

OF course I had by no means done with life yet, and I was accorded another chance of retrieving myself, and learning the meaning and value of commercial integrity. I became an animal once more—a Cardboard Donkey that kicked. But it was a position, nevertheless, of great trust and responsibility, for whenever a penny was placed in a nick on my back, I was required to deposit it in a bank behind. The business was transferred from the curbstone to the nursery mantelpiece, where I discharged my duties with unflinching regularity, faithfully passing every coin entrusted to me to the credit of my customers. I remember having a sentimental fancy for a beautiful little Zebra on wheels, but I struggled hard against my passion, and overcame it in time. For I was too closely tied to the Bank to have any leisure for the gentler emotions. So I kicked stubbornly on, until one of those financial crises by which the best regulated nurseries are convulsed at times burst upon me unprepared. There was a panic among the depositors, which caused a run upon the bank; it broke (like myself, it was only cardboard), and my frame, already overstrained by constant attention to business, sank in consequence. But I went to pieces with the proud satisfaction of knowing that my accounts were in perfect order, and that there was sufficient in the bank to satisfy every creditor in full, which is more than every manager has been able to feel in similar circumstances.

MY NINTH BIRTH.

I DESERVED some promotion, and I got it. I was now a smart and well-set-up Wooden Soldier. I saw a good deal of service in carpet border warfare, in one action receiving a pea in the chest, the mark of which I carried through life. I was steady under fire, and might have looked forward to a brilliant career, but for an inveterate dislike to Human infants—which proved my undoing. It is painful even now to think that I should have disgraced my uniform by such unsoldierly conduct—but I was arrested on a charge of attempting to poison a baby who had wounded my *amour propre* by sucking all the paint off my hat. A court-martial was held, the principal witness against me being the baby herself, who was still suffering from the effects. I was broke, and dismissed the Army, after which I went altogether to the dogs, being chewed out of all recognition by a couple of fox-terriers.

MY TENTH BIRTH.

NEXT time I was—let me see—oh yes, I remember now: a common plebeian Dutch Doll. Need I say that I was a *sans-culotte* from birth? It disgusted me that the mere accident of being born wooden or waxen should make such an enormous difference. Why should some dolls be gorgeously attired and hardly ever played with, while others were scantily clad and in constant demand? I didn't know, but I felt such iniquities ought to be stopped. I gathered round me a small band of desperate and enthusiastic dolls, all pledged to the cause, and we harangued mass meetings on the nursery hearthrug of broken and discontented toys, whom we

informed that they were groaning under the iron heel of a kid and sawdust aristocracy. They were doing nothing of the sort; but they liked to be told they were. One or two middle-class composition and china dolls sympathised with us, or so they *said*, but I don't think they quite realised that we were in earnest. We *were*, though. We tampered with the tin soldiery until we had inoculated many of them with our zeal for a purer social state; the bricks, down to the smallest cube, were with us; we were ripe for revolution—and our opportunity came at last. A band of hostile boys invaded the nursery, and we eagerly joined them in a general attack upon that foster-bed of idle luxury, the Doll's House. It was carried by storm, all the furniture turned topsy-turvy, the swarm of do-nothing patrician dolls, who had robbed us so long of our inheritance, were expelled, and I proclaimed the New Era from the balcony. We began by abolishing rank; henceforth the only aristocracy was to be Talent—which gave the *ugly* toys a chance. Shop toys were commanded to love street ones, or take the consequences, which—to their shame be it said—they generally preferred to do. We were all free and equal, or if there

was any quality that conferred more freedom and equality than others, it was cheapness. As unquestionably the cheapest doll, I proposed myself for President, and, my comrades being all afraid of me and distrustful of one another, I was unanimously elected. We got over any factious opposition by previously disfranchising all electors who cost more than sixpence halfpenny—a qualification which was later reduced to one penny. After that we had things pretty much our own way. Actuated, no doubt, by some personal feeling (for I had been very much cut up by being disdainfully rejected by a lovely young wax doll with blue eyes and flaxen hair, whom I had offered to exalt to my own rank) I passed some sweeping reforms, confiscating real hair (and even tow) as being in the nature of "unearned increment," and putting down the glass eyes which had so long insulted us by their



MY FOURTEENTH BIRTH.

haughty stare. Why not? We got on very well without them. I admit now that I secretly contemplated having my own features encased in wax and furnished with a wig and a pair of blue beads—but that was merely because a certain amount of state was necessary to my position. None of the *other* dolls would have been permitted these privileges. In consideration of devoting my time and talents to the public, I occupied the Doll's House as my private and official residence. The state revenues, consisting of pins, passed through my hands, and of these I amassed by various methods an immense quantity, of which some of my subordinates had the audacity to claim their share! I need not say that I rebuked their selfish greed and vindicated the sanctity of Property—they perished miserably, and I was absolute. After thus establishing Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity throughout my dominions, I might have hoped to enjoy the love and gratitude of the people. But alas! some toys have no reverence for an established institution, they lack that instinctive respect for rank, however attained, which alone preserves the community from anarchy! Encouraged by the withdrawal of the Boys, who had done so much to place me in power, and the return of the legitimate sovereign of the nursery, they rose against my dictatorship, and, somehow or other, I was torn limb from limb with every sign of popular disapproval. Such is the reward of the disinterested Patriot who seeks to benefit his fellow toys!

MY ELEVENTH BIRTH.

THERE must have been a heavy debit against me in the books of Karma, or I should not have found myself inhabiting perhaps the most hideous toy in existence. I was a Japanese Goblin Head, without even a body of my own, unless a piece of bent cane deserves the name. Whenever the cane was squeezed, my jaws opened and my eyes goggled in a truly horrible manner. You can fancy how bitterly I rebelled against such a lot, and how I felt that I could have been a good and respectable toy under any other conceivable form but mine. (Of course I was unaware then how many quite respectable forms I had already occupied, and what a failure I had been in most of them.) In my despair I took a savage and unholy delight in my own repulsiveness. I made a Skye-terrier frantic, a baby howl, and I frightened a goldfinch into a fit! I should have gone on from bad to worse, had not a little Dresden figure come to live on the same mantelpiece with me. I tried to terrify her, but delicate and fragile as she looked, she showed no fear of me. She merely remonstrated with me on making such extremely ugly faces, until I gradually began to wish I was a better goblin. And soon, under her sweet porcelain influence, I improved. Even my expression grew gentler, more human. Whether she ever suspected how devotedly and respectfully I loved her, I don't know—at times I hoped she might read it in my eyes—but perhaps mine were not exactly the sort of eyes to convey the subtler shades of expression. I now endeavoured to amuse instead of alarming, and ended by becoming generally respected and beloved. So, when my time came and I gasped out my life at the feet of my Dresden divinity, the last thing that met my upturned eyes was her smile of gentle approbation.

MY TWELFTH BIRTH.

HAVING done my best as a Goblin under great disadvantages, I was once more promoted. I was a Gentleman Doll. I shared my comfortable Doll's House with a very charming china wife, whom I adored. Unhappily, I failed to understand her; I never considered her sufficiently serious to share my anxieties as a Doll, and consequently she was reduced to content herself with mere womanly pursuits, in which I encouraged her. It amused me to see her so engrossed in such trivialities as Female Suffrage, the True Position of Woman in the Household, Education, and the Emancipation of the Sex. So I suppose I ought to have made more allowance for her when I discovered, as I did one day, that she had surreptitiously written a drama on the Marriage Question, which she intended for early production at a *Matinée* at the Royal Cardboard Theatre, and had pledged my credit for the necessary expenses, which would run into several rows of pins! But I could not. I was too rigidly conventional. I'm afraid I was unnecessarily severe. I know I said "Ugh-ugh!" to her. All I thought of was the damage to my reputation as a good and respectable Doll. But just then a bulky packet fell into the letter-box—it was the manuscript of her play, declined with thanks! I was saved, and ready to forgive her everything now the danger was over. But she would not be forgiven; on the contrary she turned round and lectured me! She said I should have insisted on making a Doll of her, instead of treating her as a Woman; then she would not have wanted to write plays! She informed me we were strangers, and she would leave me—never to return, unless a miracle happened, and she learnt, by knocking about the nursery, what Doll-dom really meant, and why *Matinées* were immoral. Then she went out, slamming the door behind her.

The miracle must have been one of those which do not happen, for I never saw her again.

MY THIRTEENTH BIRTH.

I HAVE little to record about my next state of being. I was the Little Man in the Weather Cottage, and as I now recognise, was punished for my uxorious carelessness as a Gentleman Doll. For I was constantly tormented by a firm conviction that I had an ideal helpmeet somewhere—only I never could get sight of her! As soon as I went in at one door, she went out at the other. It was unspeakably tantalising, until at last, after repeated disappointments, I realised sadly that Destiny was against us—that we never *should* meet on that mantelpiece! So I sought to console myself with study; and tried hard to master the weather forecast. While still occupied in these abstruse pursuits I made the acquaintance of an elderly white-bearded Mahatma in a box, and was privileged to become his pupil, or *chela*. From him I first gained a faint idea of the vast system of worlds of which our Nursery formed but an insignificant part. Through him I learned to abstract myself, to subdue the passions and desires, and in short, to become an accomplished esoteric adept. When I knew all he could teach, I, successfully projected myself out of my plaster body and, after undergoing terrible ordeals (which, as I fortunately forget, I will not describe) freed myself from my Toy trammels for ever!

MY FOURTEENTH BIRTH.

YES, I am a Toy no more. I have done with the Nursery at last. I am a Mystic, an Automatic Magician in a glass case, a Cave of Mystery and Divination, to which trembling mortals resort to consult the future. After their offering is deposited, mysterious music sounds, and I point out the response of the oracle inscribed upon a revolving disc at the back. In the same case with me is a fairy in short skirts, who dances jerkily while I prophesy. Nothing is hid from me now. I range back over my past lives, and from what I see there, I am enabled to recognise in this Fairy my true Affinity, or Twin Soul. I have met her frequently in my various existences, though I knew it not. She was the Cockatoo when I was the Fur Monkey, the Cuckoo who loved me as a Clockwork Mouse, the Wooden Shepherdess I jilted as a Plaster Grocer, the Striped Zebra, the Flaxen-haired Doll, the Dresden Figure, the China Woman-wife, the Fair Unknown of the Weather Cottage. And she recognises me too, and we both feel a calm and passionless satisfaction that we should have met at last in this perfect harmony and under-

standing. But we do not feel even that *very* much—we have got far beyond all extreme emotion. . . . My services are required by a mortal female in a poke bonnet, who has a very tiny bar of blue ribbon stitched to her cloak. She wishes to consult the oracle. When the dial stops, I see that the reply, as indicated by my wand, is: "*Come back and see alone*," which is safe, but procrastinating. She departs, evidently impressed, and presently returns alone, more anxious than ever. Again the mystic dial revolves, and this time the answer of Fate is, "*Give up drinking Spirits*." . . . I am about to resume my lofty abstraction, when an umbrella breaks in upon my seclusion, and I soar suddenly into the Unknown!

APOTHEOSIS.—THE last solemn communication I am permitted to address to the world I have left can be but brief. I am across the Threshold at last! I am a Sixth Rounder, revolving slowly and serenely in an atmosphere of ethereal essences, absorbed in sublime and ecstatic self-contemplation; my eyes radiant with thoughts beyond all utterance, my lips parted in a perennial smile of placid content. I have a faint impression that She, my Affinity, is near me and similarly engaged, but it no longer seems of any consequence. This is Rest. This is Felicity. This is Nirvana. . . . I may say no more. . . Farewell!

[THE END.]



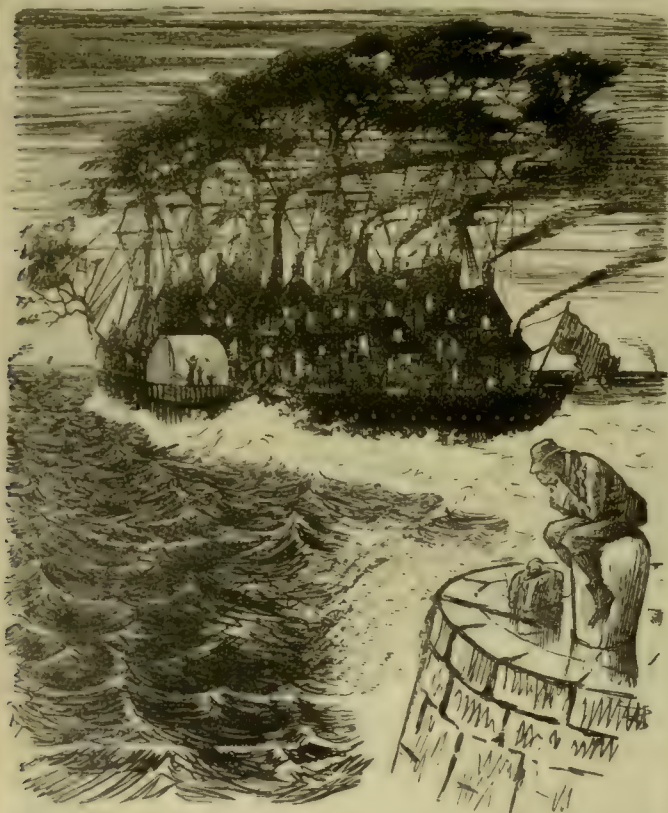
APOTHEOSIS.

SHAIN CC.



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



9. Too late, alas! Such a nice Boat, too, and everything so snug, and Vera and Tommy waving their handkerchiefs, and Smut standing on his hind legs. It reminded me of Hampstead Heath, near the "Spaniards."



11. I was never more surprised in all my life. They walked off my things to the Gaol in the Impasse du Radis Noir, and poor Tom Noddy walked between, with gyves upon his wrists.



10. So I went into Ste. Ciboule, and forgot to take off my hat, and my Hand-bag struck six and sang "Home, sweet Home!" in German. They opened it, and found Père David's bird and Madame Picard's clock!



12. I had a demie-tasse with the Gaoler and his Wife (who was quite a lady though plain), and played with their children, who were very nice and friendly, and reminded me of Tommy.

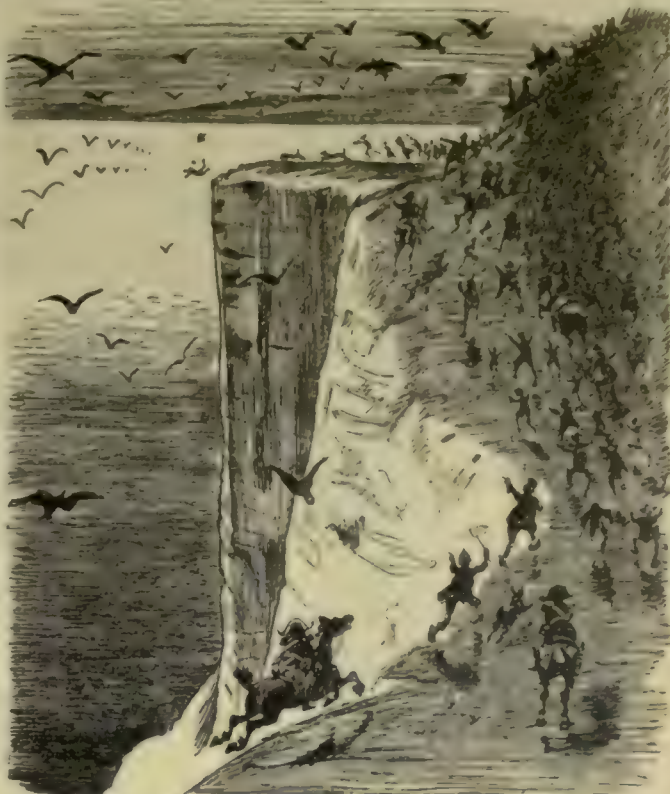
FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



13. They forgot to bolt the Back-door, so I bolted through it myself, and ran along the Falaie de l'Asperge, the Gaoler's children sticking to me like Caramels. That's the worst of being nice to children.



14. The whole town was up and after me, shouting, "Au voleur! À l'assassin!" The very air was dark with birds and bats and flying fish (none of which seemed very good to eat).



15. I doubled, and took the wrong turning. The Bloodhounds were at my heels. There was the steamer sinking, with all I love, below the verge! I madly plunged off Cape Jambonneau



16. "Papa! Dinner! Wake up!" Oh joy! Madame Picard's clock was safe on the mantelpiece. Françoise was bringing in La Soupe à l'Oseille (serumptious). All's well that ends well. So, farewell, all!

A DAY'S HUNTING.

"EIGHT o'clock, Sir!" Wonder who said that? Oh, it's JOHN. What does he mean? Can't be eight o'clock. Yes it is. Nuisance! Wish JOHN wouldn't make so much noise in waking me. Must

badly twice. Bleed much. Can't be helped. Bath. Ugh! Leather-breeches take no end of a time to button. Now for my new tops. Where on earth are those boot-pulls? On toilet-table? No. On

YOU OUGHT TO 'A TURNED UP
BY POTTER'S COPSE



W. J. HODGSON.

speak to him. Not now, some other time. Want to sleep twenty minutes more. Why must he pull up blinds. Ridiculous to suppose I couldn't get out of bed at proper time and pull them up myself. Hope he's going now. Yes. No. "What boots will you wear, Sir?" Shan't answer. Too sleepy. Besides, JOHN ought to know without asking. "Will you wear the new boots, or the old, Sir?" Hang JOHN. Must annoy him by answering "Yes." Do so. "Very well, Sir, I'll put out your new pair." Has done so. Don't want to wear that new pair, but can't bother to tell JOHN. "A quarter past eight, Sir. Rather a dull morning." Will he never go? He is gone. Can put in ten minutes' sleep, and get down comfortably for nine o'clock breakfast. Might be better to get up at once and shave. Loathe shaving. Shan't get up. Meet at Pitchfork Heath, eight miles off. Ought to start at about twenty minutes to ten to do it comfortably without tiring horse. Ought really to get up. Mere idea of bath is detestable. . . . Curious. Am dressed and riding to Pitchfork Heath with fifty other horsemen. Some have wings. Why have I never noticed this before? JONES is riding a zebra. McWELTER is on a giraffe. Capital notion. Don't seem to remember this country. Bishop of the diocese joins us in his landau. We are in his Cathedral. What has become of my horse? The Bishop is marching at the head of the Choir beating a gong, boo-o oo-on—By Jove, that's the breakfast-gong. Jump out of bed. Shave with tepid water. Cut myself

drawers? No. Under chest of drawers? No; but have knelt in a splash from the bath, and spoilt look of my leathers. Ring for JOHN. In the meantime, get on shirt and collar, and try to tie my tie. Why will that confounded laundress wash my ties so stiff?

Gold pin with a fox's head. Go in, won't you? Go in, go in, go—ah! Pin bends double.

Enter JOHN. "JOHN, where the devil have you shoved those boot-pulls to?" "There they are, Sir, under your 'and." Singular, so they are. Straighten pin and finally insert it. 9:25! Too late to put on boots before breakfast. Go down in slippers. Still bleeding. 9:30. In the breakfast-room. Slip in and sit down without absence of boots being noticed. Odour of recent breakfasts very strong and disagreeable. Pah! Mother and one or two others still in their places. "My dear HENRY. You're very late. I'm afraid the tea's not hot. Shall I send for more?" No time. Have to be content with rinsings. A sausage, quite cold. One poached egg. Hard. That's why everyone else left it. Wish Miss ELLINGTON wouldn't talk to me. Why hasn't she finished her breakfast and gone away? Make signs to Mother to go, and take Miss E. with her. Mother won't understand. Strange, I thought Miss E. such a nice girl last night.

Limp toast. Simply beastly. Enter my brother Tom. "Hurry up, old cock; we ought to be jogging along now." Gulp down marmalade, dollop of which falls on new red coat. Capture it. Stickiest stuff in the world. Dash upstairs



W. J. H.

to put on new boots. Tug, tug, ow! Tug, tug, tug! That's one on. Horribly tight; painful pressure round leg on buttons. Tug, tug! The other boot on too. Much tighter even, and more painful. Tie bows: badly bungled. Try again. Very untidy; but will have to do. Spurs. Where are they? Round and round the room. Found. Put them on. Feel, during the process, as if I should burst. Dash downstairs. Trip. Spurred my boot badly. Horse is being led up and down by groom. "Mr. Tom's groom, Sir. He said you knew the way, and you'd be sure to catch 'im up." Hang Tom! he might have waited half a minute. Can't find my hat anywhere. JOHN! JOHN!! JOHN!!! "I wish you wouldn't stuff everything of mine away, JOHN. Where's my hat?"

"At, Sir? It's on your 'ead, Sir."

Scored off again. Must take it out of JOHN, somehow. I believe he lies in wait to catch me. Generally succeeds, too, worse luck. "My crop, JOHN." He can't find it. Triumph! He rushes off to look for it. Comes back without it. Groom produces it suddenly, like a conjuror's trick. "You give it me last night, Sir, to get clean." JOHN's face is a study. Calm consciousness of superiority, tinged with reproach, as who should say, "Why vex your faithful servant with useless messages?" Mount. Off at last. Past ten o'clock.

Shall have to push along a bit. Light a cigar first. Produce it—bite it. Match-box. Heavens! Only one match! "Steady, boy, steady! Stand, you brute, stand!" Now for it. Strike it. Horse starts. Match out. Argument with horse, points being emphasised by crop. Jog along.

Ought I to turn to left, or keep straight on? Can't remember. There's not a soul in sight. Chance it, by going straight on. Jog a mile. That left foot seems to get tighter and tighter. Agony. Meet a rustic. Ask him the way. "You ought to 'a turned up by Potter's Copse, a mile back." Just my luck. Back again, and turn up by Potter's Copse. Who was POTTER? Why had he a

Copse? And why am I thinking of such rubbish? That 'a Pitchfork Heath in the distance. I know it by the three trees in a line. Nobody to be seen on Heath. It's past eleven. Trot on fast. Sound of a horn in the distance. Canter. Ah, there they are, right on the top of Melby Down. Can just make them out going fast. They're going south, so I might get a short cut. Try it. First a ploughed field. Going as heavy as can be. Nasty-looking bank at far side of field. Must have it, all the same. Horse refuses. At it again. Over! Hold up, hold up—dump! Off, horse having pecked twice on landing, and gone down in another ploughed field. Very dirty. Up again. Pound on somehow. Hurrah!—they're checked. Got to them at last.

"Halloa, old chap, where have you dropped from?" says one. "I see where you've dropped to," says another. "Means to try a new rotation of crops on the back of his coat," puts in Tom. Funny fellows, all of them—too witty to live. Hint this to them. They jeer, and tell me I've missed the very best thirty minutes they've had this season, "fast as smoke, and some clinking posts and rails soon after the start." The huntsman tries a cast back. No luck. Takes a wide sweep to the right. "Old Melody's got it. Mark to her!" False alarm. Potter, potter,

potter. Try another covert. So we go on for hours. Rain. More rain.

Wet through, not having taken waterproof. In pain from both boots. Why are breeches made with buttons, for top-boots to press into one's flesh? Chop a fox in covert. And that's the last we see or hear of a fox this day. Wet, cold, hungry. So is TOM. Horse has got a bad over-reach, and I've spurred him in the shoulder. It's four o'clock, and we're twelve miles from home. Both boots keep the agony going. Walk him the whole way, reaching home at 7-15. Query? Is hunting really a pleasure? Think it out before dinner. Answer—No. Recur to subject after dinner, before smoking-room fire. Answer—Yes. Sleep in arm-chair. Bed.

THE DIARY OF A NEW M.P.

Monday.—Am glad election is over. Quite a new joy to be able to pass a man in the street without grinning genially upon him. Since the poll was declared, showing majority of 570 for me, have



"Grinning genially."

had quite a debauch of contradiction. Feel as if my soul was my own again, also my body. When Provost McSMEE, Chairman of my Committee at Sawnyhope, meeting me on morning after election, observed "It's a fine day," I said quite snappishly, "Do you think so? I fancy it will rain before night."

Almost made him jump. Twenty-four hours ago I should, responding to similar remark, have nervously rubbed my hands,

feebly smiled, and said, "It is, indeed!" But I owe the Provost one. He's an Elder of the U. P. Kirk, and sucks peppermint-drops through the sermon. When I first came to Cudcattleshire to begin my canvass, I stayed at his house over the Sabbath. Coming out of kirk after the morning service I observed to him, "It's a fine day, Provost."

"Ah, Mester MORIBUND," he said, gloomily shaking his head, "it's no the day to talk o' days."

Tuesday.—It's over it last, and I'm an honest man again. Hope we shall not have another bust-up for five or six years. When last House was sitting remember I was rather in favour of triennial Parliaments. Not so sure I was right. Conclusion seems a little hasty. Under septennial Parliaments England I can call it England now I'm out of Scotland; in Cudcattleshire always had to speak of Great Britain)—England, I repeat, has grown in power, in wealth, in dominion.



"Ah, Mester Moribund, it's no the day to talk o' days."

"HUMPTY-DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL!"
(Taif Plungings.)



THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN A CORNER."
(A Corner of Finance.)

"NEEDLES AND PINS, NEEDLES AND PINS."
(Troubles of a Benedick.)

"HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK!"
(Aliens and the Press.)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

Why recklessly readjust the machinery? Let this Parliament at least run its course. Time enough to consider triennial term when we see who's in at next general election.

Wednesday.—Mean to make my mark in Parliament now I'm in. It's all new and strange, but so was India to CLIVE when he first set foot on its coral strand. Began



"Having secured a Corner Seat, occupy it constantly. Let House grow accustomed to your presence." well. Made a friend of TOBY, M.P., asked his advice. Received me most affably. Put me on the straight path at once. "Most important," he says, "to get a good start. In this House, as in ordinary ones, nature of introduction everything." "Who then should I get to bring me up to the table?" I asked. "Mr. G. and HARCOURT

wouldn't be bad in their way," he said. "Could it be managed?" Well, it was unusual.

Thursday.—TOBY M.P. strongly urges me to secure a corner seat below the Gangway. It is, he says, from that position all men who have risen to high estate have started. The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD stepped thence to the Treasury Bench, and so, from the other side of the House, did GRANDOLPH. For many sessions the Sage of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE had a corner seat which he benevolently shared with his disciples when in turn they rose to attack someone or something. From a corner seat



"JEMMY" LOWTHER looks on a sadly changed world, and from a corner seat JULIUS ANNIBAL PICRON from time to time rises to thrill the senate with burning eloquence.

Friday.—"Having secured a corner seat," my Mentor continues, "occupy it constantly. Let House grow accustomed to your presence. Speak on every subject that comes up for debate,



"It's the most natural thing to cheer your own Leaders—just reverse the position of affairs."

and never pass a day without putting from three to seven questions to Ministers. At the outset you will probably evoke some indications of personal distaste for your company. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they will try to howl you down. This may last for a Session, or even two. At the end of that time you'll not only win, but will have established yourself in the position of a favourite. I am old enough to remember when JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR was an object of contumely. His rising was ever the signal for a storm of howls and jeers. JOSEPH went on rising, and after a prolonged contest the House not only ceased to yell at him, but hilariously cheered when he interposed in debate, and on the day he died, there was scarcely a dry eye in the place. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS and SEYMOUR KEAY have not reached that position yet, and probably never will, for JOEY B. is not a product a century reproduces. But they are on the way to it, and have distinctly made progress."

Saturday.—There is, I gathered in later conversation with my philosopher and friend, even higher game for the new M.P. to play than that indicated by examples quoted. "The worst thing any new Member can do," he says, "is to let it appear that he will fall into line and obey the Whip. Anyone can do that. It is the easiest and most natural thing to cheer your own leaders, and attack Hon. and Right Hon. Gentlemen opposite. If you, my dear MORIBUND, want to make an early mark in the House of Commons, just reverse the position of affairs. The thing to do is to kick out behind. If you are a Liberal, hint dislike for the proceedings on the Treasury Bench. If you are a Conservative, hesitate



doubt about the patriotism, or, more telling still, the common honesty of Right Hon. Gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench. That is certain to secure an audience which otherwise might be lacking. Gentlemen opposite will feel bound to remain and back you up. Your own side will sit angry but interested. There will be cheering and counter-cheering. Probably you will be replied to from whichever Front Bench you may chance to have attacked, and your fortune is made. I won't mention names, but I can count off on the fingers of my two hands just as many men who are Ministers to-day, or were Ministers yesterday, who owe their emergence from obscurity directly to these tactics."

Very glad I came to the Fountain Head for advice on this subject. Seems easy enough to follow. I'll certainly try. When we get fairly to work in February, Cudcattleshire shall loom large in the Parliamentary reports.

MINOR MISERIES. HALF-COCK.

(By Mr. Punch's Hammer Gunner.)

It was a dull December day—
Days mostly are in mid-December;—
From tree to tree a shrieking jay
Made discord, as I well remember.
“Line up, you boys,” I heard him plain,
The Keeper cried “Left hand, move faster.”
Slight sounds, but burnt into my brain
By that dull day's supreme disaster.

Oh, sweet to one whose gun is cocked
The pheasant's rustle mid the trees is.
It was a covert thickly stocked
With pheasants as with mites a choose is.
The line drew onward in its beat,
And, though the sticks kept up a clatter,
I seemed to hear a thousand feet
Of pheasants on the dry leaves patter.

I scarce had shot a single bird.
I know not why—these things are puzzles—
Pheasant and rabbit both preferred
To die that day by other muzzles.
Or if some reckless bird aspired
To suit me, it was very odd he
Seemed, as without effect I fired,
All tail, and not a scrap of body.

Some twenty rabbits, too, had crossed
The grassy rides where I was posted.
My score was eighteen rabbits lost,
And only two completely “ghosted.”

By shooting soon, or shooting late,
I missed them; yet it does seem funny



That fancy thus should elongate
The short but most deceptive bunny.

Though it were wiser not to care
For trifles such as these, they vexed me;
My skill—I would not boast—is fair,
And this day's want of it perplexed me.
So, as I stood and watched the trees,
I vowed this time to aim much harder,
And kill my birds in style, and please
My host, and help to fill his larder.

At last, at last! a whirl of wings!
Here comes a bunch of six or seven.
To right, to left, they stream in strings,
Some low, some soaring high as heaven.
I raised my gun; with might and main,
While straight above the pheasants rocket,
I pulled and pulled, but all in vain,
For I had quite forgot to cock it.

Away they flew: can pardon be
For bursts of language double-shotted?
When Uncle Toby's speech flew free,
The word was by an Angel blotted.
Yet if while I addressed my gun,
That Angel marked me as I muttered,
He must have dropped more tears than one
To blot the hasty words I uttered.

And still, though years have passed away,
And memories fade as men grow older,
My dreams repeat that fatal day;
The half-cocked gun is at my shoulder,
I strive to cry, my voice is dumb,
While, by my nightmare fears made bigger,
Flocks of gigantic pheasants come,
And bid me tug the useless trigger.

FIND AND FINISH.—A Sporting Novel in Twelve Chapters.



CHAPTER I. I spend Christmas with Uncle JOHN, who very kindly lends me his Boots and Breeches (my own Frock-coat answers admirably for the upward man), mounts me on his old Mare, and sends me, in his place, to take charge of Cousin MAUD with the Hounds. Very jolly this—nice girl, MAUD—should not mind taking charge permanently.



CHAPTER II.—They are off, I shall be too, if this goes on. Everybody gone mad (old Mare included). MAUD rides wildly past me, begs me to go back and bring her Hat along—pulled off—tree-branch—jumping out of Covert. “Can't hold *Crusader*,” she says.



CHAPTER III.—Have no objection myself to going back, (but old Mare very imperfectly broken animal), declines to do so at any price.



CHAPTER IV.—Am joined by Kindly-disposed Individual, who advises me to let the Hat go to the D—I and follow him—he knows the Country.
[The Finish at p. 32.]

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH





MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. No. 5.—NIAGARA, OF COURSE, AND "AU REVOIR."

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH.

FIND AND FINISH. (Concluded)



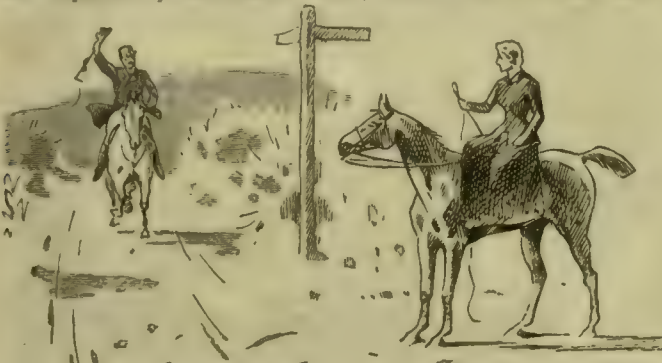
CHAPTER V.—This is delightful!!! Kindly Party quite a Master of Arts in the matter of Gates. Says he does take a jump sometimes though, when he's forced to.



CHAPTER VII.—Have thrown it!!!! Shut my eyes and trusted to chance (mane chance). What a providential thing that horses were invented with long necks and a mane growing on the top—so much more convenient than underneath like a beard.



CHAPTER IX.—Try to pull a Rail out. Impudent Boy on pony turns up from somewhere, and wants to know why I don't bring a Carpenter out with me. Impudent Boy then vanishes. Alone; wander about for an hour—lost!



CHAPTER XI.—On my way fall in with MAUD herself at Cross-road. She thinks I have been carrying Hat about all day—deeply grateful—so sorry I should have missed the run of the Season through her! &c.



CHAPTER VI.—He's done it. "Only got to throw your heart over," he says. "Beastly long way to throw it, though," I say.



CHAPTER VIII.—Got on splendidly for two or three fields after this, and then found beastly Gate locked (shall write to *Times* about Locked Gates). Never mind Kindly Party knows another way. He jumps it, and leaves me!



CHAPTER X.—Suddenly find myself at Covert, where I discover MAUD's Hat, by Jupiter!! Get off—pick it up—carry it home.



W. I. HODGKINSON

CHAPTER XII.—Evening—make the most of that Hat. Ask if I may keep it?—I may! MAUD promises that I may keep her too, as soon as I can!!
HAPPY FIND (THE HAT)! BLISSFUL FINISH!!



The Duke of Devonshire.

BORN, APRIL 27TH, 1808.

DIED, DECEMBER 21st, 1891.

LEARNED, large-hearted, liberal Lord of Land,
As clear of head as generous of hand,
He lived his honourable length of days,
A "Duke" whom doughtiest Democrat might praise.
"Leader" in truth, though not with gifts of tongue,
Full many a "Friend of Man" the muse has sung
Unworthier than patrician CAVENDISH.
Seeing him pass who may forbear the wish,
Would more were like him!—Then the proud command,
"Noblesse oblige" e'en Mobs might understand!

AFTER DINNER—AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

SCENE—A Private Room in a well-known Dining Hotel. Eminent Politicians discussing "shop" over their walnuts before dispersing for the Christmas holidays.

First Eminent Politician. I say that recent speech of yours at Skegness was a little strong. Preferring the Navy to the Army! Although the Army is of course the "Best possible Army," and all that! Eh? I say it was a little too thick!

Second Em. Pol. (quickly). Not a bit of it! You don't know how well we are getting on at Pall Mall. I give you my word everything's first-rate. Department working splendidly. You can't say that at Whitehall and Somerset House?

First Em. Pol. (warmly). Not say it! We do! Everything's most satisfactory. Discipline splendid. Never had such a fine Fleet. And the fireworks we had at the Royal Naval Exhibition all through the Summer! Well you ought to have seen them!

Second Em. Pol. (carelessly). Yes, I daresay. But what have fireworks got to do with the Navy?

First Em. Pol. Why they increased our recruiting awfully. Fellows went to the Royal Naval Exhibition and saw all sorts of good things, automatic weighing machine, a fishing-smack, and Nelson wax-works—and—that kind of thing you know, and joined the Navy! Precious good thing for the Service, I can tell you.

Second Em. Pol. Well, to go back to an old story—you can't defend the bullying on board *The Britannia*.

First Em. Pol. Oh, that's all bosh. Those newspaper fellows got hold of it for the Silly Season and ran it to death, but it's the

best possible place in the world. No end of good for training a fellow to command other fellows.

Second Em. Pol. Well, they were down upon you pretty smartly.

First Em. Pol. (airily). May be. But it's because they didn't know what they were writing about. How can a fellow become a good naval officer unless he has been robbed of his pocket-money, and taught how to lie for his seniors. Thing's too ridiculous! Hallo, JIMMY, they tell me things are in a dreadful mess at St. Martin's-le-Grand!

Third Em. Pol. (promptly). Then they tell you wrong. Never saw anything like it—most perfect organisation in the world! Absolutely marvellous, Sir—absolutely marvellous! And the clerks so civil and obliging. Everybody pleased with them.

Second Em. Pol. Come, that won't do. Your statement is as hard to digest as too-previous turkey and premature plum-pudding. The papers are full of complaints all through the Autumn, and have only stopped recently to make room for those descriptive and special law reports. You will have them again, now Term is over.

Third Em. Pol. Who cares for the papers? I tell you we are absolutely inundated with letters of thanks from Dukes and Duchesses upwards. No; if you had said that the Colonies were in a mess, why then—

Fourth Em. Pol. (angrily). What are you talking about? Why, we are absolutely romping in! Never knew the Colonies so prosperous as they are now! And we have had to put on half-a-dozen extra clerks to open and answer the letters of congratulation we receive hour by hour from every part of the Empire. Why, everything's splendid—absolutely splendid!

Second Em. Pol. Well, matters have decidedly mended since transportation was prohibited. But to return to our muttoms. Waterloo was won—

Fourth Em. Pol. (interrupting). Yes, I know, by the Militia and the dregs of the population! By the way, though, the gauls have had better company than now.

Fifth Em. Pol. Hold hard! Don't you abuse my Prisons. As a matter of fact, the present convicts are the finest, cleverest, most trustworthy fellows that ever existed. It is quite an honour to get into a prison nowadays. (With a sudden burst of anger.) And if any of you doubt my word, hang me, I will have satisfaction! (Looking round for opponents.) Come now, who will tread on the tail of my coat!

Chief and Most Eminent Politician. Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Come it's getting late, and if we are to see the dress-rehearsal of the Pantomime, we must be off at once!

[The Party breaks up to meet later on in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane.

FROM OUR SPORTING CITY MAN.—"Pounded before the Start."
—MR. GOSCHEN'S One-pound Note scheme.



THE CHIMES.



(FRAGMENTS OF A DICKENSIAN DREAM UP TO DATE.)

It was some time before the great-little old fellow could compose himself to mend the fire, and draw his chair to the warm hearth. But, when he had done so, and had trimmed his lamp, he took his "Extra Special" from his pocket, and began to read—carelessly at first, and skimming up and down the columns, but with an earnest and sad attention very soon.

For this same dreadful paper re-directed *Punch's* thoughts into the channel they had taken all that day; thoughts of the sufferings of the poor, the follies of the rich, the sins of the wicked, the miseries of the outcast. Seasonable thoughts, if not exactly festive. For all is not festive, even at the Festive Season.

Scandals in high life, starvation in low life; foul floods of nastiness in Law Courts; muddy tricklings of misery in lawless alleys; crimes so terrible and revolting; pains so pitiless and cureless; follies so selfish and wanton, that he let the journal drop, and fell back in his chair, appalled.

"Unnatural and cruel, *Toby!*" he cried. "Unnatural and cruel! None but people who were born bad at heart—born bad—who had no business on the earth, could do such deeds. We're Bad!"

The Chimes took up the words so suddenly—burst out



'ARRY OUT 'UNTIN'.

'Arry (who goes to the Meet in a frost). "'AVE THE 'OUNDS COME, MY LADS!"
 Little Girl (respectfully). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, OUR 'OUNDS DON'T 'UNT IN 'ARD WEATHER!"

so loud, clear, and sonorous—that the Bells seemed to strike him in his chair.

And what was it that they said?

"*Punch and Toby! Toby and Punch!* Waiting for you, *Toby and Punch!* Come and see us! Come and see us! Come and see us! Drag them to us! Haunt and hunt them! Haunt and hunt them! Break their slumbers! Break their slumbers! *Punch, Toby; Toby, Punch; Toby, Punch; Punch, Toby!*" Then fiercely back to their impetuous strain again, and ringing in the very bricks and plaster on the Sanctum's walls!

Toby barked! *Punch* listened! Fancy, fancy! No, no! Nothing of the kind. Again, again, and yet a dozen times again. "Haunt and hunt them! Haunt and hunt them!"

"If the tower is really open," said *Punch*, "what's to hinder us, *Toby*, from going up to the steeple, and seeing for ourselves?" "Nothing," yapped *Toby*, or sounds to that effect.

Up, up, up! and round and round; and up, up, up! higher, higher, higher up!

There was the belfry where the ringers came. *Punch* caught hold of one of the frayed ropes which hung down through the apertures in the oaken roof. But he started; other hands seemed on it; he shrank from the thought of waking the deep Bell. The Bells themselves were higher. Higher, *Punch* and *Toby*, in their fascination, or working out the spell upon them, groped their way; until, ascending through the floor, and pausing, with his head raised just above its beams *Punch* came among the Bells. It was barely possible to make out their great shapes in the gloom; but there they were. Shadowy, and dark, and dumb.

He listened, and then raised a wild "Halloa!" "Halloa!" was mournfully protracted by the echoes. Giddy, confused, and out of breath, *Punch* looked about him vacantly, and sank down in a swoon.

He saw the tower, whither his charmed footsteps had brought him, swarming with dwarf phantoms, sprites, elfin creatures of the Bells. He saw them leaping, flying, dropping, pouring from the Bells without a pause. He saw them, round him on the ground; above

him in the air; clambering from him by the ropes below; looking down upon him from the massive iron-girdered beams; peeping in upon him through the chinks and loopholes in the walls; spreading away and away from him in enlarging circles. He saw them of all aspects and all shapes. He saw them ugly, handsome, crippled, exquisitely formed. He saw them young, he saw them old; he saw them kind, he saw them cruel; he saw them merry, he saw them grim; he saw them dance, he heard them sing; he saw them tear their hair, he heard them howl. He saw the air thick with them.

Wh-o-o-o-sh! With what a wild whirr of startled wings the owls and bats scurried away, dim spectral hiding things that love the darkness and the silence of night, and shrink from light and cheerful sounds! "Well rid of you!" murmured *Punch*, as *Toby* barked at the flying phantoms.

But among the other swarming sprites, and circling elfs, and frolic phantoms of the Bells, *Punch* beheld brighter things. That pleasant pair, hand in hand, princely-looking both, and loving withal, bring a music as of marriage-bells "all in the wild March morning." And those other goodly and gracious presences, hint they not of Health and Home Happiness, and Benignant Art, and Humanity-serving Science, of Electric Sympathy, and Ready Rescue, of Mammon-thwarting Reform, and Misery-staying Benevolence; of all the spiritual charities and fairy graces that can bless and brighten country and hearth, Sire and citizen, master and servant, employer and employed, struggling man, suffering woman and helpless child? *Punch* read in their whirling forms and expressive faces the signs and promise of all the best and brightest influences of the time, happy and opportune attendants upon the auspicious hour of this the opening day of the New Year!

Bim, Bom, Boom!!! Clang, Cling, Clang!!! What are those hands tugging at the ropes, swinging the Bells big and little, evoking the stormy clashes and soothing cadences of the Chimes?

Surely those of the youthful New Year himself! An echo from the long-silent lips of the great Christmas-glorifier and lover of poor humanity seemed to ring in *Punch's* ears:—

"Who hears in us, the Chimes, one note bespeaking disregard, or

stern regard, of any hope, or joy or pain, or sorrow, of the many-sorrowed throng; who hears us make response to any creed that gauges human passions and affections, as it gauges the amount of miserable food on which humanity may pine and wither, does us wrong!"

"Right you are!" cried *Punch*, cordially, *Toby* yapping assent. He might have said more, but the Bells, the dear familiar Bells, his own dear constant, steady friends, the Chimes, began to ring the joy-peals for a New Year so lustily, so merrily, so happily, so gaily, that he (like poor old *Trotty Veck*) leapt to his feet, and broke the spell that bound him.

"Yes, that is still the true Spirit of the Chimes," mused *Mr. Punch*, as he took pen in hand to open up his new Volume. "And that's the spirit I hope to keep up right through the twelve months of just-born Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-two, which I trust may be—with my willing assistance,

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF YOU!!!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of the Baron's Critical Faculty sends him his opinion of our *Mr. DU MAURIER*'s latest novel, which is also his first. And here let it be published *urbi et orbi* that there is no truth whatever in a report which appeared in an evening paper to the effect that *Mr. DU MAURIER*, however retiring he may be, was about to retire or had retired from *Mr. Punch*'s Staff. The *St. James's Gazette* has already "authoritatively" denied the assertion; and this denial the Baron for *Mr. Punch*, decisively confirms. Now, to the notice of the book above-mentioned. Here it is:—

"There has been a certain deliberateness in *Mr. DU MAURIER*'s incursion into literature that speaks eloquently for his modesty. He is, to our certain knowledge, at least 40 years old, and *Peter Ibbetson*, which Messrs. Osgood & Co. present in two daintily dressed volumes, is his first essay in romantic writing. Reading the book, it is hard to conceive this to be the fact. The work is entirely free from those traces of amateurishness, almost inseparable from a first effort. The literary style is considerably above the average modern novelist; the plot is marked by audacious invention, worked out with great skill; the hero is a madman, not in itself an attractive arrangement, but there is such admirable method in his madness, such fine poetic feeling in the conception of character, and the ghosts who flit through

the pages of the story are so exceedingly human, that one feels quite at home with *Peter*, and is really sorry when, all too soon, his madness passes away, and he awakes to a new life, to find himself an old man. Apart from its strong dramatic interest, *Peter Ibbetson* has rare value, from the pictures of Old Paris in the last days of *LOUIS-PHILIPPE*, which crowd in charming succession through the first volume. *Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER*, the well-known artist in black and white, has generously assisted *Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER*, the rising novelist, by profusely illustrating the work. 'Tis a pretty rivalry; hard to say which has the better of it. Wherein a discerning Public, long familiar with *DU MAURIER*'s sketches, will recognise a note of highest praise for the new departure."

The Baron recommends *Mrs. OLIPHANT*'s *The Railway Man and his Children*, which is a good story, with just such a dash of the improbable—but there, who can bring improbability as a charge against the plot constructed by any novelist after this great Jewel Case so recently tried? *Mrs. OLIPHANT*'s types are well drawn; but the story is drawn out by just one volume too much. "For a one-volume novel commend me," quoth the Baron, "to *Miss RHODA-BROUGHTON-CUM-ELIZABETH-BISLAND*'s *A Widower Indeed*. But... wait till after the festivities are over to read it, as the tale is sad. *En attendant*, A Happy New Year to everyone, says

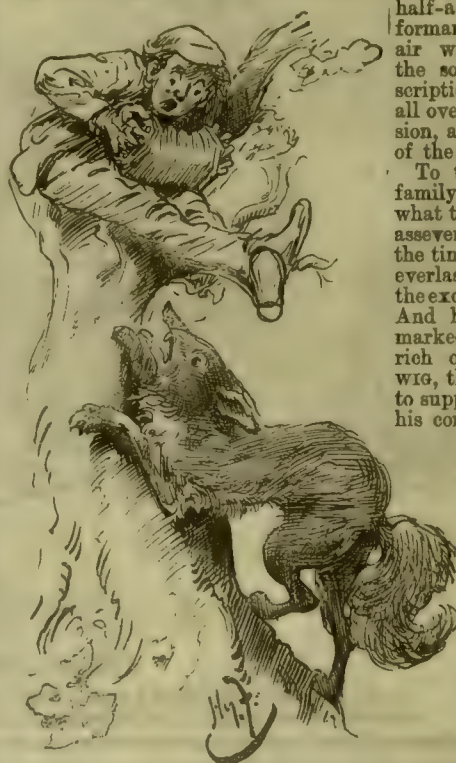
THE BENIGN BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

FRANK AND THE FOX.

FRANK was a very studious and clever little boy. He took the keenest delight in music, and when he had mastered his lessons, he was very fond of playing on the concertina, and singing to his own accompaniment. He could already play "*The Bells go a-ringing for Sarah!*" with considerable finish and expression, and since his Uncle DODDLEWIG had presented him with



half-a-crown for his performance, he had given the air with variations, and the song with every description of embellishment, all over the paternal mansion, and in most corners of the ancestral estate.

To tell the truth, his family were getting somewhat tired of his continued asseverations concerning the tintinabulatory tribute everlastingly rendered to the excellent young woman. And had he not been so markedly encouraged by rich old Uncle DODDLEWIG, there is every reason to suppose that FRANK and his concertina would have been speedily suppressed.

FRANK heard his Papa lamenting that foxes were so very scarce, that recently they had had no sport whatever. "There must be plenty of foxes in the country," said the Squire, "but they won't show."

Now FRANK had been reading about Orpheus,

and how he charmed all the wild beasts with his melody. It was true the boy had not a lyre, but he had no doubt that his concertina would do as well, and he was quite certain he had seen a fox while taking his rambles in Tippet Thickets.

One day when he had a holiday, and his Papa had gone a hunting with his friends, he strolled off with his concertina to endeavour to lure a fox out into the open. He approached the hole where he had previously seen the fox, and sat down, and began to play vigorously on his concertina, and to sing at the top of his voice, "*The Bells go a-ringing for Say-rah! Say-rah! Say-rah!*" Presently he saw a huge Fox poke his nose out of the hole. He was delighted! He sang and played with renewed energy, and began to walk away, still singing and playing.

The Fox followed, snarling, and snapping, and appearing very angry. The more he played, the more the Fox snarled and snapped. At last the animal became furious, all the hair on its back stood on end, and it began to make short runs with its mouth open at the young musician.

It sprang upon him! He was terrified! He dropped his song and his concertina at the same moment, and scrambled up the nearest tree.

The Fox's fury then knew no bounds; he trampled on the concertina, he bit it, he tore open the bellows, and having reduced it to a shapeless mass, bore it away to his hole.

When the coast was quite clear, FRANK descended, and slunk home.

The next morning one of the keepers found a dead fox. It had apparently died of suffocation, as sixteen ivory concertina-stops were found in its throat.

FRANK now has entirely ceased to believe in Ancient Mythology, and has been even heard to hint that he considers Dr. LEMPHIERE a bit of a humbug.

"LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."—An animal very difficult to secure again when once off... and that is... "a pony," when you've lost it on Newmarket Heath.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. IX.—TO CROOKEDNESS.

I DISPENSE with all formal opening, and I begin at once. I want to tell you a story. Don't ask me why; for, even if I answered the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, you would hardly believe me. Let me merely say that I want to tell you a story, and tell it without much further preface.

Two days ago I chanced, for no special reason, to open the drawers of an old writing-table, which for years past had stood, unused, in a corner of an upper room. In one I found a rusty screw, in another a couple of dusty envelopes, in a third a piece of sealing-wax, half-a-dozen nibs, and a broken pencil. The fourth, and last drawer, was very stiff. For a long time it defied my efforts, and it was only by a great exertion of strength that I was at last able to wrench it open. To my surprise I saw two packets of letters, tied together with faded ribbon. I took them up, and then remembered, with a start, what they were. They were all in their envelopes, and all were addressed, in the same hand-writing, to Sir CHARLES CALLENDER, Bart., Curzon Street, Mayfair. They were his wife's letters, and, after the death of Sir CHARLES, whose sole executor I was, they came into my possession.—Sir CHARLES, for some inscrutable reason, never having destroyed them, although, after his wife's death, the reading of them cannot have given him much pleasure. No doubt I ought to have destroyed them. I had never read them; but there, in that forgotten drawer, they had lain, the silent dust accumulating upon them as the years rolled on. They reminded me of the story I am about to relate—a story of which, I think, no one except myself has guessed the truth, and which, in most of its details, I only knew from a paper, carefully closed, heavily sealed, and addressed to me, which I found amongst my friend's documents. It was in his hand-writing throughout, but I shall tell it in my own words, and in my own way.

Nobody who was about in London Society some thirty years ago, could fail to know or know about the beautiful Lady CALLENDER. She was of a good county family. She was clever and accomplished. She had married a man rich, generous, amiable, and cultivated, who adored her. Unfortunately they had no children, but, in every other respect, Lady CALLENDER seemed to be very justly an object of envy and admiration to most of the men and women of her circle. Personally I had no great liking for her. I don't take any credit for that—far from it. The reason may have been that her Ladyship (although I was one of her husband's best friends, had been his school chum, and had "kept" with him in the same set of rooms at Cambridge, where his triumphs, physical and intellectual, are still remembered) never much cared for me. She could dissemble her real feelings better than any woman I ever knew, she always greeted me with a smile, she even made a parade of taking my advice on little family difficulties, but there was an indefinable something in her manner which convinced me that beneath all her smiles she bore me no good-will. The fact is that, without any design on my part, I had detected her in one or two bits of trickery, and, in what I suppose I must call her heart of hearts, she never forgave me. The truth is, though her guileless husband only knew it too late, she was perhaps the trickiest and the most heartless woman in England. If there were two roads to the attainment of any object, the one straight, broad, smooth and short, the other round-about, obscure, narrow and encompassed with pitfalls and beset by difficulties, she would deliberately choose the latter for no other reason than I could ever see except that by treading it she might be able to deceive her friends as to her true direction. She carried to a fine art the small intrigues, the petty jealousies, the mean manoeuvres in the science of outwitting; the shifts, the stratagems, the evasions by which power in Society is often supposed to be confirmed, reputations are frequently ruined, and lives are almost invariably made wretched. But Sir CHARLES knew none of these things. He was apparently only too proud to be dragged at his wife's chariot-wheels in her triumphant progress. For the strange part of the business is that there was absolutely no need for any of her deeply-laid schemes. Success, popularity and esteem would have come to her readily without them. She was, as I

said, beautiful. Innocence seemed to be throned on her fresh and glowing face. Her smile fascinated, her voice was a poem, and she was musical in the best sense of the word at a time when good music, although it might lack popular support, could always command a small band of enthusiastic votaries in London.

There was at this time living in London an Italian artist, man of letters and musical *virtuoso*, who was the spoiled darling of Society. All the women raved about him, the men liked him, for he had fought bravely on the field of battle, was a sportsman and had about him that frank and abundant *gaieté de cœur*, which powerfully attracts the less exuberant Englishman. For his part CASANUOVA (that was his name) bore all his successes with good-nature and without swagger. Of course there were whispers about him. Where so many women worshipped, it was certain that two or three would lose their heads. Amongst this limited number was little Mrs. MILLETT, one of Lady CALLENDER's most intimate friends. She made no secret of her *grande passion*. She poured her tale into the ears of Lady CALLENDER, and asked for sympathy and help. Lady CALLENDER promised both, and at the self-same moment, made up her mind that she would withdraw from Mrs. MILLETT such affection as CASANUOVA had honoured her with, and bring him, not because she

cared for him, but merely for the sport of the thing, to her own feet. She succeeded admirably. Under the pretence of bringing CASANUOVA and Mrs. MILLETT together (such things, you know, have been done in good Society) she invited him constantly to her house; she gave musical parties in his honour, she used all her fascinations, and finally, having fooled Ariadne to the top of her bent, she captured Theseus, and bore him off.

Mrs. MILLETT was a foolish and frivolous little woman. Rage and despair made her a demon. She resolved on revenge, and proceeded to it with a cool and astonishing persistency. Now I do not myself believe that Lady CALLENDER cared two straws about CASANUOVA. What she aimed at and enjoyed was the discomfiture of a friend. In order to obtain it, however, she committed a fatal imprudence. She wrote some letters which would have convinced even a French jury of her guilt. By a master-stroke of cunning wickedness, Mrs. MILLETT gained possession of them, and sent them to Sir CHARLES. It happened that about this time Sir CHARLES was in a very low state of health, and his friends were anxious about him. One afternoon, when Sir CHARLES was confined to his bed, Lady CALLENDER was playing the piano to her Italian slave. A message was brought to her that her husband desired to see her for a few minutes, and she tripped gaily away, saying to CASANUOVA, "Wait here; I shall return directly." In a quarter of an hour, however, her maid came to tell him that her Ladyship was suffering, and begged him to excuse her, and he departed. When the maid returned to Lady CALLENDER, she found her lying dead on the floor of her room, with a small phial, which had contained prussic acid, clasped tightly in her hand.

This is what had happened: Sir CHARLES had received the letters; they left no doubt in his mind that the wife he adored was betraying him, and he, too, resolved on revenge. He sent for his wife. When she came in, he at once confronted her with her letters, and taxed her with her guilt. A terrible scene of tears, entreaties, and bitter reproaches ensued, but Sir CHARLES was adamant, and his wife retired to her bedroom in a state of nervous prostration, which immediately brought on a toothache. At this point she sent for her maid, and gave her the message to CASANUOVA.

The Coroner was sympathetic, and did what he could, but the evidence in favour of the suicide theory seemed overwhelming, and the jury returned a verdict to this effect, with a rider strongly commenting on the danger of selling such deadly poisons. But it was never explained how Lady CALLENDER obtained the prussic acid, nor why she had selected that particular moment for its use. I ought to add, that CASANUOVA left England before the inquest, and has never returned. On the mystery of the final catastrophe the manuscript throws no light. It ends abruptly. But the whole tone of it leads me to believe, that in some unexplained manner Sir CHARLES himself had been instrumental in causing his wife's death. But you, no doubt, know, and could tell us if you wished.

So there, my friend, you have the story. Sorry I couldn't make it more cheerful. Do you remember the part you played in it?

Yours, &c.,

DIOGENES ROBINSON.





EXTRACT FROM THE CATALOGUE OF A RECENT SALE.

"A PAIR OF OLD-FASHIONED SNUFFERS. VERY RARE."

THE COMING OF NINETY-TWO.

(With humble apologies, and hearty New-Year greetings, to the illustrious Author of "The Coming of Arthur.")

AND PUNCHIUS ever served the good Old Year Before his death-hour struck; and on the night When he, on twelve's last stroke must pass away, Room making for his heir, great PUNCHIUS-MERLIN Left the Old King, and passing forth to breathe, Then from the mystic gateway by the chasm Descending through the wintry night—a night In which the bounds of year and year were blent—Beheld, so high upon the wave-tost deep It seemed in heaven, a light, the shape thereof An angel winged, and all from head to feet Bright with a shining radiance golden-rayed, And gone as soon as seen; and PUNCHIUS knew The oft-glimpsed face of Hope, the blue-eyed guest, Avant-courier of Peace and of Good Will, And herald of Good Tidings. Then the Sage Dropt to the cave, and watched the great sea fall Wave after wave, each mightier than the last. Till last, a great one, gathering half the deep And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged, Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame. And down the wave and in the flame, was borne A naked Babe, and rode to PUNCH's feet, Who stooped, and caught the Babe, and cried "The Year!

Here is an heir for Ninety-One!" The fringe Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand Lashed at the wizard as he spake the word, And all at once all round him rose in light, So that the Child and he were clothed in light, And presently thereafter followed calm, Loud bells, and song!

"And this same Child," PUNCH said, "Twelve moons shall reign, nor will I part with him Till these be told." And saying this the Sage, The Modern MERLIN of the motley coat, Wizard of Wit and Seer of Sunny Mirth, Took up the wave-borne youngster in his arms, His nurse, his champion, his Mentor wise, And bare him shoreward out of wind and wet, Into his sanctum, where choice fare was spread, And cosy comfort ready to receive Young Ninety-Two, and give him a "send-off." Such as should strengthen and encourage him To make fair start, and face those many moons Of multiform vicissitude with pluck, Good hope and patient pertinacity. And when men sought the Modern MERLIN's ear And asked him what these matters might portend, The shining angel, and the naked Child Descending in the glory of the seas, He laughed, as is his wont, and answered them In riddling triplets of old time, and said:

"Peace and good-will! Croaking is all my eye! A young man will be wiser by-and-by, An old man's wit should ripen ere he die.

"Patience and pluck! Fretting is fiddle-de-dee, And youth has yet to learn to act and see, And youth is well-advised that trusts to Me!

'Hope and good cheer! This youngster's fate who knows? Sun, rain, and frost will greet him ere life's close; From the great dark to the great dark he goes."

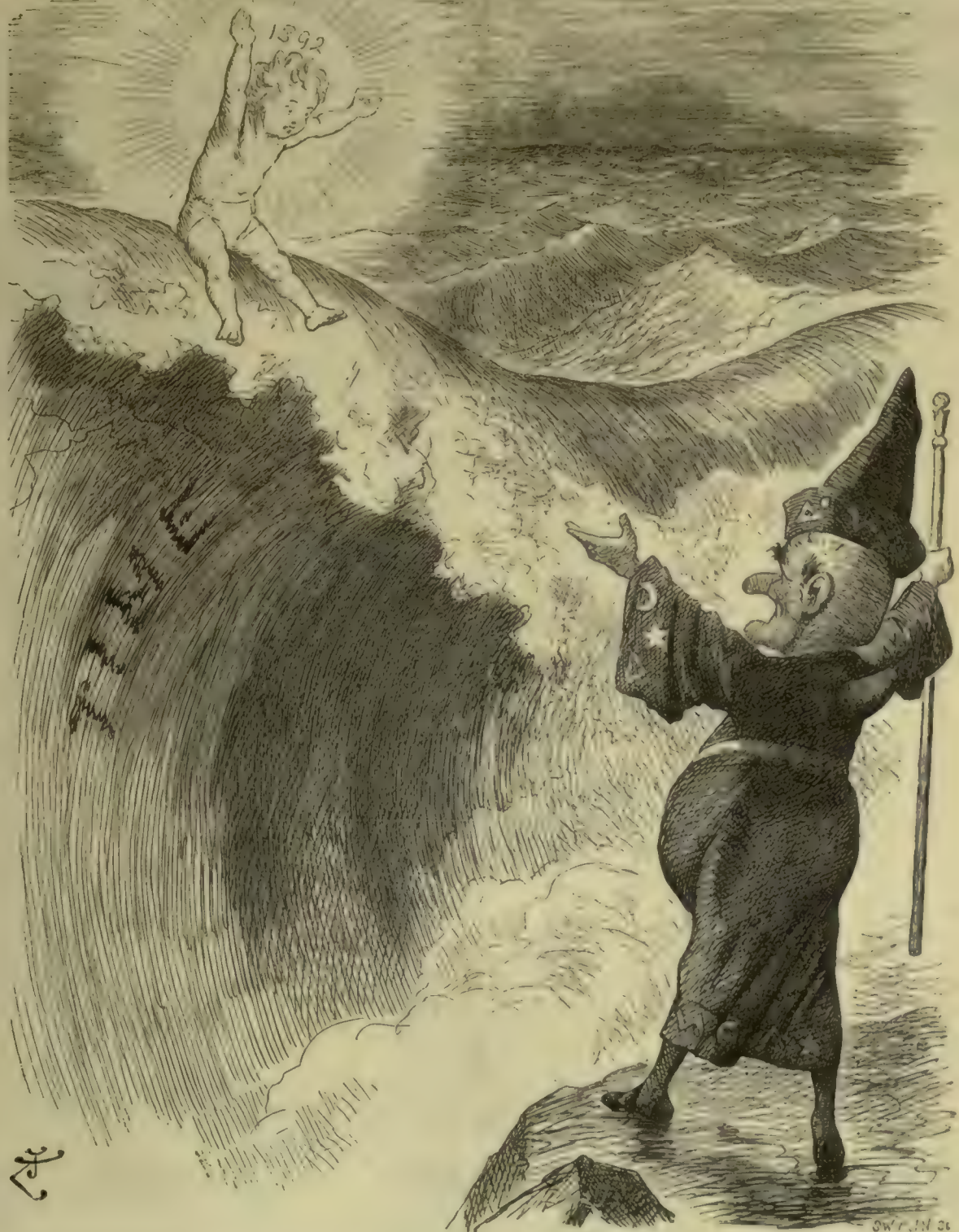
So MERLIN, riddling, answered them; but thou, Fear not to face thy fate, O sea-born Child! Young Ninety-Two! Great Bards of thee may sing Hereafter; and great sayings from of old Ranging and ringing thro' the minds of men, Of Progress, and Improvement, and of Peace, Of nobler Work, and a more ample Wage, Of wider culture, and of worthier joys, Larger attainments, and less coarse desires, And gentler tastes: these shall be heard of youth, And echo'd by old folk beside their fires, For comfort after *their* wage-work is done— No workhouse fires, but cosy fires of Home!— These thee shall greet, PUNCH-MERLIN, in thy time, Shall voice them also, not in jest, and swear, Though men may wound Truth, that she will not die, But pass, again to come; and, then or now, Utterly smite foul Falsehood underfoot, Till, with PUNCH, all men hail her for their Queen!

Climatic Nomenclature for the New Year.

(Suggested by recent Developments of the British Seasons.)

SPRING = The Clog Days.
Summer = The Dog Days.
Autumn = The Bog Days.
Winter = The Fog Days.

ATRAILIOUS LIVERPOOL.—The City Council of Liverpool—notwithstanding the generous urgings of its more important members—refuses to bestow the "honour of" the freedom "of that City" upon its illustrious if—from their point of view—errant son, Mr. GLADSTONE. As Madame ROLAND ought to have said:—O "Freedom," what liberties are taken (with common sense and good feeling) in thy name!



THE COMING OF NINETY-TWO

TO THE MODERN MERLIN, MR. PUNCH.

"AND DOWN THE WAVE, AND IN THE FLAME WAS BORNE
A NAKED BABE, AND RODE TO PUNCH'S FEET,
WHO STOOPT, AND CAUGHT THE BABE, AND CRIED, 'THE YEAR!
HERE IS AN HEIR FOR NINETY-ONE!' "—Adapted from Tennyson's "Coming of Arthur."

TO JUSTICE.

(In January.)

Just take a look round, most respectable
Madam;
New Year's Day is an excellent time for
the task,
When serious thoughts come to each son of
Adam
Who dares to peep under 'convention's
smug mask.



Your sword looks a little bit rusty and
notched, Ma'am;
Your scales now and then hang a trifle
askew; [Ma'am!]
A lot of your Ministers need to be watched,
Punch isn't quite pleased with the prospect
—are you?
If one could but take a wide survey, though
summary,
Of all the strange "sentences" passed in
one year
By persons called "Justices"—(yes, it sounds
hummy)—[I fear.
Justice would look like Burlesque, Ma'am,
Excellent subject for whimsical GILBERT,
But not a nice spectacle, Madam, for me.
Long spell of "chokee" for priggish a—
libert
(Given, you bet, by some rural J. P.);
Easy let-off for a bogus "Promoter,"
Helping the ruin of hundreds for gain;
Six months for stealing a turnip or "bloater,"
Ditto for bashing a wife on the brain:
Sentences cut to one-twelfth on appealing,
Judges and juries at loggerheads quite!
Really each day brings some curious revealing,
Putting you, Ma'am, in a very strange light.
Take my advice, Ma'am, this bright New
Year's morning,
Give a look up to your agents all round;
To some give the sack, and to others a warning;
The Public will back up your move, I'll be
bound!

GREEK MEETS GREEK.—"What!" exclaimed
an indignant scholar, who had not peeped into
a Classic for some forty years, "no more com-
pulsory Greek at our Universities! What
are we coming to? All I can say is, 'Absit
omen'!" "Scuse me!" replied his friend,
who was all for the new learning, "but
I should say, 'Absit Homer'!"

SEASONABLE (AND SUITABLE) GOOD WISHES.

To a Card-player	A Nappy
To a Smart Girl	A "Snappy"
To a Flirt	A "Chappy"
To an Old Maid	A Cappy
To an Infant	A Pappy
To a Pigeon-shot	A Trappy
To an Explorer	A Mappy
To a Student	A Sappy
To a Cross Child	A Slappy
To an aspiring Pugilist	A "Scrappy"
To a Spiritualist	A Tappy
To a Topper	A "Lappy"
To Toby	A Yappy
To a Snuff-taker	A Rappee

New Year to you!

GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

H-r M-j-sty.—The hearty congratulations
of a loyal and united people.
The Pr-nce and Pr-nc-ss.—The most
welcome of daughters-in-law.
Prince Alb-rt V-ct-r.—Max in February.
The Rest of the R-y-l F-m-ly.—The best
of wishes from everybody.
L-rd S-l-sh-ry.—A General Election.
Mr. Arth-r B-lf-r.—A Translation from
the Irish.
Mr. J. Ch-mb-rl-n.—Promotion.
Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt.—A Vision of the
Woolsack.
The Cz-r of R-ss-a.—A Vision of another
sort of Sack.
The G-rm-n Emp-r-r.—New toys personally
selected.
President C-rn-t.—The compliments of the
Marquis of DUFFERIN.
Herr Ibs-n.—A tale without a plot.
Mr. R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.—Quite another story.
The Corporation of L-v-rp-l.—The Freedom
of the Grand Old Man.
The Gr-nd Old M-n.—The loss of the
Corporation of Liverpool.
And Mr. P-nch.—Tons of material (volun-
tarily contributed) for the Grand Old Waste
Paper Basket.

BOS v. BOSS.

[One of the Delegates at the Conference on
Rural Reforms said, "We do not want to be bossed
by the Parsons"; another, "We don't want soup
or blankets, but fair play."]



Bos Locutus Est!

SALISBURY'S "Circuses," and smart buffoons,
Won't move him, by "amusement," from
that wish.

Parties may mutually denounce or "dish,"
But what will win the Labourer for a friend
Is Home and Work, without the Workhouse
end!
Listen! Those who heed not will bide the
For *Bos locutus est*,—against the "Boss"!

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

No. I.—"MY HOUSEMAID!"

Who, as our Dresden's wreck we scanned,
Protested, with assurance bland,
"It come to pieces in my 'and'?"

My Housemaid.

Who "tidies" things each Monday morn,
And hides—until, with search outworn,
I wish I never had been born?

My Housemaid.



Who "turns" my study "out" that day,
And then contrives to pitch away
As "rubbish" (which it is) my Play?

My Housemaid.

Who guards within her jealous care,
Mending or marking, till I swear,
The underclothes I long to wear?

My Housemaid.

Who cultivates a habit most
Perverse, of running to "The Post"
To meet her brothers (such a host!)?

My Housemaid.

Who, if she spends her "Sundays out"
At Chapel, as she does, no doubt,
Must be protractedly devout?

My Housemaid.

Who takes my novels down (it must
Be, as she vows, of course, "to dust"),
And thumbs them, much to my disgust?

My Housemaid.

Who "can't abide" a play or ball,
But dearly loves a Funeral,
Or Exeter's reproachless Hall?

My Housemaid.

Who late returning thence, in fits
Of what she terms "Historica," sits,—
And this day month my service quits?

My Housemaid.

QUITE CLEAR.—"Aha! mon ami," ex-
claimed our friend JULES, during the recent
murky weather in Town, "you ask me the
difference between our Paris and your
London. *Tenez*, I will tell you. Paris is
always *très gai*, véritablement gai; but
London is *toujours faux gai*—you see it is
always fo-gay." And he meant "fog-gy."
Well, he wasn't far wrong, just now.



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXI.

SCENE—*The Steps of the Hotel Dandolo, about 11 A.M. PODBURY is looking expectantly down the Grand Canal, CULCHARD is leaning upon the balustrade.*

Podbury. Yes, met Bob just now. They've gone to the Europa, but we've arranged to take a gondola together, and go about. They're to pick me up here. Ah, that looks rather like them. (*A gondola approaches, with Miss PRENDERGAST and BOB; PODBURY goes down the steps to meet them.*) How are you, Miss PRENDERGAST? Here I am, you see.

Miss Prendergast (ignoring C.'s salute). How do you do, Mr. PODBURY? Surely you don't propose to go out in a gondola in that hat!

Podb. (*taking off a brown "pot-hat," and inspecting it*). It—it's quite decent. It was new when I came away!

Bob (*who is surly this morning*). Hang it all, 'PATIA! Do you want him to come out in a chimney-pot? Jump in, old fellow; never mind your tile?

Podb. (*apologetically*). I had a straw once—but I sat on it. I'm awfully sorry, Miss PRENDERGAST. Look here, shall I go and see if I can buy one?

Miss P. Not now—it doesn't signify, for once. But a round hat and a gondola are really too incongruous!

Podb. Are they? A lot of the Venetians seem to wear 'em. (*He steps in.*) Now what are we going to do—just potter about?

Miss P. One hardly comes to Venice to potter! I thought we'd go and study the Carpaccios at the Church of the Schiavoni first—they won't take us more than an hour or so; then cross to San Giorgio Maggiore, and see the Tintoretts, come back and get a general idea of the exterior of St. Mark's, and spend the afternoon at the Accademia.

Podb. (*with a slight absence of heartiness*). Capital! And—er—lunch at the Academy, I suppose?

Miss P. There does not happen to be a restaurant there—we shall see what time we have. I must say I regard every minute of daylight spent on food here as a sinful waste.

Bob. Now just look here, 'PATIA, if you are bossing this show, you needn't go cutting us off our grub! What do you say, JEM?

Podb. (*desperately anxious to please*). Oh, I don't know that I care about lunch myself—much. [*Their voices die away on the water.*]

Culch. (*musing*). She might have bowed to me!... She has escaped the mosquitoes... Ah, well, I doubt if she'll find those two particularly sympathetic companions! Now I should enjoy a day spent in that way. Why shouldn't I, as it is? I daresay MAUD will—

[*Turns and sees Mr. Trotter.*]
Mr. T. My darter will be along presently. She's Cologning her cheeks—they've swelled up again some. I guess you want to Cologne your cheeks—they're dreadful lumpy. I've just been on the Pi-azza again, Sir. It's curious now the want of enterprise in these Venetians. Anyone would have expected they'd have thrown a couple or so of girder-bridges across the canal between this and the Ri-alto, and run an elevator up the Campanile—but this ain't what you might call a business city, Sir, and that's a fact. (*To Miss T. as she appears.*) Hello, MAUD, the ice-water cool down your face any?

Miss T. Not much. My face just made that ice-water boil over. I don't believe I'll ever have a complexion again—it's divided up among several dozen mosquitoes, who've no use for one. But it's vurry consoling to look at you, Mr. CULCHARD, and feel there's a pair of us. Now what way do you propose we should endeavour to forget our sufferings?

Culch. Well, we might spend the morning in St. Mark's—?

Miss T. The morning! Why, Poppa and I saw the entire show inside of ten minutes, before breakfast!

Culch. Ah! (*Discouraged.*) What do you say to studying the Vine and Fig-tree angles and the capitals of the arcades in the Ducal Palace? I will go and fetch the *Stones of Venice*.

Miss T. I guess you can leave those old stones in peace. I don't feel like studying up anything this morning—it's as much as ever I can do not to scream aloud!

Culch. Then shall we just drift about in a gondola all the morning, and—er—perhaps do the Academy later?

Miss T. Not any canals in this hot sun for me! I'd be just as sick! That gondola will keep till it's cooler.

Culch. (*losing patience*). Then I must really leave it to you to make a suggestion!

Miss T. Well, I believe I'll have a good look round the curiosity stores. There's ever such a cunning little shop back of the Clock Tower on the Pi-azza, where I saw some brocades that were just too sweet! So I'll take Poppa along bargain-hunting. Don't you come if you'd rather poke around your old churches and things!

Culch. I don't feel disposed to—er—"poke around" alone; so, if you will allow me to accompany you,—

Miss T. Oh, I'll allow you to escort me. It's handy having someone around to carry parcels. And Poppa's bound to drop the balance every time!

Culch. (*to himself*). That's all I am to her. A beast of burden! And a whole precious morning squandered on this confounded shopping—when I might have been—ah, well!

[*Follows, under protest.*]

On the Grand Canal. 9 P.M.

A brilliant moonlight night: a music-barge, hung with coloured lanterns, is moving slowly up towards the Rialto, surrounded and followed by a fleet of gondolas, amongst which is one containing the TROTTERS and CULCHARD. CULCHARD has just discovered—with an embarrassment not wholly devoid of a certain excitement—that they are drawing up to a gondola occupied by the PRENDERGASTS and PODBURY.

Mr. Trotter (*meditatively*). It's real romantic. That's the third deceased kitten I've seen to-night. They haven't only a two-foot tide in the Adriatic, and it stands to reason all the sewage—

[*The two gondolas are jammed close alongside.*]

Miss P. How absolutely magical those palaces look in the moonlight! Bon, how can you yawn like that?

Bob. I beg your pardon, 'PATIA, really, but we've had rather a long day of it, you know!

Mr. T. Well, now, I declare I sort of recognised those voices! (*Heartily.*) Why, how are you getting along in Vernis? We're gettin' along, fust-rate. Say, MAUD, here's your friend alongside!

[*Miss P. preserves a stony silence.*]

Miss T. (*in an undertone*). I don't see how you can act so, Poppa—when you know she's just as mad with me!

Mr. T. There! Electrocuted if I didn't clean forget you were out! But, see here, now—why can't we let bygones be bygones?

Bob. (*impulsively*). Just what I think, Mr. TROTTER, and I'm sure my sister will—

Miss P. Bon, will you kindly not make the situation more awkward than it is? If I desired a reconciliation, I think I am quite capable of saying so!

Miss T. (*in confidence to the Moon*). This Ark isn't proposing to send out any old dove, either—we've no use for an olive-branch. (*To Mr. T.*) That's "Santa Lucia" they're singing now, Poppa.

Mr. T. They don't appear to me to get the twist on it they did at Bellagio!

Miss T. You mean that night CHARLEY took us out on the Lake?



"I guess you want to Cologne your cheeks!"

Poor CHARLEY! he'd just love to be here—he's ever so much artistic feeling!

Mr. T. Well, I don't see why he couldn't have come along if he'd wanted.

Miss T. (with a glance at her neighbour). I presume he'd reasons enough. He's a verry cautious man. Likely he was afraid he'd get bitten.

Miss P. (after a swift scrutiny of Miss T.'s features). Oh, Bon, remind me to get some more of that mosquito stuff. I should so hate to be bitten—such a dreadful disfigurement!

Miss T. (to the Moon). I declare if I don't believe I can feel some creature trying to sting me now!

Miss P. Some people are hardly recognisable, Bob, and they say the marks never quite disappear!

Miss T. Poppa, don't you wonder what CHARLEY's doing just now? I'd like to know if he's found anyone yet to feel an interest in the great Amurroan Novel. It's curious how interested people do get in that novel, considering it's none of it written, and never will be. I guess sometimes he makes them believe he means something by it. They don't understand it's only CHARLEY's way!

Miss P. The crush isn't quite so bad now. Mr. POBBURY, if you will kindly ask your friend not to hold on to our gondola, we should probably be better able to turn. (CULCHARD, who had fondly imagined himself undetected, takes his hand away as if it were scorched.) Now we can get away. (To Gondolier.) Voltiamo, se vi piace, prestissimo!

[The gondola turns and departs.]

Miss T. Well, I do just enjoy making PRENDERGAST girl perfectly wild, and that's a fact. (Reflectively.) And it's queer, but I like her ever so much all the time. Don't you think that's too fanny of me, Mr. CULCHARD, now?

[CULCHARD feigns a poetic abstraction.]

ONLY FANCY!

WE are supplied by our special reporter with some interesting and significant facts in connection with the last Cabinet Council. Lord SALISBURY arrived early, walking over from the Foreign Office under cover of an umbrella. The fact that it was raining may only partly account for this manoeuvre. Lord CROSS arrived in a four-wheeled cab and wore his spectacles. Lord KNUTSFORD approached the Treasury walking on the left hand side of the road going westward, whilst Lord CRANBROOK deliberately chose the pavement on the other side of the way. This is regarded as indicating a coolness between the Colonial Office and the Council of Education. Lord HALSBURY alighted from a bus at the bottom of Downing Street, accomplishing the rest of the journey on foot. He wore a new suit of the latest fashionable cut and a smile. Mr. STANHOPE, approaching Downing Street from the steps, started violently when he caught sight of a figure on the steps of the Treasury fumbling with the door-handle. He thought it was "VETUS," but recognising the Home Secretary, advanced without further hesitation. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON walked arm-in-arm as far as the door with Sir M. HICKS-BEACH. Here they were observed to hastily relieve themselves from contiguity and enter in single file. As they had up to that moment been engaged in earnest conversation, this little incident caused a sensation among the crowd looking on. The new Chief Secretary was easily recognised as he descended from his hansom with a sprig of shamrock in his coat and another of shillelagh in his right hand. Whilst waiting for change out of eightpence he softly whistled "God Save Ireland." Mr. RITCHIE did not appear, pleading influenza. Our reporter informs us that there is more behind, and that before the Session is far advanced a change may be looked for at the Local Government Board.



OVER TIME IN LEAP YEAR.



Only Fancy!

A TRIAL IN NOVEL FORM.

SCENE—The Interior of Court during a sensational trial. Bench, Bar, and Jury in a state of wild excitement as to what will happen next.

Judge (mysteriously handing note to Bar engaged in the case). I have received this letter, which is deeply interesting. It will form appropriately what I may call our Third Volume. I hand it to Counsel, but they must keep it entirely to themselves.

First Leader (after perusal of document). Did you ever?

Second Leader (ditto). No I never!

Judge (greatly gratified). I thought I would surprise you! Yes, it came this afternoon, and I found it too startling to keep all to myself, so I have revealed the secret, on the condition you tell no one else.

First Lead. You may rely on the discretion of my learned friend, my Lord.

Second Lead. My Lord, on the discretion of my learned friend you may rely.

Judge. Thank you (dipping his pen in the ink), and now we will go on with the case.

[A Witness is called—he hides his face under a cloak.]

First Leader (in examination-in-chief). I think you wish to preserve your incognito?

Wit. (in sepulchral tones). I do. But if his Lordship desires it, I will write my name on a piece of paper and pass it up.

Judge. Well, certainly, I think I ought to know everything, and— (Receives piece of paper disclosing the information, and starts back in his chair astonished). Dear me! Good gracious! Dear me!

First Lead. I think I should mention that I have not the faintest idea who this witness is, and only call him, acting under instructions. (To Witness.) Do you know anything about the matter in dispute?

Witness (with a sepulchral laugh). Ha! ha! ha! Nothing. Your question is indeed a good joke. Nothing, I repeat, absolutely nothing!

First Lead. (annoyed). Then you can sit down.

Second Lead. (sharply). Pardon me—not quite so fast! You say you know nothing about the matter in dispute, and yet you come here!

Witness (in a deeper voice than ever). Exactly.

Second Lead. But why, my dear Sir—Why? What is the point of it? Who may you be?

Witness. It is not may be—but who I am!

Second Lead. Well, tell us who you are. (Persuasively.) Come, who are you?

Witness (throwing off his disguise). Who am I? Why, HAWKSHAW the Detective!

Counsel Generally (to Judge). Then, my Lord, under the altered circumstances of the case, we can appear no longer before you. (With deep and touching emotion.) We retire from the case!

Judge (not very appropriately). Then if Box and Cox are satisfied, all I can say is that I am. I may add that I consider that the case has been conducted nobly, and that I knew how it would end from the very first. I am thoroughly satisfied.

Jury. And so are we, my Lord—never so interested in our lives!

Newspaper Editor (departing). Ah, if we only had a trial like this every day, we should require but one line on the Contents Bill! (Curtain.)

THE SAFEST NEW YEAR RESOLVE.—To make none.

ON A NEW YEARLING.

(Second Week.)

My fire was low; my bills were high;
My sip of punch was in its ladle;
The clarion chimes were in the sky;
The nascent year was in its cradle.



Second Week. Little 1892 grows rapidly, and begins to look about him.

In sober prose to tell my tale,
'Twas New Year's E'en, when, blind to danger,

All older-fashioned nurses hail
With joy "another little stranger."

The glass was in my hand—but, wait,
Methought, awhile! 'Tis early toasting
With pæans too precipitate

A baby scarce an outline boasting:
One week at least of life must flit
For me to match it with its brothers—
I'll wager, like most infants, it
Is wholly different from others.

He frolics, latest of the lot,
A family prolific reckoned;
He occupies his tiny cot,
The eighteen-hundred-ninety-second!
The pretty darling, gently nursed
Of course, he lies, and fondly petted!
The eighteen-hundred-ninety-first
Is not, I fancy, much regretted.

You call him "fine"—he's great in size,
And "promising"—there issue from his
Tough larynx quite stentorian ories;
Such notes are haply notes of promise.
Look out for squalls, I tell you; soft
And dove-like atoms more engage us;
Your *fin-de-siècle* child is oft
Loud, brazen, grasping, and rampageous.

You bid me next his eyes adore;
So "deep and wideawake," they beckon;
We've suffered lately on the score
Of "deep and wideawake," I reckon.
You term me an "unfeeling brute,"
A "monster Herod-like," and so on—
You may be right; I'll not dispute;
I'll cease a brat's good name to blow on.

Who'll read the bantling's dawning days?
Precocious shall he prove, and harass
The world with inconvenient ways
And lisped conundrums that embarrass?
(Such as Impressionists delight
To offer each æsthetic gaper,
And faddists hyper-Ibsenite
Rejoice to perpetrate on paper?)

Or, one of those young scamps perhaps
Who love to rig their bogus bogies,
And set their artful booby-traps
For over-unsuspicious fogies?
Or haply, only commonplace—
A plodding sort of good apprentice,

Who does his master's will with grace,
And hurries meekly where he sent is?

And, when he grows apace, what
blend
Of genius, chivalry and daring,
What virtues might our little friend
Display to brighten souls despairing?
What quiet charities unknown,
What modest, openhanded kindness,
What tolerance in touch and tone
For braggart human nature's blindness?

Or what—the worser part to view—
Of wanton waste and reckless gam-
bling,
What darker paths shall he pursue
With sacrilegious step and shambling?
What coarse defiance, haply, hurl
At lights beyond his comprehension—
An attitudinising churl
Who struts with ludicrous preten-
sion.

I know not—only this I know,
They're getting overstrained, my
ditties,

This kind of poem ought to flow
Less like a solemn "*Nunc Dimittis*."

'Twas jaunty when I struck my lyre,
And jaunty seems this yearling baby;
But, as both year and song expire
They're sadder, each, and wiser, maybe.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

"*Hi-tiddle-hi-ti* : or, *I'm All Right*" is heard, "all over the place," as light sleepers and studious dwellers in quiet streets are too well aware. Why should it not be enlisted in the service of Apollo and Momus as well as of the Back Slum Bacchus? As thus:—

No. V.—I-TWADDLEY-HIGH-DRY-
HIGH-TONED-I! OR, I'M ALL RIGHT!

AIR—"Hi-Tiddle-Hi-Ti!"

I'm a young writer grimly gay,
My volumes sell, and sometimes pay.
First log-rollers raised a rumour of a rising
Star of Humour,
Who had faced the Sphinx called Life,
With amusing misery rife,
So with sin, and woe, and strife, I thought
I'd have a lark.

With pessimistic pick I potted round
Potted round,
A new "funny" trick I quickly found,
Smart and sound,
Life's cares in hedonistic chuckles drowned,
You be bound!

The cynic lay
I found would pay,
In a young Man of Mark!

Chorus.

All of you come along with me!
I'm for a rare new fine new spree!
Everybody is delighted when the Philistines
are slighted,
All of you come my books to try!
I-twaddley-I-ti I-I-I,
Ego for ever! Buy! Buy!
And I'm all right!

Down with the West I go; my pen
Is bound to "fetch" the Upper Ten,
With the aid of some "log-rolling," my
"distinction" much extolling.
Smart little scribes from near and far
Say, with a sniff, "O here's a Star!"
DICKENS on fine souls doth jar, THACKERAY is
too dry,
But his pessimistic air, rich and rare,
Subtle, fair,

Makes Philistia to stare, in a scare,
And to blare;
Whilst true Critics *débonnaire*, who are rare,
With a *flaire*,
For true humour,
Swell of rumour
The gregarious cry.

Chorus.

All of you come along with me!
You'll have a rare new fair new spree!
Paradox with "sniff" united, Poor Humanity
snubbed and slighted.
Humour's new *curée*, extra-dry.
I-twaddley--high-dry-high-toned I!
Come and worship the pessimist "I"
For that's all right!

After I've taken the toffish Town,
A second edition, at Half-a-crown,
Seeks the suffrages—(and money, for on Swell-
dom you'll go stoney!)—
Of the much derided Mob.
Yes, the Proletariat "Bob"
(With the Guinea of the Nob) must aid the
Sons of Light.

Gath and Askelon, you see, can give Me,
L. S. D. [three

All true Egoists love those pregnant letters
Mystic Three!

Flout Philistia with great glee, fair and free,
But agree

To take its "tin,"
Though with a grin
Of pessimistic spite.



Chorus.

All of you come along with me!
'ARRY, who loves a fair old spree!
'Mugwump" with fine *morque* delighted,
Cynical "yearnestness" sore frightened!
All of you come my "tap" to try!
I-twaddley-high-dry-high-toned I!
Come along, boys, Buy! Buy!
And I'm all right!



THE HOME AND THE OPEN SPACE.

Bumble (log.). "Wot, GRUMBLE AT BEING EWICTED, AND FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD? NOW, I CALLS THAT INGRATITOOD! WY, WE'RE A-GOING TO MAKE THIS INTO A PEOPLE'S PLEASURE-GROUND, WE ARE!!!"

JIM'S JOTTINGS.

No. 1.—DOWN OUR COURT.

(In which Jim Juniper, better known as "Ginger Jimmy," discourses of Homes and Open Spaces, &c., and puts a practical problem to the new "Public Health and Housing Committee of the London County Council.")

My name is GINGER JIMMY, and I live, when I'm to hum,
In Rats Rents, the kind o' nay'brood wot the Swells now calls a Slum.

I'm a bit thick in the clear, like, and don't quite know wot they mean,
But I guess it isn't mansions, and I'm sure it isn't clean.

They are always on the job now about Slums, and they do say
They are going to clear our Court out on the sudden some fine day.
Whether it's roads, or railways, or hotels, blowed if I know;
Only 'ope they'll give us notice, and some place where we can go.
'One is 'ome, if but a dunheap; if you 're pitchforked out of that,
And turned loose in chilly London on the scoop, like a stray cat,

With yer bits o' sticks permiskus in a barrer,
or a truck,
I can tell yer you feels lost like, and fair down
upon yer luck.

Heviction? When you re stoney-broke, your
dubs all hup the spout,
And you've nix to raise the rent on, I suppose
you *must* turn hout;
'Cos without them "rights o' propetty" no
country couldn't jog;
But that brings a cove small comfort when
e's 'ouseless, in a fog!

I've knocked about a middlin' little bit, you
bet I've,
And I ain't what Barber BIDDLECOMBE would
call "a heasy shave";
But these Sanitary codgers give me beans,
and no mistake.
I am fly to most all capers, but don't tumble
to *their* fake.

Seems to me all sentimental jor and cold
chuck-out, it do.

They may call their big Committees, and may
chat till all is blue,
But to shift me till they gives me somethink
sweeter is all rot; [in the pot.
Better leave my garret winder, and the flower

That gerenum there looks proper; which I
bought it of a bloke

What does the "All a-blowin'!" with a
barrer and a moke; [jolly sure
And though tuppences is tuppences, I ain't so
As to spend two-d. upon it were to play the
blooming cure.

NOCKY SPRIGGINS did chi-like me. Reglar
nubbly one is Nock,
With about as much soft feelink as a blessed
butcher's block.

He'd a made a spiffing Club Swell if he'd ony
'ad the chink,
With them lips like a ham sandwidge, and
them eyes as never blink.

And I ain't no softy, neither, bet your
buttons. That don't pay,
For you're 'bliged to keep yer eyes peeled
and to twig the time o' day;

But I've got a mash on flowers; they are
better than four 'arf,
Them red blazers in my winder; so let NOCKY
'ave his larf!

NOCKY tells me that the Westry means a-clearin' hout our place
For to make a bit o' garding, wot they calls a Hopen Space,
O I know the sort o' fakement, gravel walks, a patch o' grass,
And a sprinkle of young lime-trees of yer Thames Embankment class.

Some bloke spots the place as likely, and praps buys it on the cheap,
(Spekylators keeps *their* lids hup though the parish nobbs may sleep.)
Pooty soon the pot's a-bilin' about Hopen Spaces. Yus!
And the chap as bought the bit o' ground is fust to raise the fuss.

Recreation for the People, Hopen Playgrounds for the Young!
That's the patter of the platformers; and don't they jest give
tongue!

Well, it's opened with a flourish, and there's everyone content;
Pertiklerly the landlords round as nobbles better rent.

But I don't object to gardings, not a mossel—t'other quite;
As I've said, a bit of green stuff and a flower is my delight;
I wish London was more hopen, and more greener, and more gay;
Only people down our Court has got to *live* as well as *play*.

If they clears out the arf acre where we huddles orful close,
We must all turn out, that's certain; where we'll turn to, goodness
knows;

And it won't be werry spashus, the new "Park" won't, arter all,
With the graveyard railinks one side, and on t'other a blank wall.

Wot we want is decent 'ouses, at a rent as doesn't take
'Arf a cove's poor screw to pay it. That's the present landlord's
fake!

If they only knowed 'ow 'ard it is to meet "Saint Monday" square,
When yer 'ealth is werry middlin', and the jobs is werry rare!

P'raps them Dooks, and Earls, and Marquiges, and Kernels, wot
they states

Has just clubbed theirselves together to keep down the bloomin' Rates,



TAKING HIM RATHER TOO LITERALLY.

Sir Biggan Burleigh (who doesn't see why he shouldn't have a turn in his own house, to very young Lady). "MISS VIOLET,—ROUND OR SQUARE?"
Miss Violet (her first ball, very bashful). "WELL—REALLY—SIR BURLEIGH—IF YOU INSIST—I SHOULD SAY"—(hesitating)—"DECIDEDLY ROUND!"

And to smash the Kounty Kouncil, as they've bunnicked the Skool
Board,

Jest a few of their hodd moments to *our* naybrood might afford.

They *must* 'ave a feelink 'art towards the poor, and no mistake,
Or they wouldn't take sech trouble for the poor Ratepayers' sake,
NOCKY SPRIGGINS sez it 'minds 'im of a League of Loving Cats
To purtest from traps and pizen the poor mice and starvin' rats.

Jest like NOCKY's narsty way that is! But if them Dooks would try
To assist the Kounty Kouncil in their new Committee—wy, [mock,
They might 'elp our Health and Housing in a style as none could
Give the proud "Pergressives" what-for, and fair put the shunt on
NOCK.

Arter all yer Public Garding's a little better than a chouse,
While the landlord rents yer heart out for a wretched Privit 'Ouse.
And yer Hopen Space's pootiness ain't much good to *our* sort,
Who are shut up in the dismal dens called 'Omes, gents, down our
Court.

Oh, Philanterpists, and Sanitrys, and Dooks, I do not mean
To be rucking upon Charity, or rounding on wot's clean;
But if yer wants to 'elp us as has lived so long in muck,
The only thing wot's wanted ain't to give us the clean—chuck!

'Arry Examined.

Q. What is meant by "Higher Education"?
Arry. Getting a Tutor at so much a week. That's the way I
should 'ire education—if I wanted it.

A DEFINITION.—"A pun on a word is a *new* sense."—Dr.
JOHNSON, Junior.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXII.

SCENE—*The Campo S.S. Giovanni e Paolo. Afternoon. CULCHARD is leaning against the pedestal of the Colleoni Statue.*

Podbury (who has just come out of S. Giovanni, recognising CULCHARD). Hullo! alone, eh? Thought you were with Miss TROTTER?

Culchard. So I am. That is, she is going over a metal-worker's show-room close by, and I—er—preferred the open air. But didn't you say you were going out with the—er—PRENDERGASTS again?

Podb. So I am. She's in the Church with BOB, so I said I'd come out and keep an eye on the gondola. Nothing much to see in there, you know!

Culch. (with a weary irony). Only the mausoleums of the Doges—RUSKIN'S "Street of the Tombs"—and a few trifles of that sort!

Podb. That's all. And I'm feeling a bit done, you know. Been doing the Correr Museum all the morning, and not lunched yet! So Miss TROTTER's looking at ornamental metal-work? Rather fun that, eh?

Culch. For those who enjoy it. She has only been in there an hour, so she is not likely to come back just yet. What do you say to coming into S.S. Giovanni e Paolo again, with me? Those tombs form a really remarkable illustration, as RUSKIN points out, of the gradual decay of—

Miss Trotter (suddenly flutters up, followed by an attendant carrying a studded halberd, an antique gondola-hook, and two copper water-buckets—all of which are consigned to the disgusted CULCHARD). Just hold these a spell till I come back. Thanks ever so much... Well, Mr. PODBURY! Aren't you going to admire my purchases? They're real antique—or if they aren't, they'll wear all the better... There, I believe I'll just have to run back a minute—don't you put those things in the gondola yet, Mr. CULCHARD, or they'll get stolen.

[She flutters off.]

Culch. (helplessly, as he holds the halberd, &c.). I suppose I shall have to stay here now. You're not going?

Podb. (consulting his watch). Must. Promised old BOB I'd relieve guard in ten minutes. Ta-tu!

[He goes; presently BOB PRENDERGAST lounges out of the church.]

Culch. If I could only make a friend of him! (To BOB.) Ah, PRENDERGAST! lovely afternoon, isn't it? Delicious breeze!

Bob. (shortly). Can't say. Not had much of it, at present.

Culch. You find these old churches rather oppressive, I daresay. Er—will you have a cigarette?

Bob. Thanks; got a pipe. (He lights it.) Where's Miss TROTTER?

Culch. She will be here presently. By the way, my dear PRENDERGAST, this—er—misunderstanding between your sister and her is very unfortunate.

Bob. I know that well enough. It's none of my doing! And you've no reason to complain, at all events!

Culch. Quite so. Only, you see, we used to be good friends at Constance, and—er—until recently—

Bob. Used we? Of course, if you say so, it's all right. But what are you driving at exactly?

Culch. All I am driving at is this: Couldn't we two—er—agree to effect a reconciliation between the two ladies? So much pleasanter for—er—all parties!

Bob. I daresay. But how are you going to set about it? I can't begin.

Culch. Couldn't you induce your sister to lay aside her—er—prejudice against me? Then I could easily—

Bob. Very likely—but I couldn't. I never interfere in my sister's affairs, and, to tell you the honest truth, I don't feel particularly inclined to make a beginning on your account. [Strolls away.]

Culch. (to himself). What a surly boor it is! But I don't care—I'll do him a good turn, in spite of himself! (Miss T. returns.) Do you know, I've just been having a chat with poor young PRENDERGAST. He seems quite cut up at being forced to side with his sister. I undertook to—er—intercede for him. Now is it quite fair, or like your—er—usual good-nature, to visit his sister's offences—whatever they are—on him? I—I only put it to you.

Miss T. Well, to think now! I guess you're about the most unselfish Saint on two legs! Now some folks would have felt jealous.

Culch. Possibly—but I cannot accuse myself of such a failing as that.

Miss T. I'd just like to hear you accuse yourself of any failing! I don't see however you manage to act so magnanimous and live. I told you I wanted to study your character, and I believe it isn't going to take me vurry much longer to make up my mind about you.

You don't suppose I'll have any time for Mr. PRENDERGAST after getting such a glimpse into your nature? There, help me into the gondola, and don't talk any more about it. Tell him to go to Salvati's right away.

Culch. (dejectedly, to himself). I've bungled it! I might have known I should only make matters worse!

On the Piazzetta: it is moonlight, the Campanile and dome of San Giorgio Maggiore are silhouetted sharp and black against the steel-blue sky across a sea of silver ripples. PODBURY and CULCHARD are pacing slowly arm-in-arm between the two columns.

Culch. And so you went on to S. Giovanni in Bragora, eh? then over the Arsenal, and rowed across the lagoons to see the Armenian convent? A delightful day, my dear Podbury! I hope you—er—appreciate the inestimable privileges of—of seeing Venice so thoroughly?

Podb. Oh, of course it's very jolly. Find I get a trifle mixed afterwards, though. And, between ourselves, I wouldn't mind—now and then, you know—just dawdling about among the shops and people, as you and the TROTTERS do!

Culch. That has its charms, no doubt. But don't you find Miss PRENDERGAST a mine of information on Italian Art and History?

Podb. Don't I just—rather too deep for me, y' know! I say, isn't Miss TROTTER immense sport in the shops and that!

Culch. She is—er—vivacious, Podbury sighs.) You seem rather dull to-night, my dear fellow?

Podb. Not dull—a trifle out of sorts, that's all. Fact is, I don't think Venice agrees with me. All this messing about down beastly back-courts and canals and in stuffy churches—it can't be healthy, you know! And they've no drainage. I only hope I haven't caught something, as it is. I've that kind of sinking feeling, and a general lowness—She says I lunch too heavily—but I swear it's more than that!

Culch. Nonsense, you're well enough. And why you should feel low, with all your advantages—in Venice as you are, and in constant intercourse with a mind adorned with every feminine gift!

Podb. Hul-lo! why, I thought you called her a pedantic prig?

Culch. If I used such a term at all, it was in no disparaging sense. Every earnest nature presents an—er—priggish side at times. I know that even I myself have occasionally, and by people who didn't know me, of course, been charged with priggishness.

Podb. Have you, though? But of course there's nothing of that about her. Only—well, it don't signify. [He sighs.]



"I guess you're about the most unselfish Saint on two legs!"

Culch. Ah, PODBURY, take the good the gods provide you and be content! You might be worse off, believe me!

Podb. (discontentedly). It's all very well for you to talk—with Miss TROTTER all to yourself. I suppose you're regularly engaged by this time, eh?

Culch. Not quite. There's still a— And your probation, that's practically at an end?

Podb. I don't know. Can't make her out. She wouldn't sit on me the way she does unless she liked me, I suppose. But I say, it must be awf—rather jolly for you with Miss TROTTER? She's got so much go, eh?

Culch. You used to say she wasn't what you call cultivated.

Podb. I know I did. That's just what I like about her! At least—well, we both ought to think ourselves uncommonly lucky beggars, I'm sure! *(He sighs more heavily than ever.)*

Culch. You especially, my dear PODBURY. In fact, I doubt if you're half grateful enough!

Podb. (snappishly). Yes, I am, I tell you. I'm not grumbling, am I? I know as well as you do she's miles too good for me. Haven't I said so? Then what the devil do you keep on nagging at me for, eh?

Culch. I am glad you see it in that light. Aren't you a little irritable to-night?

Podb. No, I'm not. It's those filthy canals. And the way you talk—as if a girl like Miss TROTTER wasn't—!

Culch. I really can't allow you to lecture me. I am not insensible to my good-fortune—if others are. Now we'll drop the subject.

Podb. I'm willing enough to drop it. And I shall turn in now—it's late. You coming?

Culch. Not yet. Good-night. *(To himself, as PODBURY departs.)* You insensate dolt!

Podb. Good-night! *(To himself, as he swings off.)* Confounded patronising prig!

HUMPTY-DUMPTY UP AGAIN!

THAT hardy annual known as The Drury Lane Pantomime is in full vigour this year, its flowers of a more brilliant colour than ever, and its leaves, as evidenced by the book of words, are fresh and vigorous. In no other sense, however, does the Drury Lane Pantomime

bear any resemblance to "a plant." There is no "take in" about it, except that even big Old Drury is not capable of holding all who would be present; and so it happens nightly I believe, that many are turned away from the doors bitterly disappointed. Such certainly was the case when the present deponent was installed, — without any unnecessary ceremony, — on a certain given night last week. "The book" is by the Every-knightly DRURIOLANUS and his faithful Esquire, HARRY NICHOLLS, who, much to everybody's regret, does not on this occasion appear as one of the exponents of his own work. There are Miss



Little Tich and the Fine Fairy.

FANNIE LESLIE—too much "ie" in this name now, and one may ask "for why?"—Miss MARIE (not "MARY"—oh dear no!) LLOYD, Miss PATTIE—not PATTY of course—HEYWOOD, Mr. JOHN and Miss EMMA (dear me! not EMMIE!) D'AUBAN, and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL as a grotesque monarch, Mr. DAN LENO as *Queen of Hearts*, Mr. FRED WALTON, wonderful in a frame as the living image of the *Knave of Hearts*, and a crowd of clever people. But among the entire *dramatis personæ*, first and foremost, both the least and the greatest, is the impersonator of *Humpty-Dumpty* himself, the *Yellow Dwarf* alias Little TICH, who shares with the gorgeous spectacle and the exquisite combination of colours in Scene Eight, *The Wedding*, the first honours of the Great Drury Lane Annual. It is emphatically a Pantomime for children to see and to enjoy. The action is so rapid, song succeeds dance, and dance succeeds song, and permutations and combinations of colour are so brilliant and so frequent, that anyone

who wants full change for his money and a bonus into the bargain, will find it in the return he will get for his outlay on visiting the Drury Lane Annual. And now about the Harlequinade. The "Opening," as it used to be called, which, terminating with the Grand Transformation Scene, ought to be, theoretically at least, only the introduction to the real business of the evening, that is, the "Pantomime business," concludes at 10:45, and allows three-quarters of an hour for what is called "the Double Harlequinade"—which consists of one old-fashioned English Pantomime-scene, followed by a comparatively modern—for 'tis not absolutely "new and original"—French Pantomime-scene, and this arrangement seems like, so to speak, pitting English Joey against French Pierrot. This friendly rivalry has had the effect of waking up the traditional Grimaldian spirit of Pantomime, and Mr. HARRY PAYNE's scene, besides coming earlier than usual, is, in itself, full of fun of the



"'Fin de siècle' Clown! Why, I've seen that sort o' thing done years ago, when I was a boy!"

good old school-boyish kind; and if the Public, as Jury, is to award a palm to either competitor, then it must give a hand—which is much the same thing as "awarding a palm"—to its old friend, HARRY PAYNE, who, with TULLY LEWIS as *Pantaloon*, has pulled himself together, and given us a good quarter of an hour of genuine Old English Pantomime, compared with which the other, though its fooling is excellent in its own way, is only comic *ballet d'action* after the style of *Fun in a Fog*. I think that was the title, but am not sure, of the gambols with which the MARTINETTI troupes used to entertain us. The new and improved style of ballet-dancing introduced by the now celebrated *pas de quatre* at the Gaiety, is charming, as here and now represented by Miss MABEL LOVE and her graceful companions.

To sum up; as the inspired poet of the immortal ode on Guy Fawkes' Day saw no reason why that particular treason should ever be forgot, so I, but uninspired, and only mortal, am unable to ascertain the existence of any objection to the opinion that this Pantomime possesses staying power sufficient to carry itself on for an extra long run of several months over Easter, and, maybe, up to Whitsuntide. There is but one DRURIOLANUS, and the Pantomime is his Profit! The two authors have achieved what "all the King's horses and all the King's men" (not of Cambridge, of course) could not effect!—they have set *Humpty-Dumpty* on his legs again! And so congratulations to "all concerned"! And, without prejudice to Sir DRURIOLANUS, I beg to sign myself, THE OTHER KNIGHT.

The Lay of the Analytic Novelist.

"It is not the patent, obvious results of the inner working of mind on which the modern novelist dwells, it is on that inner working itself."—*Daily Chronicle*.

THAT odd barrel-organ, the human mind,

I love to explore; 'tis the analyst's lute;

But if I can only contrive to find

How the pipes will grunt, and the handle will grind,

I don't care a fig for the tune!

"HIT ONE OF YOUR OWN SIZE."—About the ups or downs of the Alexandra Palace, Mr. SHAW LEFEBRE shouldn't have a row with a LITTLE, specially when the LITTLE, who if he, with his friends, take over the lease of the Alexandra themselves, will then be a Lessor, is pretty sure to get the best of the discussion.

BY A THOUGHTFUL PHILOSOPHER.—Any remedy against London fogs must involve a grate change.



A GREAT DRAWBACK.

Dougal (with all his native contempt for the Londoner). "AYE, MON, AN' HE'S NO A BAD SHOT?"

Davie. "'DEED AN' HE'S A VERRA GUID SHOT."

Dougal. "HECH! IT'S AN AWFU' PEETIE HE'S A LONDONER!"

THE NEW MONITOR; OR, JOSEPH'S JOBATION.

"It is reasonable to assume that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will at once perceive how his position has been altered by becoming the head of a party including many shades of opinion, instead of being, as he has been, the spokesman of a small set of politicians, earnest, no doubt, and 'active,' but not quite in sympathy with all those who shared their fortunes."—*The Times*.

"The arrangements consequent on Lord HARTINGTON's succession to the Peerage have very much narrowed the freedom previously enjoyed by the Member for West Birmingham, and, in a corresponding degree, enlarged the sphere of his responsibilities. . . . The Statesman who has to act as guide and moderator at St. Stephen's will be careful, no doubt, not to compromise his authority by any indiscreet or extravagant insistence on remote and contentious issues."—*The Standard*.]

SCENE — *St. Stephen's School. Present, Doctor T., Principal, Mrs. S., Matron, and Master JOE, Pupil, lately promoted to Monitorship in the Lower School.*

Doctor T. Ahem! And so, JOSEPH, we have to congratulate you upon your—a—a—promotion!

Master Joe (coolly). You are very good, Sir, I'm sure. [*Whistles.*]

Doctor T. Not at all, JOSEPH, not at all. That is to say—ahem!—you doubtless deserve it.

Mrs. S. Doubtless deserve it, JOSEPH! I always said you would turn out a better boy than, at one time I—that is to say, many—expected. It is a great consolation to me, JOSEPH, after all the care—

Master Joe (aside). And the numerous jobations!

Mrs. S. That I—that we have bestowed upon you, to find—ahem!—our best hopes so amply fulfilled.

Dr. T. Fulfilled, JOSEPH; whether amply or not it remains for you to prove.

Master Joe (carelessly). All right, Sir, I'll prove it fast enough.

Dr. T. I trust so, JOSEPH, I trust so, though "fast enough" is hardly the phrase I should have adopted, or—ahem!—recommended, —in the circumstances!

"Is there a word wants nobleness and grace,
Devoid of weight, nor worthy of high place?"

You know what our excellent HORACE bids you do in such a case.

Master Joe (aside). Bothersome old Blimber!

Mrs. S. Yes, JOSEPH, slanginess, carelessness and extravagance of speech will not befit your present position, you know.

Master Joe. (aside). Prosy old Pipchin!

Dr. T. You could not, JOSEPH, put before you a better model than the boy whose post you assume, in consequence of his going to the Upper School; young HARTY, I mean, a boy who was ever a pattern of propriety, and one absolutely to be depended upon to maintain the prestige of the school, and—ahem!—the authority of the Masters, in every contingency.

Mrs. S. In every contingency, JOSEPH. How unlike that talented, but untrustworthy, senior of his, and of yours, WILL GLADSTONE; a lad whose leadership you once acknowledged, but whose pernicious influence, I am happy to find, you have lately quite cast off.

Master Joe (knowingly). Rather! Where there's a WILL there's a way; and WILL thought it must always be *his* way. But "not for JOE!"

Dr. T. Again, JOSEPH, is not that—ahem!—quotation from the popular minstrelsy of our time a *little* reminiscent of ruder, and more Radical days?

Master Joe. Perhaps so, Sir, perhaps so. Let me then say that "*Ego primam tollo, nominor quoniam Leo*" is a very pretty maxim for lions—and jackals. The former rôle I may not yet have risen to, but I'm hanged if I'll stoop to the latter.

Dr. T. Quite so, quite so! At any rate, not in such a questionable *Leonina Societas*. Remember, also, JOSEPH, what an awful example you have in young GRANDOLPH, with whom, at one time, you seemed a little intimate. You have only to reflect upon *his* fiasco, "to have the counsels of prudence borne in imperatively upon your mind, and the lesson will not be the less impressively taught if it is remembered that GRANDOLPH will be on the spot to take note of and profit by any mistakes that may be committed by his more deserving and successful rival."

Master Joe (aside). Lessons all round, eh? Seems to me all this grandmotherly advice is wondrous like a "wiggling" in disguise. Perhaps they'll find I'm better at teaching than learning.

Mrs. S. Cavendo tutus, JOSEPH, safe by caution. The motto of your predecessor. You cannot do better than take it as your own.

Master Joe (innocently). Think not, Ma'am? I fancy every man



THE NEW MONITOR.

DR. TIMES. "YOU'RE A CLEVER BOY, JOE, AND WE CONGRATULATE YOU; BUT NOW YOU'RE IN A POSITION OF RESPONSIBILITY,—AHM!—YOU MUST—AHM!—BEHAVE YOURSELF ACCORDINGLY!"

ought to have his *own* motto. Now *I* was thinking of *Cede nullis*!

Doctor T. Tut—tut—tut, JOSEPH! Inappropriate,—in your *present* position. You will have to yield to *many*,—to those in authority over you, in fact. "Leaders (and Monitors) have to subordinate their personal tastes, and even their individual convictions, to an enlarged conception of the general advantage."

Mrs. S. Yes, JOE, don't, whatever you do, compromise your authority by any indiscreet or extravagant insistence—

Master Joe (quickly, though with becoming gravity). Quite so, Ma'am! Very true, Sir! My "conceptions," I may say, have "enlarged" considerably of late, since I have found (as Mrs. S. well says) "how much of my antipathy" (to the powers that be) "was sheer prejudice." And, as to "the general advantage," I am sanguine that I shall find it consonant—if not identical—with my own.

Doctor T. (dubiously). Humph! Suppose you say yours with it, JOSEPH?

Master Joe (airily). As you please, Sir. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, you know.

Mrs. S. (aside). Smart boy, very! I fancy I should have more confidence in him if he were a little *less* so.

Doctor T. (gravely). You see, JOSEPH, there are some things in your earlier school career which your well-wishers would fain—forget. You were rather what is called, I think, "a young Radical" once, not to say "a bit of a pickle." You seemed not altogether out of sympathy with such revolutionary proceedings as "revolts" and "barring-outs," and even talked once, if I remember rightly, of putting the Principals "to ransom"—doctrines better worthy of a Calabrian brigand than of a public school-boy. But let bygones be bygones. Now that you are in a position of responsibility and—respectability, you will, of course, abandon all such revolutionary rubbish, and think not of yourself, but others; consider less the wild wishes of your inferiors than the wise commands of your betters.

Master Joe (solemnly). Oh, of course, Sir! And now, if you, Dr. Poloni—ahem!—Dr. T., and Mrs. Pip—I mean Mrs. S., have quite finished your wig—I should say wise counsellings, I think I'll—go out and play! [Does so.]

DYNAMITICAL ARGUMENTS.—The Apostles of "the Gospel of Dynamite" would, if they could, speedily convert a whole town—into a ruin.



A STARTLING PROPOSITION.

Serdy Individual (suddenly and with startling vigour)—
"AOH! FLOY WITH ME ERCROSS THER SEA,
ERCROSS THER DORK LERGOON!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WITH a spice of *Tristram Shandy*, a dash of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, and none the worse for the quaint flavouring thus given to the style and manner of the romance, *The Blue Pavilions* by "Q." is about as good a tale of rapid dramatic and exciting adventure as the Baron remembers to have read,—for some time at least. There is in it little enough of love, though that little is well and prettily told, but there is no lack of fighting at long odds and at short intervals, of hairbreadth escapes, and of such chances by land and sea as keep the reader, all agog, hurrying on from point to point, anxious to see what is to happen next, and how the expected is to eventuate unexpectedly. The story is for the most part told in a humorous devil-may-care-believe-it-or-not-as-you-like sort of way which compels attention, occasionally raises a smile, and always excites curiosity. As a one-barrel novel, this ought to score a gold right in the centre.

The writer of a little leader in the *Daily News* of last Wednesday seems to have been rather hard-up for a subject when he fell foul of the Messrs. MACMILLAN's cheap re-issue of *A Jest-Book*, compiled many years ago by Mr. Punch's MARK LEMON, "Uncle MARK," who brought the ancient Joe Miller up to that particular date. It was the last of the jest-books, and they are now quite out of fashion. A quarter of a century hence, no doubt, the fortunate possessor of one of these little books will come out with many a new jest, and be esteemed quite an original wit.

It would have been well for the writer of the above-mentioned leaderette had he referred to the ninth of ELIA's *Popular Fallacies*, and been thereby reminded how "a pun is a pistol let off at the ear; and not a feather to tickle the intellect." The Baron is prepared to admit that the lesson to be learned from this delightful Essay of CHARLES LAMB's is, that a pun once let off, has fizzled off, and cannot be repeated with its first effect. Now the honest historian of this, or of any pun, must reproduce in his narrative all the circumstances of time, place, and individuality that gave it its point; but

the effect of the pun, the Baron ventures to think, it is impossible to convey in print to the reader, read he never so wisely, nor however vividly graphic may be the description. Yet if this same reader possesses the art of reading aloud, with some approach to the dramatic Dickensian manner, then, given an appreciative audience, it is probable that the pun itself would not lose much in recital. At best, however, the crispness of the original salt is impaired, though the flavour is not lost by keeping, and the enjoyment of it must depend on the new seasoning provided by the reciter. Of course, its piquancy may have been staled by too frequent use—but "this is another story." After all, is a jest-book meant to be taken seriously? A question which "*nous donne à penser*," quoth

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

FOGGED!

Blest if I know where I am in this murkiness made to benight us,
Blest if I know what it means, this infernal Impressionist etching;
Surely some WHISTLER renowned in the gibbering realms of Cocytus
Drew it—and draws us along through its avenues ghostly stretching.

Lights flicker out in the gloom, like diminutive goblins that beckon;
Onward we stagger and gasp in the grip of this emanance deadly:
How I would curse if I could, but not RABELAIS even I reckon
Language could find, or a voice if he wished for the sulphurous medley.

Blest if I know who you are, wicked giant, colossal above me,
Pluto perchance or, that fell spirit-ferryman, Charon uprising!
Blest if I know if survives in this demon-land anything of me,
Blest!—It's a lamp-post, by George—a reality somewhat surprising!

London, how long shall thy sons rue this Angel of Death with his
grim bow, [throttled?]

Suffer this nightmare to last by its pestilence mangled and
Would magic Science could scare the black vista to luridest Limbo,
Would that fresh breezes were tinned and the sunshine of Italy
bottled!.



MISS TWELFTHNIGHT AND HER CHARACTERS FOR 1892.

THEFT v. THRIFT.

["The Economic Man, whose sole motive was selfishness, was created by ADAM SMITH."—*Daily News*.]

A CENTURY'S gone, and still wiseacres plan
A future for the Economic Man;
But one fatality strikes us as comical,—
That—up to now—he is not economical!
The soulless thing whose motor sole is Self,
Squanders, as well as snatches, sordid pelf.
Perhaps if he could use as well as steal,
The common wealth might prove the common weal.

MR. PUNCH'S NEW-YEAR HONOURS, GIFTS,
GOOD WISHES, AND GREETINGS.

(Conferred by him, without "Official Notification.")

To Her Most Gracious Majesty.—The Queendom of his heart.

To the Duke of Clarence, and the Princess May.—A Bridal Quick March.

To Prince George of Wales.—A Clean Bill of Health.

To Prince Christian.—"Eyes right!"

To Mr. Gladstone.—Freedom from the City, its fogs, and politics.

To the Duke of Devonshire.—A Peerage, and the right successor in Rossendale.

To Mr. Chamberlain.—His Cartoon for the week.

To Mr. Balfour.—An Irish "Order."

To Lord Randolph Churchill.—"Something new out of Africa."

To the Peerage.—General Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS. (The greatest "honour" of the lot, by Jove!)

To Henry Irving.—"A Health to the King" (HARRY THE EIGHTH), and any number of Nights' (run).

To Johnny Toole.—Rapid recovery, and "another kind love" from Toole-le-Monde!

To Mr. Punch's Young Men.—Privy Councillorships (to the Public) all round.

To Everybody.—A Happy New Volume!

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE, BUT NOT A PRECEDENT.—It is a gracious act on the part of a Cabman, when, at a dinner-party, he gives the *pas* to an Omnibus-driver, at the same time courteously explaining this waiver of rights by saying that "at the present moment he is not standing on his rank."

"THE COMPLEMENTS OF THE SEASON."—Christmas Boxes.

ONLY FANCY!

In continuation of his interesting notes of incidents connected with the gathering of Ministers for the last Cabinet Council, Our Special Reporter states that the only *contretemps* arose in connection with the arrival of Mr. GOSCHEN. On alighting from his *coupé* the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER handed the driver a dirty crumpled piece of paper.

"Hi! wot's this?" shouted the Cabman.
"A one-pound note," said the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, blandly; "give me the change."
"Oh, no you don't," said the Cabman; "you try that on in the City, young feller. This is too far West."

Mr. GOSCHEN, evidently annoyed, carefully selected a worn-out shilling, and tossing it to the man, stalked haughtily into the Treasury. A moment later he hurriedly opened the door and looked out for the Cabman, but he had gone. It was understood, Our Reporter says, that the Right Hon. Gentleman had thought of a repartee.

The Morning Papers announce, with tantalising brevity, that "Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL has (*sic*) returned to Bruton Street from Berlin." We are in a position to add that the occasion of the noble Lords' journey to Berlin was of international interest. It is no secret at the Foreign Office that their Lordships have for some time been uneasy at the turn events are taking in the East. They have endeavoured to disguise from each other their perturbed feelings. But STRATHEDEN felt that CAMPBELL's eye was upon him, whilst CAMPBELL at last abandoned the futile effort of dissembling



SUPERIOR EDUCATION.

Page Boy (to Jeames). "WHERE SHALL I PUT THISH 'ER DISH OF AMMONDS?"
Jeames (with dignity). "I'M SURPRISED, HARTHUR, THAT AT YOUR HAGE YOU AVENT LEARNT 'OW TO PERNOUNCE THE R IN HARMONDS!"

his uneasiness under the cold steel-grey glance of STRATHEDEN. They finally agreed that the best thing they could do was to set forth for Berlin, making secret *détours* in order to call at other of the principal capitals, and confer with the Foreign Ministers. The result, we are pleased to learn, has been most beneficial, and has, so to speak, contributed a hodful of mortar to the foundation on which rests the peace of Europe.

Mrs. RAMSDOTHAM is disposed to regard HOMER as over-rated. The only book of his she ever read, she says, is *Bombastical Furioso*, and certainly that did not assuage her appetite for any more.

Mr. STEAD has been taking into his confidence a universe thrilled with interest, with respect to certain presentiments which from time to time have struck his mind. One he dates in October, 1883, at which time he was sub-editor of an evening journal which Mr. JOHN MORLEY then edited. He had, he records, a presentiment that at an early approaching date, Mr. MORLEY would have quitted the establishment—dead Mr. STEAD genially anticipated—and that he would reign in Stead. In view of the public interest involved in these confessions, we have interviewed a certain Right Hon. Gentleman as to his susceptibility to presentiments.

"Well," he replied, "they are not usual with me; but I remember that for some time before the date mentioned, I felt that either Mr. STEAD or I must leave the paper."

One of the earliest volumes issued in connection with the newly-devised Automatic Library in use on some lines of Railway, is entitled *Beyond Escape*. We understand that subsequent volumes will be *Dashed to Pieces*, *The Broken Bridge*, *The Sprained Azle*, *The Wheelbox on Fire*, *The Gorgon Guard*, *The Cruel Cowcatcher*; or, *Cut in Ticain*, *The Colour-Blind Signalman*, and *Shunted and Shattered*.



CROSSED-EXAMINATION.

OLD STYLE.—Nervous Witness about to leave the box, when his progress is arrested by Counsel on the other side.

Counsel (sharply). Now, Sir, do you know the value of an oath?

Witness (taken aback). Why, yes—of course.

Coun. (pointing at him). Come, no prevarication! Do you understand the value, or do you not?

Witness (confused). If you will allow me to explain—?

Coun. Come, Sir, you surely can answer Yes or No—now which is it?

Witness. But you will not let me explain—

Coun. Don't be impertinent, Sir! Explanation is unnecessary. Mind, you have been sworn, so if you don't know the value of an oath, it will be the worse for you.

Witness. But you won't let me speak.

Coun. Won't let you speak!

Why, I can't get a word out of you. Now, Sir—in plain English—are you a liar or not?

Witness (appealing to Judge). Surely, my Lord, he has no right to speak to me like this?

Judge. Be good enough to answer the Counsel's questions. I have nothing to do with it.

Coun. Now, Sir—once more; are you a liar, or are you not?

Witness. I don't think that's the way to speak to me—

Coun. Don't bully me, Sir! You are here to tell us the truth, or as much of it as you can.

Witness. But surely you ought to—

Coun. Don't tell me what I ought to do, Sir. Again; are you a liar, or are you not?

Witness. Please tell me how I am to reply to such a question?

Coun. You are not there to ask me questions, Sir, but to answer my questions to you.

Witness. Well, I decline to reply.

Judge (to Witness). Now you had better be careful. If you do not answer the questions put to you, it will be within my right to send you to gaol for contempt of Court.

Coun. Now you hear what his Lordship says, and now, once more, are you a liar, or are you not?

Witness (confused). I don't know.

Coun. (to Jury). He doesn't know! I need ask nothing further!

[Sits down.]

Foreman (to Judge). May we not ask, my Lord, how you consider this case is being conducted?

Judge. With pleasure, Gentlemen! I will repeat what I remarked to the Master quite recently. I think the only word that will describe the matter is "noble." Distinctly noble!

[Scene closes in upon despair of Witness.]

NEW STYLE.—Arrogant Witness about to leave the box, when his progress is arrested by Counsel on the other side.

Coun. I presume, Sir, that—

Witness (sharply). You have no right to presume. Ask me what you want, and have done with it.

Coun. (amiably). I think we shall get on better—more quickly—if you kindly attend to my questions.

Witness. Think so? Well, it's a matter of opinion. But, as I have an engagement in another place, be good enough to ask what you are instructed to ask, and settle the matter off-hand.

Coun. If you will allow me to speak—

Witness. Speak!—I like that! Why I can't get a rational word out of you!

Coun. (appealing to Judge). Surely, my Lord, he has no right to speak to me like this?

Judge. Be good enough to attend to the Witness. I have nothing to do with it.

Witness (impatiently). Now, Sir, am I to wait all day?

Coun. (mildly). I really venture to suggest that is not quite the tone to adopt.

Witness. Don't bully me, Sir! I am here to answer any questions you like to put, always supposing that you have any worth answering.

Coun. But come—surely you ought to—

Witness. I am not here to learn my duty from you, Sir. You don't know your subject, Sir. How long have you been called?

Coun. I decline to reply.

Judge (to Counsel). Now you had really better be careful. I wish

to treat the Bar with every respect, but if you waste any more time I shall feel strongly inclined to bring your conduct before your Benchers.

Witness. You hear what his Lordship says. What are you going to do next?

Coun. (confused). I don't know.

Witness (to Jury). He doesn't know! I needn't stay here any longer.

[Stands] down.

Judge (to Jury). May I ask you, Gentlemen, how you consider this case is being conducted?

Foreman of the Jury. With pleasure, my Lord. We were all using the same word which exactly describes the situation. We consider the deportment of the Witness "noble." Distinctly noble.

[Scene closes in upon despair of Counsel.]

ROBERT IN A FOG!

WELL, if we ain't a been and had a werry pretty dose of reel London Fog lately, I, for one, shood like to know when we did have one. As for its orful effects upon tempers, speshally female ones, Well, it's about enuff to drive a pore Waiter, let alone a hard-workin, middel-aged Husband, stark staring mad!

However, thank goodness, I've got one werry grand xception, and he reglar cheers me up with his constant good humer.

I need ardlly say as it's my old Amerriean friend, who has cum back to the Grand Hotel again, jest for to see what a reel London

Winter is like, and he bears it all, fog and all, splendidly. He was jest in time to see Lord MARE'S Sho from one of our best front winders, and if he didn't sit there and larf away as the pore soddened and soaked persession parsed by, speshally at the Lord MARE'S six gennelmen with their padded carves and pink silk stockings, I never seed a gennelman larf. "Why on earth, Mr. ROBERT," he says to me, "why don't they have it in the bewtiful Summer, for it's really a very splendid performance?" To which I replied, rather smartly, becoz I was naterally rayther cross,

"Becoz it has allers bin held on the same honnerd day since the rain of Lord Mare ALLWINE, who rained sewen hundred years ago."

"And has probably rained ewer since," he larfingly replied, as he went out.

He thinks London a fine place for Theaters, and went sumware amost ewery nite afore the Fog begun; but that rayther tried him, speshally in the middle of the day; so he harsked me to tell him, from my long xperience, what was the best posserbel Lunch with which to fite agensit it. So I pulled myself together, and told him one of my good stories:—"One of our werry best City Judges, who is passed and gone, used to have a fat Buck sent to him wunce a year by the QUEEN, from Windsor Forest. He didn't care werry much for Wenson himself, so he goes to BRING and RYMER, wich is potical sort o' name, but it is the Turtel Firm, and he xchanges his fat Buck for Turtel Lunches all through the cold, cold Winter, and they kep him helthy and strong for years."

"Then bring me one of his Lordship's Lunches at 2 o'clock sharp, to-day," said he, "and I'll try it." So I took him a scrumpshus bason of thick Turtel, and a pint Bottel of CLICKO'S rich Champagne, and he finisht the lot, and said, "Bring me xactly the same splendid lunch ewery day the fog lasts." And I did; and he told me as how it enabeld him to face it bravely.

Well, now for my foggy story. On that orful Toosday as ewer was, I was a going to cross Cheapside near the Post Office, when a stout elderly Lady arsked me to see her over, and, just as we got to the Statty, in the middel of the road, down she fell, and dragged me down with her. A most kind Perlliceman rushed to our assistance, and saved us both. I then, luckily, got her a Cab, and took her home to—Square, and, after paying the Cabby jest what he chose to arsk, she arsked, with a sweet smile, if I shood be offended if she gave me jest a triful for praps saving her life, as she said. I told her, as I was only a pore Waiter, I was used to tips and strays; so she gave me a reel gold sovering, and a good arty squeeze of the hand, and paid the Cabby to take me home, and finisht by saying, "If you ever want a triful, Sir, you know where to get it." And all I has to add is, that I thinks as my better arf mite have been jest a leetel more grayshus, as I told her, with amost tears in my eyes, of the graitfool conduct of the Lady of—Square. ROBERT.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.—"The beauties of Leadenhall and Farringdon," said the D. T., "do not figure in 'der Hallen an der Spree.'" But in England, during Christmas time generally, we were "Hallen on der Spree." Rather!

"THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY."—A Morning Performance.



LES FRANÇAIS PEINTS PAR EUX-MÊMES (ET ILLUSTRÉS PAR NOUS).

"O JULIETTE!" s'écria OSCAR, EN S'ASSEYANT À COTÉ D'ELLE SUR LA PIERRE TUMULAIRE, "ÉPOUSE DE MON MEILLEUR AMI! JE JURE QUE JE T'ADORE! JE JURE ICI, SUR LA TOMBE DE MA SAINTE MÈRE, QUI BÉNIT NOS AMOURS DE LÀ HAUT!"

"HARD TO BEER!"

(Advance-sheet from a projected Anti-Bacchanalian Tragi-farce, to be called "By Order of the Kaiser.")

SCENE—A Market Place in Berlin. German Students carousing. Emissary of the Emperor seated at table apart watching them. Apprehensive Waiters nervously supplying the wants of their Customers.

First German Student. Another flagon of beer, Kellner!

Waiter. Here, Mein Herr! (Brings glass and, as he places it on the table, whispers aside.) Oh, beware, my good Lord—this is your second glass.

First Ger. Stu. (with a laugh). I know what I am about! And now, my friends, I give you a toast—The Liberty of the Fatherland!

Chorus of Students. The Liberty of the Fatherland! [They all drink.]

Em. of the Emp. (apart). Ha!

[He makes an entry in his note-book.]

First Ger. Stu. And now fill another glass. Fill, my comrades—I pray you, fill! Kellner! glasses round—for myself and friends.

Kellner (as before—supplying their wants and warning them). Oh, my gracious Lord, be careful! Your third glass—mind now, your third glass; you know the risk you are running! But one false drop and you are lost!

First Ger. Stu. (as before). Well, my good friend, be sure you supply us with no drop that is not good! Ha, ha, ha! Eh, KARL! eh, CONRAD! eh, HANS! Did you hear my merry jest?

[They all laugh.]

Em. of the Emp. (as before). Ha! (making an entry in his note-book). And they laugh at a witless joke! Good! Very good!

First Ger. Stu. (joyously). And now, my comrades, yet another toast—The Prosperity of the People!

Chorus of Ger. Stu. (raising their glasses). The People!

[They all drink.]

Em. of the Emp. (apart) Ha!

[He makes an entry in his note-book.]

First Ger. Stu. And now, a final flagon! Kellner!

CABITAL!

SIR.—The proposal to extend the Cab Radius to five miles from Charing Cross is good in its way, but it does not go far enough. My idea is that the cheap cab-fare should include any place in the Home Counties. Cabmen should also be prevented by law from refusing to take a person, say, from Piccadilly to St. Albans, on the plea that their horse "could not do the distance." All assertions of that kind should be punished as perjury. Cabmen are notoriously untruthful. Why should not Cab Proprietors, too, be obliged to keep relays of horses at convenient spots on all the main roads out of Town in case a horse really proves unequal to going fifteen miles or so into the country, in addition to a hard day's work in London?—Yours unselfishly,
St. Albans. NORTHWARD HO!

SIR.—Why will people libel the Suburbs, and keep on describing them as dull? I am sure that a place which, like the one I write from, contains a Lawn Tennis Club (entrance into which we keep very select), a Circulating Library, where all the new books of two years' back are obtainable without much delay, a couple of handsome and ascetic young Curates, and a public Park, capable of holding twenty-six perambulators and as many nursemaids at one and the same time, can only fitly be described as an Elysium. Still, we should be grateful for better facilities for getting away from its delights now and then, and this proposal to extend the Cab Radius has the warmest support of
Yours,
EASILY SATISFIED.

SIR.—By all means let us have cheaper Cabs in Greater London! The County Council should subsidise a lot of Cabs, to ply exclusively between London and the outskirts. Or why not a Government Cab Purchase Bill, like the Irish Land Purchase one? We want a special Minister for Public Locomotion—perhaps Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL would accept the post?
Yours, spiritedly, HAMSTEAD HEATHEN.

Kellner (as before.) Oh, high-born customer, beware! This is your fourth glass! You know the law!

First Ger. Stu. (as before). That indeed I do! And I also know that my daily allowance is—or rather was—twelve quarts per diem! And now, comrades, our last toast—The Freedom of the Press!

Chorus of Ger. Stu. (raising their glasses). The Freedom of the Press! [They all drink.]

Em. of the Emp. (apart). This is too much! (He rises, and approaches the Students.) Your pardon, Gentlemen! But do you really believe in the toasts you have just drunk?

Chorus of Stu. Why, certainly!

Em. of the Emp. What, in the Liberty of the Fatherland?

Chorus of Stu. To be sure—why not?

Em. of the Emp. And the Prosperity of the People—mind you, only the People?

Chorus of Stu. Exactly—don't you?

Em. of the Emp. And further. You wish well to the Freedom of the Press?

Chorus of Stu. That was our toast! What next?

Em. of the Emp. (producing staff of authority). That, in the name of His Majesty, I arrest you!

Chorus of Stu. (astounded). Arrest us! Why?

Em. of the Emp. Because, if you believe in the Liberty of the Fatherland, ask for the Prosperity of the People, and admire the Freedom of the Press, you must be drunk!—very drunk! In virtue of the new law (which punishes the crime of intoxication), away with them!

[The Students are loaded with chains, and imprisoned, for an indefinite period, in the lowest dungeon beneath the castle's moat. Curtain.]

OUR HUMOROUS COMPOSER.—What SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN said or sung before deciding on taking a Villa at Turbie, on the Riviera,— "Turbie, or not Turbie, that is the question." He is now hard at work writing a new Opera (founded, we believe, on Cox and Box), and "I am here," he says, in his quaint way, "because I don't want to be dis-turbie'd."

THE "RETURNED EMPTY."



Returned Prodigal sings, to the tune of "Randy Pandy, O!" :-

WELL, here I'm back from Mashonaland!
 Mine's hardly a proud position.
 My ideas in going were vaguely grand,
 And—look at my present condition!

I may cool my heels on this packing-case;
 'Tis a little mite like me, Sir! [face,
 Say my "candid friends," as they watch my
 "O. I. C. U. R. M. T., Sir!"

I'm the prodigal GRANDY-PANDY, oh!
 Returned to my native landy, oh!
 With a big moustache, and but little cash,
 Though the latter would come in handy, oh!



"A VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION."

Philistine Wife. "YOUR PAPER ISN'T AT ALL AMUSING JUST NOW. BUT THERE, I MUST CONFESS IT IS NOT EASY TO BE EITHER FUNNY OR WITTY EVERY WEEK."

Journalist (much worried). "NO, MY DEAR, MUCH EASIER TO BE ALWAYS DULL AND PROSAIC EVERY EVENING."

[He was about to add a personal illustration, but as, fortunately, he didn't, the subject dropped.]

Like the nursery Jack-a-dandy, oh!
I may "love plum-cake and candy," oh!
But tarts and toffies, or sweets of office,
Seem not—at present—for GRANDY, oh!

Well, I chucked them up,—was it *nous* or *pique*?

Is the prodigal worst of ninnies?
The fatted calf, and the better half
Of his father's love—and guineas,—
May fall to his share as he homeward hies,
When the husks have lost their flavour,
My calf? Well, it does not greet my eyes,
And I don't yet sniff its savour.

I'm a prodigal GRANDY-PANDY, oh!
Retired from Mashona-land, oh!
I'm left like a laggard. GRIM RIDER
HAGGARD [oh!]
(Whose fiction is "blood-and-brandy,"
Says Africa always comes handy, oh!
For "something new." It sounds
grandy, oh!

But a telling new plot I'm afraid is *not*
The fortune of GRANDY-PANDY, oh!

Did they miss me much? Well, I fancy not;
(Though a few did come to greet me;)
The general verdict's "A very queer lot!"
Nor is SOL in a hurry to meet me.

He does not spy me afar off. No!
He would rather I kept my distance;
And if to the front I again should go,
'Twon't be with *his* assistance.
He deems me a troublesome GRANDY, oh!
In political harness not handy, oh!

I am out of a job, while BALFOUR is a nob,
That lank and effeminate dandy, oh!
Well, a prodigal son *may* be "sandy," oh!
I am off for a soda-and-brandy, oh!
And a "tub" at my Club, where I'm sure
of a snub
From the foes of returning GRANDY, oh!

THE CROSS-EXAMINER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Have you a right to ask any question in Court?

Answer. Certainly, and the questioning is left to my discretion.

Ques. What do you understand by discretion?

Ans. An unknown quality defined occasionally by the Press and the Public.

Ques. Is the definition invariably the same?

Ans. No, for it depends upon the exigencies of the Press and the frivolity and fickleness of the Public.

Ques. Were you to refrain from questioning a Witness anent his antecedents, and subsequently those antecedents becoming known, his evidence were to lose the credence of the papers, what would be said of you?

Ans. That I had neglected my duty.

Ques. Were you to question a Witness on his past, and, by an interruption of the trial, that Witness's evidence were consequently to become superfluous, what would then be said of you?

Ans. That I had exceeded my duty.

Ques. Is it an easy matter to reconcile the interests of your clients with the requirements of Public Opinion?

Ans. It is a most difficult arrangement, the more especially as Public Opinion is usually composed of the joint ideas of hundreds of people who know as much about law as does a bed-post.

Ques. In the eyes of Public Opinion, whose commendation is the most questionable?

Ans. The commendation of a Judge, because it stands to reason (according to popular ideas) that a man who knows his subject thoroughly must be unable to come to any definite decision as to its merits.

Ques. And in the eyes of the same authority, whose commendation is the most valuable?

Ans. In the eyes of Public Opinion the most valuable commendation would come from a man who is absolutely ignorant of everything connected with a Counsel's practice, but who can amply supply this possible deficiency by writing a letter to the papers and signing himself "FAIR PLAY."

Ques. Is there any remedy for setting right any misconception that may have occurred as to the rights and wrongs of cross-examiners?

Ans. Yes, the Public might learn what the business of a cross-examiner really is.

Ques. I see, and having done this, can you recommend anything further?

Ans. Having learned a cross-examiner's business, the Public might then have time to attend—to its own!

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXIII.

SCENE—The Lower Hall of the Scuola di San Rocco, Venice. British Tourists discovered studying the Tintoretts on the walls and ceiling by the aid of RUSKIN, HARE, and BÄDEKER, from which they read aloud, instructively, to one another. Miss PRENDERGAST has brought "The Stones of Venice" for the benefit of her brother and PODBURY. Long self-repression has reduced PODBURY to that unpleasantly hysterical condition known as "a fit of the giggles," which, however, has hitherto escaped detection.

Miss P. (standing opposite "The Flight into Egypt," reading). "One of the principal figures here is the Donkey." Where is Mr. PODBURY? [To P., who reappears, humbly proffering a tin focusing-case.] Thanks, but you need not have troubled! "The Donkey... um—um—never seen—um—um—any of the nobler animals so sublime as this quiet head of the domestic ass"—(here Bob digs PODBURY in the ribs, behind Miss P.'s back)—"chiefly owing to the grand motion in the nostril, and writhing in the ears." (A spasmodic choke from PODBURY.) May I ask what you find so amusing?

Podb. (crimson). I—I beg your pardon—I don't know what I was laughing at exactly. (Aside to Bob.) Will you shut up, confound you!

A Stout Lady, close by (reading from HARE). "The whole symmetry of it depending on a narrow line of light." (Dubiously, to her Daughter.) I don't quite—oh yes, I do now—that's it—where my sunshade is—"the edge of a carpenter's square, which connects those unused tools"... h'm—can you make out the "unused tools," ETHEL? I can't... But he says—"The Ruined House is the Jewish Dispensation." Now I should never have found that out for myself. (They pass to another canvas.) "TINTORET denies himself all aid from the features... No time allowed for watching the expression"... (That reminds me—what is the time by your bracelet, darling?) "No blood, no stabbing, or cutting... but an awful substitute for these in the chiaroscuro." (Ah, yes, indeed! Do you see it, love?—in the right-hand corner?) "So that our eyes"—(comfortably)—"seem to become blood-shot, and strained with strange horror, and deadly vision." (Not one o'clock, really?—and we've to meet Papa outside Florian's, for lunch at one-thirty! Dear me, we mustn't stay too long over this room.)

A Solemn Gentleman (with a troublesome cough, who is also provided with HARE, reading aloud to his wife). "... Further enhanced by—rook—rook—rook!—a largely-made—rook—ook!—farm-servant, leaning on a—ork—ork—ork—ork—ork!—basket. Shall I—ork!—go on?

His Wife. Yes, dear, do, please! It makes one notice things so much more!

[The Solemn Gentleman goes on.

Miss P. (as they reach the staircase). Now just look at this Titian, Mr. PODBURY! RUSKIN particularly mentions it. Do note the mean and petty folds of the drapery, and compare them with those in the TINTORETTS in there.

Podb. (obediently). Yes, I will,—a—did you mean now—and will it take me long, because— [Miss PRENDERGAST sweeps on scornfully.

Podb. (following, with a desperate effort to be intelligent). They don't seem to have any Fiammingoes here.

Miss P. (freezing, over her shoulder). Any what, Mr. PODBURY? Flamingoes?

Podb. (confidently, having noted down the name at the Accademia on his shirt-cuff). No, "Ignoto Fiammingo," don't you know. I like that chap's style—what I call thoroughly Venetian.

[Well-informed persons in front overhear and smile. Miss P. (annoyed). That is rather strange—because "Ignoto Fiammingo" happens to be merely the Italian for "an unknown Fleming," Mr. PODBURY.

Bob. (aside to PODBURY). [Collapse of PODBURY. Bob. (aside to PODBURY). You great owl, you came a cropper that time! [He and PODBURY indulge in a subdued bear-fight up the stairs, after which they enter the Upper Hall in a state of preternatural solemnity.

The Solemn G. Now what I want to see, my dear, is the ork—ork—angel that RUSKIN thinks TINTORETTO painted the day after he saw a rook—kie—kie—kie—kingfisher.

[Bob nudges PODBURY, who resists temptation heroically.

Miss P. (reading). "... the fig-tree which, by a curious caprice, has golden ribs to all its leaves."—Do you see the ribs, Mr. PODBURY.

Podb. (feebly). Y—yes, I believe I do. Think they grew that sort of fig-tree formerly, or is it—a—allegorical?

Miss P. (receiving this query in crushing silence). The ceiling requires careful study. Look at that oblong panel in the centre—with the fiery serpents, which RUSKIN finely compares to "winged lampreys." You're not looking in the right way to see them, Mr. PODBURY!

Podb. (faintly). I—I did see them—all of them, on my honour I did! But it gives me such a crick in my neck!

Miss P. Surely TINTORET is worth a crick in the neck. Did you observe "the intense delight in biting expressed in their eyes?"

Bob. (frivolously). I did, "PATIA"—exactly the same look I observed last night, in a mosquito's eye.

[PODBURY has to use his handkerchief violently.

The Stout Lady. Now, ETHEL, we can just spend ten minutes on the ceiling—and then we must go. That's evidently JONAH in the small oval. (Referring to plan.) Yes, I thought so,—it is JONAH. RUSKIN considers "the whale's tongue much too large, unless it is a kind of crimson cushion for JONAH to kneel upon." Well, why not?

Ethel. A cushion, Mother? what, inside the whale!

The Stout Lady. That we are not told, my love—"The submissiveness of Jonah is well given"—So true—but Papa can't bear being kept waiting for his lunch—we really ought to go now.

The Solemn G. (reading). "There comes up out of the mist a dark hand." Have you got the dark hand yet, my dear?

His Wife. No, dear, only the mist. At least, there's something that may be a branch; or a bird of some sort.

The S. G. Ha, it's full of suggestion—full of suggestion!

[He passes on, coughing.

Miss P. (to PODBURY, who is still quivering). Now notice the end one—"the Fall of Manna"—not that end; that's "the Fall of Man." RUSKIN points out (reading)—"A very sweet incident. Four or five sheep, instead of pasturing, turn their heads to catch the manna as it comes down" (here Bob catches PODBURY'S eye) "or seem to be licking it off each other's fleeces." (PODBURY is suddenly convulsed by inexplicable and untimely mirth.) Really, Mr. PODBURY, this is too disgraceful! [She shuts the book sharply and walks away.

Outside; by the landing-steps.

Miss P. Bob, go on and get the gondola ready. I wish to speak to Mr. PODBURY. (To PODBURY, after Bob has withdrawn.) Mr. PODBURY, I cannot tell you how disgusted and disappointed I feel at your senseless irreverence.

Podb. (penitently). I—I'm really most awfully sorry—but it came over me suddenly, and I simply couldn't help myself!

Miss P. That is what makes it so very hopeless—after all the pains I have taken with you! I have been beginning to fear for some time that you are incorrigible—and to-day is really the last straw! So it is kinder to let you know at once that you have been tried and found wanting. I have no alternative but to release you finally from your vows—I cannot allow you to remain my suitor any longer.

Podb. (humbly). I was always afraid I shouldn't last the course, don't you know. I did my best—but it wasn't in me, I suppose. It was awfully good of you to put up with me so long. And, I say, you won't mind our being friends still, will you now?

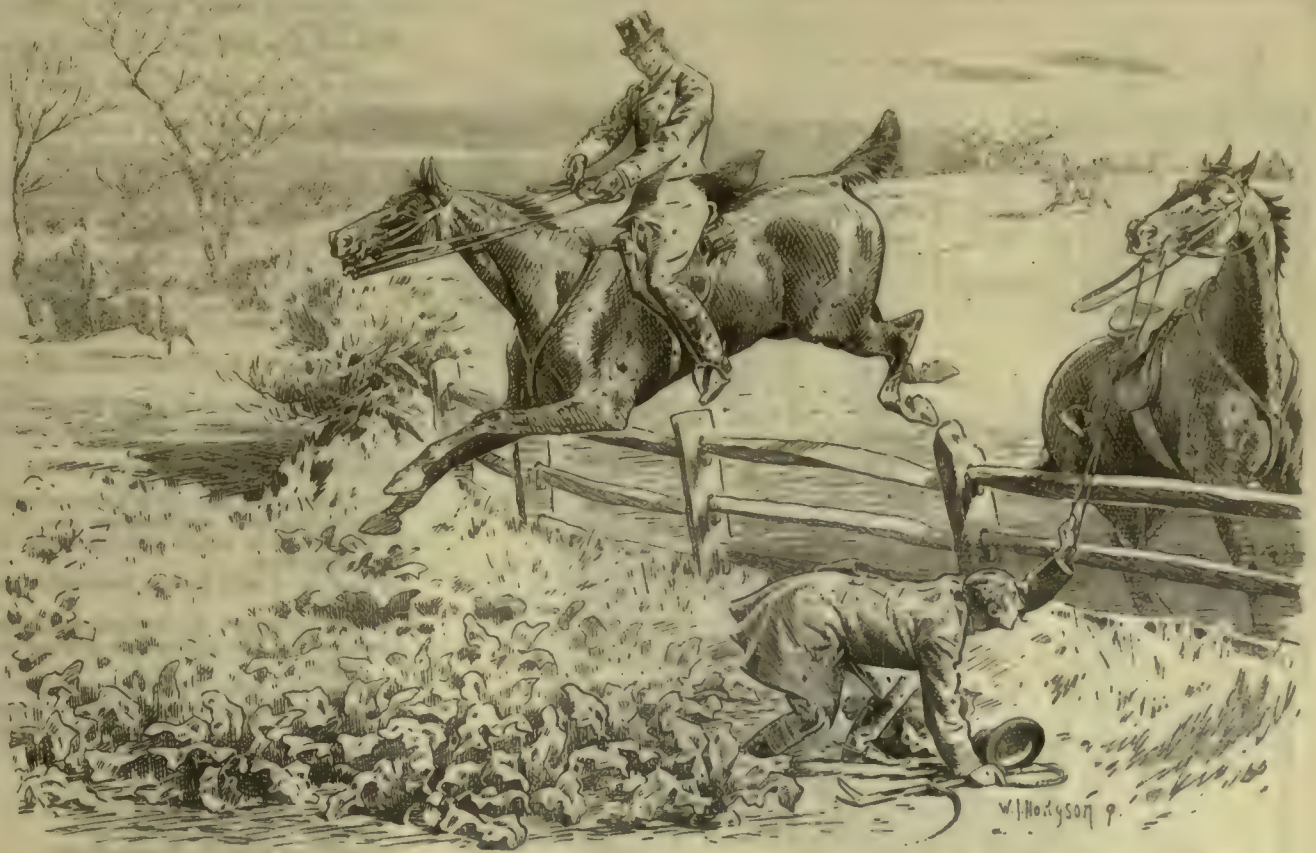
Miss P. Of course not. I shall always wish you well, Mr. PODBURY—only I won't trouble you to accompany me to any more galleries!

Podb. A—thanks. I—I mean, I know I should only be in your way and all that. And—I'd better say good-bye, Miss PRENDERGAST. You won't want me in the gondola just now, I'm sure. I can easily get another.

Miss P. Well—good-bye then, Mr. PODBURY. I will explain to Bob.



"A Solemn Gentleman, with a troublesome cough, reading aloud to his Wife."



Hard-riding Individual (to Friend, whose Horse has refused with dire results). "HELLO! CHARLEY, OLD MAN, HOW ARE TURNIPS LOOKING DOWN IN THAT NEIGHBOURHOOD?"

[She steps into the gondola; BOB raises his eyebrows in mute interrogation at PODBURY, who shakes his head, and allows the gondola to go without him.

Podb. (to himself, as the gondola disappears). So that's over! Hanged if I don't think I'm sorry, after all. It will be beastly lonely without anybody to bully me, and she could be awfully nice when she chose. . . . Still it is a relief to have got rid of old TINTORER, and not to have to bother about BELLINI and CRIMA and that lot. . . . How that beggar CULCHARD will crow when he hears of it! Shan't tell him anything—if I can help it. . . . But the worst of getting the sack is—people are almost bound to spot you. . . I think I'll be off to-morrow. I've had enough of Venice!

ONLY FANCY!

In the admirably-compiled columns of "This Morning's News," given in the *Daily News*, we read with interest a paragraph occasionally appearing, furnishing information as to prices current in the Provision Market. We have made arrangements to supply our readers with something of the same character, which cannot fail to be valued in the household.

From numerous sources of information, we learn that prime English beef is underdone, which causes rather a run on mutton. *Revenons*, &c., is the watchword in many households. Poultry flies rather high for the time of year, and grouse is also up. Grice—why not? plural of mouse, mice—grice, we say, are growing more absent, and therefore dearer. Black game is not so darkly hued as it is painted, and a few transactions in wild duck are reported. Lard is hardening, as usual in frosty weather. Hares are not so mad as in March, still, on the approach of a passer-by, they go off rapidly. Rabbits, especially Welsh ones, are now excellent. As Christmas recedes, geese have stopped laying golden eggs. Turkey (in Europe, at least) is in high feather. Brill is now in brilliant condition; soles are right down to the ground, whilst eels begin to show themselves in pairs. Halibut is cheap, but sackbut is scarce, and psaltery requires such prolonged soaking before it is fit for the table, that purchasers fight shy of anything but small parcels. As for plaice, a large dealer tells us he has been driven to the conclusion that there is "no plaice like home."



A Pair of 'Eels.

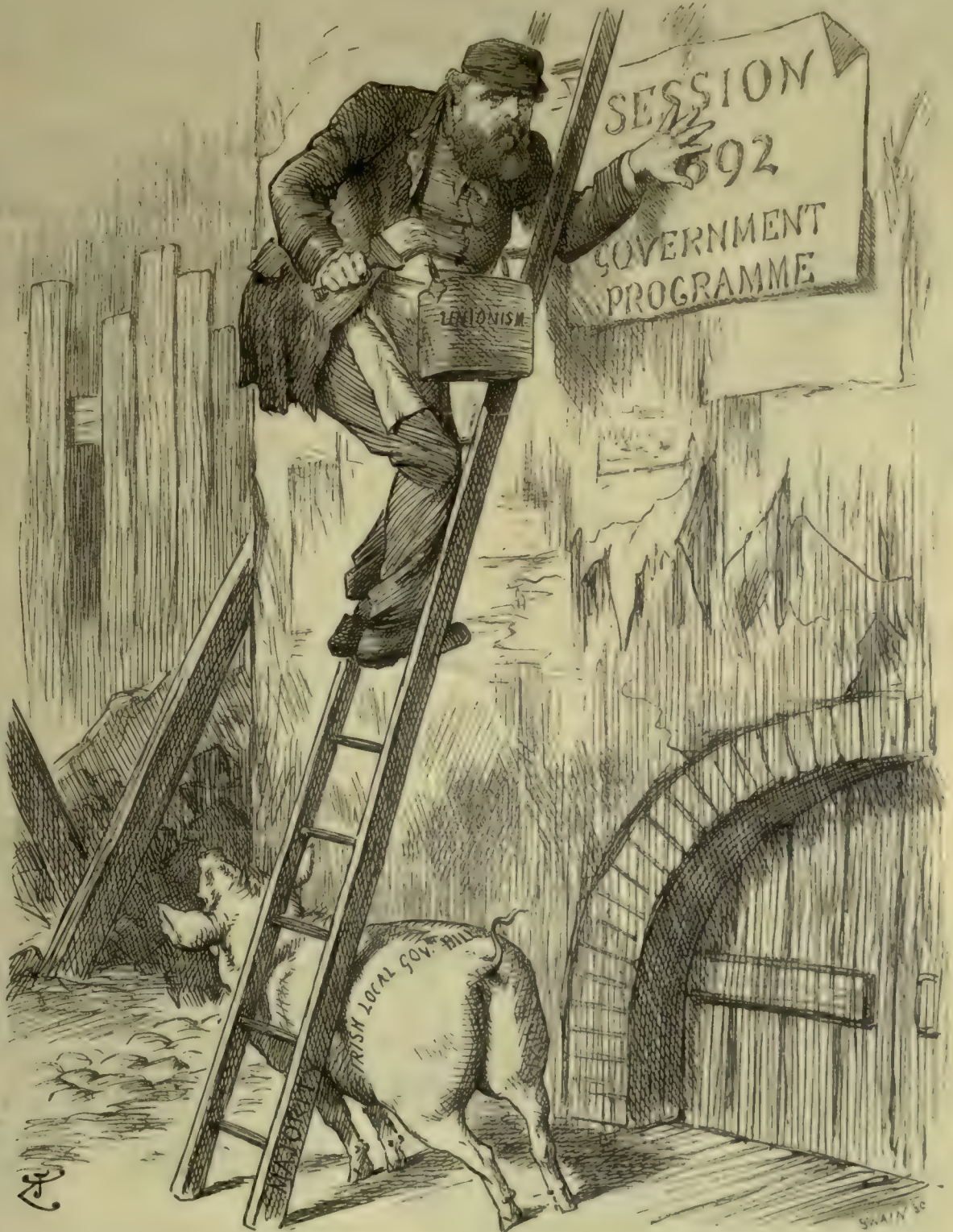
We hear of a curious incident in connection with the revival of *Henry the Eighth* at the Lyceum. On Saturday night, a gentleman who had witnessed the play from the Stalls and carefully sat it out, demanded his money back as he went out. He did so on the ground that he had always understood that *Henry the Eighth* was by SHAKESPEARE, and found it credibly asserted that that gentleman had no part in the authorship of the piece. Mr. BRAM STOKER, M.A., was called to the assistance of the box-keeper, and ably discussed the point. Whilst declining to commit himself to the admission that SHAKESPEARE had no hand in the work, he quoted authority which assigned the authorship to FLETCHER and MASSENGER; in which case, he ingeniously argued, the authorship being dual, the price of the Stalls ought to be doubled. Conversation taking this turn, the gentleman, whose name did not transpire, withdrew.

Miss JANE CORDEN, ex-Alderman of the London County Council, who has long pluckily championed Woman's Rights, has now, according to an announcement in the papers, determined to assert her own, and get married. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas*—Aldermanic.

A telegram from Berlin states that Dr. PFEIFFER, a son-in-law of Professor KOCH, has succeeded in discovering the cause of influenza and its infection in a bacillus, which, when seen under the microscope, appears in the shape of a most minute rod. The best thing that can be done with this rod is to put it in pickle, and keep it there.

It is satisfactory to know that, at the approaching revival of *Hubando, the Brigand*, the handkerchiefs used by the Brigands in their famous scene of contrition at the end of the Third Act, are entirely of British manufacture. We understand that they are from the looms of Messrs. PUFF AND RECLAME.

In the First Act of the same piece, it will be remembered that the bridal party is captured whole by *Hubando*, disguised as a mendicant, in the recesses of one of the forests of the Abruzzi. The real pine-trees, which are to figure in the foreground of this striking scene, have been grown, with immense labour and expense, in the well-known nurseries of Messrs. WEEDEM AND POTTER, at Ditchington. The mendicant's rags, it should be added, are from one of our most celebrated slop-shops in the Ratcliff Highway.



“THERE’S THE RUB!”

BILL-POSTER (*uneasily*). “IF THAT PIG DON’T MEAN DEVILTRY, I’M A—SEPARATIST!”

PLAYING OLD HARRY AT THE LYCEUM.

"I ONCE did manage to make a cast correctly," writes ANDREW LANG, in his charming book anent the sport and pastime of fishing, and if ever HENRY IRVING made a cast to catch the public, it is now, when he uses as his bait SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry the Eighth*, got up in a style which emphatically "beats the record," so utterly "regardless of expense" is it, with well-tried, responsible actors, in what may be called minor parts, though the majority of the *dramatis personæ* are on a fair dramatic equality, and with OUR ELLEN TERRY, as *Queen Katharine*, and himself as the great Lord Cardinal.

The first difficulty that HENRY IRVING had to face—literally to face—was that by no sort of art could he make up his features to be an exact portrait of CARDINAL WOLSEY. Personally, I prefer Mr. IRVING'S picture of WOLSEY to the extant portraits, which concur in representing him as a heavy, jowly-faced man, who might be taken as a model for one of GUSTAVE DORÉ'S eccentric-looking ecclesiastics in

dying master, for dying he is, as he staggers feebly from the Palace at Bridewell. It is difficult to call to mind any situation in any play more genuinely affecting in its simplicity than this. The audience is held spell-bound,—yet, for my part, I should have welcomed a greater variety in tone and action.

Miss ELLEN TERRY'S *Queen Katharine* is a "very woman." You can see how she has caught the King, and how she still holds him. She loves him, actually loves him, to the last—to respect him is impossible, but she respects herself; and it is just this love for him, for what he was, not what he is, and her respect for herself, which Miss ELLEN TERRY marks so forcibly. *Katharine* is a foreigner, therefore is her bearing, though stately, less stolid than that of the typical English Tragedy Queen. The note of her



The Magnetic Lady.

the *Contes Drolatiques*, rather than as the living presentment of the great Chancellor, Statesman, and Churchman who ruled a cruel, crafty, sensual tyrant, and successfully guided the policy of England at home and abroad. HENRY IRVING'S *Cardinal* is a grand figure, courtly, though somewhat too cringing withal, evidently despising the various means he uses to further the end he has in view, and looking upon the Lords, Courtiers and all around him as merely puppets, whose strings he holds to work them as he will.

Then, after seeing him as Sole Adviser of the Crown, after seeing him as Highest Judge in the Ecclesiastical Divorce Court in such splendid state as our Judge JEUNE may eye with envy, after seeing



The Cardinal's Train de Luxe.

dying scene, so striking by its simplicity, is its perfect tranquillity. Who's *Griffith*? Why the veteran HOWE (ah, Howe, When and Where did I first see you, Sir? Wasn't it in the days when good old Mortonian farces were the attraction at the Haymarket?) is "the safe man," and excellently well did he deliver his epitaph on *Wolsey*. But all are good, not forgetting our old friend the sterling, that is the ARTHUR STIRLING actor as *Cranmer*, and the youthful GILLIE FARQUHAR, unrecognisable as *Lord Sands*, looking as ancient as if he were *The Sands of Time*.

This revival is bound to have a long—it may be an unprecedentedly long—run. All of us dearly love a show. Moreover, 'tis educational; and the School Board should issue an Examination-paper on the history of HENRY THE EIGHTH and his times as exemplified by Mr. IRVING & Co. at the Lyceum.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

Ellen Terry as Kate.

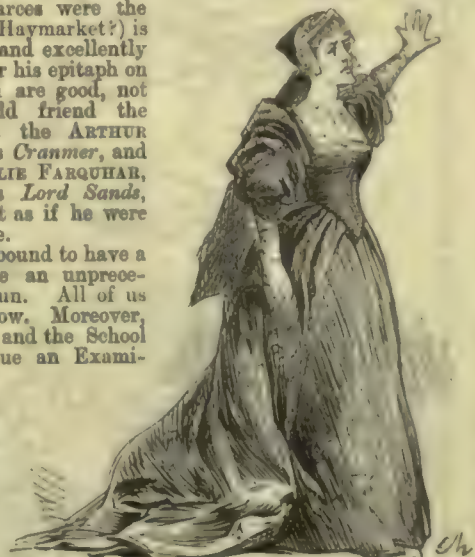
P.S.—The cost of production of *Henry the Eighth* at the Lyceum was £250,000 3s. 6½d. Mr. IRVING'S nightly expenses are £10,999 2s. 5½d. I thought it had been more, but the above information comes to me from a person whose veracity I should not like to question, except with the boundless sea between us.

"Go to," Norfolk and Suffolk!

him in his own Palace, most courteous as Grand Master and liberal Provider of Right Royal Revels, he is exhibited to us in the deserted Hall, a spectacle for gods and men (that is, shown to the Gallery and the rest of the audience), the single figure of the Great Cardinal, fallen from his high estate; and to him, in place of all his princely retinue, comes his one faithful servant, CROMWELL, supporting his

CON. FOR THE C. O. S.—When SHAKSPEARE said, "The quality of mercy is not strained," did he mean that it was not strained through a Charity Organisation Society?

"READING between the Lines" is a dangerous occupation—when there's a Train coming.



CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

I.—GOLF.

THE Fairies who came to my Christening provided me with a large collection of toys, implements, and other articles. There was a heart, a tender one, a pen of gold, a set of Golf-clubs, a bat, wickets, and a ball, oars and a boat, boxing gloves, foils, guns, rifles, books, everything, except ready money, that heart could desire. Unluckily one Fairy, who was old, deaf, plain, and who had not been invited, observed, "It is all very well, my child, but not one of these articles shall you be able to use satisfactorily." This awful curse has hung heavy on my doom. With a restless desire to shine and excel, at Lord's, on the river, on the Moors, in the forests, in Society, on the Links, bitter personal experience and the remarks of candid friends, tell me that the doom has come upon me. I am "an all-round Duffer," as my youngest nephew, *et al.* XI., freely informed me, when I served twice out of court (once into the conservatory, the other time through the study window). I was a Duffer at marbles, also at tops, and my personal efforts in these kinds were constantly in liquidation. But what are marbles and tops! The first regular game I was entered at was Golf. Five is not too early to begin, and I began at five by being knocked down with a club which another small boy was brandishing. This naturally gave me an extreme zeal for the sport of MARY STUART, the Great Marquis of MONTROSE, CHARLES EDWARD (who introduced Golf into Italy), DUNCAN FORBES of Culloiden, Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, and other eminent historical characters.

Almost everybody now knows that Golf is not Hockey. Nobody runs after the ball except young ladies at W-m-n! The object is to put a very small ball into a very tiny and remotely distant hole, with engines singularly ill adapted for the purpose. There are many engines. First there is the Driver, a long club, where-with the ball is supposed to be propelled from the tee, a little patch of sand. The Tee and the Caddie have nothing to do with each other; nobody but a flippant Cockney sees any fun in plays upon words which, in themselves, are only too serious. Then there is a weapon called a Brasse. It is like unto a club, but is shod with brass, and is used for hitting a ball in "a bad lie" among long grass or heather.

A small tomahawk, styled a Cleek, is employed when you don't know what else to play with. The same remark applies to an Iron, which is very good for missing the ball with, also for hitting to square leg when you meant to go straight. A "Mashy" is a smaller "iron." The skilful use these when the ball lies in sand, in gorse, or when they wish to make the ball soar for a short distance and then fall dead. A Putter is a short thickish club used for joggling the ball into the hole with. There are plenty of other kinds of clubs, also spoons, but these are enough to break the heart of any Duffer.

I am an old player, of forty years' standing, but, like *Parolles* I was "made for every man to breathe himself on." When my form is espied near the links, the players shirk off as if I were a leper. They are afraid I may want to make a match with them, and there is no falsehood from which they will shrink, in their desire to escape me. Even Ladies,—but this is a delicate theme. Beginners breathe themselves on me, and give me odds after two or three engagements.

Yet I don't know why I am so bad. True, I am short-sighted, never see the flag at the hole, play in the wrong direction, and talk a good deal on topics of academic interest during the round. The Golfer's mind should be a blank, and generally is "blank enough," like *Sir Tor's* shield. My mind is, perhaps, too active—that may be what is the matter with me. It is the same thing at

whist—but of this hereafter. My Caddie, or arm-bearer, has his own views about the causes of my incompetence.

"Ye're no standing right. Ye haud yer hands wrang. Ye tak' yer ee off the ba'. Ye're ower quick up. Ye're ower slow down. Ye dinna swing. Ye fa' back. Ye haud ower ticht wi' yer richt hand. Ye dinna let your arms gang easy. Ye whiles tap, and whiles alic, and whiles heel, or ye hit her aff the tae. Ye're hooking her. Ye're no thinking o' what ye're doing. Ye'll never be a Gowfer. Lord! ony man can lairn Greek, but Gowf needs a heid."

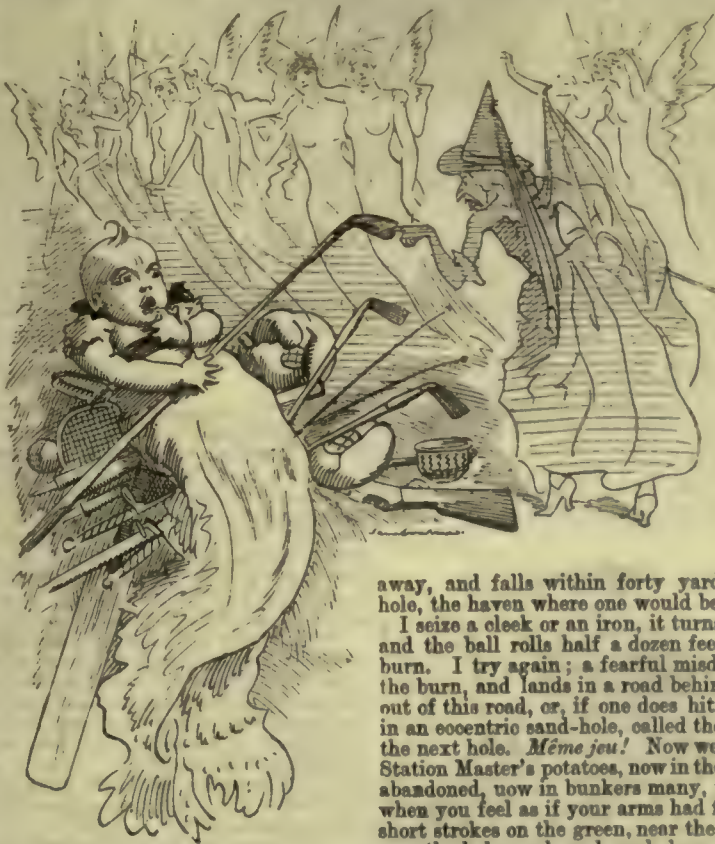
Here are fifteen ways of going wrong, and there is only one way of going right! Fifteen things to think of, every time you take a driver in hand. And, remember, that is not nearly all. These fifteen fatal errors apply to long driving. You may (or at least I may, and do) make plenty of other blunders with the other weapons. Say the ball lies in sand—"a bunker," technically. If you hit it whack on the top, it disappears in a foot-mark. If you "tak' plenty o' sand," why, you get plenty of sand in your mouth, your eyes, down the back of your neck, and the ball is no forwarder. If you strike her quite clean, she goes like a bullet against the face of the bunker, soars in the air, falls on your head, and you lose the hole! Oh, Golf is full of bitterness!

Suppose we play a round. The ball is neatly "tee'd" on a patch of sand. I approach, I shuffle with my feet for a secure footing, I waggle my club in an airy manner. Then I take it up and whack it down. A variety of things may occur. I may smite the top of the ball, when it runs on for twenty yards and lies in a rut on the road. I may hit her on the heel of the club, when she spins, with much "cut" on, into the sea. I may hit her with the toe of the club, when she soars to square leg, and perhaps breaks a window. I used to try running in at the ball, as if it were a half-volley at Cricket, but that way lies madness. However, suppose that, in a lucid interval (as will happen), I hit her clean. She soars

away, and falls within forty yards of a meandering burn. The hole, the haven where one would be, is beyond the burn.

I seize a cleek or an iron, it turns in my hand, cuts up the turf, and the ball rolls half a dozen feet. My opponent has crossed the burn. I try again; a fearful misdirected shot; the ball soars over the burn, and lands in a road behind the hole. There is no hitting out of this road, or, if one does hit a desperate blow, the ball lands in an eccentric sand-hole, called the Scholar's Bunker. We start for the next hole. *Même jeu!* Now we are in the gorse, now among the Station Master's potatoes, now in the railway, where all hope may be abandoned, now in bunkers many, now missing the ball altogether, when you feel as if your arms had flown off. As for "putting" the short strokes on the green, near the hole, if I hit sharp, the ball runs over the hole yards and yards beyond, or if I hit mild, it stops with an air of plaintive resignation, after dribbling for a foot or two. And the worst of it is that, sometimes, you will play as well as another for half-a-dozen holes. Then one thinks one has The Secret! But it falls from us, vanishes, we are topping and slicing, and heeling, and missing again as sorrowfully as ever.

The beauty of Golf is that there are so many ways of going wrong, and so many things to think of. A person of very moderately active mind has his ideas diverted by the landscape, the sea, the blossom on the gorse, the larks singing overhead, not to mention the whole system of the universe. He forgets to keep his eye on the ball, in devoting his energy to holding tight with his left, and being slow up. Or he remembers to keep his eye on the ball, and forgets the other essentials. Then an awful moment comes when he loses his temper. Thereby all is lost, honour (not to mention "the honour,") and everything. People in front, old people, are so provoking. They potter tardily along, pass ten minutes in considering a putt, shout and swear if you hit into them, and are not pleased if you sit down and smoke while you wait. The only entity that I don't lose my temper with is my partner. The worse he plays, the better am I pleased to have a brother in adversity. The subjective Golfer, however, is certainly a bore. He is "put off" by every simple circumstance, by his opponent wearing an unbecoming cap and the like. Afterwards, he will hold forth for hours on all his sorrows and



all the sins of others. The Duffer is more modest and less apologetic. He is kept always playing (as I said) by the diabolical circumstance that he has lucid intervals, though rarely, when he plays like other people for three or four holes. I once, myself did the long hole in—but never mind. Nobody would believe me. The most amiable of Duffers was he who, after ten strokes in a bunker, cut his ball into three parts. "I am bringing it out," he said, "in penny numbers."

The born Duffer, I speak feelingly, is incurable. No amount of odds will put him on the level even of Scotch Professors. For the learned have divided Golf into several categories. There is Professional Golf, the best Amateur Golf, Enthusiasts' Golf, Golf, Beginners' Golf, Ladies' Golf, Infant Golf, Parlour Golf, the Golf of Scotch Professors. But the true Duffer's Golf is far, far below that. A Duffer like me is too bad for hanging. He should be condemned to play for life at Chorley Wood, or to bush-whack at Bungay.

FREE AND EASY THEATRES.—We have no sympathy whatever with the idea of a Theatre Libre or with a Free-and-Easy Theatre, but we shall be very glad when all Theatres are made Easy, Easy, that is, as to sitting accommodation, and Easy of egress and ingress. But if the space is to be enlarged, will not the prices have to be enlarged too? 'Tis a problem in the discussion of which *The Players*, a new journal, solely devoted to things Dramatic and Theatrical, would find congenial employment.

VENICE AT OLYMPIA.

["The water in the canals is two feet in depth, and is kept at a temperature of sixty degrees." *Vide the Press on "Venice at Olympia."*]

O JANE, thou jewel of my heart—
Thou object of my hopeless passion,
Though Fate decrees that we must part,
I'll leave thee in some novel fashion!



I will not throw—as others throw—
My manly form, without compunction,
Before the frequent trains that go [tion.
At lightning speed through Clapham Junction.

For though my spirit seeks escape
From all the carking cares that vex it,
I will not plunge thee into crape
By any ordinary exit:
So when—in slang—I "take my hook,"
Detesting all that's mean and skimpy, a
Reserved and numbered seat I'll book,
And hie to Venice at Olympia.

I'll see the Show that draws the town—
Its pageantry delight affording—
As per the details noted down
Where posters flame on every hoarding;
And then the sixpence I will pay,
Which in my pocket now I'm fondling,
And try upon the water-way
The new experience of gondling.

I know that death will seem delight
When in the gondola I'm seated,
For up to sixty Fahrenheit
The Grand Canal is nicely heated;
So—sick of life's incessant storm,
Impatient of its kicks and pinches—
I'll plunge within the water warm,
And drown—in four-and-twenty inches!

I will not do as others do
When cheated of prospective bridal,
And quit the Bridge of Waterloo
With header swift and suicidal.

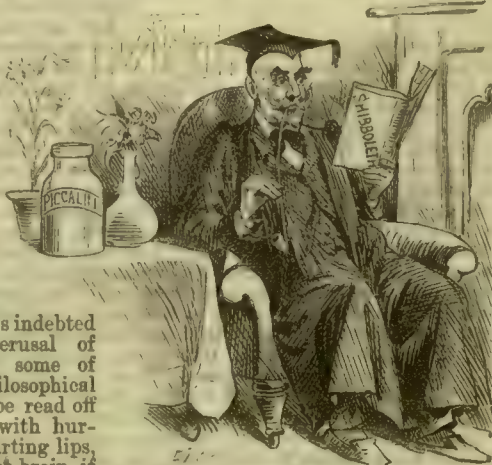
I will not seek—as others seek—
Some public-house in mean and low street,
And drink—till haled before the Beak
Who patiently presides at Bow Street.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

AFTER copious draughts of novels and romances which, the morning after, leave the literary palate as dry as a lime-kiln, or as Mrs. RAM would say, "as a lamb-kin," the Baron, thirsting for a more satisfying beverage, took up a volume, which he may fairly describe as a youthful quarto, or an imperial pinto, coming from the CHAPMAN AND HALL cellars, that is, book-sellers, entitled *On Shibboleths*,

and written by W. S. LILLY. In a recent trial it came out that Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH is the accredited and professional reader for Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL. Is it possible that this eminently original Novelist is indebted to a quiet perusal of *Shibboleths* for some of the quaint philosophical touches not to be read off schoolboywise, with hurried ellipses, blurring lips, and unintelligent brain, if any, which make *One of Our Conquerors* and others, worth perusal?

Be this as it may, to use a convenient shibbolethian formula, the Baron read this book, and enjoyed it much. There is an occasional dig into the Huxleian anatomy, given with all the politeness of a Louis-the-Fifteenthian "M.A.," otherwise *Maitre d'Armes*, and a passing reference to "The People's WILLIAM" and the carrying out of the People's will—which is quite another affair,—all, to quote Sir PETER, "vastly entertaining." The chapter on the Shibboleth "Education" is, thinks the Baron, about the best. Mr. LILLY is a Satirist who, as GEORGIUS MEREDITHIUS MAGNUS might express it, is, in his fervour, near a truth, grasps it, and is moved to moral distinctness, mental intention, with a preference of strong, plain speech, and a chuck of interjectory quotation over the crack of his whip, with which tramping active he flicks his fellows sharply. With which Meredithism concludes



THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PREUX CHEVALIER.

SIR,—The amazing popularity of the Costermonger Songs seems to me a significant phenomenon. While no humane person would deny to the itinerant vendor of comestibles that sympathy which is accorded to the joys and sorrows of his more refined fellow-creatures, it is impossible to view without alarm the hold which his loose and ungrammatical diction is obtaining in the most cultured salons of to-day. Anxious to minimise the danger, yet loth to check a sentiment of fraternity so creditable to our common humanity, I have devised a plan by which Mr. CHEVALIER's songs may be rendered in such-wise that while all their deep humanity is preserved, their English is so elevated as to be innocuous to the nicest sensibility. Permit me to give, just as a sample, my treatment of that very popular ballad, known, *rubesco referens*, as "*Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road*." Not being a singer, I have adopted Mr. CLIFFORD HARRISON's charming plan of speaking through the music of the song, and this is how I render the chorus:—

"How is it with you?" was the universal exclamation of the residents in the vicinity.

"With whom, WILLIAM, have you made an appointment?"

"Have you, WILLIAM, purchased all the house-property in this thoroughfare?"

"Were my risible faculties exercised?—you ask me. Nay. Indeed I was actually apprehensive of a fatal issue.

"So striking was the effect produced upon those in the ancient Cantian highway."

This, Sir, not only gives the sense, but gives it, I venture to claim, in a form fit for the apprehension of the most refined. Judging, too, by the reception it met with at our recent Penny Readings, I am convinced that Mr. CHEVALIER's peculiar humour is thoroughly preserved, for, indeed, many of the audience laughed till I became positively concerned for their safety.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT BOWDLER SPALDING.

GOOD NEWS INDEED!

THAT fiendish malefactor, the Influenza Bacillus, has been caught at last! The peculiarity about him, confound him, is said to be his "immobility." Ugh! the hard-hearted infinitesimally microscopic monster! No tears, short-breathings, sighs, no groans, no sufferings, nothing will move him. There he remains, untouched, immobile. But there was one hopeful sign mentioned in the *Times* of last Saturday—the Bacillus was found "in chains, and in strings." Let the chains be the heaviest possible till he can be tried by a Judge and Jury; and don't resort to "strings" till the supply of chains has failed.

THE COVENT
GARDEN MASQUE.

MUMMING—masking—
masquerading;
Fanning—fun—fanfaro-
nading;
Dancing—duncing—deft
disguises;
Singing—supping—
strange (sur) prizes;
Galloping and gallivant-
ing
Couples much in need of
BANTING; [up
All the customary make-
CLARKSON'S customers
can fake up;
All the little childish
raiment,
Fatties don—for sylph
and fay meant;
Tally-hos and Hey-no-
nonnies;
Jackies—Jillies—Jennies
—Johnnies—
Barber's blockhead—no-
thing dafter—
Heralding "Before and
After";
"Auntie's Bottle Hot"—
a phial
Only for external trial—
Gems of London—gems of
Paris—
Arid gusts—AUGUSTUS
HARRIS—
Splitting mirth—some
garbs that split, too—
Aching heads next morn-
ing, ditto!

To BE AVOIDED.—An
Intemperate tone by a
Temperance lecturer.



Benevolent Stranger. "ALLOW ME, SIR, TO OFFER YOU A DRINK!"
Unfortunate Sportsman (just out of Brook). "THANKS; BUT I'VE HAD A DROP TOO
MUCH ALREADY!"

RESPECTABILITY.

"What is Respecta-
bility?"—*Daily Telegraph*,
Jan. 12.]

It's having money at the
Bank.
It's being a personage of
rank.
It's having spent three
years at College
With great, or little, gain
of knowledge.
It's going to Church
twice every Sun-
day.
And keeping in with Mrs.
GRUNDY.
It's clothes well-cut, and
shiny hat,
And faultless boots, and
nice cravat.
It may be Law, or Church,
or Ale,
Or Trade—on a sufficient
scale.
It's being "something in
the City."
It's carefully to shun
being witty.
It's letting tradesmen
live on credit.
It's "Oof"—to earn it,
or to wed it.

PROFESSOR JOLLY, of
Berlin, who, if his name
express his disposition,
ought to be a follower of
Mark Tapley, reckons
that twenty-five per cent.
of the inmates of asylums
have been inebriates. Is
the Professor "Jolly well
right?"

A DIALOGUE OF THE FUTURE.

SCENE—Rooms of a Cambridge Tutor.

PERSONS—A Tutor and an Undergraduate.

Tutor. I understand you were at Newmarket yesterday. Is that so?
Undergraduate. It is. I was.

Tutor. A shameless avowal. Are you aware that you have broken
one of the disciplinary regulations of
your College? I fear I must punish
you severely. Have you anything to say
why sentence should not be passed upon
you. [Assumes the black College Cap.

Undergraduate. Yes, Sir, I have.

Tutor. Then say it at once.

Undergraduate. I went to Newmarket
to see— [Hesitates.

Tutor. Proceed, Sir. Time presses.
You went to see what?

Undergraduate. As a matter of fact, I
was particularly anxious to see the Head
of the University.

Tutor. What do you mean, Sir?

Undergraduate. The chief Dignitary
of Cambridge, the Chancellor, the Duke
of DEVONSHIRE.

Tutor. You are trifling with me.

Undergraduate. Not at all, Sir. The
Chancellor was there in state. I saw
him. My curiosity was satisfied, and I
returned to Cambridge.

Tutor (after a pause). Ah, of course

that alters the case. If you can assure me you did not go for the
purpose of watching horse-races—

Undergraduate (breaking in). Certainly, Sir. I do give you the
assurance.

Tutor. That being so, I dismiss you with a caution.

[Exit Undergraduate. The Tutor is left pondering.



ANOTHER RURAL CONFERENCE.

[A Church Dignitary, writing to *The Globe*, suggests that the rural reform
most urgently needed is a better postal system in the shires.]

Radical Reformer (meeting Rural Labourer tramping to London).
Yours is a typical case, my man. You are a victim of our insensate
Land Laws, or exploded Feudalism. No doubt you are leaving
the country because you could not find employment there?

Rural Labourer. 'Tisn't that so much. Old
Gaffer always had summat for a man to do, I
can tell ye.

Radical Reformer. Glad to hear it, though
it's unusual. Then I suppose it is the intoler-
able dullness of the country that drives you
away from it.

Rural Labourer. 'Tisn't that either. Things
be a bit dull in winter-time, cert'nly. But
there—we've a Public, also a Free Reading
Room, and—

Radical Reformer (disappointed). Glad to
hear it, again, I'm sure, though that also is
unusual. Your house, now—rather, I ought to call it, your hovel,
perhaps—lets in the rain badly—reeks with damp—only one room,
and that a pigstye, eh?

Rural Labourer (offended). Come now, don't you call my house a
pigstye! Three good rooms, and not a bit o' damp or dirt about it.

Radical Reformer. Then the wages are low, and a tyrannical
landlord refuses allotments, eh?

Rural Labourer. Allotments! I could have as many as I wanted
for the asking. But there—I didn't want 'em, y' see, and I
didn't ask.

Radical Reformer (gravelled). Then would you explain to me what
is the real reason of your determination to quit the country for Town?

Rural Labourer (surprised). Why, don't you know? There was
only one collection and one delivery of letters daily! I couldn't
stand that, of course. I expect I shall find more in Lunnun.
Good-day!





LE KHÉDIVE EST MORT! VIVE LE KHÉDIVE!
British Lion. "I HELPED YOUR FATHER AND I'LL STAND BY YOU."

Cardinal Manning.

BORN, JULY 15, 1808. DIED, JAN. 14, 1892.

ONE more great Voice gone silent! Friends
or foes,
None well could watch that long life's gentle
close

Without a softening thrill.
A valiant champion of the faith he held,
No conflict ever his strong courage quelled,
Or shook his steadfast will.

Yet, were that all, some well might turn
away

With custom's passing courtliness, to-day,
And bid a cold farewell
To the great priest, shrewd marshaller of men,
Subtle of verbal fence with tongue or pen,
Ascetic of the cell.

But there was more; and many a hundred
hearts,
Who not in cleric conflict played their parts,
Will mourn him well and long,
Friend of the poor, apart from creed or clique,
And ardent champion of the struggling weak
Against the selfish strong.

Toiler for Temperance, hastener on of Light,
In many a fray where right's at odds with
might,

Might's foes will miss their friend.
Farewell! It moves the common heart to
The crowning of so glorious a career [hear
By such a gracious end!

THE SANITARY CONGRESS AT VENICE.—Mrs. RAM's Nephew was talking on this subject, when his Aunt was heard murmuring to herself, "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;" then she looked up, and repeating the last word, observed, "Well, it never struck me before, often as I've heard that line quoted. But what an extraordinary thing to make a bridge of! I suppose it was painted over first, because I know that's how 'size' is commonly used."



A NEW FORM OF D. T.

The Irish Curate (to the New Vicar). "THAT POOR MAN, SIR, HAS ALWAYS GOT A SKELETON JUST IN FRONT OF HIM THAT FOLLOWS HIM ABOUT WHEREVER HE GOES!"

THE BOXING IMBROGLIO.

OH, SLAVIN, FRANK SLAVIN, you'd fain be a whacker
Of SULLIVAN, JOHN, but you can't find a backer,
While SULLIVAN, biggest of Yankee big fellows,
Blows froth all the time from his own patent bellows.
Well, fight if you must; I am sure you'll fight fair;
Bag his wind if you can, FRANK, but don't beat the air.

ONLY FANCY!

MR. CHAPLIN has, we hear, entered with native enthusiasm into his mission to the Agricultural Labourer. It was entirely his own idea. "The Liberals have their Rural Conferences," he said at a recent Cabinet Council, "and we should do something of the same kind; only we must go one better. Of course the delegates liked their trip to London (expenses paid, their free breakfast, their shake of Mr. GLADSTONE's hand, and the opportunity of gazing on the supple form of Mr. SCHNADHORST. That's all very well for them. But think of the hundreds of thousands green with jealousy because they weren't selected for the trip? These are all ripe to vote for us at the General Election if only delicately handled. What you want is a man of commanding presence, unflinching tact, a knowledge of horses, and some gift of oratory. If no one else occurs to you, I'll go." No one else did occur to the mind of the Cabinet. So the Minister of Agriculture set forth on his missionary enterprise.

We have been gratified by the receipt of many tokens of interest and appreciation elicited by our paragraph last week, reporting the state of the household markets. One takes the form of a parcel of Russian tongues. "These," writes our esteemed Correspondent (we omit complimentary preface), "should before cooking be soaked for a week in cold water, and then boiled for a day." We are not disposed to spoil a ship for a ha'p'orth of tar, and shall improve upon these generous instructions. Having spent a week and a day in personally directing the preliminary process, we intend to grill the tongues for thirty-six hours, fry them for an afternoon, stew them

for two days, hang them out of the window for five hours, and then bray them in a mortar. We fancy what is left will be worth eating.

RYMOND has been reading, with much interest, HENED's account of how he got the Influenza, and what he did with it. Apparently the first thing to do is, to "send for a thermometer," (as others would send for a Doctor), and take it to bed with you.

"Evidently," HENED writes last week in his journal, "when a person does not feel well, he should try his temperature, and, if it be abnormally high, he should go to bed, and stay there until it comes down."—"Of course," RYMOND observes, with rare lapses into cynicism, "when the bed comes down, he is bound to go."

MATRIMONY UP TO DATE.

[The Defendant in a recent breach of promise case wrote to his intended, "When we are married you will have to sit with me when I am queer."]

DEAR Ladies, who contemplate marriage,
And imagine you'll ride in a carriage,

With a house of your own, and your servants to wait for you,
I'm afraid there's a totally different fate for you.
When the word has been said, and the honeymoon's over,
And you're safely returned, say, from Folkestone or Dover,

If you see your hub ailing,
And painfully pining,
And you wish to be off, and not linger about him,
But enjoy to the full your new freedom without him,
Remember, remember,

From Jan. to December,
You must tie yourselves down, and be constantly near
With the pill-box and posset,
And all that may coaset
That bore of a husband, whenever he's queer.

CELA VA SANS DIRE.—In reply to the Salvationists' Solicitors, an opinion was given, signed by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, with WIT. Why drag in WIT? When CHARLES RUSSELL's name appears, the wit is taken for granted.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXIV.

SCENE—The Piazza of St. Mark at night. The roof and part of the façade gleam a greenish silver in the moonlight. The shadow of the Campanile falls, black and broad, across the huge square, which is crowded with people listening to the Military Band, and taking coffee, &c., outside the caffès. Miss TROTTER and CULCHARD are seated at one of the little tables in front of the Quadri.

Miss T. I'd like ever so much to know why it is you're so anxious to see that Miss PRENDERGAST and me friendly again? After she's been treating you this long while like you were a toad—and not a popular kind of toad at that!

Culch. (wincing). Of course I am only too painfully aware of—a certain distance in her manner towards me, but I should not think of allowing myself to be influenced by any—er—merely personal considerations of that sort.

Miss T. That's real noble! And I presume, now, you can't imagine any reason why she's been treading you so flat.

Culch. (with a shrug). I really haven't troubled to speculate Who can tell how one may, quite unconsciously, give offence—even to those who are—er—comparative strangers?

Miss T. Just so. (A pause.) Well, Mr. CULCHARD, if I wanted anything to confirm my opinion of you, I guess you've given it me!

Culch. (internally). It's very unfortunate that she will insist on idealising me like this!

Miss T. Maybe, now, you can form a pretty good idea already what that opinion is?

Culch. (in modest deprecation). You give me some reason for inferring that it is far higher than I deserve.

Miss T. Well, I don't know that you've missed your guess altogether. Are you through your ice-cream yet?

Culch. Almost. (He finishes his ice.) It is really most refreshing!

Miss T. Then, now you're refreshed, I'll tell you what I think about you. (CULCHARD resigns himself to enthusiasm.) My opinion of you, Mr. CULCHARD, is that, taking you by and large, you amount to what we Amurrcans describe as "a pretty mean cuss."

Culch. (genuinely surprised). A mean cuss? Me! Really, this unjustifiable language is most—!

Miss T. Well, I don't just know what your dictionary term would be for a man who goes and vows exclusive devotion to one young lady, while he's waiting for his answer from another, and keeps his head close shut to each about it. Or a man who backs out of his vows by trading off the sloppiest kind of flap-doodle about not wishing to blight the hopes of his dearest friend. Or a man who has been trying his hardest to get into the good graces again of the young lady he went back on first, so he can cut out that same dearest friend of his, and leave the girl he's half engaged to right out in the cold. And puts it all off on the high-toned-old sentiments, too. But I don't consider the expression, "a mean cuss," too picturesque for that particular kind of hero myself!

Culch. (breathing hard). Your feelings have apparently undergone a sudden change—quite recently!

Miss T. Well, no, the change dates back considerable—ever since we were at the Villa d'Este. Only, I like Mr. POBBURY pretty well, and I allowed he ought to have fair play, so I concluded I'd keep you around so you shouldn't get a chance of spoiling your perfectly splendid act of self-denial—and I guess I've kept you around pretty much all the time!

Culch. (bitterly). In other words, you have behaved like a heartless coquette!



"A mean cuss? Me! Really——"

Miss T. You may put it at that if you like. Maybe it wouldn't have been just the square thing to do if you'd been a different sort of man—but you wanted to be taught that you couldn't have all the fun of flirtation on your side, and I wasn't afraid the emotional strain was going to shatter you up to any serious extent. Now it's left off amusing me, and I guess it's time to stop. I'm as perfectly aware as I can be that you've been searching around for some way of getting out of it this long while back—so there's no use of your denying you'll be real enchanted to get your liberty again!

Culch. I may return your charming candour by admitting that my—er—dismissal will be—well, not wholly without its consolations.

Miss T. Then that's all right! And if you'll be obliging enough to hunt up my Poppa and send him along, I guess I can dispense with your further escort, and you can commence those consolations right away.

Culch. (alone). The little vixen! Saw I was getting tired of it, and took care to strike first. Clever—but a trifle crude. But I'm free now. Unfortunately my freedom comes too late. POBBURY's Titania is much too enamoured of those ass's ears of his—How the brute will chuckle when he hears of this! But he won't hear of it from me. I'll go in and pack and be off to-morrow morning before he's up!

Next Morning. In the Hall of the Grand Hotel Dandolo.

The German Porter (a stately person in a gold-laced uniform and a white waistcoat, escaping from importunate visitors). In von moment, Matam, I attend to you. You want a larcher room, Sare? You address ze manager, please. Your dronks, Laties? I haf zem brod down, yes.

A Lady. Oh, Porter, we want a gondola this afternoon to go to the Lido, and do try if you can get us BEFFO—that nice gondolier, you know, we had yesterday!

The Porter. Ach! I do not know any nah-ice gondolier—zey are oal—I dell you, if you lif viz zem ade mons as me, you cot your troat—yes!

Another Lady. Porter, can you tell me the name of the song that man is singing in the barge there?

Porter. I cannot tell you ze name—because zey sing always ze same ting!

A Helpless Man in knickerbockers (drifting in at the door). Here, I say. We engaged rooms here by telegram from Florence. What am I to give these fellows from the station? Combien, you know!

Porter. You gif zem two franc—and zen zey vill gromble. You haf engage rooms? yes. Zat vill pe oal rahit—Your loggag in ze gondola, yes? I haf it taken op.

The H. M. No, it's left behind at Bologna. My friend's gone back for it. And I say, think it will turn up all right?

Porter. Eef you register it, and your vrient is zere, you ged it—yes.

The H. M. Yes, but look here, don't you know? Oughtn't I to make a row—a fuss—about it, or something, eh?

Porter (moving off with subdued contempt). Oh, you can make a fuss, yes, if you like—you ged nossing!

Culch. and Podd. (stopping him simultaneously). I say, I want my luggage brought down from No. — in time for the twelve o'clock—(To each other.) Hallo! are you off too?

Culch. (confused). Er—yes—thought I might as well be getting back.

Podd. Then I—I suppose it's all settled—with Miss T.—you know—eh?

Culch. Fortunately—yes. And—er—your engagement happily concluded?

Podd. Well, it's concluded, anyway. It's all off, you know. I—I wasn't artistic enough for her.

Culch. She has refused you? My dear POBBURY, I'm really delighted to hear this—at least, that is—

Podb. Oh, don't mind me. I'm getting over it. But I must congratulate you on better luck.

Culch. On precisely similar luck. Miss TROTTER and I—er—arrived at the conclusion last night that we were not formed to make each other's happiness.

Podb. Did you, by Jove? Porter, I say, never mind about that luggage. Do you happen to know if Mr. and Miss TROTTER—the American gentleman and his daughter—are down yet?

Porter. TRODDERS? Led me see; yes, zey ged zeir breakfast early, and start two hours since for Murano and Torcello.

Podb. Torcello? Why that's where BOB and Miss PRENDERGAST talked of going to-day! CULCHARD, old fellow, I've changed my mind. Shan't leave to-day, after all. I shall just nip over and see what sort of place Torcello is.

Culch. Torcello—"the Mother of Venice!" it really seems a pity to go away without having seen it. Do you know, POBBURY, I think I'll join you!

Podb. (not over cordially). Come along, then—only look sharp. Sure you don't mind? Miss TROTTER will be there, you know!

Culch. Exactly; and so—I think you said—will the—er—PRENDERGASTS. (To Porter.) Just get us a gondola and two rowers, will you, for Torcello. And tell them to row as fast as they can!

A FAIR PHILOSOPHER.



Ah! Chloris! be as simple still
As in the dear old days;
Don't prate of Matter and Free Will.

And IBSEN's nasty plays.
A girl should ne'er, it seems to me,
Have notions so pedantic;
'Twere better far once more to be
Impulsive and romantic.

There was a time when idle tales
Could set your heart aflame;
But now the novel nought avails,
Philosophy's your game.
You talk of SCHOPENHAUER with zest,

And pessimistic teaching;
Believe me that I loved you best
Before you took to preaching.

There's still some loveliness in life,
Despite what cynics say;
It is not all ignoble strife,
That greets us on our way.

Then prithee smooth that pretty brow,
So exquisitely knitted;
Mankind in general, I trow,
Can do without being pitied.

We'll linger over fans and frills,
Discuss dress bit by bit,
As in days when the worst of ills
Were frocks that would not fit.
'Twas frivolous, but I'm content
To hear you talk at random;
For life is not all argument,
And "Quod est demonstrandum."

You smile, 'twill cost you then no pang,
To be yourself once more,
To let philosophy go hang.
With every Buddhist bore.
"Pro aris," like a Volunteer,
A girl should be, "et focis;"
Supposing then you try, my dear,
A new metempsychosis.

A COMPLICATED CASE.—The careless little boy who caught a cold from his cousin, caught it hot from his mother afterwards.

VENICE IN LONDON.

(By a Mosquito "out of it.")

Oh, it's all very fine, Mr. IMRE KARALFY,
Thus to blazon your "Venice in London" around,
To portray the Piazzetta for 'ARRY and ALFY,
But dispense with my tintinnabulatory sound.
Ask the Tourist if, reft of my wee fellow-creatures,
On the face of the waters (and watermen) blown,
He can honestly recognise Venice's features
In their miniature—or, for that matter, *his own*.
Ever watchful, we guard, Messrs. ALFY and 'ARRY,
With our trumpet and spear for the Doges, their mute,
Opalescent, profanity-proof sanctuary,
And we swell the lagoon—and lagoonster, to boot.
Stare away at this pageant of eld—ever new 'tis,—
In the glimmering gondolas loll, if you like;
But I'll warrant one eye would be closed to their beauties,
Could I only escape for a second on strike.
Could I quiver concealed by yon mimic Rialto,
Till I swooped with a warrior's music and swing,
Were I only allowed, as I ought, and I shall, to
Be avenged on your barbarous hordes with my sting.
I would tilt at the fogs that mock Italy's glory,
I would pounce on the rabble—an insolent fry;—
With my forefathers' motto, "Pro Patriâ mori,"
I'd annihilate ALFY and 'ARRY—and die!



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Real Japan is the title modestly given by Mr. HENRY NORMAN to his book published by FISHER UNWIN. This, my "Co." remarks, seems to imply that all the rest (including the lady BIRD's not unknown work) is, as the Gentleman in trouble, who wanted to secure the advocacy of Mr. JAGGERS, said, "cagmagger." This tone of bumpiousness is occasionally apparent in passages of the book, and is perhaps sufficiently explained by the circumstance, mentioned in the preface, that a number of the papers originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Foible apart, HENRY the Norman has contributed an interesting chapter to the history of a singularly attractive people. There is nothing new in the heavier parts, which smell vilely of Blue Books, and might as well have been written in Northumberland Street as in Yokohama. HENRY is best in the glimpses he gives of the people living their daily life—in the hands of justice, at school, working at their Arts and Crafts, dining and dancing.

In *The Poet's Audience* and *Delilah*, CLARA SAVILE CLARKE (whether Miss or Mrs. the Baron is unaware, and must apologise for stating the name as it appears *tout court*) has written two interesting but tragic stories. The Baron does not like being left in doubt as to the fate of any hero or heroine in whom he may have been interested, and therefore calls for "part second" to the first story. *Delilah*, short and dramatic. The Baron shrinks from correcting a lady's grammar, but to say "Mrs. Randal Morgan lay down the law" is not the best Sunday English as she is spoke. From *Fin-de-Siècle Stories*, by Messrs LAWRENCE and CADETT, the Baron selects "A Wife's Secret" (nothing to do with the old play of that name), "Mexico," and "Honour is Satisfied." Try these, and you'll have had a fine specimen of an interesting *passé-temps* collection says,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

In an article on the Salvationist disturbances at Eastbourne, the *Times* said that after the scuffle, "the Army reformed its dishevelled battalions, and marched back to its 'citadel' without molestation." In another sense, the sooner a reformation of the entire Army is effected in the exercise of Christian charity, which means consideration for their neighbours' feelings, the better for themselves and for the non-combatants of every denomination.

"A BAR MESS."—Recent difficulties about latitude of Counsel in Cross-examination.





OF THE WORLD WORLDLY.

"THERE GO THE SPICER WILCOXES, MAMMA! I'M TOLD THEY'RE DYING TO KNOW US. HADN'T WE BETTER CALL?"
 "CERTAINLY NOT, DEAR. IF THEY'RE DYING TO KNOW US, THEY'RE NOT WORTH KNOWING. THE ONLY PEOPLE WORTH OUR KNOWING ARE THE PEOPLE WHO DON'T WANT TO KNOW US!"

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

IN MEMORIAM

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

BORN, JAN. 8, 1864. DIED, JAN. 14, 1892.

"I thought thy bridal to have deck'd . . .
 And not have strew'd thy grave."—*Hamlet*.

BUT yesterday it seems,
 That, dreaming loyal dreams,
Punch, with the People, genially rejoiced
 In that Betrothal Wreath;
 And now relentless Death
 Silences all the joy our hopes had voiced.

The Shadow glides between;
 The garland's vernal green
 Shrivels to greyness in its spectral hand.
 Joy-bells are muffled, mute,
 Hushed is the bridal lute,
 And general grief darkens across the land.

Surely a hapless fate
 For young hearts so elate,
 So fired with promise of approaching bliss!
 Oh, flowers we hoped to fling!
 Oh, songs we thought to sing!
 Prophetic fancy had not pictured this.

Young, modest, scarce yet tried,
 Later he should have died,
 This gentle youth, loved by our widowed
 QUEEN!

So we are apt to say,
 Who only mark the way,
 Not the great goal by all but Heaven unseen.

* See Cartoon, "*England, Home, and Beauty!*"
 p. 295, December 19, 1891.

At least our tears may fall
 Upon the untimely pall
 Of so much frustrate promise, unreprieved;
 At least our hearts may bear
 In her great grief a share,
 Who bows above the bier of him she loved.

Princess, whose brightening fate
 We gladly hymned of late,
 Whose nuptial happiness we hoped to hymn
 With the first bursts of spring,
 To you our hearts we bring
 Warm with a sympathy death cannot dim.

Death, cold and cruel Death,
 Removes the Bridal Wreath [signed.
 England for England's daughter had de-
 Love cannot stay that hand,
 And Hymen's rosy band
 Is rent; so will the Fates austere and blind.

Blind and austere! Ah, no!
 The chill succeeds the glow,
 As winter hastes at summer's hurrying heel.
 Flowers, soft and virgin-white,
 Meant for the Bride's delight, [kneel.
 May deck the pall where love in tears must

Flowers are they, blossoms still,
 Born of Benignant Will, [heed
 Not of the Sphingian Fate, which hath no
 For human smiles or tears;
 The long-revolving years
 Have brought humanity a happier creed.

Prince-Sire of the young dead,
 Mother whose comely head
 Is bowed above him in so bitter grief;
 Betrothed one, and bereaved,
 Queen who so oft hath grieved,—
 Ye all were nurtured in this blest belief.

Hence is there comfort still,
 In a whole land's good-will,
 In hope that pallid spectre shall not slay.
 The unwelcome hand of Death
 Closes on that white wreath;
 But there is that Death cannot take away!

AT MRS. RAM'S.—They were talking of
 Mr. JOHN MORLEY. "He's not a practical
 politician," said some one, "he's a doctrinaire."
 "Is he, indeed?" said our excellent
 old Lady, "then I daresay I met him when
 I was in Scotland." Observing their puzzled
 expression, she added, "Yet it's more than
 likely I didn't, as, when in the North, I was
 so uncommonly well that I never wanted a
 medical man." Subsequently it turned out
 that she had understood Mr. J. M. to be a
 "Doctor in Ayr."

Song for Lord Rosebery.

(After "*Tom Tug*," in the "*Waterman*.")

THEN farewell, my County Council,
 Cheek, and fads, and bosh farewell,
 Never more in Whitehall Gardens
 Shall your ROSEB'RY take a spell.

CHANGE OF NAME SUGGESTED.—Why call
 the place *Monte Carlo*, why not *Mont*
 "*Blanc*" Junior? The Leviathan Winner
 who broke the record and the tables, Mr. HILL
 WELLS, might also alter his name according
 to his luck. A run of HILL-luck would settle
 him: but when "WELL's the word," he
 could forget the HILL-doing of the previous
 day.



JANUARY 14, 1892.

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

II.—THE SOCIAL DUFFER.

IF my Confessions are to be harrowing, it is in this paper that they will chiefly provoke the tear of sentiment. Other Confessors have never admitted that they are Social Duffers, except Mr. MARK PATRISON only, the Rector of Lincoln College; and he seems to have flattered himself that he was only a Duffer as a beginner. My great prototypes, J. J. ROUSSEAU, and MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, never own to having been Social Duffers. But I cannot conceal the fact from my own introspective analysis. It is not only that I was always shy. Others have fled, and hidden themselves in the laurels, or the hedgerows, when they met a lady in the way—but they grew out of this cowardly practice. Often have I, in a frantic attempt to conceal myself behind a hedge, been betrayed by my fishing-rod, which stuck out over the top. The giggles of the young women who observed me were hard to bear, but I confess that they were not unnatural.

Shyness is a fine qualification in a Social Duffer, and it is greatly improved by shortness, and, as one may say, stupidity of sight.

I never recognise any one whom I know; on the other hand, I frequently recognise people whom I never saw before in my life, and salute them with a heartiness which they fail to appreciate. Once, at an evening party, where the Princess BRESTOL was present, a lady, who had treated me with hospitable kindness, I three times mistook her; once for an eminent novelist, once for a distinguished philanthropist, and once for an admired female performer on the Banjo. I carried on conversations with her in each of these three imaginary characters,—and I ask you, is this the way to shine in Society? You may say, "Wear spectacles"—but they are unbecoming. As to an eye-glass, somehow it irritates people even more than mere blindness does. Besides, it is always dropping into one's soup.

People are always accosting me, people who seem vaguely familiar, and then I have to make believe very much that I remember them, and to wait for casual hints. The more I feel confident that I know them, the more it turns out that I don't. It is an awful thing to stop a hansom in the street, thinking that its occupant is your oldest College friend, and to discover that he is a perfect stranger, and in a great hurry. Private Views are my particular abomination. At one such show, seven ladies, all very handsome and peculiarly attired, addressed me in the most friendly manner, calling me by my name. They cannot have taken me for either of my Doubles,—one is a Cabinet Minister, one is a dentist,—for they knew my name, The MACDUFFER of Duff. Yet I had not then, nor have I now, the faintest idea who any one of the seven was. My belief is that it was done for a bet. The worst of it is when, after about five minutes, I think I have a line as to who my companion really is, then, my intelligent features lighting up, I make some remark which ruins everything, congratulate a stockbroker on getting his step, or an unmarried lady on the success of her son in the Indian Civil Service examination.

The thing goes so far that I have occasionally mistaken my wife's relations for old friends. Then, when I am hostile, it is just as bad. I never, indeed, horsewhipped the wrong man, but that is only because I never horsewhipped anybody at all, Heaven forefend! But once I did mean to cut a man, I forget why. So I cut the wrong man, a harmless acquaintance whose feelings I would not have hurt for the world. Of course I accidentally cut all the world. Some set it down to an irritable temper, and ask, "What can we have done to The MACDUFFER?" Others think I am proud. Proud! I ask, what has a Duffer to be proud of? Nobody, or very few, admit

that I am just a Duffer; a stupid, short-sighted, absent-minded child of misfortune.

All these things do not make my life so pleasant to me that I, the MACDUFFER, should greatly care to dine out. Ah, that is a trial. First, I never know my host and hostess by sight. Next, in a summer duak, I never know anybody. Then, as to conversation, I have none. My mind is always prowling about on some antiquarian hobby-horse, reflecting deeply on the Gowrie Conspiracy, or the Raid of Ruthven, or the chances in favour of PERKIN WARBECK's having been a true man. Now I do object to talking shop, I am not a lawyer, nor yet am I an actor: I do not like people who talk about their cases, or their parts. It would be unbecoming to start a conversation on the authenticity of "HENRY GORING's Letter." Then I never go to the play, I do not even know which of the Royal Family is which: modern pictures are the abominations of desolation to me; in fact, I have no "conversation-openings." A young lady, compelled to sit beside me, has been known to hum tunes, and telegraph messages of her forlorn condition to her sister, at the opposite end of the table. I pitied her, but was helpless. My impression is that she was musical, poor soul! When I do talk,

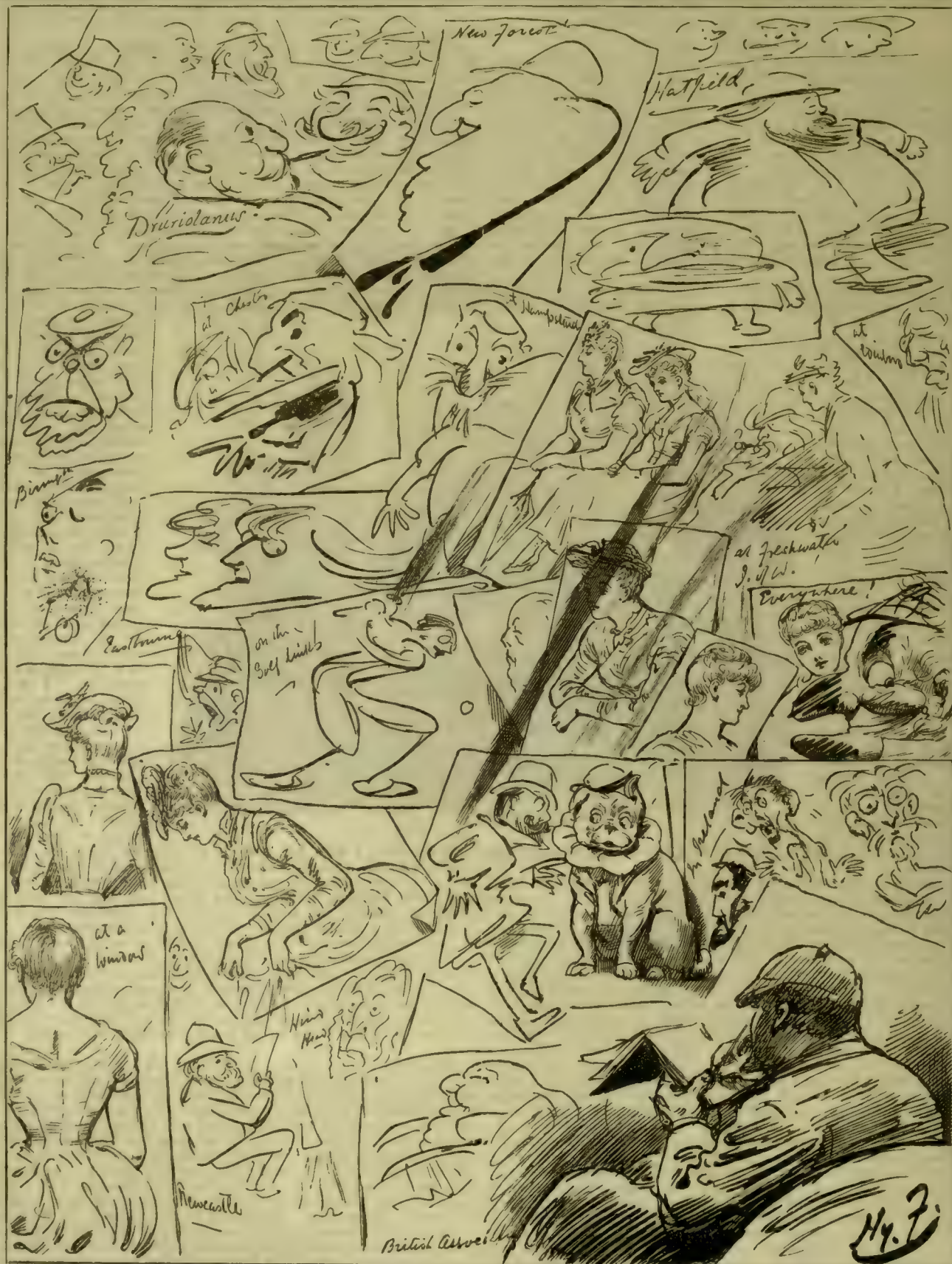
things become actively intolerable. I have no tact. To have tact, is much like being good at Halma, or whist, or tennis, or chess. You must be able to calculate the remote consequences of every move, and all the angles and side-walls from which the conversational ball may bound. It is needless to say that, at whist, I never know in the least what will happen in consequence of the card I play; and life is very much too short for the interminable calculations of chess. It is the same in conversation. I never know, or, if my subconsciousness knows, I never remember, who anybody is. I speak to people about scandals with which they are connected. I frankly give my mind about Mr. DULL's poems to Mr. DULL's

sister-in-law. I give free play to my humour about the Royal Academy in talk with the wife of an Academician of whom I never heard. I am like *Jeanie Deans*, at her interview with Queen CAROLINE, when, as the MACALLUM MORE said, she first brought down the Queen, and then Lady SUFFOLK, right and left, with remarks about unkind mothers, and the Stool of Penitence.

Thus you may see me forlorn, with each of my neighbours turning towards me the shoulder of indignation. I do not blame them, but how can I help it? It is the Fairy's fault: the curse has come upon me. WILLIAM BUFFY, the Statesman, has a great clan of kinsfolk. Did I ever express my views about WILLIAM BUFFY, but one of Clan Buffy was there, to be annoyed? When I find out what has occurred, I become as red as any tomato, but that does nobody any good.

Oh, I am a Pariah, I am unfit to live! In a savage country, to which my thoughts often wander, I would stumble over every taboo, and soon find myself in the oven. As it is, I stumble over everything, stools and lady's trains, and upset porcelain, and break all the odds and ends with which I fidget, and spill the salt, and then pour claret over it, and call on the right people at the wrong houses, and put letters in the wrong envelopes: one of the most terrible blunders of the Social Duffer. Naturally, in place of improving, MACDUFFER gets worse and worse: every failure which he discovers makes him more nervous: besides he knows that, of all his errors, he only finds out a small per-centage. Where can he take refuge? If *Robinson Crusoe* had been a social Duffer, he and *Friday* would not have been on speaking terms in a week. People think the poor Duffer malignant, boorish, haughty, unkind; he is only a Duffer, an irreclaimable, sad, pitiful creature, quite beyond the reach of philanthropy. On my grave write, not MISERERIMUS (though that would be true enough), but FUTILLISSIMUS.





OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON TOUR.

Effect of Sketching in the Train. (The Ladies were drawn at the Stations.)

A GLADSTONIAN MENU.

THE following menu of a banquet, said to have been given at Biarritz not long ago, has been forwarded to us:—

POTAGES.

Faux Col. Marée Coulante. Bonne Femme.

POISSONS.

Harpe Irlandaise, Sauce Verte.
Anguilles Glissantes.

ENTRÉES.

Petits Cultivateurs en Caisses.
Tête de Joseph frite, Sauce Jessé.
Conservateurs Foudroyés en brochette.

RÔTS.

Vieille Main Parlementaire à la Renard.
Parti de Parnell à la Conscience Non-conformiste.

LÉGUMES.

Discours en Branches.
Pommes Maître du Ministère.
Choux d'Homère.

ENTREMETS.

Sucrerie d'Office.
Conseils de Paroisse à la Cirque d'Été.
Mots de Labouchère.

DESSERT.

Plans Variés. Elections Assorties.

The waiting was done by Candidates, and during the evening the band played a selection, containing such well-known pieces as "*Souvenir de Mitchelstown*," the opening chorus of "*Mosé in Egitto*," "*Où sont nos Ducs*," "*Partant pour le Sud*," and "*Ireland, Ireland über alles*."

MR. BAYLY'S COAST-SPECTRE.

"It is scarcely credible that, at this moment, the elaborate telegraphic system of this country has little or no connection with our Lighthouses and Coastguard Stations." So said, quite recently, the *Illustrated London News* in an excellent article, appropriately entitled, A Flagrant Scandal. It is scarcely credible, and creditable not at all. "Shiver my timbers!" cries Mr. Punch (in a nautical rage), "if there is a purpose for which JOHN BULL should eagerly utilise his 'telegraphic system,' it is for the saving of his sailors' lives." Mr. ROBERT BAYLY, of Plymouth, wrote a letter to the *Times*, "giving some instances in which lamentable loss of life was solely due to the inability of the Lighthouse-keeper or Coastguard to communicate in time with the nearest life-boat station." Think of that, ye British Gentlemen, who sit at home at ease.

Aren't you ashamed of yourselves at the very thought of it! Well may "T. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON, M.R.C.S., late Honorary President of the Fishermen's Federation," say, in an indignant letter to Mr. Punch:—"Perhaps ridicule may wake up some of our salary-sucking statesmen, and permanent, higher, over-paid Government officials, who are legally and morally responsible for the present state of chaotic confusion in which these national matters have been chronically messed and muddled." Perhaps so, my valiant M.R.C.S. And, if so, that "ridicule" shall not be wanting—on Mr. Punch's part, at least. Here goes, for once:—

IMPORTUNATE MR. BAYLY.

A SONG OF A SHAMEFUL SEA-COAST SCANDAL.

AIR—"Unfortunate Miss Bailey."

A Captain bold, of British birth, might bless his stars and garters,
That if he must be wrecked at all, it should be near home quarters;



MAJOR AND MINIMUS.

Major (impatiently, to Page-Boy). "WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU LIFT THE COAT ON TO MY SHOULDERS?"

But Britons' conscience smites them when we hear of lives lost daily
For want of—some electric wires! So says stout ROBERT BAYLY.

Ah, BOB BAYLY! Importunate BOB BAYLY!
At night, when he retires to rest, is BULL, the brave and clever,
Troubled with thoughts of Jack Tars lost for want of care? No, never.
But sure, JOHN's nightcap would wag wild, his ruddy cheek wax palely,
If he only realised the tale as told by Mr. BAYLY.

Ah, R. BAYLY! Importunate R. BAYLY!
Avaunt, BOB BAYLY! So will cry officials cold and steely,
Who do not wish to be disturbed while pottering genteely,

At their old business of Red Tape circumlocuting gaily, [told by BAYLY.
By tales of wrecks for want of wires, as truly
Oh, R. BAYLY! Importunate R. BAYLY!

Importunate? And quite right too! This shame must once for all close,
Or Punch will plant some stirring kicks on—well, somebody's small-clothes.
The scandal's getting far too grave, alas! to sing of gaily,
But Punch in earnest will back up brave HAMILTON and BAYLY!
Go it, BAYLY! Be importunate still, BOB BAYLY!

See to it, Mr. BULL! Mr. Punch, echoing Importunate Mr. BAYLY and Indignant LAWRENCE-HAMILTON, lays it upon you as one of the most urgent of New Year duties!

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA.

THE ACTORS' OWN PRESS-NOTICES COMPANY LIMITED.

"Then came each actor with his Association."
Shakespeare, New Reading.

CAPITAL—quite excellent. The usual thing in sharing terms.

DIRECTORS.

The Managers of London who live at home at ease.

The Actors of England who have a pretty taste for literature.



BANKERS.—The Wild Time Bank, late PUCK'S Limited.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. BOX AND COX, Bouncer Buildings.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. HENTRA, SUPER, NUMERY & Co., Mum Street, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem).—A. PLYACK TORR.

OFFICES.—In the Adelphi.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purposes of establishing a thoroughly reliable newspaper in the interests of the Drama, and the shareholders belonging to the Theatrical Profession of the United Kingdom.

1. To uphold every Shareholder's claim to Acting as an Art.

2. To secure the best possible criticism by enabling every shareholder to write the notices of his own performances.

3. To take cognisance of the literature that grows up around the Stage, especially criticism in other quarters.

4. To notice the Drama all the world over, when space permits.

5. To support the work of the Profession in general, and the Shareholders in particular.

6. To afford a means of exercising hobbies.

7. To contain Articles by any of the recognised critics ("distinguished writers of the day").

8. To serve as a Directory, or *Vade Mecum*, or Press-notes container for the benefit of the Shareholders.

Many leading theatrical lessees, managers, and actors, have expressed themselves strongly in favour of the necessity of establishing a paper, written by themselves, for themselves, to read. Without such an organ it is impossible that they can be adequately represented.

The need of such a journal has long been felt by those whose theatrical notices have been the reverse of satisfactory.

A large number of prominent players have promised to take shares, and advertise, not only in the advertisement columns, but in other parts of the proposed paper.

The price of the paper will be hereafter settled by the Directors, who feel that this is a mere matter of detail. The charge for advertisements will be very moderate, to suit the requirements of the shareholders.

Pictures and all sorts of clever things will be introduced when the capital is subscribed, but it's no use making promises until the bankers have got the money.

If there is a rush for shares (as anticipated), those who come first will have the preference.

It may be stated that lots of people have promised to become shareholders which is satisfactory. But it is necessary to add that no one will be permitted to become a contributor to the paper even of the most interesting

nature (i.e., Press notices, &c.), until he has contributed to its capital.

It is the intention of the Promoters that the majority of the shares that be allotted to persons in or connected with the profession, so that there shall be no nonsense from outsiders.

No promotion money will be paid to anyone. The only preliminary expenses will be those connected with law and stationery.

It is proposed to start the Journal at once, per contract. The Promoters are in communication with a gentleman who will make a first-rate Editor, and who will (they believe) be delighted to accept such an appointment if offered to him. Special arrangements will be made for the insertion of such advertisements as "Wigs on the Green" and "Curtain Razors."

As the paper will be sent about largely, it should have a good circulation, and the Promoters give as a standing toast, "Success to the Advertisement Department!"

Under such brilliant auspices, both the Company and the paper (as the legal advisers, Messrs. Box & Cox would say) "should be satisfied."

In the event of no money being received, the amount will be returned without deductions.

CRIES WITHOUT WOOL.

No. 1.—"HALL THE WINNERS!"

OF all the cries this world can boast—

A loud, unconscionable host—

There's one that I detest the most—

It haunts me o'er my morning toast,

It scares my luncheon's calm and dinner's.



It dogs my steps throughout the week,

That cursed crescendo of a shriek;

I cannot read, or write, or speak,

Undeafened by its howl unique,

That demon-yell of "Hall the Winners!"

I'm not, I own, a racing man;

I never loved a horse that ran,

And betting is a vice I ban;

Still, to the sporting caravan—

Or good, or bad, or saints, or sinners—

I bear no malice; nor would take

A leaf from any books they make;

Why then, should they, for mercy's sake,

Pursue me till my senses ache

With that relentless "Hall the Winners?"

If it were only but a few,
But "Hall the Winners!"—why, the crew
Must winning be the whole year through!

Why can't a veteran or two

Retire in favour of beginners?

I'd rather welcome e'en the strain

Of "Hall the Losers!" than remain

A martyr frenzied and profane

To that importunate refrain

Of (There! they're at it!) "Hall the
Winners!"

THE HONOUR OF THE BAR.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—As the *London Charivari* is recognised all the world over as the universally acknowledged organ of the legal profession in England, will you permit me to make an explanation nearly touching my professional reputation. A few days since, a Correspondent to one of your contemporaries complained that the leading Counsel of the epoch were in the habit of accepting fees they never intended to earn. He more than hinted that we, Barristers were prone to receive cheques for briefs that we knew we would never attend to; that we were ready to be paid for being present in one Court, when we knew that we were sure to be engaged in another. And so and so on.

Now there can be but one interpretation to such a statement. I am reluctantly compelled to believe that some learned friend or other, annoyed at my increasing practice, has levelled this blow at me, with a view to lessening my prosperity. Will you let me say then, once and for all, I have never received fees for briefs to which I have paid no attention; that my presence has never been required in one Court when I have been professionally engaged in another? My Clerk, PORTINGTON, who has been with me for many years, will tell anyone interested in the matter, that I am most careful not to accept papers promiscuously. In conclusion, anyone who knows me will refuse to believe that I have ever accepted more business than that to which I have been able to give proper attention. It is not my custom to crowd my mantelpiece with papers appealing to me in vain for my consideration. At this moment I have not a single matter demanding my care, except a bundle sent in to me three years ago by a madman.

Believe me, yours most truly,

(Signed) A BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court,
January 18, 1892.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—Mr. Punch is glad to congratulate everybody on the improvement in the health of JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE, comedian. It may be remembered that Mr. TOOLE, being at Mr. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE'S house, and suddenly feeling unwell, was pressed by his kind host to stay there the night. He accepted and stopped about three weeks. Mr. J. L. TOOLE recommends the "ROUTLEDGE Treatment" to everybody. He is enthusiastic on the subject. So many persons have acted on his advice, and when calling on Mr. ROUTLEDGE, in quite a casual and friendly way, apparently, have been suddenly taken worse, that the benevolent publisher who feels deeply the necessity of showing these distressing visitors at once to the door, wishes it generally to be known that "Open House" is closed as a "Casual Ward," and that he is not at home to anybody except *bona fide* visitors who will give their written word, under penalties, not to be taken ill during their brief interview with him.

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

III.—THE LITERARY DUFFER.

WHY I am not a success in literature it is difficult for me to tell; indeed, I would give a good deal to anyone who would explain the reason. The Publishers, and Editors, and Literary Men decline to tell me *why* they do not want my contributions. I am sure I have done all that I can to succeed. When my Novel, *Geoffrey's Cousin*, comes back from the Row, I do not lose heart—I pack it up, and send it off again to the Square, and so, I may say, it goes the round. The very manuscript attests the trouble I have taken. Parts of it are written in my own hand, more in that of my housemaid, to whom I have dictated passages; a good deal is in the hand of my wife. There are sentences which I have written a dozen times, on the margins, with lines leading up to them in red ink. The story is written on paper of all sorts and sizes, and bits of paper are pasted on, here and there, containing revised versions of incidents and dialogue. The whole packet is now far from clean, and has a business-like and travelled air about it, which should command respect. I always accompany it with a polite letter, expressing my willingness to cut it down, or expand it, or change the conclusion. Nobody can say that I am proud. But it always comes back from the Publishers and Editors, without any explanation as to why it will not do. This is what I resent as particularly hard. The Publishers decline to tell me what their Readers have really said about it. I have forwarded *Geoffrey's Cousin* to at least five or six notorious authors, with a letter, which runs thus:—

DEAR SIR,—You will be surprised at receiving a letter from a total stranger, but your well-known goodness of heart must plead my excuse. I am aware that your time is much occupied, but I am certain that you will spare enough of that valuable commodity to glance through the accompanying MS. Novel, and give me your frank opinion of it. Does it stand in need of any alterations, and, if so, what? Would you mind having it published *under your own name*, receiving one-third of the profits? A speedy answer will greatly oblige."

Would you believe it, *Mr. Punch*, not one of these over-rated and over-paid men has ever given me any advice at all? Most of them simply send back my parcel with no reply. One, however, wrote to say that he received at least six such packets every week, and that his engagements made it impossible for him to act as a guide, counsellor, and friend to the amateurs of all England. He added that, if I published the Novel at my own expense, the remarks of the public critics would doubtless prove most valuable and salutary.

This decided me; I *did* publish, at my own expense, with Messrs. SAUL, SAMUEL, MOSS & Co. I had to pay down £150, then £35 for advertisements, then £70 for Publisher's Commission. Other expenses fell grievously on me, as I sent round printed postcards to everyone whose name is in the Red Book, asking them to ask for *Geoffrey's Cousin* at the Libraries. I also despatched six copies, with six anonymous letters, to Mr. GLADSTONE, signing them, "A Literary Constituent," "A Wavering Anabaptist," and so forth, but, extraordinary to relate, I have received no answer, and no notice has been taken of my disinterested presents. The reviews were of the most meagre and scornful description. Messrs. SAUL, SAMUEL, MOSS & Co. have just written to me, begging me to remove the "remainder" of my book, and charging £23 15s. 6d. for warehouse expenses. Yet, when I read *Geoffrey's Cousin*, I fail to see that it falls, in any way, beneath the general run of novels. I enclose a marked copy, and solicit your earnest attention for the passage in which *Geoffrey's Cousin* blights his hopes for ever. The story, Sir, is one of controversy, and is suited to this time. *Geoffrey McPhun* is an Auld Licht (see Mr. BARRIE's books, *passim*). His cousin is an Esoteric Buddhist. They love each other dearly, but *Geoffrey*, a

rigid character, cannot marry any lady who does not burn, as an Auld Licht, "with a hard gem-like flame." *Violet Blair*, his cousin, is just as staunch an Esoteric Buddhist. Nothing stands between them but the differences of their creed.

"How can I contemplate, *GEOFFREY*," said *VIOLET*, with a rich blush, "the possibility of seeing our little ones stray from the fold of the Lama of Thibet into a chapel of the Original Secession Church?"

They determine to try to convert each other. *Geoffrey* lends *Violet* all his theological library, including Wobrow's *Analecta*. She lends him the learned works of Mr. SINNETT and Madame BLAVATSKY. They retire, he to the Himalayas, she to Thrums, and their letters compose Volume II. (Local colour à la KIPPLING and BARRIE.) On the slopes of the Himalayas you see *Geoffrey* converted; he becomes a Cheela, and returns by overland route. He rushes to Ramsgate, and announces his complete acceptance of the truth as it is in Mahatmaism. Alas! alas! *Violet* has been over-persuaded by the seductions of Presbyteranism, she has hurried down from Thrums, rejoicing, a full-blown Auld Licht. And, in her *Geoffrey*, she finds a convinced Esoteric Buddhist! They are no better off than they were, their union is impossible, and Vol. III. ends in their poignant anguish.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, is not this the very novel for the times; rich in adventure (in Kafiristan), teeming with philosophical suggestiveness, and sparkling with all the epigrams of my commonplace book. Yet I am about £300 out of pocket, and, moreover, a blighted being.

I have taken every kind of pains; I have asked London Correspondents to dinner; I have written flattering letters to everybody; I have attempted to get up a deputation of Beloochis to myself; I have tried to make people interview me; I have puffed myself in all the modes which study and research can suggest. If anybody has, I have been "up to date." But Fortune is my foe, and I see others flourish by the very arts which fail in my hands.

I mention my Novel because its failure really is a mystery. But I am not at all more fortunate in the reception of my poetry. I have tried it every way—ballades by the bale, sonnets by the dozen, loyal odes, seditious songs, drawing-room poetry, an Epic on the history of Labducco, erotic verse, all fire, foam, and fangs, reflective ditto, humble natural ballads about signal-men and newspaper-boys, Life-boat rescues, Idylls, Nocturnes in rhyme, tragedies in blank verse. Nobody will print them, or, if anybody prints them, he regrets that he cannot pay for them. My moral and discursive essays are rejected, my descriptions of nature do

not even get into the newspapers. I have not been elected by the Sydenham Club (a clique of humbugs); I have let my hair grow long; I have worn a cloak and a Tyrolese hat, and attitudinised in the picture-galleries, but nobody asked who I am. I have endeavoured to hang on to well-known poets and novelists—they have not welcomed my advances.

My last dodge was a Satire, the *Logrolliad*, in which I lashed the charlatans and pretenders of the day.

While hoary statesmen scribble in reviews
And guide the doubtful verdict of the Blues,
While HAGGARD scrawls, with blood in lieu of ink,
While MALLOCK teaches Marquises to think,

so long I have rhythmically expressed my design to wield the dripping scourge of satire. But nobody seems a penny the worse, and I am not a paragraph the better. Short stories of a startling description fill my drawers, nobody will venture on one of them. I have closely imitated every writer who succeeds, but my little barque may attendant sail, it pursues the triumph, but does not partake the gale.

I am now engaged on a Libretto for an heroic opera.

What offers?



"I have worn a cloak and a Tyrolese hat, and attitudinised in the Picture-galleries."



THE IMPERIAL JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

Chorus (Everybody). "EVERYTHING IN ORDER EVERYWHERE! O! WHAT A SURPRISE! SOLD AGAIN!"

THE IMPERIAL JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

A SONG FOR THE SHOUTING EMPEROR.

AIR—"The Major-General."

I AM the very pattern of a Modern German Emperor,
 [to temper, or Omniscent and omnipotent, I ne'er give way
 If now and then I run a-muck in a Malay-like fashion,
 [purpose in my passion. As there's method in my madness, so there's
 'Tis my aim to manage *everything* in order categorical—
 [historical. My fame as Cosmos-maker I intend shall be
 I know they call me *Paul Pry*, say I'm fussy and pragmatical—
 But that's because sheer moonshine always hates the mathematical.
 I'm not content to "play the King" with an imperial pose in it—
 Whatever is marked "Private" I shall up and poke my nose in it.

ALL.

He won't let drowsing dogs lie, he'll stir up the tabby sleeping Tom—
 In fact, he is the model of a modern German Peeping Tom!

I bounce into the Ball-Room when they think I'm fast asleep at home,
 And measure steps and skirts and things and mark what state folks keep at home;
 Watch the toilette of young Beauty on the very strictest Q.T. too,
 Evangelise the Army and keep sentries to their duty, too,
 On the Navy, and the Clergy, and the Schools, my wise eyes shoot lights, Sir.
 I'm awfully particular to regulate the foot-lights, Sir.
 I preach sermons to my soldiers and arrange their "duds" and duels, too,
 And tallow their poor noses, when they've colds, and mix their gruels, too;
 I'll make everybody moral, and obedient, and frugal, Sir—
 In fact I'm an Imperial edition of McDougall, Sir!

ALL.

He'd compel us to drink water and restrain us when to wed agog;
 [pedagogue. In fact he is the model of a Modern German

I've all the god-like attributes, omniscient, ubiquitous,
 [commonly iniquitous. I mean to squelch free impulse, which is But what's the good of being Chief Inspector of the Universe,
 And prying into everything from pompous Law to puny verse,
 [tendency If everything or nearly so, shows a confounded To go right of its own accord? My Masterful Resplendency
 [gaze on trustingly Would radiate aurorally, a world would If only things in general wouldn't go on so disgustingly.
 [autocratical, Where is the pull of being Earth's Inspector When the Progress I'd be motor of seems mainly automatical?

ALL.

Hooray! My would-be Jupiter, a *parvenu* is told again
 He's not the true Olympian, Jack-in-the-Box is "Sold Again!!!"

"ARTIFICIAL OYSTER-CULTIVATION," read Mrs. R., as the heading of a par in the *Times*.
 "Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "who on earth would ever think of eating 'artificial oysters!'"

NOTHING is certain in this life except Death, Quarter Day and stoppage for ten minutes at Swindon Station.



SO CONVENIENT!

Young Wife. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING, REGGIE DEAR!"

Reggie Dear. "ONLY TO THE CLUB, MY DARLING."

Young Wife. "OH, I DON'T MIND THAT, BECAUSE THERE'S A TELEPHONE THERE, AND I CAN TALK TO YOU THROUGH IT, CAN'T I?"
 Reggie. "Y-YES—BUT—ER—YOU KNOW, THE CONFOUNDED WIRES ARE ALWAYS GETTING OUT OF ORDER!"

PARLIAMENT À LA MODE DE PARIS.

SCENE—The Chamber during a Debate of an exciting character. Member with a newspaper occupying the Tribune.

Member. I ask if the report in this paper is true? It calls the Minister a scoundrel!

[Frantic applause.]

President. I must interpose. It is not right that such a document should be read.

Member. But it is true. I hold in my hand this truth-telling sheet. (Shouts of "Well done!") This admirable journal describes the Minister as a trickster, a man without a heart!

[Yells of approbation.]

President. I warn the Member that he is going too far. He is outraging the public conscience.

Member. It is you that outrage the public conscience.

[Sensation.]

President. This is too much! If I hear another word of insult, I will assume my hat.

[Profound and long-continued agitation.]

Member. A hat is better than a turned coat! (Thunders of applause.) I say that this paper is full of wholesome things, and that when it denounces the Minister as a good-for-nothing, as a slanderer, as a thief—it does but its duty.

[Descends from the Tribune amidst tumultuous applause, and is met by the Minister. Grand altercation, with results.]

Minister's Friends. What have you done to him?

Minister (with dignity). I have avenged my honour—I have hit him in the eye!

[Scene closes in upon the Minister receiving hearty congratulations from all sides of the Chamber.]

PRESERVED VENICE.

(Specially Imported for the London Market.)

A SATURDAY NIGHT SCENE AT OLYMPIA.

IN THE PROMENADE.

A Pessimistic Matron (the usual beady and tugle-y female, who takes all her pleasure as a penance). Well, they may call it "Venice," but I don't see no difference from what it was when the Barnum Show was 'ere—except—(regretfully)—that then they 'ad the Freaks o' Nature, and Jumbo's skelinton!

Her Husband (an Optimist—less from conviction than contradiction). There you go, MARIA, finding fault the minute you've put your nose inside! We ain't in Venice yet. It's up at the top o' them steps.

The P. M. Up all them stairs? Well, I 'ope it'll be worth seeing when we do get there, that's all!

An Attendant (as she arrives at the top). Not this door, Ma'am—next entrance for Modern Venice.

The Opt. Husb. You needn't go all the way down again, when the steps join like that!

The P. M. I'm not going to walk sideways—I'm not a crab, JOE, whatever you may think. (JOE assents, with reservations). Now wherever have those other two got to? 'urrying off that way! Oh, there they are. 'Ere, LIZZIE and JEM, keep along o' me and Father, do, or we shan't see half of what's to be seen!

Lizzie. Oh, all right, Ma; don't you worry so! (To JEM, her fiancé.) Don't those tall fellows look smart with the red feathers in their cocked 'ats? What do they call them?

Jem (a young man, who thinks for himself). Well, I shouldn't wonder if those were the parties they call "Doges"—sort o' police over there, d'ye see?

Lizzie. They're 'andsomer than 'elmets, I will say that for them. (They enter Modern Venice, amidst cries of "This way for Gondola Tickets! Pass along, please! Keep to your right!" &c., &c.) It does have a foreign look, with all those queer names written up. Think it's like what it is, JEM?

Jem. Bound to be, with all the money they've spent on it. I daresay they've idle-ised it a bit, though.

The P. M. Where are all these kinals they talk so much about? I don't see none!

Jem (as a break in the crowd reveals a narrow olive-green channel). Why, what d'ye call that, Ma?

The P. M. That a kinal! Why, you don't mean to tell me any barge 'ud—

The Opt. Husb. Go on!—you didn't suppose you'd find the Paddington Canal in these parts, did you? This is big enough for all they want. (A gondola goes by lurchily, crowded with pot-hatted passengers, smoking pipes, and wearing the uncomfortable smile of children enjoying their first elephant-ride.) That's one o' these 'ere gondolers—it's a rum-looking concern, ain't it? But I suppose you get used to 'em—(philosophically)—like everything else!

The P. M. It gives me the creeps to look at 'em. Talk about 'earses!

The Opt. Husb. Well, look 'ere, we've come out to enjoy ourselves—what d'ye say to having a ride in one, eh?

The P. M. You won't ketch me trusting myself in one o' them tituppy things, so don't you deceive yourself!

The Opt. Husb. Oh, it's on'y two foot o' warm water if you do tip over. Come on! (Hailing Gondolier, who has just landed his cargo.) 'Ere, 'ow much 'll you take the lot of us for, hey?

Gondolier (gesticulating). Teekits! you tek teekits—lā—you vait!

Jem. He means we've got to go to the office and take tickets and stand in a cue, d'yer see?

The P. M. Me go and form a cue down there and get squeezed like at the Adelphi Pit, all to set in a rickety gondolier! I can see all I want to see without messing about in one o' them things!

The Others. Well, I dunno as it's worth the extry sixpence, come to think of it. (They pass on, contentedly.)

Jem. We're on the Rialto Bridge now, LIZZIE, d'ye see? The one in SHAKSPEARE, you know.

Lizzie. That's the one they call the "Bridge o' Sighs," ain't it? (Hazily.) Is that because there's shops on it?

Jem. I dessay. Shops—or else suicides.

Lizzie (more hazily than ever). Ah, the same as the Monument. (They walk on with a sense of mental enlargement.)

Mrs. Lavender Salt. It's wonderfully like the real thing, LAVENDER, isn't it? Of course they can't quite get the true Venetian atmosphere!

Mr. L. S. Well, MIMOSA, they'd have the Sanitary Authorities down on them if they did, you know!

Mrs. L. S. Oh, you're so horribly unromantic! But, LAVENDER, couldn't we get one of those gondolas and go about. It would be so lovely to be in one again, and fancy ourselves back in dear Venice, now wouldn't it?

Mr. L. S. The illusion is cheap at sixpence; so come along, MIMOSA!

[He secures tickets, and presently the LAVENDER SALTS, find themselves part of a long queue, being marshalled between barriers by Italian gendarmes in a state of politely suppressed amusement.]

Mrs. L. S. (over her shoulder to her husband, as she imagines). I'd no idea we should have to go through all this! Must

we really herd in with all these people? Can't we two manage to get a gondola all to ourselves?

A Voice (not LAVENDER'S—in her ear). I'm sure I'm 'ighly flattered, Mum, but I'm already suited; yn't I, DYSSY?

[DYSSY corroborates his statement with unnecessary emphasis.]

A Sturdy Democrat (in front, over his shoulder). Pity yer didn't send word you was coming, Mum, and then they'd ha' kep' the place clear of us common people for yer! [Mrs. L. S. is sorry she spoke.]

IN THE GONDOLA.—Mr. and Mrs. L. S. are seated in the back seat, supported on one side by the Humorous 'ARRY and his Fiancée, and on the other by a pale, bloated youth, with a particularly rank cigar, and the Sturdy Democrat, whose two small boys occupy the seat in front.

The St. Dem. (with malice aforethought). If you two lads ain't





ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

MARIANA ARRIVES AT THE MOATED GRANGE (AFTER A LONG, DAMP JOURNEY) JUST IN TIME TO DRESS FOR DINNER, AND FINDS, TO HER SORROW, THAT HER ROOM IS WARMED BY HOT WATER PIPES AND LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

got room there, I dessay this lady won't mind takin' one of yer on her lap. (To Mrs. L. S., who is frozen with horror at the suggestion.) They're 'amin beans, Mum, like yerself!

Mrs. L. S. (desperately ignoring her other neighbours). Isn't that lovely balcony there copied from the one at the Pisani, LAVENDER—or is it the Contarini? I forget.

Mr. L. S. Don't remember—got the Rialto rather well, haven't they? I suppose that's intended for the dome of the Salute down there—not quite the outline, though, if I remember right. And, if that's the Campanile of St. Mark, the colour's too brown, eh?

The Hum. 'Arry (with intention). Oh, I say, DYSS, yn't that the Kempynolly of Kennington Oval, right oppersite? and 'aven't they got the Grand Kinel in the Ole Kent Road proper, eh?

Dyss (playing up to him, with enjoyment). Jest 'aven't they! On'y I don't quite remember whether the colour o' them gas-lamps is correct. But there, if we go on torkin' this w'y, other parties might think we wanted to show orf!

Mrs. L. S. Do you remember our last gondola expedition, LAVENDER, coming home from the Giudecca in that splendid sunset?

The Hum. A Recklect you and me roidin' 'ome from Walworth on a rhinebow, DYSS, eh?

Chorus of Chaff from the bridges and terraces as they pass. 'Ullo, 'ere comes another boat-load! 'Igher up, there! ... Four-wheeler! ... Ain't that toff in the tall 'at enjoyin' himself? Quite a 'appy funeral! &c., &c.

Mrs. L. S. (faintly, as they enter the Canal in front of the Stage). LAVENDER, dear, I really can't stand this much longer!

Mr. L. S. (to the Bloating Youth). Might I ask you, Sir, not to puff your smoke in this lady's face—it's extremely unpleasant for her!

The B. Y. All right, Mister, I'm always ready to oblige a lady—but—(with wounded pride)—as to its bein' unpleasant, yer know, all I can tell yer is—(with sarcasm)—that this 'appens to be one of the best tuppenny smokes in 'Ammersmith!

Mr. L. S. (diplomatically). I am sure of that—from the aroma, but if you could kindly postpone its enjoyment for a little while, we should be extremely obliged!

The B. Y. Well, I must keep it aloof, yer know. If there's any-one 'ere that understands cigars, they'll bear me out as it never smokes the same when you once let it out.

(The other Passengers confirm him in this epicurean dictum, whereupon he sucks the cigar at intervals behind Mrs. L. S.'s back, during the remainder of the trip.)

Mr. L. S. (to Mrs. L. S. when they are alone again). Well, MIMOSA, illusion successful, eh? Mrs. L. S. Oh, don't!

TO MY CIGARETTE.

My own, my loved, my Cigarette, The strong I found too apt to burn
My dainty joy disguised in tissue, [regret] My tongue, the week to try my
What fate can make your slave And all were failures, and I grew
The day when first he dared to More tentative and undecided,
kiss you? Consulted friends, and found they

I had smoked briars, like to most knew
Who joy in smoking, and had As little as or less than I did.
been a Havannah yielded up her pick
Too ready prey to those who boast Of prime cigars to my fruition;
Their bonded stores of Reina I bought a case, and some went
Fina. "sick,"

In honeydew had steeped my soul, The rest were never in condition.
Had been of cherry pipes a Until in sheer fatigue I turned
cracker, To you, tobacco's white-robed
And watched the creamy, meer- tyro, [learned
schaum's bowl And from your golden legend
Grow weekly, daily, hourly Your maker dwelt and wrought
blackier. in Cairo.



Read CALVERLEY and learnt by heart [weed in];
The lines he celebrates the Waif from the far Egyptian home
And blew my smoke in rings, an Of Pharaohs, crocodiles, and
art [in] mummies;

That many try, but few succeed Beloved, in spite of jeer and
In fact of nearly every style frown; [you]
Of smoke I was a kindly critic, The more the Philistines assail
Though I had found Manillas vile, The more the doctors run you
And Trichinopolis mephitic. down, [you]

The stout tobacco-jar became The more I puff you—and inhale
Within my smoking-room a Though worn with toil and vexed
fixture; with strife

I heard my friends extol by name (Ye smokers all, attend and
Each one his own peculiar hear me),
mixture. Undaunted still I live my life,

And tried them every one in turn With you, my Cigarette, to
(@ varium, tobacco, semper!); cheer me.



SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

"HOW CHARMING YOU LOOK, DEAR MRS. BELLAMY—AS USUAL! WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHO MAKES YOUR LOVELY FROCKS? I'M SO DISSATISFIED WITH MY DRESS-MAKER!" "OH, CERTAINLY. MRS. CHIFFONNETTE, OF BOND STREET."

"CHIFFONNETTE! WHY, I'VE BEEN TO HER FOR YEARS! THE WRETCH! I WONDER WHY SHE SUITS YOU SO MUCH BETTER, NOW!"

A TALK OVER THE TUB;

Or, Legal Laundresses in Council.

"The whole legal machinery is out of gear, and the country is too busy to put it right."—*Law Times.*

A Leading Laundress.

WICH I say, Missis 'ALSBURY, Mum, We are all getting into a quand'ry; You and me can no longer be dumb, Seein' how we're the heads of the Laundry:

It is all very well to stand 'ere,
Soooperintending the soaping and rinsing;
Old pleas for delay, I much fear,
Are no longer entirely conwincing.
Just look at the Linen—in 'eaps!
And no one can say it ain't dirty!
Our clients, a-grumbling they keeps,
And some of 'em seem getting shirty.
Wotever, my dear, shall we do?
Two parties 'as axed me that question;
And now I just puts it to you,
And I 'ope you can make some sugges-
tion.

Head Laundress.

My dear Missis COLEY, I own
I ain't heard from the parties you 'int at.
But them Linen-'eaps certny 'as grown,
Wich their bulk I 'ave just took a squint at.
We sud, and we rub, and we scrub,
And the pile 'ardly seems to diminish.
It tires us poor Slaves of the Tub,
And the doose only knows when we 'll finish.

A Leading Laundress.

Percisely, my dear, but it's *that*,
As the Public insists upon knowin',
Missis MATHEW 'as told me so, pat,
Wich likeways 'as good Missis BOWEN.
You can't floor their argyments, quite,
'Owsomever you twirl 'em or 'twist 'em;
They say, and I fear they are right,
There is somethink all wrong with our
System!

Head Laundress.

Our System! Well, well, my good soul,
You know 'twasn't *us* as inwented it.
We wouldn't have got into this 'ole,
If you and me could 'ave perwented it.
I know there's no end of a block,
That expenses is running up awfully;
The sight of it gives me a shock,
But 'ow can we alter it—*lawfully*?

A Leading Laundress.

I fear, Mum, I very much fear,
That word doesn't strike so much terror
As once on the dull public ear; [error!
Times change, Mum, they do, make no
Our clients complain of the cost,
And lots of Commercials is leaving us.
I think, Mum, afore more is lost,
We had best own the block is—well
grieving us!

Head Laundress.

There can't be no 'arm, dear, in *that*.
Let's write to the papers and 'int it.
I know with your pen you are pat,
And the *Times* will be 'appy to print it.
If we are to git through *that* lot, [notion!
We must 'ave some more 'elp—that's my
Let's strike whilst the iron is 'ot,
The Public may trust our dewotion.
We'll call the chief Laundresses round;
Some way we no doubt shall discover.
At least, dear, 'twill 'ave a good sound,
If we meet, and—well *talk the thing over!*
[Left doing so.

A MENU FROM HATFIELD.

POTAGES.

Consommé de Neveu aux Balles de Golf.
Au Jo poché.

ENTRÉES.

Suprême de Livres Bleus.
Irlandais Sauvages en Culottes.
Filou Mignon Randolph, Sauce Tartarin.
Dégoût de Goschen à la Financière.

RÔTS.

Canards Portugais.
Entrecôte d'Afrique à l'Allemande.

RELEVÉS.

Terrine de Fermes Vendues à la Parnell
Pâté de Loi à l'Ordre Publique.

LÉGUMES.

Petits Soupçons Français, Sauce Égyptienne.
Vêpres Cœciliennes.

ENTREMETS.

Absorbé de Birmingham.
Succès de Whitehall aux Affaires Étrangères.

DESSERT.

Amendes Parlementaires.
Raisons de Plus en Défaites.



“SHORT ‘ANDED.’”

MRS. HUSB-RY. “I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, MRS. COLEY, MUM,—IF ALL THIS ‘ERE DIRTY LINEN’S TO BE GOT THROUGH, WE MUST ‘AVE ‘ELP, MUM!”

"THE MUSIC IN OUR STREET."

(A word from a Girl who lives in it.)



Did you ever 'ear our music? What, never? *There's a shame*; I tell yer it's golopehus, we do 'ave such a game. When the sun's a-shinin' brightly, when the fog's upon the town, When the frost 'as bust the water-pipes, when rain comes pourin' down;

In the mornin' when the costers come a-shoutin' with their mokes, In the evenin' when the gals walk out a-spoonin' with their blokes, When Mother's slappin' BILLY, or when Father wants 'is tea, When the boys are in the "Spotted Dog" a 'avin' of a spree, No matter what the weather is, or what the time o' day, Our music allus visits us, and never goes away. And when they've tooned themselves to-rights, I tell yer it's a treat Just to listen to the lot of 'em a-playin' in our street.

There's a chap as turns the organ—the best I ever 'eard— Oh lor' he does just jabber, but you can't make out a word. I can't abear Italians, as allus uses knives, And talks a furrin lingo all their miserable lives. But this one calls me BELLA—which my Christian name is SUE— And 'e smiles and turns 'is organ very proper, that he do. Sometimes 'e plays a polker and sometimes it's a march, And I see 'is teeth all shinin' through 'is lovely black mustarch. And the little uns dance round him, you 'd laugh until you cried If you saw my little brothers do their 'ornpipes side by side, And the gals they spin about as well, and don't they move their feet, When they 'ear that pianner-organ man, as plays about our street.

There's a feller plays a cornet too, and wears a ulster coat, My eye, 'e does puff out 'is cheeks a-tryin' for 'is note. It seems to go right through yer, and, oh, it's right-down rare When 'e gives us "Annie Laurie" or "Sweet Spirit, 'ear my Prayer";

'E's so stout that when 'e's blowin' 'ard you think 'e must go pop; And 'is nose is like the lamp (what's red) outside a chemist's shop. And another blows the penny-pipe,—I allus thinks it's thin, And I much prefers the cornet when 'e ain't bin drinkin' gin. And there's Concertina-JIMMY, it makes yer want to shout When 'e acts just like a windmill and waves 'is arms about. Oh, I'll lay you 'alf a tanner, you'll find it 'ard to beat The good old 'eaps of music that they gives us in our street.

And a pore old ragged party, whose shawl is shockin' torn, She sings to suit 'er 'usband while 'e plays on so forlorn. 'Er voice is dreadful wheezy, and I can't exactly say I like 'er style of singin' "Tommy Dodd" or "Nancy Gray." But there, she does 'er best, I'm sure; I musn't run 'er down, When she's only tryin' all she can to earn a honest brown. Still, though I'm mad to 'ear 'em play, and sometimes join the dance, I often wish one music gave the other kind a chance. The organ might have two days, and the cornet take a third, While the pipe-man tried o' Thursdays 'ow to imitate a bird. But they allus comes together, singin' playin' as they meet With their pipes and 'orns and organs in the middle of our street.

But there, I can't stand chatterin', pore mother's mortal bad, And she's got to work the whole day long to keep things straight for dad.

Complain? Not she. She scrubs and rubs with all 'er might and main,

And the lot's no sooner finished but she's got to start again. There's a patch for JOHNNY's jacket, a darn for BILLY's socks, And an hour or so o' needlework a mendin' POLLY's frocks; With floors to wash, and plates to clean, she 'd soon be skin and bone ('Er cough 's that aggravatin') if she did it all alone. There'll be music while we 're workin' to keep us on the go— I like my tunes as fast as fast, pore mother likes 'em slow— Ah! we don't get much to laugh at, nor yet too much to eat, And the music stops us thinkin' when they play it in the street.

"MARIE, COME UP!"—When Miss MARIE LLOYD, who, unprofessionally, when at home, is known as Mrs. PERCY COURTENAY, which her Christian name is MATILDA, recently appeared at Bow-Street Police Court, having summoned her husband for an assault, the Magistrate, Mr. LUSHINGTON, ought to have called on the Complainant to sing "Whacky, Whacky, Whack!" which would have come in most appropriately. Let us hope that the pair will make it up, and, as the story-books say, "live happily ever afterwards."

NIGHT LIGHTS.—Rumour has it that certain Chorus Ladies have objected to wearing electric glow-lamps in their hair. Was it for fear of becoming too light-headed?



THE POLITICAL WIREPULLER AT WORK.

POLITE LITERATURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—
Having seen in the pages of one of your contemporaries several deeply interesting letters telling of "the Courtesy of the CAVENDISH," I think it will be pleasing to your readers to learn that I have a fund of anecdote concerning the politeness—the true politeness—of many other members of the Peerage. Perhaps you will permit me to give you a few instances of what I may call aristocratic amiability.

On one occasion the Duke of DITCHWATER and a Lady entered the same omnibus simultaneously. There was but one seat, and noticing that His Grace was standing, I called attention to the fact. "Certainly," replied His Grace, with a quiet smile, "but if I had sat down, the Lady would not have enjoyed her present satisfactory position!" The Lady herself had taken the until then vacant place!

Shortly afterwards I met Viscount VERMILION walking in an opposite direction to the path I myself was pursuing. "My Lord," I murmured, removing my hat, "I was quite prepared to step into the gutter." "It was unnecessary," returned his Lordship, graciously, "for as the path was wide, there was room enough for both of us to pass on the same pavement!"

On a very wet evening I saw My Lord TOMNODDICOBE coming from a shop in Piccadilly. Noticing that his Lordship had no defence against the weather, I ventured to offer the Peer my *parapluie*.

"Please let me get into my carriage," observed his Lordship. Then discovering, from my bowing attitude, that I meant no insolence by my suggestion, he added,—"And as for your umbrella—surely on this rainy night you can make use of it yourself?"

Yet again. The Marchioness of LOAMSHIRE was on the point of crossing a puddle.

Naturally I divested myself of my great-coat, and threw it as a bridge across her Ladyship's dirty walk.

The Marchioness smiled, but her Ladyship has never forgotten the circumstance, and I have the coat still by me.

And yet some people declare that the wives of Members of the House of Lords are wanting in consideration!

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours enthusiastically, S. NOB.

The Cringerie, Low Boonington.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



SEÑOR DRUMMONDO WOLFFEZ,

REPRESENTING THE JOHN BULLFIGHTER AT MADRID.

"TORÉADOR CONTENTO!"

THE JUDGES IN COUNCIL.

"[All the judicial wisdom of the Supreme Court has met in solemn and secret conclave, heralded by letters from the heads of the Bench, admitting serious evils in the working of the High Court of Justice; a full working day was appropriated for the occasion; the learned Judges met at 11 A.M. (nominally) and rose promptly for luncheon, and for the day, at 1:30 P.M. Two-and-a-half hours' work, during which each of the twenty-eight judicial personages no doubt devoted all his faculties and experience to the discovery, discussion, and removal of the admittedly numerous defects in the working of the Judicature Acts! Two-and-a-half hours, which might have been stolen from the relaxations of a Saturday afternoon! Two-and-a-half hours, for which the taxpayers of the United Kingdom pay some eight hundred guineas! Truly the spectacle is eminently calculated to inspire the country with confidence and hopes of reform."—Extract from Letter to the Times.]

SCENE—A Room at the Royal Courts. Lord CHANCELLOR, Lord CHIEF JUSTICE, MASTER of the ROLLS, Lords Justices, Justices.

L. C. Well, I'm very glad to see you all looking so well, but can anyone tell me why we've met at all?

L. C. J. Talking of meetings, do you remember that Exeter story dear old JACK TOMPKINS used to tell on the Western Circuit?

[Proceeds to tell JACK TOMPKINS's story at great length to great interest of Chancery Judges.

M. R. (who has listened with marked impatience). Why, my dear fellow, it isn't a Western Circuit story at all. It was on the Northern Circuit at Appleby.

[Proceeds to tell the same story all over again, substituting Appleby for Exeter. At the conclusion of story, Great laughter from Chancery Judges. Common Law Judges look bored, having all told same story on and about their own Circuits.

L. C. Very good—very good—used to tell it myself on the South Wales Circuit—but what have we met for?

Lord Justice A. I say, what do you think about this cross-examination fuss? It seems to me—

L. C. J. Talking of cross-examination—do you fellows remember the excellent story dear old JOHNIE BROWBEAT used to tell about the Launceston election petition?

[Proceeds to tell story in much detail. L. C. looks uncomfortable at its conclusion.



Fee-simple.

M. R. (cutting in). Why, my dear fellow, it wasn't Launceston at all, it was Lancaster, and—

[Tells story all over again to the Chancery Judges.

L. C. Yes—excellnt. I thought it took place at Chester—but really, now, we must get to business. So, first of all, will anyone kindly tell me what the business is?

Mr. Justice A. (a very young Judge). Well, the fact is, I believe the Public—
Chorus of Judges. The what?

Mr. Justice A. (with hesitation). Why—I was going to say there seems to be a sort of discontent amongst the Public—

L. C. (with dignity). Really, really—what have we to do with the Public? But in case there should be any truth in this extraordinary statement, I think we might as well appoint a Committee to look into it, and then we can meet again some day and hear what it is all about.

L. C. J. Yes, a Committee by all means; the smaller the better. "Too many cooks," as dear old HORACE puts it.

M. R. Talking of cooks, isn't it about lunch time?

[General consensus of opinion in favour of luncheon. As they adjourn, *L. C. J.* detains Chancery Judges to tell them a story about something that happened at Bodmin, and, to prevent mistakes, tells it in West Country dialect. *M. R.* immediately repeats it in strong Yorkshire, and lays the venue at Bradford. Result: that the whole of HER MAJESTY'S Courts in London were closed for one day.

THE LAY OF THE LITIGANT.

(After Hood. Also after Coleridge's (C.J.) Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the decay of Legal Business.)

I REMEMBER, I remember
The Law when I was born,
The Serjeants, brothers of the coif,
The Judges dead and gone.
The Judicature Acts to them
Were utterly unknown;
It was a fearful ignorance—
Oh, would it were my own!

I remember, I remember
The worthy "Proctor" race,
The "Posteas," and the "Elegits,"
The "Actions on the Case."
The "Error" each Attorney's Clerk
Did wilfully abet,
The days of "Bills" in Equity—
Some bills are living yet!

I remember, I remember
The years of "Jarndyce" jaw,
The lively game of shuttlecock
'Twixt Equity and Law.
Tribunals then were "Courts" indeed
That are "Divisions" now,
And Silken Gowns have feared the frowns
Upon a "Baron's" brow.

We remember, we remember
The flourishing of trumps,
When Parliament took up our wrongs,
And manned the legal pumps.
Those noble Acts (they said) would end
Obstructions and delay,
And ne'er again would litigants
The piper have to pay.

I remember, I remember
Expenses, mountains high;
I used to think, when duly "taxed,"
They'd vanish by-and-by.
It was a foolish confidence,
But now 'tis little joy
To know that Law's as slow and dear
As when I was a boy!

THE HERO OF THE SUMMER SALE.

(By our own Private and Confidential Poetess.)

I WOULD I loved some belted Earl,
Some Baronet, or K.C.B.,
But I'm a most unhappy girl,
And no such luck's in store for me!
I would I loved some Soldier bold,
Who leads his troops where cannons pop,
But if the bitter truth be told—
I love a man who walks a shop!
For oh! a King of Men is he—
With princely strut and stiffened spine—
So his, and his alone, shall be,
This fondly foolish heart of mine!



On Remnant Days—from morn till night,
When blows fall fast, and words run high,
When frenzied females fiercely fight
For bargains that they long to buy—
From hot attack he does not flinch,
But stands his ground with visage pale,
And all the time looks every inch
The Hero of that Summer Sale!
For oh! a King of Men is he—
Whom shop-assistants call to "Sign!"
So his, and his alone, shall be
This fondly foolish heart of mine!

MONDAY, Jan. 18, 1892. "Bath and West of England's Society's Cheese School at Frome." Of this School, the *Times*, judging by results, speaks highly of "the practical character of the instruction given at the School." This is a bad look-out for Eton and Harrow, not to say for Winchester and Westminster also. All parents who wish their children to be "quite the cheese" in Society generally, and particularly for Bath and the West of England, where, of course, Society is remarkably exclusive, cannot do better, it is evident, than send them to the Bath and West of England Cheese School.

ON THE TRAIL.—It is suggested that in future M.P. should stand for Minor Poet. Would this satisfy Mr. LEWIS MORRIS? Or would he insist on being gazetted as a Major?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of the Baron's Deputy-Readers has been looking through Mr. G. W. HENLEY's *Lyra Heroica; a Book of Verse for Boys.* (DAVID NUTT, London.) This is his appreciation:—

Mr. HENLEY has tacked his name to a collection which contains some noble poems, some (but not much) trash, and a good many pieces, which, however poetical they may be, are certainly not heroic, seeing that they do not express "the simpler sentiments, and the more elemental emotions" (I use Mr. HENLEY's prefatory words), and are scarcely the sort of verse that boys are likely, or ought to care about. To be sure, Mr. HENLEY guards himself on the score of his "personal equation"—I trust his boys understand what he means. My own personal equation makes me doubt whether Mr. HENLEY has done well in including such pieces as, for instance, HERBERT's "*Memento Mori*," CURRAN's "*The Deserter*," SWINBURNE's "*The Oblation*," and ALFRED AUSTIN's "*Is Life Worth Living?*" If Mr. HENLEY, or anybody else who happens to possess a personal equation, will point out to me the heroic quality in these poems, I shall feel deeply grateful. And how, in the name of all that is or ever was heroic, has "*Auld Lang Syne*" crept into this collection of heroic verse? As for Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, I cannot think by what right he secures a place in such a compilation. I have rarely read a piece of his which did not contain at least one glaring infelicity. In "*Is Life Worth Living?*" he tells us of "blithe herds," which (in compliance with the obvious necessities of rhyme, but for no other reason)

The following Page.



"Wend homeward with unwearied feet,
Carolling like the birds."
Further on we find that
"England's trident-sceptre roams
Her territorial seas,"
merely because the unfortunate sceptre has to rhyme somehow to "English homes."

But I have a further complaint against Mr. HENLEY. He presumes, in the most fantastic manner, to alter the well-known titles of celebrated poems. "*The Isles of Greece*" is made to masquerade as "*The Glory that was Greece*"; "*Auld Lang Syne*" becomes "*The Goal of Life*," and "*Tom Bowline*" is converted into "*The Perfect Sailor*." This surely (again I use the words of Mr. HENLEY) "is a thing preposterous, and distraught." On the whole, I cannot think that Mr. HENLEY has done his part well. His manner is bad. His selection, it seems to me, is open to grave censure, on broader grounds than the mere personally equational of which he speaks, and his choppings, and sub-titles, and so forth, are not commendable. The irony of literary history has apparently ordained that Mr. HENLEY should first patronise, and then "cut," both CAMPBELL and MACAULAY. Was the shade of MACAULAY disturbed when he learnt that Mr. HENLEY considered his "*Battle of Naseby*" both "vicious and ugly"?

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



"A GOOD STAYER."

THE DEALER SAID, "THE MARE COULD STAY FOR EVER." SHE SEEMED INCLINED TO DO SO WHEN JONES WISHED TO BE AFTER THE HOUNDS.

RECEIPT AGAINST INFLUENZA.

DEAR SIR,—I send you this gratis. It is for everybody's benefit,
Yours.

GEORGE GUZZLETON, X.M.D.

P.S.—I give "*Cæna prescriptio-nem*" only, as the "*Prescrip: pran-dialis*" can be taken out of this with variations.

Ostr: frigid: 1½ doz.

Pisc: anima: locus aut } aā xvi 3
quid: ali: }

Cum: pom: terr: ferveo: . . . f 83

Ad Hoc: bib: sextarium . . . ½ m.x.

Ovem: torrid: 3as.
virides: ad. lib.

Per: dix: anas: agrestis: } f3ij.

Condim: pan: aut aliquid: } fvijs.

Prunusos: botulus: aā f 5vj.

Condim: prand: aut lact: } f3j.

Devonii: }

Liq. Pomm: et Gr: '84 Oj 4

Aut Mo: et Chand: '84 }

*Fiat haust: sec: vel test: quæque
horâ: extra horâ cæna: regu-
lariter sumendum.*

Si opus sit: Misce: aq: sodæ . . 3℥.

Misce: ot: grog: h.s.s. Si opus sit
aut non.

LITERARY GARDENING.—A Cor-
respondent, signing himself "STUL-
TUS IN HORTU OR HORT-U-NOT?"
writes, "Please, Sir, if my boy JOHN
plant 'a slip of a pen,' what will it
come up?" *Answer paid*—A Jon-
quill.

TO THE QUEEN.

(From the Nation.)

QUEENLY as womanly, those words that start
From sorrow's lip strike home to sorrow's
heart.

Madam, our griefs are one;
But yours, from kinship close and your high
place, [grace
The keener, mourning him in youth's glad
Who loved you as a son.

We mourn him too. Our wreaths of votive
flowers
Speak, mutely, for us. The deep gloom that
lowers

To-day across the land
Is no mere pall of ceremonial grief.
'Tis hard in truth, though reverent belief
Bows to the chastening hand.

Hard—for his parents, that young bride, and
you,
Bearer of much bereavement, woman true,
And patriotic QUEEN! [pain,
We hear the courage striking through the
As always in your long, illustrious reign,
Which shrinking ne'er hath seen,—

Shrinking from high-strung duty, the brave
way
Of an imperial spirit. So to-day
Your People bow—in pride.
The sympathy of millions is your own.
May Glory long be guardian of your Throne,
Love over at its side!

ENTIRELY UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.—
"Dartmoor.—Gentlemen,—Two years ago I
wrote somebody else's name with one of your
pens. Since then I have used no other.
Yours faithfully, A. F. ORGER.
"To MESSRS. STEAL, KNIBBS & Co."

"LA GRIPPE."

("I'm a devil! I'm a devil!" croaked Barnaby
Rudge's Raven 'Grip': And this is a raven-mad
sort of Edgar-Allan-Poem by Un qui est Grippe.)

ONCE upon a midnight dreary
Coming home I felt so weary,
Felt, oh! many a pain; so curious,
Which I'd never felt before.
Then to bed,—no chance of napping,
Blankets, rugs about me wrapping,
Feverish burning pains galore.
"Oh! I've got it! oh!" I muttered,
"Influenza!! what a bore!!"
Only this!!—Oh!!—Nothing more!!

Oh! my head and legs are aching!
Now I'm freezing! Now I'm baking!
Clockwork in my cerebellum!
Oh! all over me I'm sore!
In my bed I'm writhing, tossing,
Yet I'm in a steamer, crossing.
While KIRALFY's Venice bossing,
I'm "against" and RUSSELL "for"
In a case about the *Echo*,
Somewhere out at Singapore!
It's delirium!!! Nothing more.

Then a Doctor comes in tapping
Me all over, tapping, rapping,
And with ear so close and ourious
Pressed to stethoscope, "Once more,"
Says he, "sing out ninety-ninely,
Now again! You do it finely!
Yes! Not bigger than a wine lee.
There's the mischief, there's the corps
Of the insect that will kill us,
Hiding there is the Bacillus;
Only that, and nothing more!"

"Why's he here with fear to fill us?
Will he leave me, this Bacillus?
Not one bone do I feel whole in,
And of strength I've lost my store."
Thus I to the Doctor talking,
Ask "When shall I go out walking?"

He, my earnest queries baulking,
Says, "When all this trouble's o'er."
"Monday? Tuesday? Wednesday? Thurs-
Friday? Saturday? Sunday? or
In a week?" "Um!—not before."



"Doctor!" cried I, "catch this evil
Fiend! Bacillus!! Microbe!! devil!!
Second syllable in Tem-pest!
Send him to Plutonian Shore.
Send him back to where he came from,
To the place he gets his fame from,
To the place he takes his name from;
Kick him out of my front door!"
So the Doctor feels my pulse, and,
As I drop upon the floor,
Quoth the Doctor, "Some days more."



"OUT IN THE COLD!"

"I AM LIKE A TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW, WHO BEGINS TO GET STIFF WHILE THE SNOWFLAKES COVER HIM."

Speech of Prince Von Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe.

"OUT IN THE COLD!"

"I am like a traveller lost in the snow, who begins to get stiff and to sink down while the snowflakes cover him. In fact, I am gradually losing interest in politics, but the feeling, like that of the traveller sinking under the snow, is a pleasant one."—*Prince Bismarck to the Deputation of Leipsic Students.*

AIR—"Excelsior!"

THE century was waning fast,
As through a wintry waste there passed
A man, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excel no more!

His brows were blanched; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
Red fields had heard his armour clang.
But now he smiled and softly sang,
Excel no more!

In barracks huge he saw the might
Of mailed hosts arrayed for fight;
Afar the fierce Frank bayonets shone,
And from his lips escaped a moan,
Excel no more!

"Think of the Past!" the young men said,
"Like SAUL you towered by the head.
Midst those three Titans, Prussia's pride!"
Softly that once stern voice replied,
"Excel no more!"

"Oh, stay," the young men cried, "and mix
Once more in Teuton Politics!"
"Nay," said the Titan, "I grow old,
And, like poor TOM, I am a-cold!
Excel no more!"

"Beware the snow-encumbered branch!
Beware the whelming avalanche!"
"Thanks!" he replied. "I know, I know.
But—well, I rather like the snow!
Excel no more!"

"Lost in the snow! An easy death!
Gentle surcease of mortal breath!
I sink, I stiffen, I'm foredone!
The feeling though 's a pleasant one;
Excel no more!"

The traveller by his faithful hound
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still muttering from a mouth of ice
That banner's late and strange device,
Excel no more!

There in the snow-drift cold and grey,
Silent, but stalwart, still he lay,
Great "Blood-and-Iron," brave and bold,
But—for the nonce—"Out in the Cold!"
Excel no more!

PARLIAMENT IN SPORT;

Or, A Meeting in Earnest.

"Perhaps the popularity of the competition in national sport between the different parts of the Empire is worthy of the serious attention of statesmen... Mr. ASTLEY COOPER proposes rowing, running and cricket... There is something fascinating in the idea of such a Pan-Britannic gathering."—*Daily Paper.*

THE SPEAKER, having taken his seat in the Pavilion, the Minister for Cricket rose to move the third reading of The Six-balls-to-an-over Bill.

The Right Hon. Gentleman said that the amount of time wasted in changing sides, although the field did their best to minimise the loss by assuming a couple of positions alternately, was very serious—especially in a first-class match.

The Member for Melbourne begged to ask what was a first-class match?

The Member for Sydney replied, certainly not a match between Canada and Victoria. (*Laughter.*) Now everyone was aware that



TRUTHFUL BUT NOT CONSCIENTIOUS.

Elderly Dowager. "Now, PERKINS, I REQUIRE YOUR HONEST OPINION. DON'T YOU THINK THIS DRESS SUITS ME?"

Perkins (who has been cautioned always to speak the truth, on pain of losing her place, warily). "OH YES, MY LADY, IT SUITS YOUR LADYSHIP QUITE—AS ONE MAY SAY—QUITE 'DOWN TO THE GROUND!'"

New South Wales— ("Question! Order! Order!") He begged pardon, he was in order.

THE SPEAKER. I really must request silence. The Minister for Cricket is introducing a most important measure, and the least we can do is to receive his statement with adequate attention. (*General cheering.*)

The Minister for Cricket continued, and said that the measure he had the honour to commend to their careful consideration would not only lengthen the over, but also allow Cricket to be played all the year round.

The Minister for Football begged to remind his Right Hon. friend that he had promised to consider that matter in Committee. What would become of Football were Cricket to be played continuously? ("Hear, hear!")

The Member for Bombay thought that a matter of no moment. In India Polo was of infinitely more importance than Football, and he could not help remarking that, in the

Imperial Parliament, representing so many sports, and so many Colonies, where every great interest was represented, and well represented, Polo was absolutely ignored. (*Cheers.*)

The Minister for Aquatic Sports agreed with the Hon. Member. Polo was entirely of sufficient interest to warrant the creation of a special department for its guardianship. But at present he was responsible for it. He hoped soon to be able to welcome a colleague who would make its interests his continual study. ("Hear, hear!")

The Minister for Cricket concluded by thanking the House for the attention the Hon. Members had given to the subject, and sat down amidst loud applause.

A division being taken, the Bill was carried by 127 to 90. The majority were composed of Australians and Canadians, and the minority were Africans, Indians, and miscellaneous Colonists. The House then adjourned.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXV.

SCENE—Near Torcello. CULCHARD and POBBURY are seated side by side in the gondola, which is threading its way between low banks, bright with clumps of Michaelmas daisies and pomegranate-trees laden with red fruit. Both CULCHARD and POBBURY are secretly nervous and anxious for encouragement.

Podbury (humming "In Old Madrid" with sentiment). La-doodle-um-La-doodle-oo: La-doodle-um-te-dumpty-loodle-oo! I think she rather seemed to like me—those first days at Brussels, don't you?

Culchard (absently). Did she? I daresay. (Whistling "The Wedding March" softly.) Few-fee; di-fee-fee-few-few; few-fiddledly-fee-fiddledly-few-few-few-fee. I fancy I'm right in my theory, eh?

Podb. Oh, I should say so—yes. What theory?

Culch. (annoyed). What theory? Why, the one I've been explaining to you for the last ten minutes!—that all this harshness of hers lately is really, when you come to analyse it, a decidedly encouraging symptom.

Podb. But I shouldn't have said Miss TROTTER was exactly harsh to me—lately, at all events.

Culch. (with impatience). Miss TROTTER! You! What an egotist you are, my dear fellow! I was referring to myself and Miss PRENDERGAST. And you can't deny that, both at Nuremberg and Constance, she—

Podb. (with careless optimism). Oh, she'll come round all right, never fear. I only wish I was half as safe with Miss TROTTER!

Culch. (mollified). Don't be too down-hearted, my dear POBBURY. I happen to know that she likes you—she told me as much last night. Did Miss PRENDERGAST—er—say anything to that effect about me?

Podb. Well, not exactly, old chap—not to me, at least. But I say, Miss TROTTER didn't tell you that? Not really? Hooray! Then it's all right—she may have me, after all!

Culch. (chillingly). I should advise you not to be over confident. (A silence follows, which endures until they reach the landing-steps at Torcello.) They are here, you see—those are evidently their gondolas, I recognise those two cloaks. Now the best thing we can do is to separate.

Podb. (springing out). Right you are! (To himself.) I'll draw the church first, and see if she's there. (Approaches the door of Santa Maria: a Voice within, apparently reading aloud: "Six balls, or rather almonds, of purple marble veined with white are set around the edge of the pulpit, and form its only decoration.") HYPATIA, by Jove! Narrow shave that! [He goes round to back.

Culch. (comes up to the door). I know I shall find her here. Lucky I know that Torcello chapter in "The Stones" very nearly by heart! (Reaches threshold. A Voice within. "Well, I guess I'm going to climb up and sit in that old amphitheatre there, and see how it feels!") Good heavens,—MAUD! and I was as nearly as possible—I think I'll go up to the top of the Campanile and see if I can't discover where HYPATIA is. [He ascends the tower.

In the Belfry.

Podb. (arriving breathless, and finding CULCHARD craning eagerly forward). Oh, so you came up too? Well, can you see her?

Culch. Ssh! She's just turned the corner! (Vexed.) She's with Miss TROTTER!... They're sitting down on the grass below!

Podb. Together? That's a nuisance! Now we shall have to wait till they separate—sure to squabble, sooner or later.

Miss T.'s Voice (which is perfectly audible above). I guess we'll give RUSKIN a rest now, HYPATIA. I'm dying for a talk. I'm just as enchanted as I can be to hear you've dismissed Mr. POBBURY. And I expect you can guess why.

Podb. (in a whisper). I say, CULCHARD, they're going to talk about us. Ought we to listen, eh? Better let them know we're here?

Culch. I really don't see any necessity—however— (Whistles feebly.) Feedy-feedy-feedle!

Podb. What is the use of fustling like that? (Fööds.) Lul-li-ety!



"Hypatia, by Jove!"

Miss P.'s V. Well, my dear MAUD, I confess that I—

Culch. It's quite impossible to make them hear down there, and it's no fault of ours if their voices reach us occasionally. And it does seem to me, POBBURY, that, in a matter which may be of vital importance to me—to us both—it would be absurd to be over-scrupulous. But of course you will please yourself. I intend to remain where I am.

[POBBURY makes a faint-hearted attempt to go, but ends by resigning himself to the situation.

Miss T.'s V. Now, HYPATIA PRENDERGAST, don't tell me you're not interested in him! And he's more real suited to you than ever Mr. POBBURY was. Now, isn't that so?

Culch. (withdrawing his head). Did you hear, POBBURY? She's actually pleading for me! Isn't she an angel? Be quiet, now. I must hear the answer!

Miss P.'s V. I—I don't know, really. But, MAUD, I want to speak to you about—Somebody. You can't think how he adores you, poor fellow! I have noticed it for a long time.

Podb. (beaming). CULCHARD! You heard? She's putting in a word for me. What a brick that girl is!

Miss T.'s V. I guess he's pretty good at concealing his feelings, then. He's been keeping far enough away!

Miss P.'s V. That was my fault. I kept him by me. You see, I believed you had quite decided to accept Mr. CULCHARD.

Miss T.'s V. Well, it does strike me that, considering he was adoring me all this time, he let himself be managed tolerable easy.

[POBBURY shakes his head in protestation.

Miss P.'s V. Ah, but let me explain. I could only keep him quiet by threatening to go home by myself, and dear Bob is such a devoted brother that—

Podb. Brother! I say, CULCHARD, she can't be meaning Bob all this time! She can't! Can she now?

Culch. How on earth can I tell? If it is so, you must be a philosopher, my dear fellow, and bear it—that's all.

Miss P.'s V. That does alter the case, doesn't it? And I may tell him there's some hope for him? You mustn't judge him by what he is with his friend, Mr. POBBURY. Bob has such a much stronger and finer character!

Miss T.'s V. Oh well, if he couldn't stand up more on his edge than Mr. POBBURY! Not that I mind Mr. POBBURY any, there's no harm in him, but he's too real frivolous to amount to much.

Podb. (collapsing). Frivolous! From her too! Oh, hang it all!

[He buries his head in his hands with a groan.

Miss T.'s V. Well, see here, HYPATIA. I'll take your brother on trial for a spell, to oblige you—there. I can't say more at present. And now—about the other. I want to know just how you feel about him.

Culch. The other!—that's Me! I wish to goodness you wouldn't make all that noise, POBBURY, just when it's getting interesting!

Miss P.'s V. (very low). What is, the good? Nothing will bring him back—now!

Culch. Nothing? How little she knows me!

Miss T.'s V. I hope you don't consider me nothing. And a word from me would bring him along pretty smart. The only question is, whether I'm to say it or not?

Miss P.'s V. (muffled). Dar-ling!

Culch. I really think I might almost venture to go down, now, eh, POBBURY? (No answer.) Selfish brute!

Miss T.'s V. But mind this—if he comes, you've got to care for him the whole length of your bow—you won't persuade him to run in couples with anybody else. That's why he broke away the first time—and you were ever so mad with me because you thought I was at the bottom of it. But it was all his pride. He's too real independent to share chances with anybody alive.

Culch. How thoroughly she understands me!

Miss T.'s V. And I guess CHARLEY will grow out of the great American Novel in time—it's not going ever to grow out of him, anyway!

Culch. (bewildered). CHARLEY? I don't see why she should mention VAN BOODELER now!

Miss T.'s V. I like CHARLEY ever so much, and I'm not going to have him cavort around along with a circus of suitors under

vows. So, if I thought there was any chance of—well, say Mr. CULCHARD—

Miss P.'s V. (indignant). MAUD! how can you? That odious hypocritical creature! If you knew how I despised and —!

Miss T.'s V. Well, my dear, he's pretty paltry—but we'll let him go at that—I guess his shares have gone down considerable all round.

Culch. PODBURY, I—I—this conversation is evidently not intended for—for other—ears. I don't know whether you have heard enough, I shall go down!

Podb. (with a ghastly chuckle). Like your shares, eh, old chap? And mine too, for that matter. Well, I'm ready enough to go. Only, for goodness' sake, let's get away without being seen!

[*They slip softly down the series of inclined planes, and out to the steps, where they re-embark. As their gondola pushes off, Mr. TROTTER and BOB PRENDERGAST appear from the Museum.*]

Mr. T. Why, land sakes! ain't that Mr. PODBURY and Mr. CULCHARD? Hi! You ain't ever going away? There's my darter and Miss HYPATIA around somewhere.—They'll be dreadful disappointed. to have missed you!

Podb. (with an heroic attempt at cheeriness). We—we're awfully disappointed to have missed them, Mr. TROTTER. Afraid we can't stop now! Goodbye!

[*CULCHARD pulls his hat-brim over his eyes and makes a sign to the gondoliers to get on quickly; Mr. TROTTER comments with audible astonishment on their departure to BOB, who preserves a discreet silence.*]

A PALMY DAY AT ST. RAPHAEL.

Villa Magali.—Delicious climate! STUART-RENDEL says it "reminds him of Devonshire, without the damp." Mention of Devonshire reminds me of the DUKE. Try to point out to my friends that the Rossendale Election shows conclusively—Curious! Friends all get up and go out! Seems that ANDREW CLARKE specially told me I was to "avoid all excitement, over-exertion, and talk about politics!" Wish CLARKE would not be so unreasonable. *Must* talk about Rossendale to somebody.

Off to Hyères—to see CHILDERS. Find CHILDERS tolerably chatty. Doesn't seem to care so much about Rossendale result as I should have expected. STUART-RENDEL comes to fetch me. Ahem! Off.

At Monte Carlo.—Feel so well, have looked in here. Meet WELLS, the "Champion Plunger." Asks me if I've got a system; he's "been losing heavily, and would be glad of any hint." Suggest his putting on the numbers of Rossendale Majority. WELLS seems pleased at idea. Does so at once, and loses 10,000 francs straight off. Meet him in grounds afterwards, and try to explain real significance of Rossendale election. WELLS disappears. Curious! Can ANDREW CLARKE have got at WELLS?

Golfo San Juan.—French war-ships in Bay. Admiral might like to know my views on Rossendale and politics generally. Taken on board. Admiral much interested in MADEN's victory. Admiral asks if it was the "Grand Prix" that MADEN won? Find he thinks MADEN is a horse. Disappointing. [*Query—ANDREW CLARKE again?*] Sent on shore in boat, amid cheers from sailors. Gratifying.

Back to St. Raphael.—Tired, but on the whole gratified with my day. Friends pained to hear what I've done, and threaten to telegraph for Sir ANDREW! Shall pack up and return. Letter from MORLEY begging me to stay where I am. Odd! Can Sir ANDREW have got at JOHN MORLEY? Bed, and think it over.

BROTHER BRUSH, A.R.A.—Stan' up, STANHOPE FORBES! and receive our congratulations on your election. STANHOPE deferred maketh the painter's 'art sick of waiting, and now A FORBES, not THE FORBES (which his name is JAMES STAATS, C. L. C. & D. R., &c., &c.), but the STANHOPE A-foresaid, has obtained his first grade. With what pleasure will the Art-loving Chairman see his STANHOPE "on the line!" In Burlington House, of course we mean, as elsewhere, the situation would be one of no slight danger.

"PLEASED AS PUNCH."—A paragraph in the D. T. informed Mr. P. and the public generally, that "Dr. ROBSON ROOSE and Mr. ALLINGHAM are contented with Mr. EDWARD LAWSON's progress." "If Box"—"And Cox"—"are satisfied," then of all Mr. E. L.'s friends in front none will be more delighted to hear of his complete recovery than his neighbour, Mr. Punch, of 85, Fleet Street.

SOMETHING NEW IN SOAP.—The Soap Trade is still booming. Almost every week appears a fresh candidate for public favour, its claim based upon some alluring speciality. We hear of a newcomer likely to take the cake (of soap). On all the walls, and in most of the advertisement columns, will presently blaze forth its proud legend:—"The Satisfactory Soap—Won't Wash Anything."



LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

IN ORDER TO HUSBAND OUR JUDICIAL STAFF, IN FUTURE A JUDGE WILL BE EXPECTED TO HEAR TWO CASES AT THE SAME TIME.

PORTRAIT OF A JUDGE TRYING A THEATRICAL "CAUSE CÉLÈBRE," AND A NICE QUESTION AS TO A "REMAINDER-MAN" AND A "TENANT IN TAIL MALE."

HIGH (BEERBOHM) TREESON!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that Mr. BEERBOHM TREE in his recent production of *Hamlet* has introduced a novelty into the tragedy by inventing fresh business. Unauthorised by the text, he has included *Ophelia* amongst the Court "attendants," and, finding her on the stage, has indulged in a dignified flirtation (in dumb show), worthy of the hero of *L'Enfant Prodigue* himself. Now I think this a great improvement, and were the masterpiece to be "written up" throughout on the same lines, I am sure the representation would be received with enthusiasm. It might be that the performance would be a little longer, but think of the enormous gain in interest. To show you what I mean, I take the first five lines of the opening Act:—

SHAKESPEARE'S VERSION.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle. FRANCISCO on his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.*

Bernardo. Who's there?

Francisco. Now answer me: stand and unfold yourself!

This passage, furnished with proper business, might be rendered the means of showing the sort of life led by *Laertes*, justifying the advice subsequently given to him by *Polonius* more appropriate to the conditions of the case as now (for the first time) fully divulged. Thus—I give my view of the matter:—

AMENDED VERSION.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle. As the Curtain rises, shouts and laughs are heard without. A Village Maiden rushes in, as if pursued. She hides herself behind the sentry-box, and then escapes. FRANCISCO, who is on his post, looks about, and is surrounded by Danish Gallants, who have come in pursuit of the Maiden. He threatens them with his arms, and only one remains, who seems overcome by wine. The intoxicated Gallant is masked, and evidently very much the worse for liquor. He clumsily draws his sword. FRANCISCO is about to despatch him, when the mask falls, and in the dissipated reveller the Sentry recognises the bloated features of LAERTES. He immediately presents arms, as LAERTES is his superior officer. LAERTES, half-sobered by this suggestion of discipline, wishes to retire unseen, and gives largess to FRANCISCO. The Sentry is greatly gratified, when to them enters BERNARDO.*

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. (sheltering LAERTES, who stealthily retires by a rope-ladder which falls from the battlements to the moat below). Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself!

By my version I really introduce a most interesting underplot, which, in my opinion, is equally pleasing and quite as defensible as Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's business with *Ophelia*.

Yours,

A STICKLER.

HUMAN NATURE.

Jones has always professed the greatest Indifference to (and contempt for) all Press Criticisms on his Work (although he takes in all the Papers).



YET THIS IS WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE WHEN HIS NEW NOVEL WAS PRONOUNCED A WORK OF GENIUS BY THE UPPER TOOTING EXPRESS.



AND THIS IS HOW HE APPEARED WHEN THE NORTH CLAPHAM GAZETTE DISMISSED THAT IMMORTAL BOOK AS A PIECE OF DRIVELLING SENILE TWADDLE.



AND THIS IS THE WAY HE TREATS ALL NEWSPAPERS, REVIEWS, PERIODICALS, &c., &c., THAT LEAVE THE IMMORTAL BOOK UNNOTICED!

THE ATTACK ON THE "CAPITAL."

A Lay of Modern London.

[Arrangements have been made for great political meetings in the Metropolis, at which the Liberal Leaders will be the principal speakers.]

HARCURIUS of the triple chin, by the Nine Points he swore
The Capital should suffer from Tory sway no more;
By the Nine Points he swore it, and named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth east and west, and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west, and south and north the messengers ride fast;
From Kennington to Poplar they've heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Caucasian who loiters in his Club
When triple-chin'd HARCURIUS prepares the foe to drub!
Too long the Capital hath borne the stubborn Tory yoke,
Too long the Liberals have failed to strike a swashing stroke.
Betrayed to Tory clutches by traitors shrewd and strong,
The banded foes have held it all too firmly and too long.
SALISBURIUS and GOSCHENIUS have struck unholy pact,
Foes long in dubious seeming, but ever friends, in fact,
Devonian CAVENDISH, he of the broad and bovine jowl,
Who smiled but coldly ever, now on our cause doth scowl.
Cock-nosed CUBICULARIUS, once a Captain of our host,
Now chums with bland BALFOURIUS, and makes that bond his boast.
Oh, was there ever such a gang, so motley and so mixed,
To garrison a Citadel on which all hopes are fixed?
Oh, was there ever such a call to strike one mighty blow,
To snatch the Capital once more, and lay the traitors low?

HARCURIUS hurries onward, he waves the Grand Old Flag,
And when that banner flouts the breeze, what slave so base as lag?
GLADSTONE at his elbow,—not he the Old, the Grand,—
He shuns the fogs of winter in a far-off sunny land,
Nursing his force for the great fray that may right soon come on,—
This is not he of Hawarden, but the old hero's son:
There's OTTO, of the brindled beard, RUSSELLIUS swift of tongue,
RIFONIUS and LEFEVRIUS into the fray have flung.
Sleek-haired STANSFELDUS also, MUNDELLA of the Beak,
That CORVUS of the legion, good both to fight and speak,
LEO PLAYFAIRIUS follows, and brave BANNERMANUS bears
The flag he's fond of flaunting, there gallant AUCEPS dares

All that becomes a hero, whilst last, but oh, not least!
KIMBERLEYUS fares forth to the fight as others to a feast.
"Now, up!" cried stout HARCURIUS, "Up! and we yet shall trap 'em!
Kennington calls, and Hackney, with Fulham, too, and Clapham.
I hear the cry of Chelsea, Islington North and West
Raise walls that find an echo in this mail-covered breast.
Bermondsey and Whitechapel upraise a piteous plaint:
'Why don't our heroes visit *hus*? We looks and there they ain't!'
North Lambeth long neglected, and Wandsworth far South-West,
(If I know where these places be I wish I may be blest!)
Appeal to us for succour: then Peckham, gallant Peckham,
Makes a far cry from her famed Rye. O brethren, shall we check 'em,
These brave suburban stalwarts whose home is in the waste
Afar from Pall Mall portals, swell Clubs, and homes of taste,
But who have Votes, my brethren? Nay, shout ye men of pith,
And strike for pining Poplar and hapless Hammersmith!"
"Quite so!" cries 'cute MUNDELLA, the corvine chief and conky,
"But he who maketh too much noise may show himself a donkey.
The Capital seems quiet, Sir, the garrison is still,
Suppose we try that old Gaul game!" HARCURIUS cries, "I will!"
Then silently and slowly, and all in single file,
They climb towards the Citadel. HARCURIUS, with a smile,
Hath his head o'er the ramparts, when—Great CÆSAR, what is this?
They're greeted with one loud, prolonged, and universal hiss!
The sudden sibilation out of silence startles all,
HARCURIUS clangs his buckler, OTTO nearly hath a fall,
"Great gods, the Geese are on us, those confounded Sacred Geese,
See their long necks, twig their broad beaks! Cease, senile cacklers,
cease!"

So gaspeth great HARCURIUS, but gaspeth all in vain.
The gaff is blown, the anserine guard gives tongue with might and main.

A stir, a tramp of mailed feet, a torch-flare! Whillaloo!
"Say, is this MARCUS MANLIUS? No, hang it, there be two,
SALISBURIUS and GOSCHENIUS, with a host, no doubt, behind,
They're on their guard, whate'er may chance, we shall not 'catch 'em blind'

Like gudgeon. No! there's not a chance of a surprise by night;
If the Gauls take the Citadel, ye gods, they'll have to fight."
How history repeats itself! At least we must agree,
The Geese have roused the Capital? And saved it? We shall see



THE ATTACK ON THE "CAPITAL."



SO ARTLESS!

SCENE—A Cinderella Dance.

Swell (to ingenuous Maiden). "ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

Ingenuous Maiden. "No—BUT—I SHOULD SO LIKE TO BE!"

[And, as the old game has it, the consequences were——?]

"COME HITHER, HUBERT!"

WE are able to present our readers with a few notes of a lecture to be given by Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A. (by the kind permission of AUTHOR PINERO, Esq.), to all managers, actors, actresses, scene-painters, authors, composers, musicians, costumiers, and wig-makers who will honour him with their attention. On this occasion the Professor will (among other things) explain, by the aid of a Magic Lantern (an entirely new invention recently discovered by Professor H. H.) how to enlighten the stage darkness generally. The Professor will also combat the erroneous impression derived from the dark ages of SHAKESPEARE's time, that the Moon, or the Man in it,—probably a lime-lighterman,—ought servilely to follow the movements, in order to throw light upon them, of the Principal Performer. The Professor will observe—"Such a course, on the part of the Direction of the Moon, can only be considered beneficial to Art, when it is directed against 'The Star System.' As each theatrical Star has its own particular brilliancy, why lug in the Moon? SHAKESPEARE, no doubt, had the Stage Moon in full view when he makes *Juliet* roundly exclaim, 'Oh, swear not by the Moon, the inconstant Moon!' as, of course, a Moon bound to illuminate the business of any one actor must follow him about, and so, though 'constant' to him individually, would be open to a general charge of inconstancy from the spectators in front. Such a course for the Moon to take is, as some of the better instructed among you may possibly be aware, quite unwarranted by the lunar laws of Nature, &c., &c."

This interesting entertainment will wind up with a dialogue between *Arthur* (JONES) and *Hubert* (HERKOMER), of which we give an extract. It represents *Arthur* as wishing to produce a piece, which *Hubert* forewarns him will be a failure unless he (*Hubert*) paints the scenery and manages it generally.

Arthur. Is there no remedy?*Hubert*. None, but to use my eyes.

Arthur. O HUBERT! If you will, cut down my 'lengths.' And I'll be merry as the day is long, So you don't interfere. You've other irons Hot in the fire.

Hubert (aside). With his innocent prate He will awake my mercy which lies dead. (Aloud.) Read this, young ARTHUR!

Arthur (opens it. Starts). What! a play by you! To be produced by me! O HUBERT!! [Faints.

We regret that want of space prevents our giving any more of this charming work at present, but no doubt it will not be long ere the Public has the gratification of hearing and seeing it all.

A PARAGON FRAME (OF MIND).

["I never took anybody's umbrella."—*Plaintiff* (a Cook) in a recent Breach of Promise Case.]

COMMON are Cooks, professed, plain alike And common, youths their sustenance who feed on,

Common (I'm told) a breach of promise suit, And common, damages, in courts agreed on; Common are briefs as blackberries; and fees Are common quite as "leather and prunella";

Common are "unprotected" witnesses ("Credat"—as HORACE somewhere sings—"Apella.")

But most uncommon seems a lowly Cook Who with sincerity can kiss the book And swear (to shame her betters!) ne'er she took

By sad "mistake or otherwise," by hook; Or, as will eventuate, by crook, Be it silk or gingham—anyone's umbrella!

MRS. RAM ON CURRENT POLITICS.—"Politics," says Mrs. RAMBOTHAM, "is one of the few things I know nothing about. But it does seem to me that Lord GRANDOLPH CHURCHILL is a white elephant tied round the neck of Lord SALISBURY."

"HEAVENS!"—Recently in the *Athenaeum*, and copied elsewhere, appeared the most interesting intelligence that has been received on earth for some time. "The small planet No. 315"—no further address is given, an omission which will, no doubt, be rectified in the next issue—"which was discovered at Nice by M. CHARLOIS on the 4th September, 1891,"—the small planet, of course, not being out of the nurse's arms, was not responsible for being at Nice at an unfashionable time, but this, of course, is the fault of her parents and guardians—"has been named Constantia." Rather late to delay the christening for nearly five months. Of course, the brilliant infant will not stay at Nice, except by medical advice, but will probably return to No. 315, Milky Way (or elsewhere), on the first opportunity. *Sic itur ad astra!*

"A STUDENT OF HISTORY" writes to us:—"Sir,—I have been reading a great deal lately on ecclesiastical subjects, and shall be very much obliged if you will explain to me briefly what 'Inclosed Orders' are." [If "A STUDENT" will send us, under cover to our office, two P. O. Orders for two pounds ten shillings each respectively, further explanation than that conveyed by our receipt for the same will be unnecessary.—Ed.]

A RIDDLE.

I'm underneath your feet
In the streets of London Town,
From town take "t,"
Then give it to me,
And you'll sell me for a crown.

MRS. R. AND THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.—Our excellent friend is now convalescent. "Like CÆSAR or CÆSAR's wife, I forget which it was," she says, "I have passed the Barbican!" Some one having suggested that probably she meant "the Rubicon," Mrs. R. thanked him politely, but added, that she perfectly well knew what she was talking about, and that everyone who was acquainted with history would understand her classical delusion.

PUZZLER FOR A COSTUMIER.—A Gentleman going to a Fancy Dress Ball wants to know how he can make up for Lost Time?

NAMES for the next pair of Tailed Monkeys sent to the Zoo—"Mr. and Mrs. CAUDAL."

N.B.—"Confessions of a Duffer," No. IV., next week.



SHOWING THAT SOMETIMES IT IS GOOD FOR A COBBLER NOT TO STICK TO HIS LAST.

Fair Matron. "I REMEMBER YOUR ACTING 'SIR ANTHONY,' YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS A GIRL, SIR CHARLES! YOU DID IT SPLENDIDLY!"

The Great Mathematician. "AH, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, THAT BIT OF ACTING BROUGHT ME MORE COMPLIMENTS THAN ANYTHING I EVER DID?" *Fair Matron.* "I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED!"

TRUE AND TRUSTY.

(A Story of the Law.)

I ALWAYS liked LAWRENCE LUCKAPENNY, and shall never forget the first time I met him. He was leaving the County Court, where I had had myself a small matter of business, and knowing the same Counsel, we foregathered. He was in great spirits. He had just won his case.

"Yes," said he, "it was a hard fight, but we came off all right. His Honour was distinctly in our favour, so now I and my co-trustees will have the satisfaction of feeling that the estate has benefited, with no greater loss than a few months' delay. Eh?" and he turned to our Counsel, who smiled, and shook his head a little doubtfully.

"Can scarcely go so far as that," the man of law observed. "You see, these matters take time, and the other side may appeal."

"Appeal! What is that?"

"I am afraid you will have the full opportunity for learning, my dear fellow."

"Well, it's all right up to now," cried LUCKAPENNY, cheerfully, and we separated.

Two or three years after this I again met the litigant, but this time in the Royal Courts of Justice. There were streaks of white in his hair, but he was still cheerful.

I asked him how he was getting on with the matter, and he replied, "As well as might

be expected." Our Counsel had been right, for the liquidators had appealed.

"But we have beaten them again, my dear Sir! Think of that,—beaten them again!"

"And now you will have no further difficulty, I suppose."

"I can't go quite so far as that," returned LUCKAPENNY, who I noticed was adopting legal phraseology. "You know they may take us up to the House of Lords, if they please!"

And again time went on. In the course of years I found that poor LUCKAPENNY had been taken to Westminster, and their Lordships had decided to give themselves time to consider their judgment.

When I met LUCKAPENNY again, the House of Lords had decided against him.

"It is very awkward," he observed, "they will not allow my costs, and so I shall have to pay them out of my own pocket! And what makes it the more annoying is that, even had we won our cause, it would have led to nothing, as the estate we were fighting is practically bankrupt."

I offered my condolences, and we separated.

The last time I saw poor LUCKAPENNY, he looked a very shadow of himself. He was haggard and thin, and was wearing clothes of an ancient cut and threadbare material. He smiled as he met me, and observed that he was still engaged on the trust matter.

"But I have come to the last stage," he said;

"I have paid the costs in full. And now I am going home."

"Going home," I repeated, and noticing that he seemed feeble, offered him the support of my arm. "I will walk as far as your residence."

"You are very good," he replied, "but I am afraid that I cannot ask you to come in."

"Never mind that; but where do you live?"

"Where should I live after a lawsuit?" he returned, with a short laugh. "Why, in the Workhouse, to be sure—in the Workhouse!"

And as a ratepayer, I have assisted to support him ever since!

A MENU FROM BIRMINGHAM.

POTAGES.

Duchesse.

Consommé de Déluge à l'Après Moi.

POISSONS.

Hors d'Eau à l'Appât convenable.

Crevettes à l'Envie.

ENTRÉES.

Petits Programmes à la Robe de Joseph.

Filets de Vis, Sauce Monopole.

Pattes de Matou aux Griffes.

RÔTS.

Moi Même.

Dinde Fidèle de Jessé.

LÉGUMES.

Orchis en Boutonnière.

Hartijo Sauce Soumission.

RELEVÉS.

Monocle.

Salmi de Paires Filants aux Lis.

ENTREMETS.

Gâteau Rossendale.

Conserves d'Église Galloise.

Boudin de Labouchère à la Lanterne.

DESSERT.

Bonbons de Famille.

Hameçons de Flatterie.

Oublis.

IN STATU,—QUO ?

SHOULD CROMWELL have a statue at Westminster was a burning question some years ago. We all know the result, and nowadays, who cares? At present, the question at Oxford is, Shall Cardinal NEWMAN have a statue? and, if so, Shall it be just opposite the Martyrs' Memorial? From one point of view, the situation is happily selected, as, of course, NEWMAN was on just exactly opposite ground to CRANMER, RIDLEY, and LATIMER. The Oxford Dons are right in supposing that no statue can be erected without a previous design; a design by a hand that has not lost its cunning. The proposed site is in Broad Street, a very suggestive name as opposed to narrowness of any sort: yet so eager are the illogical Dons in the matter of preservation of spaces, that before even the base of a clay model has been commenced, they have already prepared the ground for the reception of the statue by getting up any amount of railing about the proposed site!



"WAKING-UP" FOR THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. X.—TO CROOKEDNESS.

OBLIQUE, BUT FORMIDABLE ONE,

You have frequently fixed your abode in high places. Are there not recorded in history the names of kings and statesmen whom an irresistible desire to scheme, and trick, and overreach, has brought to the block? The times were difficult—that much one may admit. Noble heads of honourable and upright men were lopped in profusion; and it may be argued, with some show of reason, that the man whose character was as flawless as pure crystal, was like to fare as badly as the muddiest rascal of them all, if his side sank in defeat. And yet I cannot help believing that, in some cases at least, a man might have had a happier end if he had abstained from acts of political turpitude, which were as irrational in their conception as they were ruinous in their effect; acts, that is, which, in the existing circumstances, no sane man could have undertaken unless the mere doing of these rogueries had been a supreme and a necessary pleasure to him. There was poor CHARLES THE FIRST. Surely, in spite of that melancholy, doomed face, he might have died in peace if he had only played the game fairly. JAMES THE SECOND, too, and MARLBOROUGH, the greatest Captain of his age, and BOLINGBROKE, the eloquent philosopher, the grave moralist, how different might their ends have been had not you, O CROOKEDNESS, presided at their births, and ruled their lives. But, avant, History! Here I am straying into a treatise, when I merely intended to remind you of little PETER SHEEF, and of his adventures.

PETER and I were freshmen together at Cambridge in the remote past before "Johnnies," and "Chappies," and "Mashers" had been heard of, before the "oof bird" had been fledged in its pink and sporting nest, or the Egyptian cigarette had asserted its universal sway. I daresay we differed but little (by "we" I mean the freshmen of our year) from those who have lately appeared for the first time in King's Parade, or Jesus Lane. We were very young—we imagined Proctors to be destitute of human feeling; we ate portentous breakfasts of many courses, and, for the most part, treated our allowances as though they had been so much pocket-money. Also we had an idea that a man who had passed his thirtieth year was absurdly old, and that nobody could be called a boy whose name had been entered on the books of a College. In fact, we were freshmen.

PETER and I were a good deal thrown together during our first term. Like me, he had come up from one of the smaller schools, and we had not, therefore, a very large number of friends to start with. PETER was one of the pleasantest fellows in the world, always cheerful, good-tempered, and obliging. He always seemed to have plenty of money. Indeed, I know that his father made him an allowance of £800 a year, a sum which was considerably more than double that received by the majority of his fellows. The parental SHEEF I have since discovered was a Solicitor, who had made his mark and his fortune by the crafty defence of shady financiers in distress, of bogus company promoters, and generally of the great race who live in the narrow border-land which divides the merely disreputable from the positively indictable. But at that time I didn't trouble my head to inquire about PETER's father, and was content as most Undergraduates are, to take my friends as I thought I found them. PETER was musical; he played several instruments with skill, and sang a capital song. With all these qualities, he soon became, to a certain extent, popular. He then set up as a giver of good and expensive dinners, kept a couple of horses in the hunting season, devoted great attention to his dress, and made himself unobtrusively agreeable to the little gods of our miniature world. In his second year he had gained a position; most people spoke well of him, and liked him. It only rested with PETER himself to maintain what he had gained, and to enter on life with troops of friends. A few moments of purposeless folly were sufficient to shatter him.

I remember that in my first term I was not very agreeably impressed by something that PETER did. A dog-fancier happened to come through the street in which we both lodged, and PETER began to bargain with him for a fox-terrier, who, according to the fancier's account, had a pedigree as long and as illustrious as that of a Norman Peer. Eventually it had been agreed that the dog was to become PETER's property in consideration of thirty shillings in cash, a pair of trousers, and a bottle of brandy. The exchange was made,

and the man departed. Thereupon PETER informed me with glee, that the trousers were a pair of his father's, which had been packed in his portmanteau by mistake, and that the brandy-bottle contained about fifty per cent. of water, that amount of brandy having been poured off before payment was made. As PETER put it, "I've done him in the eye, to prevent him doing me." I tried in vain to bring him round to the opinion that (let alone robbing one's father) cheating a cheat was one of the lowest forms of roguery. The dog-fancier soon afterwards returned, and protested, with tears in his eyes, that the shabby trick had wounded him in his tenderest feelings, but he seemed quite willing to begin a fresh bargain with "the only gen'lmen, s'help me, as ever bested pore little ALEC."

All this is, however, by the way. I merely mention it to illustrate PETER's character. At the University Steeple-Chase Meeting, which took place at the end of our third October term, SHEEF had entered his animals for several races. He was a good rider, and

confidently anticipated success. To celebrate the occasion, he had arranged a big dinner-party, and had invited some twenty of us to dine with him. I had been unable to go to the races myself, but at the appointed hour I turned up at SHEEF's rooms. I found the table brilliantly laid, waiters hanging about, and dozens of Champagne in readiness. SHEEF was there, but, beside myself, no other guest had appeared. And not a single one came. I forget what excuse the miserable host made, but the result was that we two solemnly dined at a table laid for ten times our number. I think I shall remember that ghastly festivity as long as I live. The next day all Cambridge knew that SHEEF had not only pulled one of his horses openly and disgracefully, but had wilfully misled both his friends and the book-makers as to the horse he intended to ride in a race for which entries were made at the post. I never heard that he stood to win more than £50 by the transaction. And for this paltry sum (paltry, that is, to a man of his means) he had wrecked his reputation, and all the possibilities of his career.

I see him slinking about London sometimes. Last year he passed, with much discredit, through the Bankruptcy Court. He has been a Director of countless Companies, for the stock of fools seems to be inexhaustible. There can only be one end for such a man as SHEEF. The cool, callous, and calculating knave may get clear through to the end; but SHEEF always was stupidly good-natured, and good-nature hangs like a millstone round the neck of rascality. I cannot myself detest him as I ought to do. He was so near to completely successful respectability. But crookedness ruined him, in spite of his better wishes. Was it altogether his own fault?

That, as Mr. BRET HARTE observes, lets me out.

I remain as before, DIOGENES ROBINSON.

A Dangerous Title.

(To Mr. Joseph Hatton, Author of "Cigarette Papers.")

CIGARETTE PAPERS, JOSEPH, when properly stuffed, Are meant, I suppose, to be zealously puffed. When we take them in hand, a consuming desire Attacks us to set the gay trifles on fire. Yet, the brand being good (here's the point of my joke), They are always enjoyed ere they vanish in smoke.

FROM AN X. J. P. TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH.—Sir,—Why complain of "the Licence of the Bar?" Of course it goes with, and is a part of, every Licence to a Public-house granted by the Middlesex Magistrates. I've retired some years myself, am a bit deaf, and don't read much; but I heard just enough to warrant me in writing to you at once on what appears to me so simple a matter.

ROBERT SHALLOW, X. J. P., M. M.

At the Sign of the Pig and Pippin.

TO THE FUTURE A.R.A.—Better luck next time, Mr. SWAN. Be satisfied that, though at present unelected, you are Swan, R.A., i.e., *Rara Avis*. As you can plume yourself on this, so "in hoc Cygno, vinces!" Which we canneally and not canonically for the nonce nonce-sensically render, "In this (matter), to the Swan (we say) you will (go in and) win!"

'PLEASING THE PIGS!' (From a Private and Confidential Report.)

MR. CHAPLIN received a deputation on the subject of the Swine-fever last week. True to his dramatic instincts as regards the fitness of things, the Minister for Agriculture was, on this occasion, wearing a Sow-wester. He regretted that he was unable to don a pig-tail, which, as the representative of the Fine Old English Gentleman of years gone by, he should much like to do, but it was a fashion with the pig-wigs of the last century which he hoped to see revived as "a tail of old times." It was better, far better to be pig-tailed as were their great grandfathers, than to be pig-headed as were so many people with pig-culiar notions, specially in Scotland.

"I am doing and have been doing," said the Ministering CHAPLIN, "my very best to please the pigs, but there are some pigs that won't be pleased when they find that everything is not going to be done for them gratis. You may take this for granted,—I should say granted. Now let me give you an illustration. There were five pigs belonging to a well-known littery family. The first pig went to market but no one would purchase him, the second pig stayed at home (not feeling well), the third pig had pleuro-pneumonia, and the fourth pig was



in full swing—if you can imagine a pig in a swing—of swine-fever; and the fifth and quite the smallest pig of the lot, a mere sucking-pig, went 'wheeze, wheeze, wheeze!' and 'wheezes' were always a very bad sign. A propos of 'signs' I have little doubt but that the well-known sign of the 'Pig and Whistle' descends to us from ancient times of Influenza. He trusted that the whole pig-family would soon be pigging up again."

The Right Hon. Gentleman finished by apologising for not being able to quote anything apposite from the works of either the philosophic BACON, the Ettrick Shepherd HOGS, or the poetic SUCKLING, his motto for the present being "*porker verba*," and he had to issue a Circular about the cattle who were all going wrong.

The Deputation thanked Mr. CHAPLIN, and unanimately expressed their opinion, that where pigs were concerned, the Minister should have his stye-pend increased. Noticing that Mr. CHAPLIN had risen from his chair, and had assumed a threatening attitude, the Deputation hurriedly thanked the Minister of Agriculture, and speedily withdrew.

ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.—
"Mire + t = Mitre."

Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

BORN, JUNE 19, 1834. DIED, JAN. 31, 1892.

STURDY saint-militant, stout, genial soul,
Through good and ill report you've reached the goal
Of all brave effort, and attained that light
Which makes our clearest noontide seem as night.
How much 'twill show us all! We boast our clarity
Of spiritual sense, but mutual charity
Is still our nearest need when faith grows fierce
And even hope earth's mists can hardly pierce.
You were much loved; you spake a potent word
In the world's ear, and listening thousands
With joy that clear and confident appeal.
The lingering doubts finer-strung spirits feel,
The sensitive shrinkings from familiar touch
Of the high mysteries, moved you not. Of such
The great throng-stirrers! And you stirred the throng
Who felt you honest and who knew you
Racy of homely earth, yet spirit-fired
With all their higher moods felt, loved, de-
Puritan, yet of no ascetic strain
Or arid straitness, freshening as the rain
And healthy as the clod; a native force
Insult yet quickening, cleaving its straight
course
Unchecked, unchastened, conquering to the
Crudeness may chill, and confidence offend,
But manhood, mother wit, and selfless zeal,
Speech clear as light, and courage true as steel
Must win the many. Honest soul and brave,
The greatest drop their garlands on your
grave!

'LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS!'
(The Haymarket Hamlet as he is and ought to be.)

Mr. H. Kemble. "My dear Tree, I ought to have played Hamlet. First, my name—Kemble. Secondly, Shakspeare's authority—'Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt,' and again, 'Fat and scant of breath!'"

Mr. B. Tree. "All right, my dear Kemble. Quite true what you say; and, any night I am unable to play, you shall be my double!"

WHIPPED IN VAIN.

(By an M.P. of a Retiring Nature.)

THE Whip, he writes to me to-day,
Not, as his wont, in tones pacific,
But in the very strongest way,
And using language quite terrific.

He hopes to see me in my place,
And woo betide the sad seceder,
Whose absence helps to throw disgrace
Both on his Party and his Leader.

I throw my hat up to the sky.
At taunts of treason or defection
I flip my fingers. What care I?
For I do not seek re-election!

"THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH."—According to the *Times* of Friday last, February 5, Cardinal MANNING died practically a pauper. He had given everything away in charity. He was a "Prince of the Church," and his gifts to others were, indeed, princely. In the wills and deeds of how many of our Very Reverend and Right Reverend Lordships shall we find nothing gathered up and bequeathed of the loaves and fishes which have fallen to their share? Such a testament as the Cardinal's would be in quite a New Testamentary spirit.

FOREIGN AND HOME NEWS.—"The Prussian Education Bill," remarked an elderly bachelor to Mr. PETER FAMILIAS, "is a very important matter; because you see—"

"Hang the Prussian Education Bill!" interrupted PETER F., testily. "You should see the English Education Bill I've had for my boy's schooling last half!"

MR. PUNCH TO THE LIFEBOAT-MEN.



[The President of the Board of Trade has, by command of the QUEEN, conveyed, through the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, to the crews of the lifeboats of Atherfield, Brightstone, and Brooke, Her Majesty's warm appreciation of their gallant conduct in saving the crew and passengers of the steamship *Eider*.]

YOUR hand, lad! 'Tis wet with the brine,
and the salt spray has sodden your hair,
And the face of you glisteneth pale with the
stress of the struggle out there;
But the savour of salt is as sweet to the sense
of a Briton, sometimes,
As the fragrance of wet mignonette, or the
scent of the bee-haunted limes.

Ay, sweeter is manhood, though rough, than
the smoothest effeminate charms
To the old sea-king strain in our blood in the
season of shocks and alarms,

When the winds and the waves and the rocks
make a chaos of danger and strife;
And the need of the moment is pluck, and
the guerdon of valour is life.

That guerdon you've snatched from the teeth
of the thundering tiger-maw'd waves,
And the valour that smites is as naught, after
all, to the valour that saves.

They are safe on the shore, who had sunk in
the whirl of the floods but for *you*!
And some said you had lost your old grit and
devotion! We knew 'twas not true.

The soft-hearted shore-going critics of con-
duct themselves would not dare,
The trivial cocksure belittlers of dangers they
have not to share,
Claim much—oh so much, from rough man-
hood,—unflinching cool daring in fray,
And selflessness utter, from toilers with little
of praise, and less pay.

Her heroes to get "on the cheap" from the
rough rank and file of her sons
Has been England's good fortune so long, that
the scribblers' swift tongue-babble runs

To the old easy tune without thought. "Gal-
lant sea-dogs and life-savers!" Yes!
But poor dribblets of lyrical praise should not
be their sole guerdon, I guess.

On the coast, in the mine, at the fire, in the
dark city byeways at night,
They are ready the waves, or the flames, or
the bludgeoning burglar to fight.
And are *we* quite as ready to mark, or to
fashion a fitting reward
For the coarsely-clad commonplace men who
our life and our property guard?

A question *Punch* puts to the Public, and on
your behalf, my brave lad,
And that of your labouring like. To accept
your stout help we are glad:
If supply of cheap heroes *should* slacken,
and life-saving valour grow dear—
Say as courts, party-statesmen, or churches
—'twould make some exchequers look
queer.

Do we quite do our part, we shore-goers?
Those lights could not flash through the
fog,
And how often must rescuer willing lie idle
on land like a log
For lack of the warning of coast-wires from
lighthouse or lightship? 'Tis flat
That we, lad, have not done *our* duty, until
we have altered all that.

Well, you have done yours, and successfully,
this time at least, and at night.
All rescued How gladly the last must have
looked on that brave "Comet Light,"
As you put from the wave-battered wreck.
Cold, surf-buffed, weary, and drenched,
Your pluck, like the glare from that beacon,
flamed on through the dark hours un-
quenched.

Nor then was your labour at end. There was
treasure to save and to land.
Well done, life-boat heroes, once more!
Punch is proud to take grip of your hand!
Your QUEEN, ever quick to praise manhood,
has spoken in words you will hail,
And 'twere shame to the People of England,
if they in their part were to fail.

THE LAST OF THE GUARDS.

*A Song of Sentiment, to the Tune of "Fair Lady
Elizabeth Mugg." ("Rejected Addresses.")*

["The last of the old Mail-guards is about to
disappear from the service of the Post Office.
Fifty-six years have elapsed since Mr. MOSES
NOBBS—for such is the venerable official's name—
was selected to undertake the duties of Guard to
one of the Royal Mails."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

HISTORICAL Muse! are you sober?

*Is he, the old Mail-guard, alive,
Who probably swigged sound October
From flagons, in One, Eight, Three,
Five?*

When PILCH went a-slogging, and CLARKE
Was a-studying slow underhand lobs?
Hooray for that evergreen spark,
The veteran Guard, MOSES NOBBS! *

Why, MOSES, thus bring to a close
Your fifty-six years on the road?
Do you yearn, after all, for repose,
Who with zeal half-a-century glowed?
The Muse makes her moan at your loss,
And Sentiment silently sobs.
Ah! Time, friend, will play pitch-and-toss
With all of us, even a NOBBS!

* The *Telegraph* gives the gentleman's name
both as "NOBBS" and "NOOGS." As "NOBBS"
comes first, Mr. *Punch* adopts it, he hopes without
mismaming the illustrious veteran.



KIND INQUIRIES.

The Dean's Wife. "IS THE DEAR BISHOP STILL LIVING?"
Episcopal Butler. "OH YES, MA'AM. HE'S BETTER TO-DAY! WE'RE ALL SAYING HE'S
GOING TO DISAPPOINT 'EM YET!"

One sees your Mail-Coach all a-blaze,
A masterly hand on the rein,
In those rollicking, railway-less days,
Which never shall greet us again.
That tootling tin-horn one can hear;
The old buffers, with breeches and fobs,
One can picture; they doubtless were dear
To the bosom of brave MOSES NOBBS.

That blunderbuss, too! Good old Guard!
At what Knight of the Road has it shot?
And do you remember the bard
Who gave us "*The Tantivy Trot*?"
Mr. EGERTON WARBURTON'S gone,
No longer the Highwayman robs;
And silence now settles upon
The Last of the Guards—MOSES NOBBS!

Yet oblivion shall not descend
On that name till a stave hath been sung.
The Muse is antiquity's friend,
And in praise of the past will give tongue.
If CRACKNALL, the Tantivy Whip,
Claimed song, they're but *parvenus* snobs
Who say that the lyre should let slip
The memory of stout MOSES NOBBS.

The Mail-Coach, my NOBBS, is no more
What it was when you put on the man;
We've Mail Trains, all rattle and roar,
And that portent, the Packet Post Van.
A Pullman, and not the Box-seat,
Is the aim of our modern Lord Bobs;
But the old recollections are sweet; [NOBBS!
And *Punch* drinks to your health, MOSES

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

IV.—THE DUFFER AS COLLECTOR.

I MAY be a Duffer, but I hope I am neither an idiot nor a cad. I have never collected postage-stamps, nor outraged common humanity by asking people to send me their autographs. With these exceptions I have failed as a collector of almost everything. To succeed you need luck, and a dash of unscrupulousness, and careful attention to details, and a sceptical habit of mind. Even as a small boy I used to waste my shillings at a funny little curiosity-shop, kept by a nice old lady who knew no more about her wares than I did. Here I acquired quite a series of old coppers, which Mrs. SOMERVILLE said were ancient Bactrian. We asked where Bactria was, and she replied that it was a "country beyond Cyrus." We answered that Cyrus was not a territorial but a personal name, "A fellow, don't you know, not a place," but the old lady's information stopped there. I wonder where my Bactrian Collection is now. Certainly I never sold it; indeed, I never sold anything; not only because nobody would buy, but because, after all, one is a Collector, not a tradesman. Birds' eggs I would have collected if I could, but you had first to find the bird's nest (almost an impossible quest for a born Duffer), and to blow the eggs, which, let me tell you, needs nicety of handling. I did once find a thrush's nest, and tried blowing an egg, but it was not wholly a success, and the egg (the contents of which I accidentally absorbed) was not wholly fresh. Then it is awkward when you are at the top of a tall tree, with an egg in your mouth, for safety, if the other boys make you laugh, as you try to come down. It is the egg which,—but enough! Everyone who has been in that position will understand what is meant. It is not difficult to collect shells on the seashore, but it is extremely difficult to find out what shells they are, after you have collected them.

Conchology is no child's play. As to collecting marine animals for an aquarium, the trouble begins when you forget your acquisitions, and carry them about for some time in the pockets of your jacket. That jacket is apt to be dusted by the bigger boys, who also interfere with your affections for toads, lizards, snakes and other live stock dear to youth. The common ambition of boyhood is to be a great rabbit-grower, but, somehow, my rabbits did not thrive. The cats got at them, and, in shooting at the cats with a crossbow, I had the misfortune to break several windows, and riddle a conservatory.

The chief objects of my later ambition have been rare old books, gems, engravings, china, and so forth. All these things, if they are to be collected, demand that you shall have your wits about you; and the peculiarity of the Duffer is that his wits are always wool-gathering. A nice collection of wool they must have stored up somewhere. As to books, one invariably begins by collecting the wrong things. In novels and essays you read of "priceless Elzevirs," and "Aldines worth their weight in gold." Fired with hope, you hang about all the stalls, where you find myriads of Elzevirs, dumpy, dirty little tomes, in small illegible type, and legions of Aldines, books quite as dirty, if not so dumpy, and equally illegible, for they are printed in italics. You think you are in luck, invest largely, and begin to give yourself the airs of an amateur and a discoverer. Then comes somebody who knows about the matter in hand, and who tells you, with all the savage joy of a collector, that nobody wants any Elzevirs and Aldines, except a very few, and they must be in beautiful old bindings, uncut down, or scarcely cut down by the binder. These you may long for, but you certainly will never find them in the fourpenny box. The Duffer is always making the mistake of buying small bargains, as he thinks them, and so he will

spend, in some time, perhaps, a hundred pounds. With a hundred pounds, and with luck, and prudence, and cunning, he might perhaps buy one small volume which a collector who knew his business would not wholly disdain. But, as it is, he has squandered his money, and has nothing to show for it but a heap of trash, of the wrong date, without the necessary misprints in the right places, ragged, short, and, above all, imperfect. I suppose I have the richest collection of imperfect books in the world. One hugs oneself on one's *Lucasta* (very rare), or one's Elzevir *Cæsar* of the right date, or one's first edition of *MOLIERE*, and then comes, with fiendish glee, the regular collector, and shows you that *Lucasta* has not the portrait of *LOVELACE*, that *Cæsar* has not his pagination all wrong (as he ought to have), that the *Molières* are Lyons piracies, that half of *GILBERT'S Gentleman's Diversion* is not bound up with the rest, that, generally speaking, there are pages missing here and there all through your books, which you have never "collected,"

that a ticket of *PADELOUP*, the binder, has been taken off some broken board of a book, and stuck on to a modern imitation, and so forth, all through the collection. You cannot sell it; nobody will take as a present this Library of a Gentleman who has given up collecting; even Free Libraries do not want this kind of treasure, and so it remains, littering your shelves, a monument of folly. Happy are the Duffers whose eyes are impenetrably sealed, and who can go on believing, in spite of a modern water-mark, in their sham *BURNS MSS.* and their volumes with autographs of all the celebrated characters in history. But my eyes are purged, and I do not think you shall find me collecting old books any more. Certainly I shall not venture into auction-rooms; compete with the Trade, and get left with a book artfully run up thanks to my enthusiasm, to four or five times its market value.

As to china, what the Duffer buys is invariably cracked, and the "marks" on which he places confidence are flagrant imitations. He usually begins by supposing that Crown Derby is a priceless possession, also he has a touching faith in chipped blue and white cups and saucers, marked with a crescent. Worcester they may be, but not the right sort of Worcester. And Crown Derby is the very Aldine or Elzevir of this market. You might as well collect shares in the Great Montezuma Gold Mine, and expect to derive benefit from the investment.

Gems are among the things that the Duffer may most wisely collect, for the excellent reason that, in this country, he very seldom indeed finds any for sale. He cannot come to much sorrow, for lack

of opportunities. In Italy it is different. How many beautiful works of Art I have acquired in Florence, at considerable ransoms, all of them signed in neat, but illegible Greek capitals. I puzzled over them with microscopes. The names seemed to end in *IXAHZ*. I thought myself a rival of *BLACAS*, or Lord *KILSYTH*, or the British Museum. Then my friend, *WILKINS*, came in. "Pretty enough pastes of the last century I see," he remarks. "Pastes!—last century!" I indignantly exclaim; "why they're of the best period; Sardis, all of them signed, but I can't make out the artist's name." "It is *PICHLER*," says *WILKINS*, "he usually signed, for fear his things should be sold as antiques." I had to give in about *PICHLER* (which certainly does not sound very Greek); "but here," I said, "you can't call *this* paste, you can't scratch the back of it." "I know I can't," says *WILKINS*, examining the ring, "for a very good reason, because a thin layer of sard has been inserted behind. But it's paste, for all that."

"Well," I say, "here's a genuine ancient ring, old gold, and a lovely head of *Prosperine* in cornelian."

"Well, this is odd," says *WILKINS*, "I know the setting is genuine, I have seen it before. But then it had a rubbishy late



"And, in shooting at the cats with a crossbow, I had the misfortune to break several windows."



2

"HER MAJES

VIEW OF THE STAGE ON THE RE-OP



S SERVANTS."

THE THEATRE ROYAL WESTMINSTER.



bit of work in it, and I was in the *atelier* when a gem-cutter shaved away the top of the stone, and copied your head of Prosperine on it from a Sicilian coin. I can show you a coin of the same stamp in my collection."

And he showed me it, otherwise I might have remained incredulous. "These scarabs," he went on, "are from Birmingham, I know the glaze. That gold Egyptian ring, Queen TALA's do you say, is Coptic, Cairo is full of them. That head of CÆSAR is a copy from the one in the British Museum."

"Why, it is rough with age," I said.

"Ay, they've stuffed it down a turkey's crop, and it has got rubbed up in the gravel with which the ingenious bird assists the process of digestion. A man who could swallow that gem is a goose."

I am presenting my esteemed collection of ancient engraved stones to my nephew at school, who shows all the character of the collector. He may swap them for bats, or tarts, or he may learn wisdom from the misfortunes of his uncle.

IN THIS STYLE, SIX-AND-EIGHTPENCE.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. (rising to cross-examine). Then you assert that the golden dinner-service which we are inquiring about was in your possession on the evening of July 26th at half-past eight o'clock?

Plaintiff. I do.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. And that when you went to take them out of the strong-box at 9'15 for your party they had disappeared?

Plaintiff. Quite so.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. Pardon my suggesting such a thing, but I am instructed to ask you whether, when you paid £800 to the rate-collector for arrears of rates on the very next day, you had not obtained that sum by selling a portion of this gold plate yourself?

The Judge. Really, Mr. BADGERER, this won't do at all. "Legal bullying" is a thing of the past, and I shall have to commit you for contempt if you make these unworthy suggestions to the Witness.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. But, m'Lud, the whole point of the defence is that the Plaintiff himself sto—

The Judge (hastily interposing).—Sh! You must not talk like that. Remember that "the floor of the Court is not the same thing as the interior of a coal-barge."

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. (sulkily). Very well. But I really don't know how I am to conduct my case if your Ludship intervenes to check me. (To Witness.) I can ask you *this* at any rate. Did you or did you not run up to Town by an early train the morning after the robbery?

Plaintiff. Certainly I did. I went to see my tailor, in Bond Street.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. And why did you, then, go all the way from Bond Street to the City, eh?

Plaintiff (gravelled). My Lord, I must appeal for protection. The question is a bullying one.

The Judge. Oh, certainly! Counsel has no right to ask such things. He ought to take the charitable view of your actions, and suppose that you went to the City for a mid-day chop, or because you wanted to look at St. Paul's, or something of that kind. We must really try and conduct our business as nobly as we can.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. (pleasantly). "Que Messieurs les assassins commencent!" Then we will presume that your predilection for City chops is so great, that you went a couple of miles out of your way to get one, and that your reason for dropping in at the establishment of Messrs. BLANK, Goldsmiths, and offering them half-a-dozen dessert-plates—

The Judge (interrupting). Oh, really, this is not at all—

Plaintiff. Quite the reverse. I won't stay here to be insulted by anybody! [Exit hurriedly.]

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. I am afraid the Police Officers who are waiting outside to arrest our friend who has just left the box will also be denounced as "legal bullies." But after all one can't cross-examine a rogue on rosewater principles. And if we Barristers sometimes do make things rather rough for innocent Witnesses, by dragging out unpleasant incidents in their careers, or suggesting some that never occurred, by so acting we provide a powerful inducement to people to avoid having such unpleasant incidents to be dragged out. And if the fear of cross-examination prevents actions being brought, it thereby also prevents would-be litigants ruining themselves in law expenses. With submission, m'Lud, and if your Ludship pleases, I would say that we "legal bullies" are public benefactors in disguise.

The Judge. There's something in what you say, Mr. BADGERER. But the disguise need not be so complete as it is. I suppose it's a verdict for the Defendants? With costs, yes. Gentlemen of the Jury, I can't sufficiently express my sense of the nobility of your conduct in listening to the evidence as you have done—though, of course, if you had *not* listened, I should have committed you all for contempt in double-quick time—and you will now return a verdict for the Defendants. [Left sitting.]



LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

ANOTHER SAVING.

DURING THE ADJOURNMENT, THEIR LORDSHIPS WILL ASSIST IN THE REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT.

Thirsty Attorney. "NOT TOO MUCH FROTH ON, MY LUD!"

TO POLICE CONSTABLES SMEETH AND TAPPIN.

[In endeavouring to capture a gang of burglars at Greenwich, these two constables were dreadfully battered. But they kept up the pursuit until the ruffians were secured.]

YOUR hand, Mr. TAPPIN, your hand, Mr. SMEETH.

To the men who protect us we offer no wreath.

They face for our sakes all the rogues and the brutes.

Getting cracks from their bludgeons and kicks from their boots.

They are battered and bruised, yet they never give in,

And at last by good luck they may manage to win.

Then, their heads beaten in all through scorning to shirk,

Scarred and seamed they return without fuss to their work.

O pair of good-plucked 'uns, ye heroes in blue,

As modest as brave, let us give you your due.

Though we cannot do much, we'll do all that we can,

Since our hearts throb with pride at the sight of a Man.

Mr. SMEETH you're a man, Mr. TAPPIN's another;

Mr. Punch—pray permit him—henceforth is your brother.

We are proud of you both, and we'll all of us cheer

These Peelers from Greenwich who never knew fear.

MORE BONES TO PICK WITH THE SCHOOL BOARD.

WE see there has been some churlish cavilling in some quarters because the School Management Committee of the London School Board passed a requisition in November last, sanctioning the purchase of an articulated skeleton for the Belleville Road School, at the very reasonable sum of £8 16s. Why make any bones about the matter? What more ornamental and indeed indispensable article of school-furniture than a human skeleton nearly six foot high? Still, should the past system of expenditure be continued in the future, Mr. Punch would suggest that excellent and infinitely cheaper substitutes for skeletons will be found in the persons of the rate-payers themselves.

CUPID'S TENNIS-COURTS.—Under the heading "Tennis in the Riviera," the *Daily Telegraph* recently gave us some important news, which should largely influence the Matrimonial Market. The names of Ladies and Gentlemen, both "singles" (a not strictly grammatical plural, by the way, but what's grammar in a game of Thirty to Love?) were given. There was, however, no mention of "ties" or of matches to come.

A CORRESPONDENT SIGNING HIMSELF "MINCING LANE" WRITES,—"Sir,—The *Saturday Review* complained of Mr. TREE's gait as *Hamlet*, 'which,' said the Critic, 'reminds one too much of AGAO.' Most cutting comparison for an actor sticking rigidly to the Shakespearean text! If there were interpolations in the text of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's own introduction, then indeed he might remind them of *A-gag*; that is, if he were continually a-gagging.—M. L."

NEW BOOK.—Soon may be expected, *A Guide to the Unknown Tonga*, by the Author of *A Handbook to Poker*.



THE PARLIAMENTARY SAFETY BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP—THE LAST LAP.



FICTION—PRESENT STYLE.

Gertrude. "YOU NEVER DO ANYTHING NOW, MARGARET, BUT GO TO ALL SORTS OF CHURCHES, AND READ THOSE OLD BOOKS OF THEOLOGY. YOU NEVER USED TO BE LIKE THAT." Margaret. "HOW CAN I HELP IT, GERTY?—I'M WRITING A POPULAR NOVEL!"

TAKE CARE!

A SONG OF CONVALESCENCE AFTER INFLUENZA.

By an Impatient Patient.

AIR—"Beware!"

"I FEEL as well as well can be!"—

Take care!

La Grippe's deceptive don'tcher see,

Beware! Beware!

Trust it not,

'Twill be fooling thee;

It's just three weeks since I was "down!"—

Take care!

"I'm wanted very much in town."

Beware! Beware!

Run no risk,

'Tis humbugging thee!

"I feel all right,—as well as you!"—

Take care!

What feeling tells you is not true!

Beware! Beware!

Pneumonia waits

To be nipping thee!

"You Doctors are such funny chaps!"—

Take care!

We know the dangers of Relapse.

Beware! Beware!

Flout me not,

I'm not fooling thee!

"Too long you pillow us and pill us!"—

Take care!

You don't half know that blarmed bacillus.

Beware! Beware!

Brave it not,

'Twill be flooring thee!

"The fever's gone, the aches seem van-

Take care!

[ished.]—

They come back when you think 'em banished.

Beware! Beware!

Trust 'em not,

They'll be dodging thee!

"Oh, come, I say, look here, you know!"—

Take care!

Your pulse is yet two beats too slow.

Beware! Beware!

Trifle not,

Sense is schooling thee!

"Three weeks have I been on my back!"—

Take care!

You don't want to renew the rack.

Beware! Beware!

East winds are out,

They'll be cooling thee!

"It is a beast of a complaint!"—

Take care!

Don't storm! Your pulse is fluttering, faint.

Beware! Beware!

Worry not,

Think of syncope!

"Tush! Taking Care's the awfulest worry!"—

Take care!

For "Complications" punish hurry.

Beware! Beware!

Resist him not,

Who'd be ruling thee!

Keep warm indoors, take lots of rest.

Take care!

That of all counsels is the best.

Beware! Beware!

Out? Cert'nly not!

For two weeks—or three!

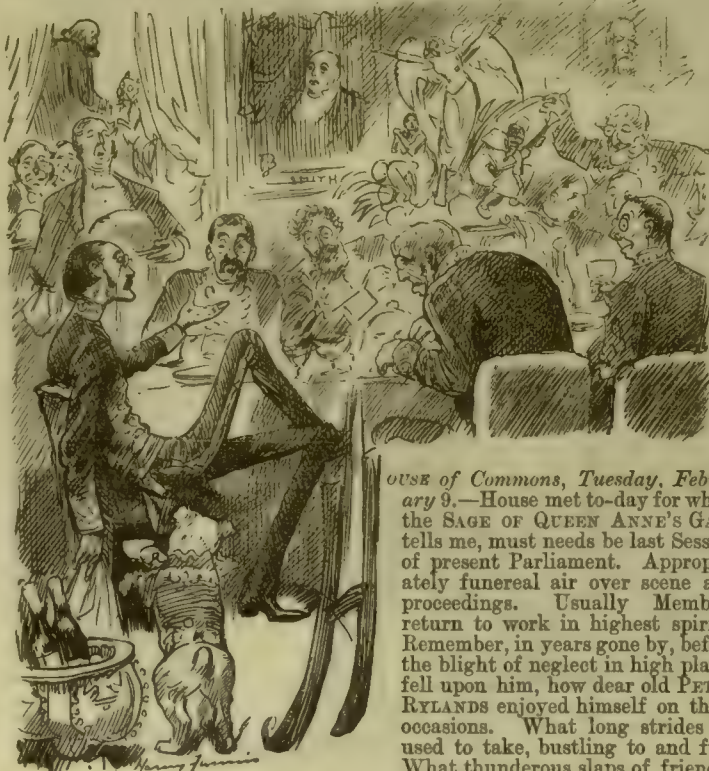
[Left fuming.]

"ON THE SLY."—The name of Mr. J. E. SLY was mentioned in the *World* last week as a candidate for the office of High Bailiff of the City of London Court. Quite a Shakespearian name is *Sly*. "Look in the *Chronicles*," quoth *Christopher* of that ilk, "We came in with *RICHARD Conqueror*." We drink success to him in "a pot of the smallest ale" and "Let the *World* slip,"—whether it did slip or not, the event will prove,—“We shall ne'er be younger.”

"CHARLES, HIS FRIENDS."—The Gentlemen who sought to adorn King CHARLES's statue with wreaths on the 30th January, are not to be beheaded. Like the White Rose League, their Jacobark is worse than their Jacobite.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



HOUSE of Commons, Tuesday, February 9.—House met to-day for what, the SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE tells me, must needs be last Session of present Parliament. Appropriately funereal air over scene and proceedings. Usually Members return to work in highest spirits. Remember, in years gone by, before the blight of neglect in high places fell upon him, how dear old PETER RYLANDS enjoyed himself on these occasions. What long strides he used to take, bustling to and fro! What thunderous slaps of friendly welcome he bestowed on shrinking

shoulders! What digs of deep and subtle humour he dealt to unresponsive ribs!

If PETER were with us to-day, it is probable that even his effervescence of natural spirits would droop under prevalent gloom. The familiar place is a House of Mourning. Members tread softly, lest they should disturb the sick or wake the dead. Everyone has had the influenza, fears he is going to catch it, or mourns someone whom it has snatched away.

When SPEAKER took Chair and business commenced, a glance round crowded benches brought back memory of much that has happened in the Recess.

"'Tis not alone this inky cloak, good TOBY, worn in sign of public mourning," said WILFRID LAWSON, strangely subdued; "the House of Commons has had its losses."

"Yes," I say, looking across at the Treasury Bench, where in the last weeks of July we were wont to see the kindly anxious face of OLD MORALITY, never more to cheer us with his little aphorisms, and incite to following his pathway of duty to his QUEEN and country. In his place, alert, youthful, strong, with ready smile breaking the unfamiliar gravity of face and manner, sits the new Leader, still blushing under effect of ringing cheer that welcomed him to his high position.

Lower down, filled up by another, is the place whence used frequently to arise a tall, almost gaunt, figure, which, with voice and manner indicating close associations with the Church pulpit, read from manuscript neatly-constructed answers designed to crush HENRIKER-HEATON. A kindly man and an able was RAIKES, who did not obtain full recognition for his administration of the office to which he was called.

On the other side of [the] House a great gap is made by the withdrawal of PARNELL from the scene. A second, of quite other association, yawns where genial DICK POWER used to sit, and wonder what on earth he did in this gallery, when he might have been riding to hounds in County Waterford. HARTINGTON gone, too, an unspeakable loss to gentlemen on the benches immediately behind. Many are the weary hours they have wiled away wondering whether, at the next backward jerk of the head of the sleeping statesman, his hat would tumble off, or whether catastrophe would be further postponed. In HARTINGTON's place sits CHAMBERLAIN, much too wide awake to afford opportunity for speculation on that or cognate circumstance.

In his old corner-seat, in friendly contiguity, with his revered friend on the Treasury Bench, GRANDOLPH lounges contemplative. Met him earlier in afternoon. Passed us in corridor as I was talking to the MARKISS, who was anxious to know how the dinner went off last night, at which nephew ARTHUR appeared in character of the New Host at Downing Street. The MARKISS looked narrowly at GRANDOLPH as he passed with head hung down, tugging at his moustache.

"You remember TOBY, what HEINE said of DE MUSSET? 'A young

man with a great future—behind him.' There he goes."

"Don't you believe it, my Lord," I said, with the frankness that endears me to the aristocracy. "You'll make a grave mistake if you act upon that view of GRANDOLPH's position."

"Ah, well," said the MARKISS, a little hastily; "I must go and see STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL about this Portugal business."

As he strode off I thought how precise and graphic remains Lord LYTTON's description of him, written before he came to the Premiership:—

"The large slouching shoulder, as oppressed
By the prone head, habitually stoops
Above a world his contemplative gaze
Peruses, finding little there to praise."

Sorry I vexed him.

Some disappointment at GRANDOLPH's appearance. Hoped he might do honour to occasion by presenting himself in the attire clad in which he of late roamed through Mashonaland. It would have been much more picturesque than either of the uniforms in which mover and seconder of Address are obviously and uncomfortably sewn up preparatory to reciting the bald commonplace of their studiously conned lesson.

"He might at least," said CHAPLIN, who, as Minister for Agriculture, takes an interest in specimens of animal produce, "have brought with him the skin of one of those nine lions he shot from the oak in which CHARLES THE FIRST took refuge."

GRANDOLPH affects not to hear this whispered remark. It was addressed to NICHOLAS WOOD, who, leaning over back of Treasury Bench, laboriously explains that CHAPLIN is a little mixed; that the oak-tree to which he

alludes was grown on English ground—wasn't it in Worcestershire?—and therefore could not afford a safe place of retreat whence lions might be potted in Central Africa.

"There is," said NICHOLAS, emphatically, "no gun made that would carry so far."

"Pish!" said CHAPLIN, somewhat inconsequentially.

GRANDOLPH looks across at Front Opposition Bench, and wonders how Mr. G. is enjoying himself in the Sunny South. "Younger than any of 'em," GRANDOLPH admits.

"No gun made would carry so far." "Odd that with a general sweeping away of the Leaders in their places last Session, only he should be left. Expect he'll see us all out."

"Order! order!"

'Tis the voice of the SPEAKER. I thought he'd complain.

"Notices of Motion!" he calls, in sonorous voice. Then the dreary business begins, MILMAN having all the fun to himself as he pulls a lucky number out of the Ballot Box, and Members rise in long succession, giving notice of interminable Bills and Motions, just as they did at the beginning of last Session, when HARTINGTON slept on the Front Opposition Bench, when OLD MORALITY fidgetted uneasily in the seat of Leader, and when PARNELL stood with his back to the wall in Committee Room No. 15.

TRULY AND REELLY.—Why didn't they at once elect COTTON, Alderman, Poet, and Haberdasher, for the office of City Chamberlain, without waiting for a show of hands and the rest of it? Of course COTTON ought to have been elected right off the reel.



JIM'S JOTTINGS.

No. II.—RATS'-RENTS, THE RENTERS AND THE RENTED.

[In which GINGER JIMMY gives his views of Lazarus, Dives, Dirt, Mother Church, Slum-Freeholders and "Freedom of Contract."]

"THE Golgotha of Slumland!" That's a phrase as I am told Is made use of by a party,—wich that party must be bold,— In the name of Mister LAZARUS, a good Saint Pan-

craze gent, Wot has writ a book on Slumland, and its Land-lords, and its Rent."

He's a Member of the "Westry 'Ealth Committee," so it seems,

And the story wot he tells will sound, to some, like 'orrid dreams.

But, lor bless yer! *we* knows better, and if sech 'cute coves as 'im

Want to ferret hout the *facks*, they might apply to GINGER JIM.

There's the mischief in these matters; them as knows won't always tell.

Wy, if you want to spot a "screw," or track up a bad smell,

You've got to be a foxer, for whilst slums makes topping rent,

There will always be lots 'anging round to *put yer off the scent*!

I can tell yer arf the right 'uns even ain't quite in the know,

And there's lots o' little fakes to make 'em boggle, or go slow.

Werry plorserble their statements, and they puts 'em nice and plain,

And a crockidile *can* drop 'em when 'e once turns on the main.

All the tenants' faults; they likes it, dirt, and scrowging, and damp walls!

They *git used* to 'orrid odours! O the Landlord's tear-drop falls

Werry often, when collecting of his rents, to see the 'oles Where the parties as must pay 'em up *prefers* to stick, pore souls!

No compulsion, not a mossel! Ah, my noble lords and gents Who are up in arms for Libbaty—that is, of paying rents—

You've rum notions of Compulsion. NOCKY SPRIGGINS sez, sez 'e, While you've got a choice of starving, or the workus, ain't yer *free*!

Free? O yus, we're free all round like; there ain't ne'er a bloomin' slave,

White or black, but wot is free enough—to pop into 'is grave;

Though if they ketch yer trying even *that* game, and yer *fail*,

Yer next skool for teaching freedom ain't the workus, but the jail!

'Andcuffs ain't the sole "Compulsion," nor yet laws 'ain't, nor yet whips;

There is sech things as 'unger, and yer starving kids' white lips,

And bizness ties, a hempty purse, bad 'ealth, and ne'er a crust;

Swells may swear these ain't Compulsion, but *we* know as they means *must*.

Ah! wot precious rum things *words* is, 'ow they seems to fog the wise!

If they'd only come and look at *things*, that is with their hown heyes, And not filantropic barnacles or goldian giglamps—lor!

Wot a job of grabs and gushers might shut up their blessed jor!

The nobs who're down on workmen, 'oos on "knobsticks" *they* will frown,

Has a 'arty love for Libbaty—when keepin' wages down.

Contrack's a sacred 'oly thing, freedom can't 'ave *that* broke, [joke. But Free Contrack wot's *forced* on yer—wy, o'course, that sounds a

If they knowed us and our sort, gents, they would know Free Con-track's fudge,

When one side ain't got a copper, 'as been six weeks on the trudge,

Or 'as built his little bizness up in one pertikler spot,

And if the rent's raised on 'im must turn hout, and starve or rot!

Coarse words, my lords and ladies! Well, yer may as well be dumb, As talk pooty on the questions wot concerns hus in the Slum.

There ain't nothink pooty in 'em, and I cannot 'elp but think

Some of our friends 'as spiled our case by piling on the pink.

Foxes 'ave 'oles, the Book sez; well, no doubt they feels content,

For they finds, or makes, their 'ouses, and don't 'ave to pay no rent;

* *Landlordism*, by HENRY LAZARUS.

But our 'oles—well, someone builds 'em for us, such, in course, is kind, But it ain't a bad investment, as them Landlords seems to find.

The Marquises and Mother Church pick lots of little plums, And the wust on 'em don't seem to be their propertty in slums. Oh, I'd like to take a Bishop on the trot around our court, And then ask 'ow the Church spends the coin collected from our sort

Wot's the use of pictering 'orors? Let 'im put 'is 'oly nose

To the pain of close hinspection; let his venerable toes

Pick a pathway through 'our gutter, let his gaiters climb our stairs;

And when 'e kneels that evening, I should like to 'ear 'is prayers!

I'm afraid that in Rats' Rents he mightn't find a place to kneel

Without soiling of his small clothes. Yus, to live in dirt, I feel

Is a 'orrid degradation; but one thing I'd like to know,

Is it wus than living on it? Let 'im answer; it's his go.

"All a blowing" ain't much paternised, not down our Court, it ain't.

Wich we aren't as sweet as iersons, not yet as fresh as paint!

For yer don't get spicy breezes in a den all dirt and dusk,

From a 'apenny bunch o' wallflower, or a 'penny plarnt o' musk.

Wot do *you* think? Bless yer 'earts, gents, I wos down some months ago

With a bout o' the rheumatics, and 'ad got so precious low

I wos sent by some good ladies, wot acrost me changed to come—

Bless their kindness!—to a 'evvin called a Conva-lescent 'Ome.

Phew! Wen I come back to Rats' Rents, 'ow I sickened of its smells, Arter all them trees and 'ayfields, and them laylocks and blue-bells, And sometimes I think—pertikler when I'm nabbed by them old pains—

Wot a proper world it might be if it weren't for dirt and drains.

Who's to blame for Dirt? Yer washups, praps it ain't for me to say, But—I don't think there'd be much of it if 'twasn't made to *pay*!

Who does it pay? The Renters or the Rented? I've no doubt When you spot *who* cops the Slum-swig—yer, yer won't be so fur out!

WRIGHT AND WRONG.

"We are getting on by leaps and bounds," remarked Mr. WILDEY WRIGHT, during a recent case. Whereat there was "laughter." But Mr. HORACE BROWNE, for Plaintiff, "objected to remarks of this kind." Then Mr. Justice COLLINS begged Mr. W. WRIGHT "not to make such picturesque interjections." Later on, Mr. HORACE BROWNE said to a Witness (whose name, "BURBAGE," ought to have elicited from Judge or Counsel some apposite Shakspearian allusion—but it didn't), "Then you had him on toast." This also was received with "laughter." But Mr. WILDEY WRIGHT did not object to this. No! he let it pass without interruption, implying by his eloquent silence that such a remark was neither a "picturesque interjection," nor sufficiently humorous for him to take objection to it. The other day, in a County Court, a Barrister refused to go on with a case until the Judge had done smiling! But—"This is another story."

Good Grace-ious!

Two out of three, my GRACE! That sounds a drubber.

No chance for England now to "win the rubber."

We deemed you romping in, that second Cable;

But your team didn't. Fact is, 'twasn't ABEL

(Though ABEL in himself was quite a team!)

Well, well, your SHEFFIELD blades met quite the cream

Of Cornstalk Cricketers. Cheer up, cut in!

And when March comes, make that Third Match a Win!

We're sure that while you hold the Captain's place,

Your men will win or lose with a good GRACE!

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR AN ACCOUNT OF A GORGEOUS BALLET OF UGLY GIRLS.—The Story of the Glittering Plain.



"STRAY SHEEP."

(As illustrated by Mr. Chamberlain in his Speech in the House on Thursday, February 11.)

"THOSE SHEEP WHO NEVER HEARD THEIR SHEPHERD'S VOICE ;
 WHO DID NOT KNOW, YET WOULD NOT LEARN THEIR WAY ;
 WHO STRAYED THEMSELVES, YET GRIEVED THAT I SHOULD STRAY."



PERFECTLY PLAIN.

Young Wife. "OH, I'M SO HAPPY! HOW IS IT YOU'VE NEVER MARRIED, MISS PRYMM?"

Miss Prymme. "MY DEAR, I NEVER HAVE ACCEPTED—AND NEVER WOULD ACCEPT—ANY OFFER OF MARRIAGE!"

[And then her Questioner began softly playing the old Air, "Nobody azed you."]

THE TWO SHEPHERDS.

[Mr. JOHN MORLEY was, on Feb. 6, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, initiated a Hon. Member of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, and afterwards, in a speech in the People's Palace, sharply criticised Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's plan for Old Age Pensions, expressing his preference for "more modest operations" in the direction of relaxing and enlarging the provisions of the Poor Law.]

To the Tune of Burns's "The Two Herds."

O, all ye poor and aged flocks,
Dealt with in fashion orthodox
By Bumble bodies hard as rocks,
And stern as tykes;

And treated like mere waifs and crooks,
Or herded Smikes!

Two brother Shepherds, as men thought,
Have somehow fallen out and fought,
Though each your welfare swore he sought;

Flock-herding elves,
What can this bickering have brought
Between themselves?

O, earnest JOHN and jocund JOE,
How could two Shepherds shindy so.
Old Light and New Light, con. and pro?

Now dash my buttons!
A squabbling pastor is a foe
To all poor muttuns.

O Sirs, whoe'er would have expected
That crook and pipe you'd have neglected,
By foolish love of fight infected

Concerning food?
As though the sheep would have rejected
Aught that is good!

What herd like JOSEPH could prevail?
His voice was heard o'er hill and dale;
He knew each sheep from head to tail

In vale or height,
And told whether 'twas sick or hale
At the first sight.

But JOE had a new-fangled plan
For feeding ancient sheep. The man
Posed as a true Arcadian,

With a great gift
For zeal humanitarian,
Combined with thrift.

But JOHN replied, "Pooh-pooh! Your
scheme

Is but an optimistic dream,
Whose 'shadowy incentives' seem
The merest spooks.

Better the ancient plans, I deem,
Food, folds, and crooks.

"You do not grapple with the case
Of poorest sheep, a numerous race.
As to the black ones, with what face
Claim care for such?

'Tis hungry old sheep of good race
My feelings touch.

"Your scheme will cost no end—and fail.
No sheep who ever twitched a tail
So foolish is—I would not rail!—

As such a 'herd,'
I'd 'modest operations' hail,
But yours?—absurd!

"Better reform, relax, extend
The old provisions. I commend

Plenty of food, and care no end,
For all poor sheep;
But flocks would not get poor, my friend,
Had they good keep!"

Fancy how JOE would cock a nose
At "Cookney JOHN," as certain foes
Called JOSEPH's rival. Words like those
Part Shepherd swains.

Sad when crook-wielders meet as foes
On pastoral plains!

Such two! O, do I live to see
Such famous pastors disagree,
Calling each other—woe is me!—
Bad names by turns?
Shall we not say in diction free
With BOBBIE BURNS?

"O! a' ye flocks, owre a' the hills
By mosses, meadows, moors and fells,
Come join your counsels and your skills
To cower the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themself
To choose their herds!"

"And a Good Judge, too!"

THERE is a good Justice named GRANTHAM,
Who tells lawyers truths that should haunt
There are seeds of reform [em.
In his speech, wise as warm,
And long may he flourish—to plant 'em!

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—When does a Husband find his Wife out? When he finds her at home and she doesn't expect him.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXVI.

SCENE—On the Lagoons. CULCHARD and PODBURY's gondola is nearing Venice. The apricot-tinted diaper on the façade of the Ducal Palace is already distinguishable, and behind its battlements the pearl-grey summits of the domes of St. Mark's shimmer in the warm air. CULCHARD and PODBURY have hardly exchanged a sentence as yet. The former has just left off lugubriously whistling as much as he can remember of "Che farò," the latter is still humming "The Dead March in Saul," although in a livelier manner than at first.

Culch. Well, my dear PODBURY, our—er—expedition has turned out rather disastrously!

Podb. (suspending the *Dead March*, *chokily*). Not much mistake about that—but there, it's no good talking about it. Jolly that brown and yellow sail looks on the fruit-barge there. See?

Culch. (sardonically). Isn't it a little late in the day to be cultivating an eye for colour? I was about to say that those two girls have treated us infamously. I say deliberately, my dear PODBURY, infamously!

Podb. Now drop it, CULCHARD, do you hear? I won't hear a word against either of them. It serves us jolly well right for not knowing our own minds better—though I no more dreamed that old Bob would—Oh, hang it, I can't talk about it yet!

Culch. That's childishness, my dear fellow; you ought to talk about it—it will do you good. And really, I'm not at all sure, after all, that we have not both of us had a fortunate escape. One is very apt to—er—overrate the fascinations of persons one meets abroad. Now, neither of those two was quite—

Podb. (desperately). Take care! I swear I'll pitch you out of this gondola, unless you stop that jabber!

Culch. (with wounded dignity). I am willing to make great allowances for your state of mind, PODBURY, but such an expression as—as jabber, applied to my—er—well-meant attempts at consolation, and just as I was about to propose an arrangement—really, it's too much! The moment we reach the hotel, I will relieve you from any further infliction from (bitterly) what you are pleased to call my "jabber!"

Podb. (sulkily). Very well—'m sure I don't care! (To himself.) Even old CULCHARD won't have anything to do with me now! I must have somebody to talk to—or I shall go off my head! (Aloud.) I say, old chap! (No answer.) Look here—it's bad enough as it is without our having a row! Never mind anything I said.

Culch. I do mind—I must. I am not accustomed to hear myself called a—jabberer!

Podb. I didn't call you a jabberer—I only said you talked jabber. I—I hardly know what I do say, when I'm like this. And I'm deuced sorry I spoke—there!

Culch. (relaxing). Well, do you withdraw jabber?

Podb. Certainly, old chap. I like you to talk, only not—not against Her, you know! What were you going to propose?

Culch. Well, my idea was this. My leave is practically unlimited—at least, without vanity, I think I may say that my Chief sufficiently appreciates my services not to make a fuss about a few extra days. So I thought I'd just run down to Florence and Naples, and perhaps catch a P. & O. at Brindisi. I suppose you're not tied to time in any way?

Podb. (dolefully). Free as a bird! If the Governor had wanted me back in the City, he'd have let me know it. Well?

Culch. Well, if you like to come with me, I—I shall be very pleased to have your company.

Podb. (considering). I don't care if I do—it may cheer me up a bit. Florence, eh?—and Naples? I shouldn't mind a look at Florence. Or Rome. How about Rome, now?

Culch. (to himself). Was I wise to expose myself to this sort of thing again? I'm almost sorry I— (Aloud.) My dear fellow, if we are to travel together in any sort of comfort, you must leave all details to me. And there's one thing I do insist on. In future we must keep to our original resolution—not to be drawn into any chance acquaintanceship. I don't want to reproach you, but if, when we were first at Brussels, you had not allowed yourself to get so intimate with the Trotters, all this would never—

Podb. (exasperated). There you go again! I can't stand being jawed at, CULCHARD, and I won't!

Culch. I am no more conscious of "jawing" than "jabbering," and if that is how I am to be spoken to—!

Podb. I know. Look here, it's no use. You must go to Florence by yourself. I simply don't feel up to it, and that's the truth. I shall just potter about here, till—till they go.

Culch. As you choose. I gave you the opportunity—out of kindness. If you prefer to make yourself ridiculous by hanging about here, it's no concern of mine. I daresay I shall enjoy Florence at least as well by myself.

(He sulks until they arrive at the Hotel Dandolo, where they are received on the steps by the Porter.)

Porter. Goot afternoon, Schendlemen. You have a bleasant dimes at Torcello, yes? Ach! you haf gif your gondoliers vifdeen frano? Zey schvinde you, oal ze gondoliers always schvindles eferybody, yes! Zere is som ledders for you. I vetch zem. (He bustles away.)

Mr. Bellerby (suddenly emerging from a recess in the entrance, as he recognises CULCHARD). Why, bless me, there's a face I know!

Met at Lugano, didn't we? To be sure—very pleasant chat we had too! So you're at Venice, eh? I know every stone of it by heart, as I needn't say. The first time I was ever at Venice—

Culch. (taking a bulky envelope from the Porter). Just so—how are you? Er—will you excuse me?

(He opens the envelope and finds a blue official-looking enclosure, which he reads with a gradually lengthening countenance.)

Mr. B. (as CULCHARD thrusts the letter angrily into his pocket). You're new to Venice, I think? Well, just let me give you a word of advice. Now you are here—you make them give you some tunny. Insist on it, Sir. Why, when I was here first—

Culch. (impatiently). I know. I mean, you told me that before. And I have tasted tunny.

Mr. B. Ha! well, what did you think of it? Delicious, eh?

Culch. (forgetting all his manners). Beastly, Sir, beastly! (Leaves the scandalised Mr. B. abruptly, and rushes off to get a telegram form at the bureau.)

Mr. Crawley Strutt (pouncing on PODBURY in the hall, as he finishes the perusal of his letter). Excuse me—but surely I have the honour of addressing Lord GEORGE GUMBLETON? You may perhaps just recollect, my Lord—?

Podb. (blankly). Think you've made a mistake, really.

Mr. C. S. Is it possible! I have come across so many people while I've been away that—but surely we have met somewhere? Why, of course, Sir JOHN JUBBER! you must pardon me, Sir JOHN—

Podb. (recognising him). My name's PODBURY—plain PODBURY, but you're quite right. You have met me—and you've met my boot-maker too. "Lord UPPERSOLE," eh? That's where the mistake came in!

Mr. C. S. (with hauteur). I think not, Sir; I have no recollection of the circumstance. I see now your face is quite unfamiliar to me.

(He moves away; PODBURY gets a telegram form and sits down at a table in the hall opposite CULCHARD.)

Culch. (reading over his telegram). "Yours just received. Am returning immediately."

Podb. (do., do.). "Letter to hand. No end sorry. Start at once." (Seeing CULCHARD.) Wiring to Florence for room, eh?

Culch. Er—no. The fact is, I've just heard from my Chief—a most intemperate communication, insisting on my instant return to my duties! I shall have to humour him, I suppose, and leave at once.

Podb. So shall I. No end of a shirty letter from the Governor. Wants to know how much longer I expect him to be tied to the office. Old humbug, when he only turns up twice a week for a couple of hours!

The Porter. Peg your bardons, Schendlemen, but if you haf qvide done vid ze schtamps on your ledders, I gollect bostage schtamps, yes.

Culch. (irritably flinging him the envelope). Oh, confound it all, take them. I don't want them! (He looks at his letter once more.) I say, PODBURY, it—it's worse than I thought. This thing's a week old! Must have been lying in my rooms all this time—or else in that infernal Italian post!



"Reads with a gradually lengthening countenance."

Podb. Whew, old chap! I say, I wouldn't be you for something! Won't you catch it when you do turn up? But look here—as things are, we may as well travel home together, eh?

Culch. (with a flicker of resentment). In spite of my tendency to "jaw" and "jabber"?

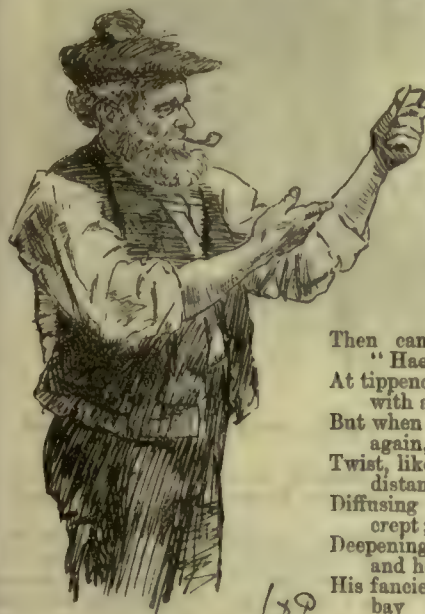
Podb. Oh, never mind all that now. We're companions in misfortune, you know, and we'd better stick together, and keep each other's spirits up. After all, you're in a much worse hat than I am!

Culch. If that's the way you propose to keep my spirits up! — But let us keep together, by all means, if you wish it, and just go and find out when the next train starts, will you? (To himself, as *PODBURY* departs.) I must put up with him a little longer, I suppose. Ah me! How differently I should be feeling now, if *HYPATIA* had only been true to herself. But that's all over, and I daresay it's better so... I daresay!

(He strolls into the hotel-garden, and begins to read his *Chief's* missive once more, in the hope of deciphering some faint encouragement between the lines.)

FINIS.

A TENNYSONIAN FRAGMENT.



So in the village inn
the Poet dwelt.
His honey-dew was
gone; only the pouch,
His cousin's work, her
empty labour, left.
But still he sniffed it,
still a fragrance clung
And lingered all about
the brodered flowers.
Then came his land-
lord, saying in broad
Scotch,
"Smoke plug, mon,"
whom he looked at
doubtfully.

Then came the grocer, saying,
"Hae some twist
At tippence," whom he answered
with a qualm.
But when they left him to himself
again,
Twist, like a fiend's breath from a
distant room
Diffusing through the passage,
crept; the smell
Deepening had power upon him,
and he mixt
His fancies with the billow-lifted
bay
Of Biscay, and the rollings of a
ship.

And on that night he made a little song,
And called his song "*The Song of Twist and Plug*,"
And sang it: scarcely could he make or sing.

"Rank is black plug, though smoked in wind and rain;
And rank is twist, which gives no end of pain;
I know not which is ranker, no, not I.

"Plug, art thou rank? Then milder twist must be;
Plug, thou art milder; rank is twist to me.
O Twist, if plug be milder, let me buy.

"Rank twist, that seems to make me fade away,
Rank plug, that navvies smoke in loveless clay,
I know not which is ranker, no, not I.

"I fain would purchase flake, if that could be;
I needs must purchase plug, ah woe is me!
Plug and a cutty, a cutty, let me buy."

COMPLICATED CASE.—The other day, an Italian Organ-grinder was arrested for having shot one GIUSEPPE PIA. "He admitted the charge" (we quote the *Globe*), "but said the gun went off accidentally." When a Gentleman "admits the charge" (though indeed it was the other one who did *that*), how the gun went off seems to be a matter of secondary importance.

THE NAME AND THE THING.—A vote of thanks to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, after his address to the Liberal and Radical Association, was carried by a Wapping Majority.

A LATTERDAY VALENTINE.

(LEAP YEAR: NEW STYLE.)

(From Miss Anastasia Jay, New York, to Thomas, Earl of Dunbrowne, London.)

VALENTINES plebeian
Cannot fix an Earl—
I'm as you may see, an
Ardent Yankoe girl.
Nothing "soft" you'll find
here,
No old-fashioned lay;
Say then, you'll be mine, dear,
In the modern way.

You (we haven't met as
Yet I must record)
Figure in *Debrett* as
Out-and-out a Lord:
Ancestors, a thousand,
Dignities, a score—
Hear my bashful vows,
and
Think this matter o'er.

I don't in for Pa go;
Pa despised New York;
Porpa in Chicago
Cultivated pork:
Ma was born a Gerald;
Birth was Morma's
pride—
As the *New York Herald*
Mentioned when she died.

Well, my pile's a million,
That's a fact, you bet:
I'm in our cotillon
Quite the Broadway Pet:
I can sing like PATTI;
And to win I went
For the Cincinnati
Tennis Tournament.

I've a lovely right hand;
For my face I've sat
By electric light—and
Elegant at that!
I enclose the photo,
Just for you to see,
But deny in toto
That it flatters me.

You, I've read, are rather
"Up the Spout" for
cash,
Owing to your father
Having been so splash:
I from debt could free you,
And in Politics
Calculate to see you
Bagging all the tricks.

Any Earl who marries
ANASTASIA JAY
Will (except in Paris)
Get his little way,
Fear no interference;
Relatives remain,—

But their disappearance
Beats me to explain.

THOMAS, I adore thee!—
"THOMAS" is thy name,
Isn't it?—the more the
Scandal and the shame!
All I ask you, Tom, is
Just one loving line,



One type-written promise
Publishing you mine.

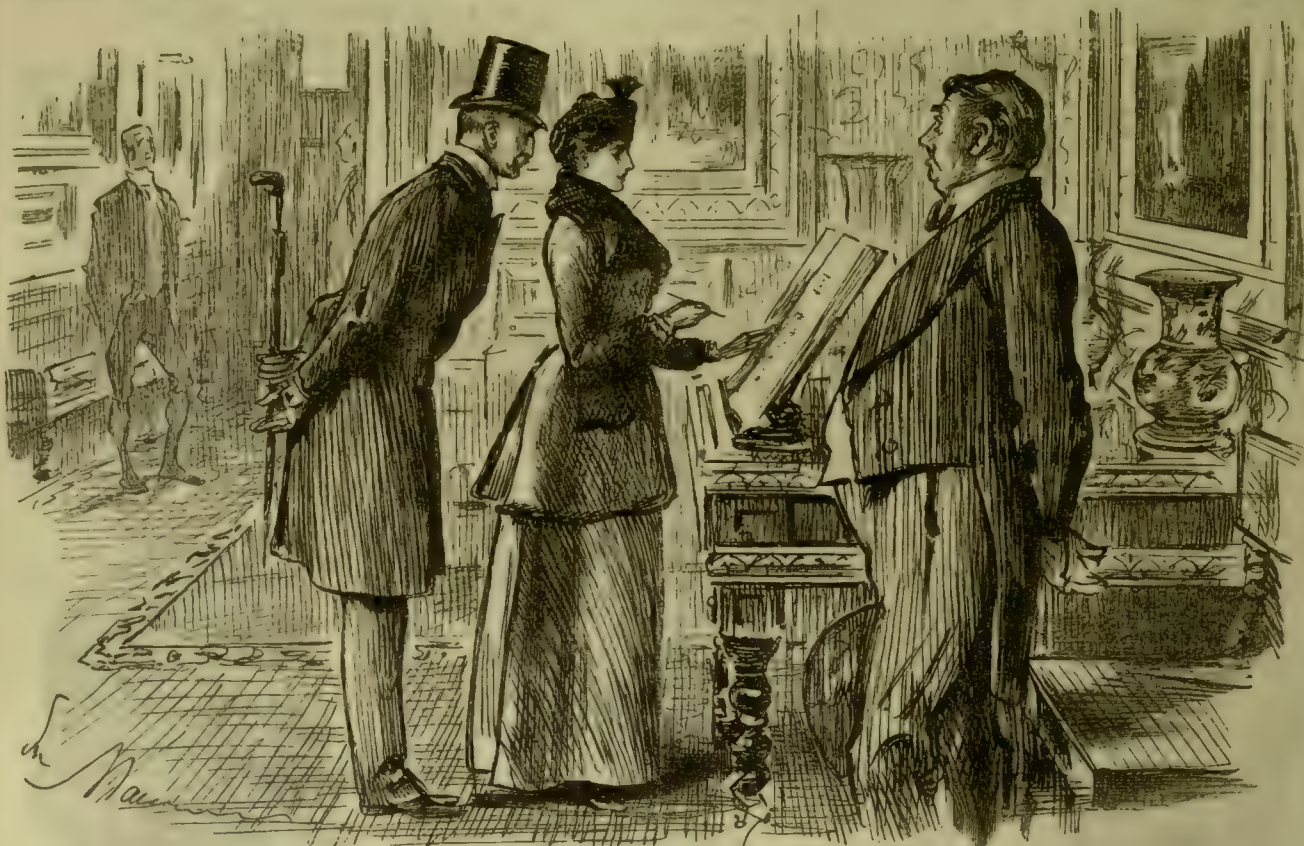
Matrimony's heart is
Houselike, "half-detached,"
Seldom save at parties
Or in papers matched—
Answer "Yes," or break 'll
This poor heart of mine.
Be my *Fin-de-Siècle*,
Be my Valentine!

QUERY BY A DEPRESSED CONVALESCENT.—"This Influenza is nothing new, nor is the Microbe. Wasn't MICROBIUS an ancient classic writer? Didn't he treat this subject historically? There's evidently some confusion of ideas somewhere. As *Hamlet* says:—

"O, cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

But I beg pardon, that "set it right" shows that *Hamlet* was a Surgeon, not a Physician. Excuse me. "To bed! To bed!"

SAD THOUGHT IN MY OWN LIBRARY.—I am a stranger among books. Resting on their shelves, they all turn their backs on me. *En revanche*, if I find among them a new one, a perfect stranger to me, I cut him.



TRUE HOSPITALITY.

(Sir Bonamy Cræsus gives seven Dinner Parties a week, and expects his Friends to come and choose their own day, and inscribe their Names and the Date on the Dinner-Book in the Hall.)

Fair Visitor. "LOOK, GEORGE! WEDNESDAY, THE 17TH, THE FETTERBYS ARE COMING. THAT'LL DO CAPITALLY!" (Writes down "Mr. and Mrs. Topham Sawyer, Feb. 17th.") "AND THERE'S ROOM FOR ONE MORE. LET'S DRIVE ROUND TO EMILY'S, AND GET HER TO COME AND PUT HER NAME DOWN FOR THE SAME DAY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 8.—The coming of Prince ARTHUR anxiously looked for as Members gathered for last Session of a memorable Parliament. When, in August last, he, with the rest of us, went away, OLD MORALITY still sat in Leader's place. He was, truly, just then absent in the flesh, already wasting with the dire disease that carried him off. It was JOKIM who occupied the place of Leader; Prince ARTHUR, content to sit lower down. It seemed to some that when vacancy occurred JOKIM, that veteran Child of Promise, would step in, and younger men wait their turn. But youth of certain quality must come to the front, as BONAPARTE testified even before he went to Italy, and as PITT showed when the Rockingham Administration went to pieces.

Prince ARTHUR came in shortly after four o'clock. House full, especially on Opposition Benches; faint blush suffused ingenuous cheek as welcoming cheer arose. Seemed to know his way to Leader's place, and took it naturally. Pretty to see JOKIM drop in on one side of him with MATTHEWS on the other, buttressing him about with financial reputation and legal erudition. *Tableau* quite undesigned, but none the less effective. Prince ARTHUR, young, hot-tempered and, though not without parts, prone to commit errors of judgment. But with JOKIM at his left shoulder, and HENRY MATTHEWS at his right, humble citizens looking on from opposite Benches, felt a sweet content. On such a basis, the Constitution might stand any blast.

In absence of Mr. G., who still dallies with the sunshine of Riviera, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, fresh from hunting in the New Forest, more than fills the place of Leader of Opposition. A favourable opportunity for distinguishing himself marred by accidental prevalence of funereal associations.

"The Squire," said PLUNKET—watching him as, with legs reverently crossed, and elbow sympathisingly resting on box, care-

fully suggestive of life-sized figure of tombstone-mourner, he intoned his lamentation—"is not fitted for the part, and consequently overdoes it. *L'Allegro* is his line. *Il Penseroso* does not suit him."

Everyone glad when, sermon over, and the black-edged folios put aside, the Squire began business. Happy enough in his attack on JOKIM, always a telling subject in present House of Commons.

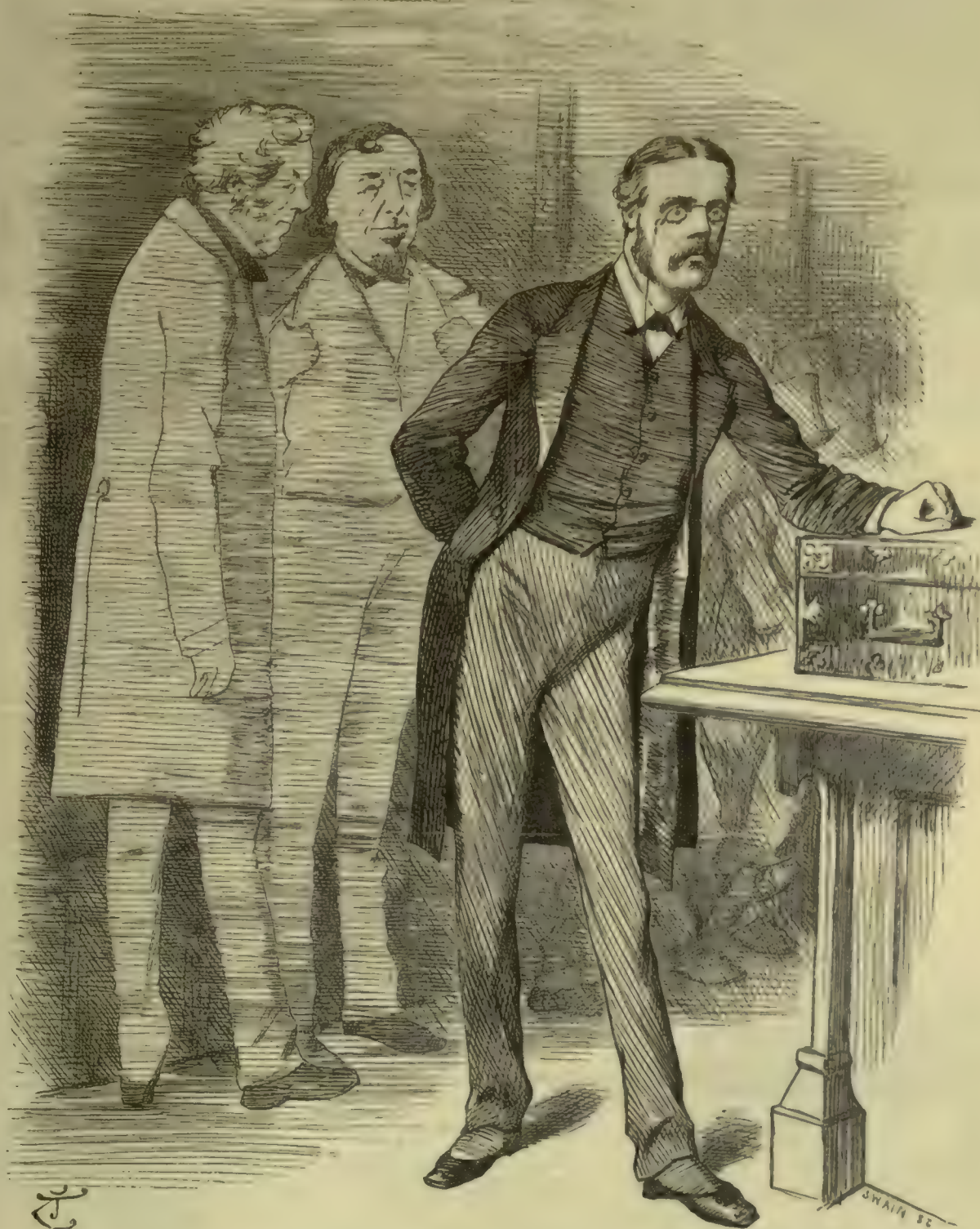
"He is," says SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, drawing upon his theatrical experiences, "like the Policeman in the Pantomime; always safe for a roar of laughter if you bonnet him or trip him up over the doorstep."

For the rest, as Prince ARTHUR pointed out when he came to reply, Squire's speech had very little to do with the Address, on which it was ostensibly based. Couldn't resist temptation of enlarging on financial science for the edification of the unhappy JOKIM.

"Finance," observed DICKY TEMPLE, "is HARCOURT'S foible."

"Yes," said JENNINGS, whom everyone is glad to see back in better health, "and funeral sermons are his forte."

Through nearly hour and half the Squire mourned and jibed, Prince ARTHUR listening attentively, all unconscious of the Shades hovering about the historic seat in which he lounged, as nearly as possible, at full length—OLD MORALITY, kindly generous, pleased in another's prosperity; STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, marvelling at the madness of a world he has not been loth to quit; DIZZY tickled with the whole situation, though perhaps a little shocked to see a Leader of the House resting apparently on his shoulder-blades in the seat where from 1874 to 1876 there posed an upright statuesque figure with folded arms and mask-like face, lit up now and then by the gleam of eyes that saw everything whilst they seemed to be looking no whither. PAM was there, too, with slightly raised eyebrows as they fell on the youthful form already installed in a place he had not reached till he was almost twice the age of the newcomer. JOHNNY RUSSELL, scowled at the intruder under a hat a-size-and-half too big for his legs. CANNING looked on, and thought of his brief tenure of the



“THE COMING OF ARTHUR.”

SHADE OF PAM. “H'M! A LITTLE YOUNG FOR THE PART,—DON'T YOU THINK?”

SHADE OF DIZZY. “WELL, YES! WE HAD TO WAIT FOR IT A GOOD MANY YEARS!—BUT I THINK HE'LL DO!!”

same place whilst the century was young. Still further in the shade PITT joined the group.

"Well at least *he* was even younger when he came to our place," PAM whispered in DIZZY's ear, startling him as he inadvertently touched his cheek with the straw he still seems to hold in his teeth, as he did when JOHN LEECH was alive.

Prince ARTHUR, facing the crowded Opposition Benches, of course saw nothing of this; lounged and listened smilingly as the Squire, having shaken up JOKIM and his one-pound notes, went off to Exeter to putamel the MARKISS.

Business done.—Address moved.

Wednesday.—Evidently going to be an Agricultural Labourer's Session. Small Holdings Bill put in forefront of Programme. District Councils hinted at. In this situation it was stroke of genius, due I believe to the MARKISS, that such happy selection was made of Mover of Address.

"It's trifles that make up the mass, my dear nephew," the MARKISS said, when this matter was being discussed in the Recess. "No detail is so small that we can afford to omit it. It was a happy thought of yours, perhaps a little too subtle for some intellects, to associate CHAPLIN with Small Holdings. In this other matter, let me have my way. Put up HODGE to move the Address. It will be worth 10,000 votes in the agricultural districts. I suppose he wouldn't like to come down in a smock frock with a whip in his hand? Don't know why he shouldn't; quite as reasonable as a civilian getting himself up as a Colonel or an Admiral. With HODGE in a smock frock moving the Address we'd sweep the country. But that I must leave to you; only let us have HODGE."

So it was arranged. But Member for Aocrington wouldn't stand the smock-frock. Insisted upon coming out in warlike uniform. Trousers a little tight about the knees, and jacket perhaps a trifle too tasselly. But made very good speech in the circumstances.

Business done.—Bills brought in by the half hundred.

Thursday Night.—Things been rather dull hitherto. House as it



Orator Hodge (in mufti).

were lying under a pall, "Every man," as O'HANLON says, "not knowing what moment may be his next." Still on Debate on Address. When resumed to-night, CHAMBERLAIN stepped into ring and took off his coat. When Members saw the faithful JESSE bring in sponge and vinegar-bottle, knew there would be some sport. Anticipation not disappointed. JOE in fine fighting form. Went for the SQUIRE of MALWOOD round after round; occasionally turned to aim a "wonner" at his "Right Hon. Friend" JOHN MORLEY. Conservatives delighted; had always thought just what JOE was saying, but hadn't managed to put their ideas into such easily fleeing, barbed sentences. Only once was there any shade on the faces of the country gentlemen opposite. That spread when JOE proposed to quote the "lines of CHURCHILL."

"No, no," said Lord HENRY BRUCE in audible whisper, "he'd better leave GRANDOLPH alone. Never knew he wrote poetry. If he did, there's lots of others. Why, when we're going on so nicely, why drag in CHURCHILL?"

Depression only momentary. Conservative cheers rose again and again as JOE, turning a mocking face, and shaking a minatory forefinger at the passive monumental figure of the guileless SQUIRE of MALWOOD, did, as JOHN MORLEY, with rare outburst of anger, presently said, from his place in the centre of the Liberal Camp, "denounce and assail Liberal principles, Liberal measures, and his old Liberal colleagues."

After this it was nothing that, some hours later, O'HANLON, rising from a Back Bench, and speaking on another turn of the Debate, should observe, in loud voice, with eye fixed in fine frenzy on the nape of the Squire's neck, as he sat on the Front Bench with folded arms, "I do not believe in the Opposition Leaders, who have split up my Party, and are now living on its blood."

Business done.—JOSEPH turns and rends his Brethren.

Friday Night.—In Commons night wasted by re-delivery of speeches made last year by Irish Members pleading for amnesty for Dynamitards. JOHN REDMOND began it. No Irish Member could afford to be off on this scene, so one after another they trotted out their speeches of yester-year.

Lords much more usefully occupied in discussing London Fog. MIDDLETON moved for Royal Commission. MARKISS drew fine distinction. "What you really want to remedy," he said, "is not the fog itself, but its colour." Rather seemed to like the fog, *per se*, if only his particular fancy in matter of colour gratified. Didn't mention what colour he preferred; but fresh difficulty looming out of the fog evident. Tastes differ. If every man is to have his own particular coloured fog, our last state will be worse than the first.

Business done.—None.

AN INFLUENZA SONG.

ATR—"Oh, we're all noddin'."

Oh, we've none coddlin',

Cod, cod, coddlin';

Oh, we've none coddlin',

At our house at home!

Ha!—my Father has a cough—

Now—my Mother has a wheeze;

What!! my Brother has a pain

In forehead, arms, chest, back and knees.

So—we've three coddlin', &c.

How my eldest Sister aches

From her forehead to her toes!

And my second Brother's eyes

Are weeping either side his nose.

So—we've five coddlin', &c.

There's my eldest Brother down

With a pain all round his head,

Ah! I'm the only one who's up—

Oh!... Oh!... I'll go to bed!

So—we're all coddlin', &c.

As the Doctor orders Port,

Orders Burgundy, Champagne,

Good living and good drinking,

Why we none of us complain,

While we're—all coddlin',

Cod, cod, coddlin'.

While we're all coddlin'

At our house at home!

By A SMALL WESTERN.—Orientals take off their shoes on entering a Mosque. We remove our hats on entering a Church. Both symbolical; one leaves his understanding outside; the other enters with a clear head.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO THE COUNTY COUNCIL. (AD REMPUBLICAM.)

NEW vessel, now returning ship
From this thy tried and trial trip,
Refit in dock awhile: I fear
Your ballast looks a trifle
queer.

Your rigging ("rigging" is a
word

By other folk than seamen heard)
Has got a little loose; you need
An overhaul, you do indeed.

Your sails (or purchases?) should
stay

The stress—and Press—that on
them weigh:

This constant playing to the
gods

Will scarcely weather blus-
tering odds.

In vain to blazon "London's
Heart"

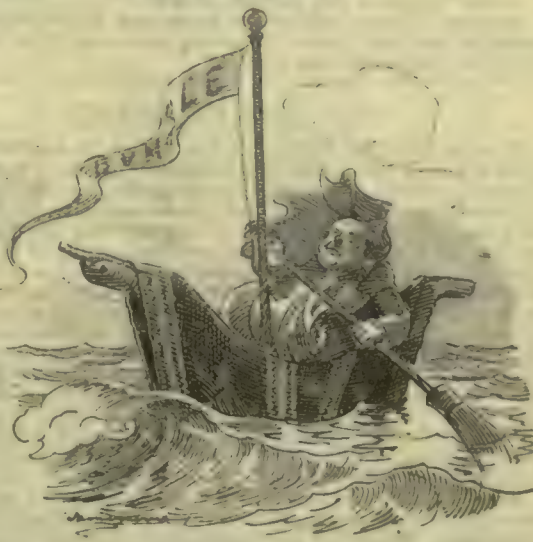
As figure-head, if thus you part
Unseaworthy; in vain to boast
Your "boom"—a cranky boom
at most.

We rate you, *we* who pay your rates:

Beware the overhauling fates,

Beware lest down you go at last

The sport and puppet of the blast.



I always voted you a bore,

But never quite so much before

Besought you with a frugal mind

To sail not quite so near the wind.

MRS. R AGAIN.—To our excellent old lady, being convalescent, her niece was reading the news. She commenced about the County Council, the first item in the report being headed, "An Articulated Skeleton." "Ah!" interrupted the good lady, "murder will out! And where did they find the skeleton of the Articulated Clerk?"



AN INCOMPLETE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Ethel. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAMMA?"

Mamma. "ETHEL, THERE ARE YOUR NEW GOLF THINGS JUST COME, THAT I ORDERED FOR YOU FROM EDINBORO, AND—ISN'T IT PROVOKING?—THEY'VE ACTUALLY FORGOTTEN THE LINKS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER has "dried his impressions," and given them to the public in a handsome volume brought out by MACMILLAN & Co. It is all interesting even to a non-artistic laic, for there is much "dry point" of general application in the Professor's lectures. Yet, amid all his learning and his light-hearted style, there is occasionally a strain of melancholy, as when he pictures himself to us as "etching and scratching on a bed of burr." Painful, very; likewise Dantesque,—infernally Dantesque. But there is another and a more cheerful view which the Baron prefers to take, and that is, the word-picture which the Professor gives us of his little room in his Bavarian home, where he says, "Under the seat by the table are my bottles"—ah! quite Rabelaisian this!—"with the mordants, and my dishes for the plates." Isn't this rare! "I should add, there is a stove near the door." O Sybarite! Doesn't this suggest the notion of a delightful little dinner *à deux*? With "the mordants,"—which is, of course, a generic name for sauces of varied piquancy,—and with his "dishes" artistically prepared and set before "the plates," as in due order they should be, he is as correct as he is original. A true *bon vivant*. The Baron highly commends the book, which only for the rare etchings it contains, is well worth the attention of every amateur of Art, and that he, the Baron, may, one of these days, dine with him, the Professor, is the sincere wish of his truly, and everybody else's truly,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"STUFF AND (NO) NONSENSE!"—"Begorra, 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said The O'GORMAN DIZER, when he heard that on account of the Influenza there was a Papal dispensation from fasting and abstinence throughout the United Kingdom.

IN THE SEAT OF WISDOM.

At a meeting of the Drury Lane Lodge of Freemasons, said the *Daily Telegraph*, "with all due solemnity was Mr. S. B. BANCROFT installed in the Chair of King SOLOMON." This, whether an easy chair or not, ought to be the seat of wisdom. Poor SOLOMON, the very much married man, was not, however, particularly wise in his latter days, but, of course, this chair was the one used by the Great Grand Master Mason before it was taken from under him, and he fell so heavily, "never to rise again." How fortunate for the Drury Lane Masons to have obtained this chair of SOLOMON'S. No doubt it was one of his wise descendants, of whom there are not a few in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, who consented to part with this treasure to the Masonic Lodgers. So here's King SOLOMON BUSY BANCROFT'S good health! "Point, left, right! One, two, three!" (They drink.)

A QUERY BY "PEN."—There was a "Pickwick Exam." invented by CALVERLEY the Inimitable. Why not a "Pendennis" or "Vanity Fair" Exam.? *A propos*, I would just ask one question of the Thackerayan student, and it is this:—There was one *Becky* whom everybody knows, but there was another BECKY as good, as kind, as sympathetic, and as simple, as the first *Becky* was bad, cruel, selfish, and cunning. Where is BECKY the Second to be found in W. M. THACKERAY'S Works?

HER NOTE AND QUERY.—Mrs. R. was listening to a ghost-story. "After all," observed her nephew, "the question is, is it true? True, or not true 'there's the rub!'" "Ah! 'there's the rub!'" repeated our old friend, meditatively. "I wonder if that expression is the origin of the proverb, 'Truth is stranger than Friction?'"

LOCAL COLOUR.—"I should like to give all my creditors a dinner," quoth the jovial and hospitable OWEN ORLBROUND. "Where shall I have it?" "Well," replied his old friend JOE KOSTUS, "have it at Duns Table."

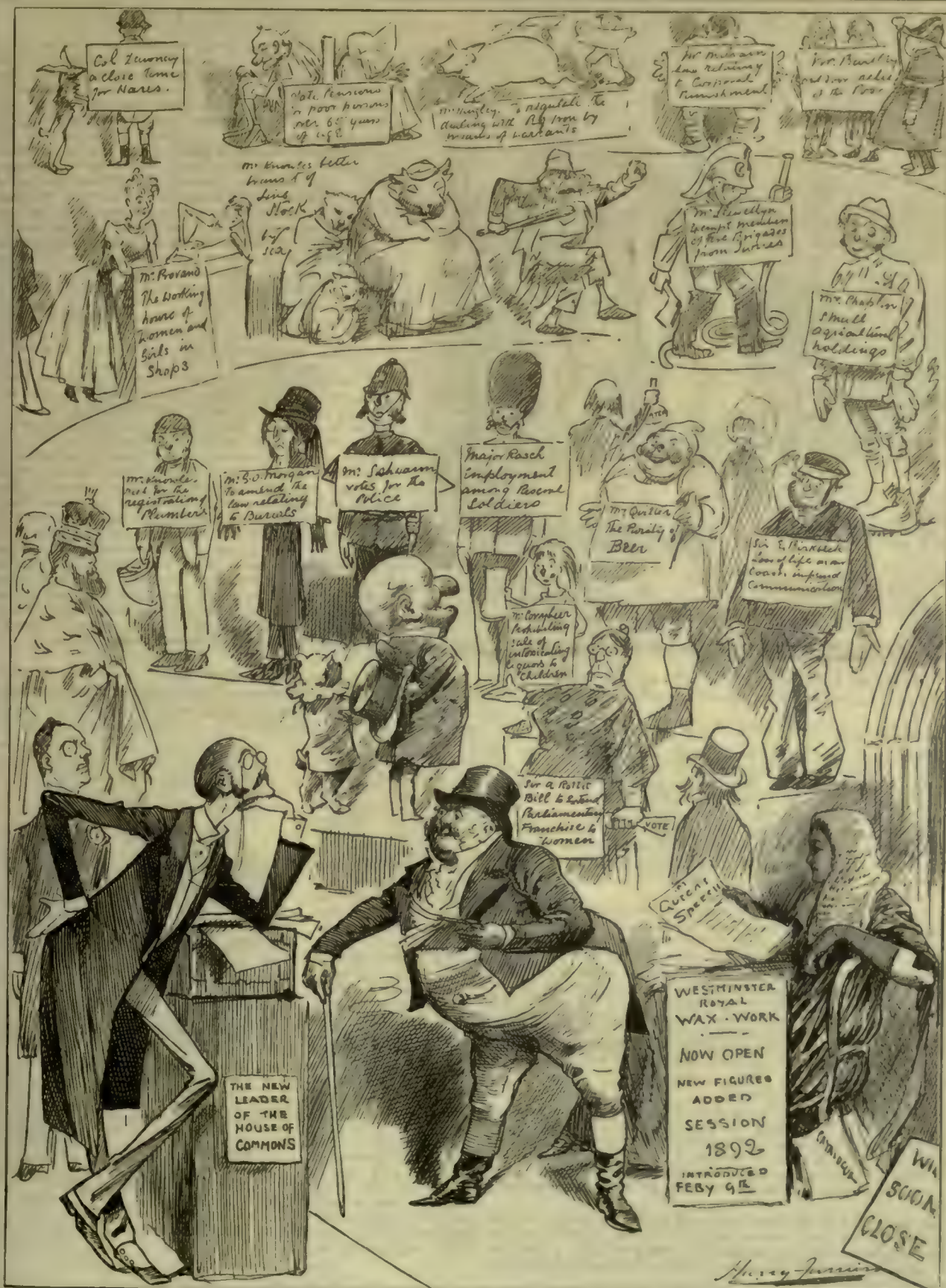
CITY MEN.—"Hope springs eternal," and the motto for a probable Lord Mayor in the not very dim and distant future must be "*Knill desperandum*."

DOGS AND CATS.—(CORRESPONDENCE.)—Sir,—A recent letter to the *Spectator* mentions the case of a man who "barked like a dog in his sleep." The writer would like to know if anyone has ever had a similar experience. Well, Sir, I knew a whole family of BARKERS, but I never heard them bark. I knew three CATTS, sisters, who kept a shop, and came from Cheshire; yet they were very serious persons, and never grinned. Since this experience I have doubted the simile of the Cheshire specimen of the feline race being founded on fact.—Yours, &c., CATO.



LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

THE CHANCERY JUDGES WILL BE EXPECTED TO TAKE THE INFANT SUITORS OUT FOR AN AIRING IN THE PARK. N.B.—AFTER 4 P.M.



THE WESTMINSTER WAXWORK SHOW FOR THE SESSION 1892.

WEATHER REFORM.

SIR,—Acquiescence in the state of the weather is no longer *comme il faut*. Bombarding the Empyrean is as little regarded as throwing stones at monkeys, that they may make reprisals with cocoa-nuts; yet the success of the rain-makers is very doubtful. Their premisses even are disallowed by many considerable authorities. The little experiment which I propose to submit to the meteorological officials is founded on a fact of universal experience, and, if successful, would be of immense utility. Every smoker must be aware that the force of the wind varies inversely as the number of matches. On an absolutely still day, with a heavy pall of fog over the streets, the striking of the last match to light a pipe is invariably accompanied by a breeze, just strong enough to extinguish the nascent flame. Now if two or three thousand men simultaneously struck a last match, the resulting wind would be of very respectable strength—anemometer could tell that.

My proposal then, is this. When anticyclonic conditions next prevail, and the great smoke-cloud incubates its crotch of microbes, let some 5,000 men, provided at the public expense with a pipe of tobacco and one match each, be stationed in the City, at every corner and along the streets, like the police on Lord Mayor's Day. At a given signal, say the firing of the Tower guns, each man strikes his match. Judging from the invariable result in my own case, this would be followed by 5,000 puffs of wind of sufficient strength to extinguish the lights, or, better still, to give the 5,000 men some thirty seconds of intense anxiety, while the wind plays between their fingers and over their hands and round the bowls of their pipes. Multiplying the men by the seconds (5,000 × 30) you get approximately the amount of the wind, in wear and tare and tret. If this experiment were conducted on a duly extensive scale round London; say at Brixton, Kensington, Holloway and Stepney; there can be no doubt that a cyclone would be established, and the fog effectually dissipated. The cost would be slight, and the pipe of tobacco would afford a welcome treat to many a poor fellow out of work in these hard times.

Yours obediently,

The Cave, Æolian Road, S.W. PETER PIPER.



THE PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

AFTER LUNCHEON THE "BEATING" IS A LITTLE WILD.

ROBERT'S CURE FOR THE HINFLUENZY.

I HOPES as I shall not be blamed for my hordacity in writin as I am writin, but it's reelly all the fault of my good-natred Amerrycan frend. He says as it's my bounden dooty to do so, if ony to prove the trooth of the old prowerb that tells us, "that Waiters rushes in where Dooters fears to tread!" He's pleased to say as he has never bin in better helth than all larst Jennewerry at the Grand Hotel, and that he owes it all to my sage advice.

"Allers let Nater be your Dick Tater!" In depressin times like these here, keep the pot a bilin' so to speak; and stand firm to the three hesses, Soup, Champagne, and Sunlight.

The Soup must be Thick Turtel, such as Natur purwides in this here cold seeson, not the Thin Turtel of Summer. The Champagne must be Rich Clicko, or the werry best Pummery, sitch as you can taste the ginerous grapes in, not the pore dry stuff as young Swells drinks, becoz they're told as how it's fashnabel; and the Sunlight can ginerally be got if you knows where to look for it. For instance now, in one of the cold foggy days of last month, my Amerrycan frend said to me, "What on airth, ROBERT, can a gentleman find to do on sitch a orful day as this?" So sez I, "Take a Cab to Wictoria Station, and go to the Cristel Pallis, wark about in the brilliant sunshine as you will find there a waiting for you, for about two howers, not a moment longer, then cum strait back, and you shall find a lovly lunch."

And off he went, a larting to think how he would emuse himself when he came back by pitching into pore me. But it doose so happen as Waiters ain't not quite so deaf as sum peopple thinks 'em, and I've offen 'erd peopple say, that amost always, if you sees the Sun a trying for to peep thro the fog, and see how we all gits on without him, a leetle way out of town, on an 'ill, you will see him a shining away like fun!

Well, xactly at 2'30, in cums my frend, a grinnin away like the fablus Cheshier Cat, and he says, says he, why Mr. ROBERT, you're a reglar conjurer! It was all xactly as you proseed! I had two hours' glorios stroll in the Cristel Pallis Gardings in the lovly sunshine!

Hin ten minutes' time he was seated at a purfekly luvly lunch, and a peggin away with sitch a happytight as princes mite envy!

In times like these, dine out reglar either two or three times a week, and drink generously, but wisely, not too well, and on receiving

the accustomed At, think of the ard times the pore Waiter has had to pass through lately, and dubble, or ewen tribbel the accustumd Fee. You'll never miss it, but, on the contrary, will sleep all the sounder for it.

Never read no accounts in Noosepapers of hillnesses and sigh-like, and keep a few little sixpences in your ticket pocket; then if a pore woman arks you if you have a penny to spare, say no, but praps this will do as well, and give her a sixpence, and then see her look of estonished rapcher, aye, and ewen share it to some small degree.

Check a frown, and encouridge a smile, and the one will wanish away, and the other dewelope into a larf. Let your principle virtues be ginerosity and ope, and allers look on the brite side of ewery-think, as the Miller said to the Sweep.

ROBERT.



A HUMAN PARADOX.—The man who gives away his friends without losing them.

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

V.—THE DUFFER AT CRICKET.

To hear my remarks on the Cricket, in the Pavilion, you might think that I had been a great player entirely, in my day. "Who is that fine old English sportsman," you might ask, "who seems to have been so intimate with MYNN, and FULLER PILCH, and CARPENTER, and HAYWARD and TARRANT and JACKSON and C. D. MARSHAM? No doubt we see in him the remains of a sterling Cricketer of the old school." And then when I lay down the law on the iniquity of boundary hits, "always ran them out in my time," and on the tame stupidity of letting balls to the off go unpunished, and the wickedness of dispensing with a long stop, you would be more and more persuaded that I had at least, played for my county. Well, I have played for my county, but as the county I played for was Berwickshire, there is perhaps nothing to be so very proud of in that distinction. But this I will say for the Cricketing Duffer; he is your true enthusiast. When I go to Lord's on a summer day, which of my contemporaries do I meet there? Not the men who played for the University, not the KENNYS and MITCHELLS and BUTLERS, but the surviving members of College Second Elevens in the old days of Cowley Marsh, when every man brought his own bottle of Oxford wine for luncheon. These are the veterans who contribute most to the crowd of lookers-on. They never were of any use as players, but their hearts were in the game, and from the game they will never be divorced. It is an ill thing for an outsider to drop a remark about Cricket among us, at about eleven o'clock in a country house smoking-room. After that the time flies in a paradise of reminiscences, till about 4 A.M. or some such "wee, short hour ayont the Twal," if one may quote BURNS without being insulted by all the numerous and capable wits of Glasgow. Why is it that the Duffer keeps up his interest in Cricket, while the good players cease to care much about it? Perhaps *their* interest was selfish; his is purely ideal, and consequently immortal. To him Cricket was ever an unembodied joy of which he could make nothing palpable; nothing subject to the cold law of averages. Mine was O'S.

My own introduction to Cricket, as to Golf, was peculiarly poignant. I and my brother, aged more or less about six or seven, were invited to play by the local Club, and we each received exactly one very slow and considerate lob. But his lob took him on the eye, and mine, kicking on a bad wicket, had me on the kneecap. The subsequent proceedings did not interest us very much, but there is nothing like entering children early at a manly pastime.

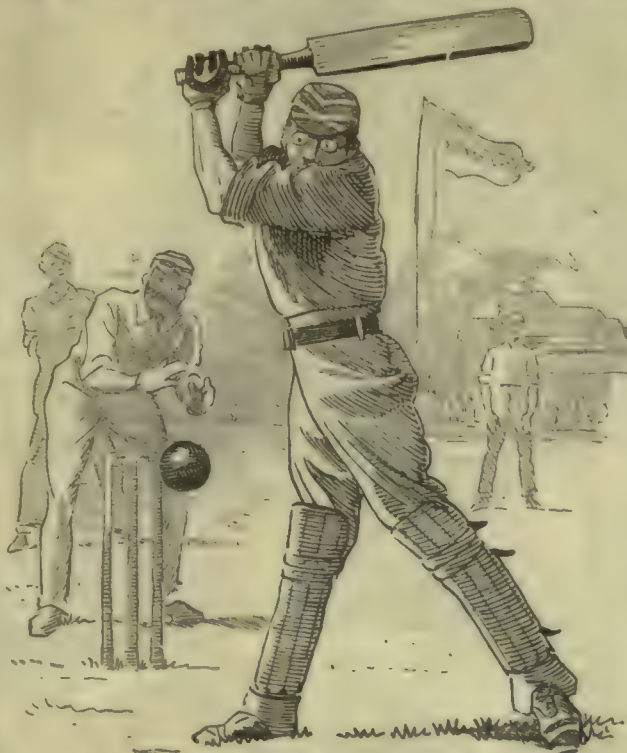
Intellectual application will, to some extent, overcome physical difficulties. By working at least five hours a day, and by reading the *Cricket Field* daily and nightly, I did learn to bowl a little, with a kind of twist. This, while it lasted, in a bowlerless country, was a delightful accomplishment. You got into much better sporting society than you deserved, and, in remote parts of the pastoral districts you were looked up to as one whose name had been in *Bell's Life*; we still had *Bell's Life* then. It was no very difficult matter to bowl a rustic team for a score of runs or so, and all went merry as a wedding bell. But, alas, when Drumthwaeket played Tullochgorum, there was a young Cambridge man staying with the latter chieftain. I began, as I usually did, by "yorking" Tullochgorum's Piper and his chief Butler, and his head Stalker, and then SMITH of King's came in. The ground, as usual, had four sides. He hit me over the enclosure at each of the four sides, for I changed my end after being knocked for five fours in his first over. After that, my prestige was gone. The rustics, instead of crawling about their wickets, took to walking in and smacking me. This would not have mattered, if any of the Drumthwaeket team could have held a catch, and if the wicket-keeper had not let SMITH off four times in one over. My

character was lost, and all was ended with me north of the Grampians, where the wickets are peculiarly suitable to my style of delivery.

As to batting, there is little that is pleasant to confess. As soon as I got a distant view of a ball, I was ever tempted to whack wildly in its direction. There was no use in waiting for it, the more I looked at it the less I liked it. So I whacked, and, if you always do this, a ball will sometimes land on the driving part of the bat, and then it usually happened that my companion, striving for a five or a six, ran me out. If he did not, I did not stay long. The wicket-keeper was a person whose existence I always treated as *une quantité négligeable*, and sometimes the ball would bound off his pads into the stumps. The fielders would occasionally hold a catch, anything may happen. On the other hand there was this to be said for my style of batting, that the most experienced Cricketer could not tell where or in what direction I would hit any given ball. If it was on the off, that was no reason why I should not bang it to square-leg, a stroke which has become fashionable since my time, but in those old days, you did not often see it in first-class Cricket. It was rather regarded as "an agrarian outrage." Foreigners and ladies would find Cricket a more buoyant diversion if all the world, and especially LEWIS HALL and SHREWSBURY, played on my principles. Innings would not last so long. Not so many matches would be drawn. The fielders would not catch cold.

To speak of fielding is to revive unspeakable sorrows. For a short-sighted man, whose fingers are thumbs, no post in the field is exactly grateful. I have been at long-leg, and, watching the game intently, have perceived the batters running, and have heard cries of "well fielded!" These cries were ironical. The ball had been hit past me, but I was not fortunate enough to observe the circumstance. A fielder of this calibre always ends by finding his way to short-leg. A prudent man can do a good deal here by watching the umpire, dodging when he dodges, and getting behind him on occasion. But I was not prudent. I observed that a certain player hit very much behind the leg, so there, "in the mad pride of intellectuality," I privily stationed myself. He *did* hit very fine, very fine indeed, into my eye. The same misfortune has attended me at short-slip; it should have been a wicket, it was a black eye, or the loss of a tooth or two, as might happen. In fact, I sometimes wonder myself at the contemptuous frankness of my own remarks on the fielding at Lord's. For if a catch could be missed (and most catches can), I was the man

to miss it. Swift ones used to hit me and hurt me, long ones I always misjudged, little simple poppy ones spun out of my fingers. Now the unlucky thing about Cricket, for a Duffer, is that your misfortunes do not hurt yourself alone. It is not as in a single at Golf, it is not as in fishing, or riding, or wherever you have no partner. To drop catches is to madden the bowler not unnaturally, and to lengthen the period of leather-hunting. Cricket is a social game, and its proficient soon give the cold shoulder to the Duffer. He has his place, however, in the nature of things. It is he who keeps up the enthusiasm, who remembers every run that anybody made in any given match. In fact, at Cricket, the Duffer's mission is to be a "judge of the game," I don't mean an Umpire, very far from that. If you once let the Duffer umpire he could ruin the stoutest side, and secure victory to the feeblest. I may say that, at least in this capacity, I have proved really useful to my party in country matches. But, in the long run, my capacity even for umpiring came to be doubted, and now I am only a critic of Cricket. There is none more relentless, not one with a higher standard, at least where no personal feelings are concerned. For I have remarked that, if a Cambridge man writes about an Oxford victory (which he seldom has to do), or if an Oxford man writes on a Cambridge victory (a frequent affliction), he always leaves you with the impression that, in spite of figures, his side had at least a moral triumph. These admirable writers have all been Duffers.





TIMES CHANGE.

Shade of William the Conqueror. "WHAT! THE PEOPLE OBJECT TO ENCLOSING A FEW ACRES OF THIS OPEN SPACE FOR STATE PURPOSES—FOR THEIR OWN BENEFIT? BY THE SPLENDOR OF HEAVEN! I SHOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE HEARD THE VARETS OBJECT TO MY MAKING MILES OF IT SUCH—FOR MINE!"
Secretary for War. "AH, YOUR MAJESTY HAD IN YOUR TIMES NO TIMES TO RECKON WITH!"

TIMES CHANGE.

["The 'Ranges Act' constitutes . . . a standing menace to rights of common wherever commons and open spaces exist."—*The Times*.]

"THE old order changes, yielding place to new."

By Phoebus, you are right, mellifluous TENNYSON! [view,
Could Norman WILLIAM this conjuncture
He'd greet our Progress with—well, scarce a benison;
He, though ranked high 'midst monarchs and commanders,
Had the same weakness as our troops in Flanders.

ROBERT the Devil's ruthless son would clear
A county to make coverts, deer-runs, chaces.
What had he thought of modern notions queer
Concerning Common Rights and Open Spaces?
"The People—who are varlets!—still oppose
Whether the Powers that be make or enclose them!"

"The People *versus* Powers that Be!" Ah, yes!
Imperious Norman, that's a modern trial
That's always being argued more or less;
The Press keeps now such vigilant espial
On every grasping would-be public plunderer.
You, Sire, had not to reckon with "The Thunderer!"

Times change, stark soldier, and we have the *Times*
Premier to check and snub Chief Secretaries.
Counting land-grabbing high among earth's crimes
Would have amazed you! Public judgment
You and your wolf-hound, WILLIAM, would not now
Try a "clean sweep,"—without a general row.

Ask OTTO! He is somewhat in your style,
But he could tell you what new risks environ
The ancient art of Ruling. You may smile
At Print and Paper *versus* Blood and Iron,
But Sovereign and Crown, though loved by many,
Stand now no chance against the Popular Penny.

Ask Malwood's Squire again! He knows right well
The New Democracy,—and the New Forest;
Our great Plantagenet, a true blue "Swell,"
Fights for the People when their need is sorest.
In Norman BILLY he'd own small belief;
The People's WILLIAM is his favourite chief.

Your ghostly presence in these verdant glades
Might startle STANHOPE, musing on his Ranges,
But not the angriest of Royal Shades
May now arrest the progress of Time's changes.
True, much is yielded yet to Sweldom's "Sport,"
But some aver that even *its* time is short.

No, Clearances and Rights of Common, now
Own not the sway of autocrats capricious.
Small use, great Shade, to knit that haughty brow,
And swear your action would be expeditious.
The days of Curfew and of Forest Law
Are passed. We're swayed by Justice—and
Free Jaw!

"FOR VALUE RECEIVED."—Aldgate Ward
changed Alderman LUSK for one POUND.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH, BEFORE HE TURNS LIKE A CRUSHED WORM.

Our Art Critic (patronisingly). "HA—HUM! WELL, YOUR COLOUR IS FAIRLY DECENT, AND YOU HAVE NICISH FEELING FOR LIGHT AND SHADE, AND *CHIAROSCURO*. BUT WHERE YOU ALWAYS FAIL TO PLEASE, SOMEHOW, IS IN YOUR *EXECUTION*!"

Our Artist. "MY *EXECUTION*? AH! JUST SO. I'VE NO DOUBT THAT *YOURS*, NOW WOULD BE MORE GENERALLY POPULAR!"

From Parliamentary Examination Paper.

Question.—Explain the term "Standing Orders."

Answer 1.—It means that when a visitor to the House has an order for the Speaker's Gallery, and can't find a seat, he then becomes one of the Standing Orders.—*SISTE VIATOR.*

Answer 2.—When a friendly M.P. sees three of us waiting for him, takes us to the bar of the House, and orders drinks all round, which we take standing.—*BIBENDUM EST.*

INDIA FOR THE IRISH!—"An amended estimate of the present Paddy Crop has been published by the Local Government." (*Vide Times* for Feb. 15.) What more can the most thorough Home-Rulers want, if they would only be content to make their home in Burmah instead of Ireland? "Local Government" can soon be developed, for 'tis but Home Rule in the bud, and the "Paddy Crop" is already there.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW RECORDER OF THE CITY OF LONDON.—"HALL There!"

"COMBINING AMUSEMENT WITH INSTRUCTION."

(A Sketch at the Collection of Instruments of Torture.)

SCENE—The Maddox Street Galleries. A large and appropriately lighted room. Upon walls of a sombre crimson, various Implements of Torture are arranged with considerable taste, and an eye for decorative effect, the central space being reserved for more elaborate contrivances in wood and iron. Visitors discovered inspecting the Exhibition by the aid of the excellent Catalogues, with the subdued appreciation of persons conscious that they are spending a very pleasant and profitable afternoon.

Mr. Charnelhouse Goole (as he enters, to Mrs. C. G.). Now, my dear, the first thing I want to see is that Iron Maiden there's so much talk about. I wonder whereabouts it is!

Mrs. C. G. I think that must be it, up at the other end of the room. But don't you think, dear, it would be nicer to see the other things first, and keep that for the last?

Mr. C. G. (struck by the refinement of this suggestion). Well, upon my word, AMINA, I almost think it would!

Mr. Frederic Frivell (to his wife, whom he takes a marital pleasure in shocking). What fun those old fellows must have had in those days, mustn't they?

Mrs. Frivell (a serious lady). I don't think fun is at all the right word, FREDERIC. I do wish you wouldn't take these things so lightly. I'm sure it's melancholy enough to look at all these horrid machines, and think—

Mr. F. That Torture is a lost art? Isn't that what you were going to say? But it's not, you know; we've refined it—that's all. Look at the Photographer, and the Interviewer, and the Pathetic Reciter, and the—

[Mrs. F. endeavours to convince him that she didn't mean that at all, and that he is comparing totally different things.]

An Aphoristic Uncle (to an irreverent Nephew). No. 89. "A Long-spiked Wooden Roller, known as a 'Spiked Hare.'" You see, Tom, my boy, the victim was—(Describes the process.) "Some of the old writers describe this torture as being most fearful," so the Catalogue tells us.

Tom-my-boy (after inspecting the spikes). Well, do you know, Uncle, I shouldn't be at all surprised if the old Johnnies weren't so far out.

The Aph. Uncle. Another illustration, my boy, of "Man's inhumanity to Man!"

Tom-my-boy. Not bad for you, Uncle—only you cribbed it out of the Catalogue, you know!

[The A. U. gives him up.]

An Indulgent Parent enters, leading a small boy in a tall hat, and is presently recognised by the A. U.

The A. U. So you've brought your son to see this collection, hey? Well, it's of the greatest educational value to a thoughtful youth—rich in moral and historical instruction!

The I. P. Well, it was like this, you see. I had to take him to the dentist's, and, finding we should have half-an-hour or so to spare before he could attend to him, I thought we'd just drop in here and amuse ourselves—eh, BOBBY? Wonderfully ingenious, you know, in their way, some of these things! Now, here's a thing—"A Spanish mouth-pear, made of iron." You see, BOBBY, they forced it into the mouth and touched a screw, and it sprang open, preventing the victim from screaming.

Bobby. Y—yes, father. Should you think Mr. FAWCETTS will have one of those?

The I. P. (annoyed). Now, what is the use of my taking you to a place of this sort to divert your thoughts, if your mind is running on something else all the time? I won't have it, do you hear. Enjoy yourself like a sensible boy!

Bobby. Y—yes, Father, I am. It—it's quite cured my toothache already—really it has!

Mrs. Frivell (reading from Catalogue). "A Penitent's Girdle, made of barbed wire, which, when worn next to the flesh, caused the most unpleasant and uncomfortable irritation." Oh, FREDERIC, just fancy that!

Mr. F. My dear CECILIA, I can quite fancy it!

Mrs. F. But I thought these tortures were only for Malefactors. Why do they call it a Penitent's Girdle?

Mr. F. Can't say,—unless because he generally repented having put it on.

Mrs. F. I don't think that can be the real reason.

Two English Housemaids (to a small German Page-Boy who is escorting them). Here, JOHNNIE, what's this mean? (Reads from Catalogue the motto on an Executioner's Sword.) "Di Herrin' sturin dem Unheel ick exquire ir End Urthile." Come, you ought to know!

Johnnie (not unnaturally at a loss). It means—it means—sounding I do not understand.

The Housemaids (disappointed in him). Well, you are a boy! I did think, bein' German yourself, you'd be quite at 'ome 'ere!

Mr. Ernest Stodgely (impressively, to Miss FEA-THERHEAD, his fiancée). Just look at this, FLOSSIE. (Reading.) "Executioner's Cloak, very long, of red woollen material; presumably red so as not to show blood-spots or stains." Hideously suggestive that, is it not?

Miss Flossie. I shouldn't call it exactly hideous, ERNEST. Do you know, I was just thinking that, with a high Astrachan collar, you know, and old silver fastenings, it would make rather a nice winter cloak. Sodeliciously warm! [ERNEST avails himself of a lover's privileges to lecture her severely.]

IN FRONT OF THE IRON MAIDEN.

Mr. Ch. Goole. So this is the Iron Maiden! Well, I expected something rather more dreadful-looking. The face has really quite a pleasant expression.

[Disappointedly.]

Mrs. Ch. G. (with subtler appreciation). Oh, but I think that makes it so much more horrible, don't you?

Mr. Ch. G. Well, I don't know—perhaps. But there ought to be a wax figure inside it. They ought to have wax figures on most of these things—make it much more interesting!

Mr. Frivell (who is close by). I quite agree with you, Sir—indeed, I would go farther. I think there should be competent persons engaged to provide practical illustrations of all the more amusing tortures—say from three to five every afternoon. Draw all London!

Mrs. F. (horrificed). FRED, you know you don't mean it! And besides, you would never get people willing to be shut up inside that thing!

Mr. F. My dear, I'm perfectly serious, as I always am. And as to not getting subjects, why—(He beckons to one of the Boy-Messengers in waiting, who advances). Look here, my lad, you seem a bright intelligent youth. Would you mind just stepping inside and allowing us to close the door? We won't detain you an instant.





A MEETING OF THE "BANDY" ASSOCIATION

FOR THE PROMOTION OF "HOCKEY ON THE ICE."

Mrs. F. What a shame, FRED! Don't think of such a thing, there's a good boy! Say no—and I'll give you sixpence!

The Boy (grinning). Well, Lady, make it a shillin', and I'll stay outside—to oblige you!

Mrs. F. (giving him a shilling). There's a good sensible boy! FREDERIC, have you gone quite mad? You know you wouldn't hurt a fly?

[The GOOLES move away, feeling that they have been trifled with.]

Mr. F. A fly? Not for the world!—but this is only a boy. I want to know what they're here for. Now, my lad, you're not engaged to be idle, you know. Just think of the amount of innocent pleasure you would afford by getting into this spiked cradle and letting me rock you. You won't? Well, will you sit on the Spanish Donkey? come! I'll give you a leg up and fasten the weights on your legs for you. You aren't afraid of a donkey?

[Bystanders collect in hope of amusement.]

The Boy (sulkily). Not of some Donkeys, Sir, as ain't quite so sharp as that one, whatever they think themselves!

[Titters. Mr. F. F. feels that he has got rather the worst of it, and collapses, with the dismal completeness of a Funny Man; Mrs. F. remains behind to bribe the boy with another shilling to promise her solemnly never on any account to play with any of the tortures.]

Mrs. F. (rejoining her husband). FREDERIC, how can you? You make me feel perfectly faint when you act like this!

Mr. F. (recovering). Faint, CECILIA? Well, I daresay they won't mind if you sit down in one of these spiked chairs for a minute or two.

Mrs. F. (angrily). I shall do no such thing, FREDERIC! And you ought to be ashamed to suggest it!

Mrs. Borrodale (choosing photographs of Nuremberg). Look, JOHN, what a lovely large one of the *Sebald's Kirche*! I really must have this. Oh, and the *Insel Schutt*—and this of the *Schöne Brunnen*—and the view from the *Burg*—that makes the half-dozen. They will be joys for ever, JOHN! And only three shillings each! Will you pay the boy for them, JOHN, please—it's just eighteen shillings.

John. Can't, my dear. Only half-a-crown in my pocket. Don't you remember, I lent you my last sov. not five minutes ago?

Mrs. B. Oh, so you did. Well, on second thoughts, perhaps this

size is rather—I think I'll take five of the sixpenny ones instead—they're every bit as good. You can spare me that half-crown, JOHN!

A Patriot (coming out). Well, it's just the same 'ere as everywhere else. All the things "made in Germany"! Sickenin' I call it!

RICE AND PRUNES.

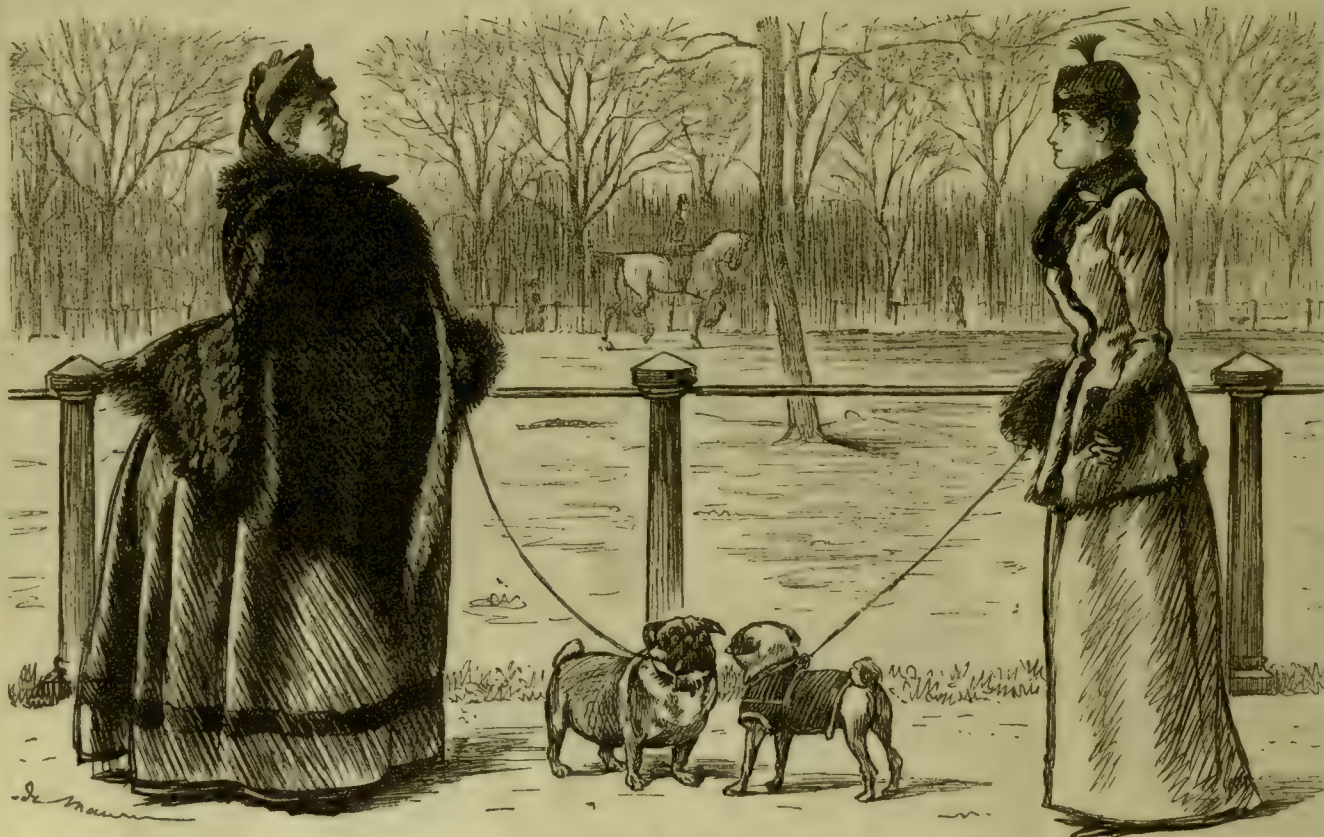


RICE and prunes a household journal Called the chief of household boons: Hence my mother cooks diurnal Rice and prunes.

Therefore on successive noons, Sombre fruit and snowy kernel Woo reluctant forks and spoons.

As the ear, when leaves are vernal, Wearies of the blackbird's tunes. So we weary of eternal Rice and prunes.

AN OLD FRIEND AT THE CRITERION.—Time flies, and *Fourteen Days*, occupying only a couple of hours or so at the Criterion, goes wonderfully. CHARLES WYNDHAM is the life and soul of the piece, and the giddy GIDDENS is another life and soul. Miss MARY MOORE, charming as ever, with a clearness of "dictation," as Mrs. MALAPROP would say, that is in itself a delight to the ear. Every word she speaks is distinct, and, which is more to the purpose, every telling word tells. *Fourteen Days* is a survival and revival of one of H. J. BYRON's fittest. If it "catches on" once more, as it ought to do, it might run fourteen weeks, and then,—“Next please!”



Q. E. D.

"MAY I ASK YOU HOW YOU MANAGE TO KEEP YOUR LITTLE PET SO SLEEK AND THIN?"

"I DON'T KNOW. IT HAS ITS LUNCH AND DINNER WITH ME EVERY DAY." "WELL, SO DOES MINE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 15.—A lively sitting, with an unexpected ending. Debate on Address resumed by SEXTON in excellent speech, an effect largely contributed to by comparative brevity. Only an hour long; remarkable compression. Would have been better still had it been reduced by the twenty minutes occupied in preliminary observations. At twenty-five minutes past four he rose to move Amendment condemnatory of Land Purchase Act of last year. Precisely at a quarter to five came to his amendment, and began to recommend it to House. But mustn't complain. An excellent beginning for new Session that may further develop.

"An oratorical eel," SAUNDERSON, later in sitting, likened Member for West Belfast to; charming simile, with just that mixture of graphieness and incongruity that only Irish wit could flash upon. Not meant to be uncomplimentary, for SAUNDERSON, like the rest, acknowledges capacity of SEXTON in debate; his clear insight, his capacity for grasping a subject, his aptness of illustration, his quickness of retort, and, alas! the embarrassment of the wealth of language. If he could only economise that, and guard against the fatal fluency that besets him, converting what might be a sharp direct speech of twenty minutes into a windy weariness of hour-and-a-half or two hours, he would take high rank among Parliamentary debaters.

DIZZY once said the occasions when a man addressing House of Commons need exceed twenty minutes, come to him only twice or thrice in a lifetime. He did more than preach; he carried into practice his own principle with success. Very rarely in later years, even when Leader of House of Commons, did he exceed twenty minutes, and all his most successful interpositions in debate were on that plan. When, occasionally, he felt that circumstances demanded a long and laboured address, his labour was in vain.

Capital speech, too, of quite another kind, from DUNBAR BARTON. Most promising maiden speech delivered in present Parliament; of good omen that best parts were not those prepared in leisure of study, but the earlier passages evoked by preceding debate, and necessarily impromptu. As for SAUNDERSON, he was in his best form.

"SAUNDERSON," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, recognising a kindred spirit, "always reminds me of those Lifeguardsmen you see at the Military Festival, riding round Agricultural Hall slashing off heads. The heads are dummies, and no harm is done; but it's a pretty sight."

The Colonel rides well, and is a skilful swordsman.

Delight of audience crowding in after dinner completed by TIM HEALY dashing in with intent to trip up Colonel. Domestic difficulties in the Party have not smoothed down TIM's natural truculence. With JOHN REDMOND sitting behind him and SAUNDERSON in front, a porcupine in fretful mood is a ball of spun silk compared with TIM.

After this RADCLIFFE COOKE and collapse, with the prospect of proceedings droning on till midnight, then adjournment, and begin again to-morrow. Suddenly, on stroke of twelve, Closure moved. House completely taken aback. Whilst it sat gasping under shock SPEAKER declared Closure carried; bells rang through all the corridors; Members trooped in to find Division imminent. When figures declared, showing Government had been surprised into narrow majority of 21, fresh wave of excitement welled forth, amid which Address was, somehow, agreed to. Members went off into snow-storm, cheering and laughing as if there had never before been such larks.

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Tuesday Night.—GRANDOLPH turned up to-day; took his familiar corner seat; tugged at his old moustache; caressed his new beard, and listened to SEALE HAYNE recklessly attacking the sacred institution of Justiciary of the Peace.

"Nothing changed, TOBY, dear boy," he said; "not even the Ministry. When I came back from Mashonaland I was told we were on the eve of political earthquake. The House of Commons was to be transformed into a cockpit; the Benches steepled in the gore of an iniquitous Ministry. But, except for some vacant places and some further advancement of privates in the little band I once officered, it's all the same, only a little drearier. The same throng in the Lobby, the same rows of Members sitting on the Benches, the same Mace on the Table, the same stately figure in the Chair, and the same Sergeants-at-Arms relieving guard at the Cross Benches. There are not quite the same two Irish Leaders, for BRER FOX has 'gone away.' BRER RABBIT I see sitting over there with his kindly face and his



A GIFT FROM THE GREEKS.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR. "IF I CAN ONLY GET THIS THROUGH, IT OUGHT TO SETTLE 'EM!"

friendly smile, perhaps the only Irishman in the House who, if a coat were trailed before him, would turn away from temptation. It's only Irishmen, with their inexhaustible fund of humour, who would have put JUSTIN MCCARTHY in his present place. Doesn't much matter so long as TIM HEALY's around. I'll bet my gold mine at Mashonaland against the Kennel, Barks, that TIM will make up the average of fighting even when BRER RABBIT in the scale."

There's one thing changed GRANDOLPH did not allude to; perhaps unconscious of it. 'Tis his own appearance. In addition to the beard, he has put on ruddy tint that speaks well for Mashonaland as a health resort compared with Westminster. Amongst the pale-faced legislators his visage shines like the morning sun. "Quite a Colonial look about him," says ALGERNON BORTHWICK, fretfully. "But, after a few dinners at the Amphitryon and a few nights at the House and elsewhere, he'll get over it."

Members from all parts crowd round GRANDOLPH to shake the horny hand of the intrepid explorer, the dauntless lion dompter. A cold air whistles along the row of Ministers as he sits behind.

"What's he up to?" JOKIM hoarsely whispered, all his native gaiety eclipsed.

"Come down, I suppose," said Prince ARTHUR, smiling, "to con-

"And what do you think of the Tory scheme of Home Rule," I asked JUSTIN MCCARTHY, when it was all over.

"*Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes*," he said, dropping into his native Celtic speech. "But in this case there is no room for apprehension. BALFOUR may leave this wooden horse outside the gates for a month, and the Trojans wouldn't touch it with a pair of tongs."

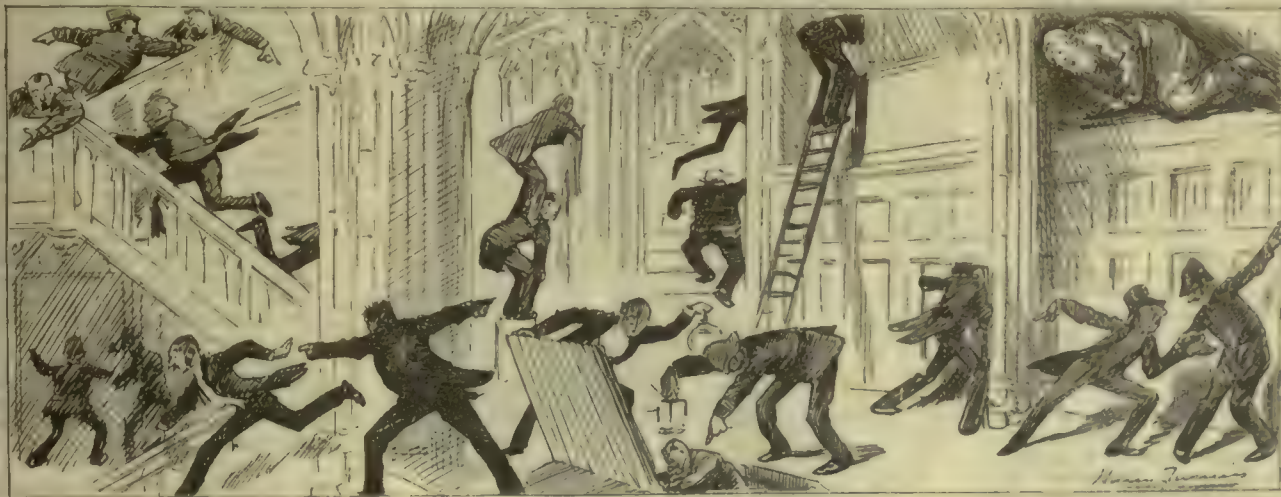
Prince ARTHUR grew more confident as the clouds gathered.

"I see very well," he said, "if I'm to stable this horse in the Home Rule Troy, I must drag it all the way myself. I shall get no help from either section of the garrison. But it's got to be done, and I'll buckle-to. Once through, it will settle the more than ten years' siege."

Business done.—Prince ARTHUR left tugging away at his wooden horse.

Friday Night.—House of Lords ain't deserted. HAINSBURY punctual in his place, making most of opportunities on Woolpack whilst they yet remain.

"Here to-day and gone to-morrow, TOBY," he remarked, with forced gaiety; "but, when I hand in the Seals of Office, I shall at least have the serene assurance to cheer me in my retirement that



"THE HUNTING OF THE HARCOURT."

(According to Fancy Sketch by "Observer" in the "Times.") "O where and O where is our Harcourt Laddie gone?"

gratulate us on our great victory last night, whereby we escaped defeat in Debate on Address by triumphant majority of 21."

"Quite a stormy petrel don't you think?" JOKIM said, nervously rubbing his hands.

"Not exactly," said Prince ARTHUR; "that usually comes before the storm you know. If you must be personal and ornithological, I should say GRANDOLPH's appearance on the scene is more reminiscent of the vulture; a little hasty in his appearance perhaps, but that is none the less significant."

Business done.—Practically none, and so home to dinner at twenty minutes to eight.

Thursday Night.—Prince ARTHUR explained provisions of long-looked-for Local Government scheme. A remarkable, unexampled, scene. House crowded on every Bench, with Duke of DEVONSHIRE looking down from Peers' Gallery, thanking Heaven he is out of it. Prince ARTHUR's manner in introducing the measure in keeping with the strange surroundings. Might reasonably have been expected that he would have been at pains to recommend the Bill to acceptance of House. Not a bit of it. If people insisted upon regarding it as the most important business of Session, Prince ARTHUR couldn't help it. But he certainly would not foster the delusion. In its potentiality of beneficent effect, the Bill nothing in comparison with the Coercion Act or the Light Railways Act.

"A poor thing," he said, in effect, and did not add, "but mine own."

If it was not his, certainly no one else would own it. Irish Members received it with jeers. JOHN MORLEY denounced it as a monstrous imposture. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD benignantly affected to regard it as a little joke with which Ministers designed to vary a dull Session. But a joke may be carried too far; better drop this now, and go to business.

Oddly enough, the storm of contumely had effect of inspiring Prince ARTHUR with new affection for his unwelcomed offspring, adding to the strength of his evidently new conviction that the proposed expedient was sound, and, if accepted, would prove efficacious.

the whole of my family, including collateral branches, have been provided for."

Amongst the prevailing dolour, the MARKISS in high spirits.

"Things not looking well in the Commons or the country, I admit," he says; "but all is not lost yet. I have still a card to play, and I believe it will score the trick. We shall presently have to go to the country, and fight a confident Opposition. Successful Foreign Policy is played out. Free Education has brought us no support; trifling with Home Rule in Ireland will bring us enemies. Am convinced that the thing to go to the country on is the fog. MIDDLETON's our man. Been thinking over it for a week. See it now; shall take up question of London fog; devise some means of battling with it; and then let the worst come. A Government that has fought the fog will at least carry London, and, London ours, we shall be able to stem the tide of anarchy."

Business done.—The MARKISS takes a great resolution.

PADDYWHACK AND DR. BIRCH.—Everyone knows what "the Assisted Education (Ireland) Bill" is. Why should not an Assisted Education (England) Bill be brought in to enable public school-boys to secure, without payment of any additional fee beyond that included for "swishing" in the Bill sent home to the parents, the specimen of the legal instrument with which their education may have been most helpfully assisted?

"BECKY THE SECOND."—Those comparatively few who answered our query as to where "the good Becky, the very opposite of Becky in *Vanity Fair*, was to be found in THACKERAY's works," and have referred us to *A Shabby Genteel Story*, are right. The many who hit upon Rebecca in the burlesque of *Ivanhoe* mistook the question.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "IGNORAMUS," writes to inquire "The address of a Society called 'The London French Polishers.'" He says, "I want my French polished up a bit before going to Paris."

"VIVE LA LIBERTÉ!"

THE *Era* at one time used to enjoy a monopoly of strangely, but purely professionally-worded advertisements; but now the *Daily Telegraph* is creeping up and commencing to occupy the *Era's* special domain. One day last week in the *D. T.* the following notice appeared:—"Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN at liberty.—Address, &c." "At Liberty!" How will this sound to the uninitiated millions? Taking for granted that the readers, whose name is Legion, know perfectly well who and what Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN is, having a lively recollection of this talented actor as among the best representatives of bad characters (excepting perhaps that of *William of Orange*, which was Mr. SUGDEN's *chef d'œuvre*, and about whose character there are strong differences of opinion), will they not unnaturally be led to inquire how, why, when and wherefore Mr. SUGDEN ever came to be deprived of his liberty, and under what circumstances he has been restored to it, or it to him? "At Liberty!" It has a grand and glorious sound! This distinguished Thespian was never an "hereditary bondsman," then why not always "at liberty"? But, be this as it may, once more "the Rover is free!" SUGDEN is a name honourable behind and before the foot-lights. In the Courts of Law it is a Legal Light, and among Gas Companies the Sugden Burner is, we believe, justly famous. Whatever the announcement may or may not mean, all sons of Liberty will rejoice that this eccentric comedian is once more free, and on the stage he will be again most welcome.

"ARE you staying in town?" "No," answered Mrs. R.; "I'm going *au contraire*." Which, she subsequently explained, was French for going into the country.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



GENERAL BOOMBASTES.

Solo and Chorus.

AIR—"Piff! Paff! Pouf!" from "*La Grande Duchesse*."

"ET PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!"

ET TARA PARA POUM!

JE SUIS, MOI, LE GÉNÉRAL BOOM! BOOM!"

[Repeats it ad lib.]

ON RELIGIOUS CYMBALISM.

THE Salvationist Bands which perform in and out of London—(would that they were restricted as the Moore and Burgess Minstrels restrict themselves to one hall, never or "hardly ever," performing out of London!)-everywhere and anywhere without respecting illness, or the hours of public worship in our Churches and Chapels, or the necessities of repose, show thereby a distinct want of that consideration for the feelings of their fellow-citizens which simple Christian folk call Charity. These Booth performers—which designation savours suggestively of Mountebanks—would do well to play their peculiar music and sing their peculiar hymns within the four walls of their own places of worship, employing the intervals essential for gaining of wind and for rest of muscle in meditating, perhaps breathlessly, on the inspired Pauline teaching which will inform them that even the works of an Apostle, if he have not charity, will be as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals," making indeed a great noise in the world, but as one WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE has said, being mere "sound and fury signifying nothing." "Liberty of Worship" by all means, but not such Liberty for any one particular form of worship which, interfering with the freedom of others, speedily degenerates into fanatical licence, and so becomes a nuisance as intolerant as it is intolerable.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FRENCH.—A new word must be added to our French dictionaries. In *Le Figaro* for Feb. 15, in an article on HECTOR MALOT, occurs this expression, "*en ce temps de puffisme littéraire*." In English we have had the word and the thing too, since the time of SHERIDAN's *Critic*, but is any student of French journalism familiar with it in the Parisian newspapers?

THE FANCY BALL.

You came as GRETTCHEN, hair of gold
And face so exquisitely sweet,
That I, like FAUST, had *certainly* sold
Myself, to win you, MARGUERITE.
Each plait enmeshed my
struggling heart,
That wildly beat
against my will;
And though at last we
had to part,
In Dreamland I could
see you still.

Another night, with
tresses dark,
And kirtle strewn with
fleurs-de-lys,
You came a flashing JOAN
OF ARC,
Destructive of my
bosom's peace.
The sword was girt upon
your hip,
And thine the Maid's heroic glance;
I seemed to hear upon your lip,
The watchword of her life, "For France!"



Anon I saw thee as the Queen
Who held so many hearts in fee;
But MARY STUART scarce had been,
Methinks, so beautiful as thee.
I fain had gone and splintered lance,
As in the old days in our realm;
To win a kind approving glance,
And wear your glove upon my helm.

What, stately EDITH! Lives there yet
The lady of that royal line,
The peerless proud Plantagenet,
Will KENNETH's great emprise be mine?
We saw how high his hopes could soar;
We know the guerdon that he won.
Shall I find favour, as of yore
Did DAVID, Earl of Huntingdon?

'Tis certain, in whatever guise
You come, as heroine of song
Or story, to my faithful eyes
You shine the fairest of the throng.
However fanciful you be,
Whatever fancy dress befalls;
My fancy paints you fancy-free,
To fancy me at Fancy Balls!

THE UNOBSERVED OF ONE "OBSERVER."

FROM the account given by "OBSERVER" in the *Times*, it might be inferred that "HARCOURT! HARCOURT!" was shouted all over the House, in the lobbies, through the smoking-room, in the library, through the cellars, in fact, everywhere within the sacred precincts, on one memorable night, while at that very moment the wily Sir WILLIAM, tucked comfortably up in his little bed, was murmuring softly to himself, "HARCOURT! indeed! 'Ha! not caught,' more likely!" and so sweetly fell asleep.

Mrs. R. read aloud from the latest Report of "B. and F. Bible Society," "One cannot help thinking of the glorious field of labour which lies open here before the Colporteur, and of the pleasant way in which his labours are appreciated by all." But the worthy lady pronounced colporteur as coalporter, and so on hearing from a friend that "the Coal-porters were on strike," Mrs. R. could not help exclaiming, "Dear! how ungrateful of them, when they were being 'so much appreciated by all!'"

THE REAL NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.—Costs.



THE WESTMINSTER WAX-WORK SHOW FOR THE SESSION 1892. ROOM 2.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (published by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.), Mr. THOMAS HARDY has given us a striking work of fiction, bold in design and elaborate in finish. The characters, with one exception, are as true to life as are his graphic descriptions of nature's own scenery; true that is to the types of such rural life as he professes to represent,—the life led in our Christian country by thousands and thousands of genuine Pagans, superstitious Beotians, with whom the schoolmaster can do but little, and the parson still less. As to the clergymen who appear in this story, two of them are priggishly academic, a third is a comfortable antiquarian, and the fourth unacquainted with even the A. B. C. of his own pastoral theology.

Since THACKERAY'S *Captain Costigan*, and TOM ROBERTSON'S dramatic variation of him as *Eccles in Caste*, no more original type of the besotted, no-working working-man, has been given us ("at least, as far as I am aware," interpolates the Baron, with a possible reservation) than *Tess's* father, *Durbeysfield*. His foolish wife, *Joan*, kindly in a way, a fair housewife and helpmate, yet deficient in moral sense, is another admirably-drawn character.

The only blot on this otherwise excellent work is the absurdly melodramatic character of that "villain of the deepest dye," *Alec D'Urberville*, who would be thoroughly in his element in an



A BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR IN THE MILKY WAY.

Showing how an Angel without wings played on the harp to Milkmaid Tess of the Tubbyveals, who was so proud of her calves.

Adelphi Drama of the most approved type, ancient or modern. He is just the sort of stage-scoundrel who from time to time seeks to take some mean advantage of a heroine in distress, on which occasions said heroine (of Adelphi Drama) will request him to "unhand her," or to "stand aside and let her pass;" whereupon the dastardly ruffian retaliates with a diabolical sneer of fiendish malice, his eyes ablaze with passion, as, making his melodramatic exit at the o. p. wing, he growls, "Aha! a day will come!" or "She must and shall be mine!" or, if not making his exit, but remaining in centre of stage to assist in forming a picture, he exclaims, with fiendish glee, "Now, pretty one, you are in my power!" and so forth. 'Tis a great pity that such a penny-plain-and-two-pence-coloured scoundrel should have been allowed so strong a part among Mr. HARDY'S excellent and unconventional *dramatis personæ*. Even the very, very strong ejaculations wherein this bold bad man indulges on the slightest provocation belong to the most antiquated vocabulary of theatrical ruffianism. However, there he is, and all the perfumes of the Vale of Blackmoor will not suffice for dispelling the strong odour of the footlights which pervades every scene where this unconscionable scoundrel makes his appearance. That he is ultimately disposed of by being stuck to the heart with the carving-knife that had been brought in for cold-beef slicing at breakfast, is some satisfaction. But far be it from the Baron to give more than this hint in anticipation of the tragic dénouement. Some might accuse Mr. THOMAS HARDY of foolhardiness in so boldly telling ugly truths about the Pagan Phylises and Corydons of our dear old Christian England; but we, his readers, have the author's word for the truth of what he has written, as "the fortunes of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, a *Pure Woman*," are "faithfully presented," by THOMAS HARDY, and so his honour is pledged to the truth of this story which his powers of narration have made so fascinating to a host of readers besides the one who is a host in himself, namely,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

JUSTICE FOR JUSTICE!

SCENE—A Court of Justice. Prisoner, a young man of eighteen, in the dock, weeping bitterly. His Uncle stands before him, and occasionally offers him smelling salts. General commiseration amongst the spectators, many of whom are ladies armed with opera-glasses. Police Constable under cross-examination.

Counsel for the Defence. And so, Constable, you had actually the heart to read the warrant to the Prisoner?

Witness. I did, Sir, in the execution of my duty.

Coun. for the Def. (scornfully). Duty! and to this he said nothing!

Wit. (in a low tone). Nothing, Sir—nothing!

Coun. for the Def. And I am not surprised! He might well say nothing to such an announcement! He, a Gentleman by birth—education—everything—to be accused of forgery! It is too cruel!

Mr. Justice Punch (courteously but firmly). I do not wish to control the management of your case, Mr. McSLANGER, but the time for you to address the Jury has not yet arrived.

Coun. for Def. (submissive but sulky). As your Lordship pleases. [Resumes his seat.]

Usher (calling). Admiral CUTTERMAN!

Admiral (in a low tone). Here!

[He leaves the Prisoner, first handing him the smelling salts, and enters the Witness Box.]

Council for the Prosecution (after the Witness has been sworn). I think you are here on subpoena served by the Treasury.

Witness (with a glance of sadness at the Dock). Had I not been summoned to be present by those in authority, not the entreaties of magicians would have brought me here!

Coun. for the Pros. I take it you are an unwilling Witness?

Witness (with difficulty suppressing acute emotion). A most, a very most unwilling Witness!

Coun. for the Def. (scornfully). Unwilling!

Coun. for the Pros. (in a tone of remonstrance). I really must beg my learned friend to refrain from disturbing the proceedings. These constant interruptions are most annoying.

Coun. for the Def. (with force and violence). I cannot sufficiently express my indignation—

Mr. Justice Punch (sharply). Then do not make the attempt.

Coun. for the Def. (surlily). As your Lordship pleases. [Subsides.]

Coun. for the Pros. But, in spite of being an unwilling Witness, you undoubtedly saw the Prisoner forge your name?

Witness (with his handkerchief to his eyes). Alas! I did!

[A pause, during which everyone regains equanimity.]

Coun. for Def. (on renewal of proceedings). And so you are the Uncle of the Prisoner?

Witness (sadly). Yes, I am.

Coun. for Def. Still you are here, and are pushing that poor lad to the prison-door! (Prisoner snivels.) Yes, you are dealing him (one of your own flesh and blood) a never-to-be-recalled injury!

Witness (plucking up spirit). Only my duty, Sir. I obey only my duty!

Coun. for Def. Your duty! Why, man, how can it be your duty?

Mr. Justice Punch (seriously). Again I must interpose. (To Counsel.) Mr. McSLANGER, I must once more remind you that your business at present is to ask questions, not to make speeches.

Coun. for Def. But, my Lord, the task is a difficult one.

Mr. Justice Punch. If you find it beyond your powers, no doubt some of your colleagues will come willingly to your assistance.

Coun. for Def. No, my Lord, I do not mean what your Lordship means. I am quite capable of performing the duties it has been my pleasure and pride to accept.

Mr. Justice Punch (wearily). Pray let us get on?

Coun. for Def. Do you not think it a grossly cruel and revolting thing that a man should give evidence against his near relative?

Witness (greatly agitated). My Lord, I appeal to you, is it fair that I should be treated in this fashion?

Mr. Justice Punch (emphatically). No, it is not! You are here, Sir, in performance of a solemn duty—to assist the ends of justice in the punishment, and consequently prevention, of crime. It is not right that in the witness-box you should be badgered and insulted as if you were worthy of the dock! One can feel some sympathy with the relatives of the prisoner, because he appears to have had respectable surroundings. But if he is convicted of forgery, it will be his own fault! I shall accept the verdict as a proof that education and birth are not safeguards to prevent crime. And as for you, Sir (turning angrily to Coun. for Def.), let me tell you that you degrade your office when you make the wig and the gown the shield of the brute and the bully. Let us have no more of it!

Coun. for Def. (subdued but depressed). As your Lordship pleases.

Mr. Justice Punch. It does so please me, and I think that it will equally please all my learned brothers who sit in Royal Courts to follow my example! It is time that the Witness, as well as the accused, received proper protection. I hope my words will be taken to heart in another place!

[The Scene closes in on his Lordship's suggestion.]

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

GREAT is the might of the Meaningless! Especially in a rattling refrain or a rousing chorus. Big drum effects are always popular. What wonder clever Miss LOTTIE COLLINS'S "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" is all the rage? "Her greatest creation" (*vide* advertisements), "sung and danced with the utmost *verve*," has taken the town. Will it "mar its use" to attach a meaning to it? Let us try:—

No. VI.—THAT'S HOW WE BOOM TO-DAY!

I.

A SMART "mug-lumberer" one must be
To-day, to "fetch" Sassiety;
Not too strict, of swagger free,
And as "fly" as "fly" can be.
Ever pushing, ever bold,
(Else one's left "out" in the cold")

Thus Success you grasp, and hold,
And may sing, though Pecksniffs scold,—

Chorus.

Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
That's how we "boom" to-day!
Bra-va! We "boom" to-day!
Hoo-rah! We "boom" to-day!
[And so on, six times or more.]

II.

All want to "Boom." But don't be
For modesty is all my eye. [shy,
Shun all reserve, if you would try
For "paying" notoriety. [haste,
If you would "make your pile" in
You must not bother about "taste."
Every chance must be embraced,
If you would sing when fairly "placed,"

Chorus—Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
[Over and over again.]

III.

Art's a good game. 'Tis easier far
Than 'twas of old to be a Star.

Hit on some trick crepuscular,
Like smudge or smoke, and there you are!
They'll mouth, and call you "Master." So
You're sure—in time—to be a go.
You will catch on, and sell, although
Your meaning not a soul may know,—

Chorus—Tra-la-la! "Boom" to-day!
[Ad libitum.]

IV.

If Humour is your little line,
Coherent sense you must resign,
Cry, "Paradox alone's
divine!
LAMB had his manner,
this is Mine!"
Try strain and twist;
gnow the dry bone
Of mirth till all the
marrow's gone;



And crowds, who first stared like a stone,
Your "subtle genius" soon will own.
Chorus—Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
[Ad nauseam.]

V.

Is the Dramatic "biz" preferred?
There you may "boom" it like a bird.
Turn on the Absolute-Absurd;
By that strange tap the mob is stirred.
Be dismal, deathly, dirty, dim;
Groveling, ghastly, gruesome, grim,
Anything meaning morbid whim; [rim!
Quidnuncs will cry, "What treuth! what
Chorus—Tra-la-la! "Boom" to-day!
[As long as you like!]

VI.

Or would you even higher fly,
And found a "Cult"? You've but to try.
That blend fools follow in full cry,
Meaninglessness plus Mystery!
A witch astride upon a broom,
A bogie in a darkened room,
Nonsense and nubustic gloom,—
Mix them like witch-broth; they will
"boom"!
Chorus—Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
[Till you are tired of it.]

VII.

Boom! Boom! 'Twill bring in cent.
per cent.,
With that Big Drum, Advertisement.
Nonsense, with *nous* discreetly blent,
Finds the world cheated—and content.
But "make your game" while yet
there's room,
For novel shapes of quackery. Doom
Awaits us in the outer gloom:
A day may come when Bosh won't
"Boom"!

Chorus.

That's how we "boom" to-day!
Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
Ha-ha! We "boom" to-day!
Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
[And so on till further orders.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—Quoth one of the Baron's Assistants to his Chief, "Sir, those who love the personality, and venerate the memory of CHARLES DICKENS, will thank Miss HOGARTH who has selected, Mr. LAWRENCE HUTTON who has edited, and OSGOOD, McILVAINE & Co. who publish, a series of letters addressed by BOZ to WILKIE COLLINS. They bear date between the years 1851 and

1870, were found among COLLINS'S papers after his death, and prove not the least precious of his possessions. *Foster's Life of Dickens* will undoubtedly remain the medium through which the outer world shall know the great novelist." "True,"

interposes the Baron, "that certainly is one way in which admiration for the works of the great novelist will be foster'd among us. You agree? Of course you do. Proceed, sweet warbler, your observations interest me much." Whereupon the warbler thus addressed continued. "But, Sir, we are all conscious of a certain unpleasant taste those volumes leave in the mouth. Some of the incidents recorded, and many of the letters, present DICKENS with undue prominence in a possible phase of his character, as a ruthless tradesman in literature and lecturing, with some tendency to be overbearing in his social relations. In this little volume of letters to his old familiar friend we find him at his best, whether as a worker in literature or as a critic of other people's work."

BARON DE BOOK-
WORMS & Co.



"ASSISTED EDUCATION."



"JOINT OCCUPATION."

(Suggested by Cook's Tourist in Egypt.)



THE MODERN ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF SOUND.

• • • • •
"WITH RAVISHED EARS,
THE MONARCH HEARS,

ASSUMES THE GOD,
AFFECTS TO NOD,
AND SEEMS TO SHAKE THE SPHERES!"



QUITE UP TO DATE.

Cousin Madge. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, CHARLIE. SO MANY THANKS FOR TAKING CARE OF US!"

Charlie. "NOT AT ALL!"

THE MODERN ALEXANDER'S FEAST

OR, THE POWER OF SOUND.

(An Ode for the Brandenburg Diet Day; a long way after Dryden.)

"At the banquet of the Diet of Brandenburg, the GERMAN EMPEROR said:—'The assured knowledge that your sympathy loyally attends me in my work, inspires me with fresh strength to persevere in my task, and to advance along the path marked out for me by Heaven. To this are added the sense of responsibility to our Supreme Lord above, and my unshakable conviction that He, our former ally at Rossbach and Dennewitz, will not leave me in the lurch. He has taken such infinite pains with our ancient Brandenburg and our House, that we cannot suppose he has done this for no purpose . . . My course is the right one, and it will be persevered in.'—Daily Paper.]

'Twas in the royal feast Brandenburg set
For Providence's pet:
Aloft in Teuton state
The god-like hero sate
On his Imperial throne:
His Brandenburgers listened round,
Appreciative of the Power of Sound;
All admire shouting—when the Shouter's
crowned!
The Jovian Eagle at his side
Perched, and like Rheims's Jackdaw,
eyed
The Olympian hero in his pride.

Happy, happy, happy Chief!
None but the loud,
None but the loud,
From the crass crowd may win belief!
His looks he shook, his long moustache
he twirled,
And saw a vision of himself as Sovereign of
the World!

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound.
"A present deity!" they shout around.
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs re-
bound.

With ravished ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres!

In praise of Brandenburg the Shouting
Emperor spoke,

In language like a huge thrasonic joke.
The newest god in triumph comes;
Blare the trumpets, thump the drums:
Flushed with a purple grace,
He lifts his Jovian face!

Now give the blowers breath. He comes, he
comes!

New ALEXANDER fair and young,
Drinking, in Teuton nectar, once again
To Brandenburg, that treasure
Of earth, and heaven's chief pleasure,
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,

Which to the gods has given such pain!

Soothed with the sound, the Emperor grows
vain,

Fights all his battles o'er again;
'Twas Heaven that routed all his foes, Olym-
pus slew his slain.

He has the greatest of allies!
Doubters are dastards in his eyes,
And grumblers at their deified
Young Emperor in his proper pride,
Should shake from their false shoes
Germania's dust. The Muse
Must sing Jove-WILHELM great and good,
By a benignant fate

Lifted, gifted, gifted, lifted,
Lifted to a god's estate,
Olympian in his mood:

The mighty Master smiled to see,
Infant-in-Arms, young Germany,
Jove's nursling, quit his cot and pop,
And, quite a promising young chap,
Grown out of baby-shoes and bottle,
And "draughts," which teased his infant
throttle,

Get rid of ailments, tum-tum troubles,
Tooth-cutting pangs, and "windy" bubbles,
A tremendous time beginning;

Fighting still, all foes destroying:—
"A world-empire's worth the winning!
Its fair foretaste I'm enjoying.

The new god now sits beside ye,
Take the gifts he will provide ye!
He's your young Orbilian schooler,
Your Hereditary Ruler!"
(The Brandenburgers bellow loud applause.)
"My course is right, and glorious is my
Cause!!!"

The Prince, the god unable to restrain,
Rose from his chair,
With Jovian air,
And, hanging up his thunderbolts with care,
What time his eagle gave a gruesome glare,
The nectar gulped again and yet again:
Then stooping his horned helmet firm to
jam on,
Voted himself the New God—Jupiter-
(G)Ammon!

"Let ALEXANDER yield the prize
To WILHELM of the Iron Crown;
He raised himself unto the skies,
I bring Olympus down!!!"

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XI.—TO PLAUSIBILITY.

MY DEAR PLAU,

I SHOULD be the most ungrateful dog if I failed to acknowledge the pleasure I have received during my life from the society of your friends and *protégés*. I don't speak of mere material, meat-and-money advantages. Probably, if a strict account could be stated, it might be found that in these paltry matters a balance, large or small, was still due to me. Who knows? Strict accounts are hateful; and even if I did lose here and there I did it, I fancy, with my eyes open, and was not sorry to indulge these gentlemen with the idea that their fascinations had conquered me. No. What I speak of is rather the genuine pleasure I have derived from some of the finest acting (in ordinary life, not on the boards) that the world ever saw, acting in which I protest that the tears, the sighs, the misery, the gallantry, the courage, the loyal sentiments and the honourable promises all rang with so sincere a sound that the very actor himself was subdued like the dyer's hand to the colours he worked in, until he believed himself to be the most unjustly persecuted of mankind, the most upright of gentlemen, or whatever the special emotion he simulated required that he should seem to be for the moment. That he might possibly be what, as a matter of fact, he often was, a rogue and a knave, mattered little to me at the time. He was evidently himself ignorant of his potentialities, and in any case they could not spoil my æsthetic enjoyment of a notable performance. And after all who is to undertake to draw the line between the good man and the bad? I have known men with regard to whom I was convinced that they were admirably equipped by nature for a career of roguery; somewhere in the backs of their heads I know they carried a complete set of intellectual implements for the task, but no temptation, as it happened, ever came to open the door of that secret chamber, and the unconscious owners of it passed through life honoured by their fellow-citizens, and their actions still smell sweet and blossom in their dust. Others, of course, were not so fortunate. Their crisis pursued and captured them, revealed them to themselves and others, and in many cases only left them, alas, after cropping both their hair and their reputations. But I leave these divagations, which can have but little interest for you. What I rather wish to do is to recall to your memory the curious personality and the equestrated adventures of our common friend, WILFRID COBBYN.

I met him some six years ago when I was on a visit to my father's old friend, General TEMPEST, at Dansington. Most people, I take it, have heard of Dansington, that home of educational establishments, amusement, and retired Indian Generals. Old General TEMPEST—LEONIDAS MARLBOROUGH TEMPEST he had been christened by a warlike father, whose military aspirations had been crushed by the necessity for a commercial career, and who had taken it out of fate by devoting his son to heroism at the baptismal font, and by subsequently buying him a commission in a crack regiment—General TEMPEST was, in the days of which I speak, a hospitable veteran whose amiability and good-nature had survived many severe campaigns in which he had taken and given hard knocks wherever hard knocks were to be found. His benevolence and hospitality were proverbial far beyond the limits of Dansington, and his daughter CLARA was one of the prettiest girls in the United Kingdom.

On the occasion of this visit I found a fellow guest, the identical WILFRID COBBYN whom I have already mentioned. He had been there for a fortnight, I learnt from ALEXANDER, the eldest hope of the TEMPESTS, and had made himself a favourite with every member of the family. How they got to know him I never quite discovered—indeed, I doubt if any of them could have told me—and as to his previous history all they seemed to know was that his father had property "somewhere in the West of England," that he himself had travelled a great deal, and was now close upon thirty years old. I am free to admit that after my first dinner in his company I had very little inclination to worry myself about the details of his past, so cheerful and fascinating did I find his gay companionship. I cannot quite explain the charm of the man. He had a roving blue eye, a ruddy and glowing complexion, and a laugh that seemed to kick all gloomy fancies into flinders, and to carry those who heard it in a helter-skelter gallop of mirth. And then what stories the fellow could tell! He had the General and me in perpetual convulsions, and even ALEXANDER, a somewhat awkward and taciturn youth,

much weighed down by the responsibilities of his freshmanhood at Oxford, was pleased to unbend and smile approvingly at the amazing sallies of the wizard COBBYN.

One story I remember in particular, though I dare not attempt to repeat it as COBBYN told it. It was about the wretched adventures of a certain travelling companion of his on a shooting expedition in Albania. It was a story that never seemed to cease,—a bad recommendation for most stories, I admit; but in this case so artfully and with such surprising humour and force was it told, so vividly did it depict a long series of ludicrous sufferings culminating in the total loss of the sufferer's clothes and his involuntary appearance in the full uniform of a Turkish Zaptieh, with other surprising and endless episodes, that at the last we had in the midst of our gasps of helpless laughter to implore the narrator to stop for the sake of our sides and the resounding rafters of the General's house.

At other times the irresistible WILFRID would pose reminiscently as the gallant protector of outraged virtue, or as the hero of some deathless story of courage and coolness by which empires had been saved from disaster. And he was so persuasive, so convincing, that our imaginations, which would have refused to follow a smaller man on lower flights, soared obediently after him through an empyrean of impossible romance. Nor did he stop at this. General TEMPEST was the pattern of old-world punctilio, but before a week was out he had introduced COBBYN, of whom he knew nothing except what COBBYN told him, to all the best people in Dansington; nor shall I ever forget the air with which this glorious rascal took the portly old Countess of CARDAMUMS down to her second supper at the County Ball. He rode ALEXANDER's chestnut, and ALEXANDER never murmured. The General's ancient retainer went on his many errands, and neither the General nor his man saw anything out of the way in the proceeding. Even CLARA looked, I thought, with some favour—but as CLARA always breaks into indignant denials whenever this is hinted, I will proceed no further. As for the members of the Dansington Club they were enthusiastic in COBBYN's praises. The young sparks imitated his fashions in ties and collars, the old bucks repeated to one another his stories, and one and all vowed he was "an uncommon good fellow, by Gad."

To me COBBYN was always profusely polite, with that flattering politeness which induces the flattered to think himself just a shade cleverer and sharper and better than his fellow-creatures, and on the day before my departure he honoured me by borrowing a ten-pound note of me and writing my London address with much ceremony on the back of an envelope, which I afterwards found lying about in a passage of the General's house.

Three months afterwards there was a tempest in Dansington. COBBYN had gone away for two days and had stayed away for good. His intimates and the Dansington tradesmen became uneasy, rumours began to spread, and the result was a crash which made some very knowing fellows look extremely foolish, and filled the Club with honest British imprecations. Little TOM SPINDLE, who commanded a troop of the Fallowshire Yeomanry (the Duke of DASHBOROUGH's Hussars) and had the reputation of spending a royal income with beggarly meanness, had backed one of COBBYN's bills for £1,000. Sir PAUL PACKTHREAD, one of the greatest of the local magnates, had lent him £500 without a scrap of security, and Colonel CHUTNEY had put £300 into the Ephemeral Soapbuds Company, Limited, of which COBBYN was to have been the managing director. I cannot go through the whole long list. He had fleeced all that was fleecable in Dansington, and had vanished into the clouds. How he managed to do it, by what artful proposals he conquered the avarice of SPINDLE, prevailed over the mercantile sagacity of PACKTHREAD, and subdued the fiery temper of CHUTNEY, will never be known. Partly, no doubt, he succeeded by being here and there perfectly truthful and candid. He was the son of a well-to-do country Squire, but the father had long since ejected his offspring from the paternal mansion; he had really travelled and had often displayed pluck. But his chief gifts were his good-humour, his ardent imagination, and a persuasive tongue that gained for him the trusting confidence of his victims almost before he himself knew that he meant to victimise them.

They tell me he is now established somewhere in the West of America. Wherever he goes he is sure to be popular—for a time.

Goodbye, dear old PLAU!

I hope I haven't bored you.

Yours trustfully,

DIAGENES ROBINSON.



A WILDE "TAG" TO
A TAME PLAY.

SCENE—A Theatre with Audience and Company complete. The former "smart" and languidly enthusiastic, the last wearily looking forward to the final "Curtain." The last Act is all but over.

Servant (to Countess). The Duchess of BATTERSEA is in the Hall. May she come up?

Countess. Certainly. Why did you not show her up at once?

Servant (arranging his powdered hair in a glass). Because in cases of exposure her Grace is quite equal to showing up herself!

Countess (smiling). You are cynical, JOHN. Do you not know that cynicism is the birthright of fools, and, when discovered, is more than half found out?

Servant (taking up coalscuttle). Like the hair of your Ladyship—out of curl! [Exit.]

Countess. A quaint conceit; but here is my husband. Let me avoid him. A married man is quite out of date—save when he forms the subject of his own obituary. [Exit.]

A pause. Enter the Duchess of BATTERSEA.

Duchess. Dear me! No one here! So I might have brought the Duke with me, after all! And yet he is so fond of the petticoats. He loses his head when he begins kissing his hand. And I lose my head when I fail to catch a 'buss. A kiss with him and a 'buss with me—where's the difference?

Enter Earl PENNYPLAINE.

Earl (angrily). You here!

Duchess (with an appealing gesture). You are not pleased to see me! You regard me as an adventuress! You are ashamed of my past! A past unblessed by a clergyman—in fact, a past without a pastor!

Earl. Begone! Do not dare to darken my doors again. This is no home for old jokes!

Duchess. You must hear me. Do you know why I have treated you so badly? Do you know why I have taught your wife to regard me as a rival? Why I have blackmailed you to the tune of hundreds of thousands of pounds? Do you know why I have done all this and more? I will tell you. Because I am your Mother-in-law!

Earl (in a choking voice). I suspected as much from the very first!

Re-enter the Countess, carrying a heap of family portraits.

Countess. Here, Duchess, although you are not to my liking, I have brought you a few pictures of my husband and some of his predecessors. Take 'em, and bless you!

Duchess (overflowing with emotion). My dear, this is too much. (Weeps.) You unwoman—I should say unlady—me!

Enter Lord TUPPENCE CULLARD.

Lord T. C. Come and marry me.

Duchess. With pleasure! Lawks-a-mussy!

[Exeunt.]

Earl. And now, let us remember that while the sun shines, the moon clings like a frightened thing to the face of CLEOPATRA.

Quick Curtain.

Applause follows, when enter the Author. He holds between his thumb and forefinger a lighted cigarette.

Author. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is so much the fashion nowadays to do what one pleases, that I venture to offer you some tobacco while I enjoy a smoke myself. (Throws cigars and cigarettes amongst the audience à la HARRY PAYNE.) Will you forgive me if I change my tail-coat for a smoking jacket? Thank you! (Makes the

FANCY PORTRAIT.



QUITE TOO-TOO PUFFICKLY PRECIOUS!!

Being Lady Windy-mere's Fan-cy Portrait of the new dramatic author, Shakespeare Sheridan Oscar Puff, Esq.

[“He addressed from the stage a public audience, mostly composed of ladies, pressing between his daintily-gloved fingers a still burning and half-smoked cigarette.”—Daily Telegraph.]

necessary alteration of costume in the presence of the audience.) And now I will have a chair. (Stamps, when up comes through a trap a table supporting a lounge), and a cup of tea. (Another table appears through another trap, bringing up with it a tray and a five o'clock set.) And now I think we are comfortable. (Helps himself to tea, smokes, &c.) I must tell you I think my piece excellent. And all the puppets that have performed in it have played extremely well. I hope you like my piece as well as I do myself. I trust you are not bored with this chatter, but I am not good at a speech. However, as I have to catch a train in twenty minutes, I will tell you a story occupying a quarter of an hour. I repeat, as I have to catch a train—I repeat, as I have to catch a train—

Entire Audience. And so have we! [Exeunt. (Thus the Play ends in smoke.)]

HOW TO SAVE LONDON.

(Rather more than a Fairy Story.)

JOHN SMITH, of London, sat in front of his fire pondering over the fact that, at a great sacrifice to the interests of his native city, the coal dues had been abolished, and yet his bill for fuel was no lighter. He watched the embers as they died away, when all of a sudden a small creature appeared before him. He could not account for her presence, and did not notice from whence she came. But she was there, sure enough, and began to address him.

“JOHN SMITH, of London,” she began, in a small but admirably distinct voice, “I am the Fairy Domestic Economy, and I have come to warn you that, unless you wake up, you will come to grief.”

“Wake up?” queried J. S. “Wake up about what?”

“Why, the election of the London County Council, to be sure!” returned the Fairy, impatiently. “Here, the election is close upon you, and the chances are twenty to one that you will let it pass without recording your vote.” “What election?”

“Bless the man!” exclaimed the Fairy. “He does not know that the Members of the L.C.C., the Masters of London, are to be chosen on Saturday, the 5th of March, and will from that date remain in power for four years!”

And then the Fairy showed him the possible future, explaining that it was in his hands to alter it. The vision she conjured up before him seemed intensely idiotic. Everything was to be done for nothing. There were to be free railways, free tramways, free bakeries, free butchers' shops, free ginger-beer manufactories, free clothiers, free hosiers, free boot-makers, free gas companies, free waterworks—in fact, everything was to be gratis.

“But somebody must pay for it!” said JOHN SMITH, of London. “Why, of course,” returned the Fairy, “and you are to be the paymaster. You will have to pay about five shillings in the pound as a commencement, with additional crowns to follow!”

“But how am I to avoid this fate?” cried JOHN SMITH, in a tone of genuine alarm.

“By voting for the Moderates, and doing your best to keep out the Progressives. And, mind, don't forget my warning.”

And then the Fairy disappeared. A few moments later, and poor JOHN SMITH found himself sprawling upon the floor.

“Why, I do believe I have been asleep!” he exclaimed.

And then he woke up in good earnest, and hurried off to the polling stations, and voted for the Moderate candidates.

At least it is to be hoped he will!



A TRAGEDY ON THE GREAT NORTHERN.

SCENE—A Third-Class Carriage. [TIME—Three Hours before the next Station. DRAMATIS PERSONE—Jones and Robinson.

"IT'S THE LAST!—AND IT'S A TÄNDSTICKOR. IT'LL ONLY STRIKE ON THE BOX!"

"STRIKE IT ON THE BOX, THEN;—BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, BE CAREFUL!"

"YES; BUT, LIKE A FOOL, I'VE JUST PITCHED THE BOX OUT OF WINDOW!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 21.—"What a day he is having to be sure!" murmured the SQUIRE of MALWOOD, looking across the table at the other eminent country gentleman who is our First Minister of Agriculture.

Truly a great occasion for CHAPLIN, and he rose to its full height. Just the same man he was six years ago when he from same place, drew lurid picture of the Empire staggering to its doom over-weighted with Small Holdings. Now he is bringing in a Bill to establish Small Holdings, and recommends the expedient to House as crowning edifice of Empire's prosperity. At such a crisis some men would have blushed, however entirely foreign to their habit the pretty weakness might be. CHAPLIN, on contrary, made out in vague, but luminous, manner that he had been right in both instances. Indeed, the anxious listener had conveyed to him the conviction, still vague but not less irresistible, that this direct contradiction was peculiarly creditable to the Right Hon. Gentleman addressing the House, displaying a flexibility of genius not common to mankind.

CHAPLIN always looms large on whatever horizon he may appear. To-night, standing at Table introducing Small Holdings Bill, he seemed to swell visibly before our eyes. Prince ARTHUR early in progress of the speech observed precaution of moving lower down Bench. By similar strategic movement, HENRY MATTHEWS drew nearer to Gangway. Thus CHAPLIN was, so to speak, planted out in Small Holding exclusively his own.

House anxious to hear particulars of Government measure, CHAPLIN, remembering old times when they used to jeer at his sonorous commonplaces uttered below Gangway, took a pretty revenge. Out of oration of fifty-five minutes duration, he appropriated twenty-five to general observations prefacing exposition of clauses of Bill. Just the same kind of pompous platitudes conveyed in turgid phraseology, at which, in old times, Members used to laugh and run away. But CHAPLIN had them now. Like the wedding guest whom the Ancient Mariner button-holed—though as PLUNKET reminds me, the A. M. was meagre in frame, and CHAPLIN is not—the House could not help but hear. Once, when the orator dropped easily into autobiographical episode, described himself strolling about the fields of Lincolnshire, turning up a turnip here, drawing forth a casual carrot there, meditating on the days when



YOUNGER THAN EVER!

THE G. O. M. "NOW THEN, HARCOURT!—TUCK IN YOUR TUPPENNY!—OVER!!"

every English yeoman went to morning service with a stout yew bow on his back, his quiver full of arrows; shot a buck on his way back (by permission of the landlord), and sat down to his midday meal flanked by a tankard of chill October—at this stage, it is true, there were signs of impatience amongst town-bred Radicals, who wanted to know about the Bill.

But it was very beautiful, and those who, from natural taste, inborn



Mr. G. dreams a Dream.

prejudice, or lamentable ignorance, did not care for it themselves, could not fail to enjoy the supreme delight the occasion brought to the Minister of Agriculture.

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill introduced.

Tuesday.—Two Right Rev. Bishops, Lord Bishop of St. ASAPH and he of SALISBURY, in Peers' Gallery for two or three hours to-night; attracted by debate on Welsh Disestablishment. Bishop of SALISBURY couldn't restrain his astonishment at scene.

"One of the profoundest and most important questions of the day," he whispered in his right reverend brother's ear. "It is the attack upon the outworks. Wales carried by the Liberation Society, we shall have them leaping over the palings into our preserves. Should have thought, now, the House of Commons would have been seething with excitement; benches crowded; all the Princes of Debate to the fore; cheers and counter-cheers filling the place. Whereas there are not, I should say, more than eighteen Members present whilst the stout Gentleman down there is demonstrating how much happier Wales is under the benediction of the Church than she would be without. The whole thing reminds me, dear St. ASAPH, of—er—well, of an eight o'clock morning service in inclement weather."

"You're young, brother SARUM," said St. ASAPH, "young, of course I mean, in contradistinction to Old Sarum. When you've been a little longer in Parliamentary life, you'll understand things better. These empty benches, and the general appearance of being horribly bored presented by the small congregation—which I may say finds eloquent expression on the face of our friend JOHN G. TALBOT—simply mean that they have heard all these speeches before, and have made up their minds on the subject. They are ready to vote, but they will not remain to hear the speeches. As you say, in such circumstances it would appear more businesslike to take the vote at once, and get along with other work. But that is unparliamentary. This will be kept going till there is just time left before the adjournment to divide. Then you'll see how dear is this question to the hearts of our friends, and how virulent is the persistence of the adversary."

Turned out exactly as the Lord Bishop had said. After half-past ten, Members trooped down in scores. When Prince ARTHUR rose to continue the debate he was hailed with ringing cheer from embattled host. Pretty to see how gentlemen to right of SPEAKER, mustered for defence of the Church, were careful to contribute to fitness of things by wearing the clerical white tie.

"Very nice indeed of them," said Young SARUM, rarely out so late at night, but drawn back, after light repast, to watch the division taken. "I could wish that, instead of the superabundance of shirt-front displayed, our friends had selected more closely-buttoned vests, and that their coat-collar fitted a little higher. But we cannot have perfection, and the white tie at least indicates nice feeling."

Business done.—Proposal to disestablish Church in Wales negatived by 267 Votes against 220.

Wednesday.—PROVAND moved Second Reading Shop Hours' Bill, and, what's more, carried it against Ministers. CAMPBELL-BARNERMAN tells me that, though Scotch Members voted for Bill, result has cast a gloom over them. Expecting PROVAND would lose, they were all prepared to say, in casual way, "Ah, well, so the case is non-PROVAND." Some had, indeed, gone so far as commence to write letters home enshrining this joke. These are now, of course, waste-paper. Pity opportunity lost. Scotch language not rich in provision of similar openings for wit.

Business done.—Second Reading Shop Hours' Bill carried. Rare opportunity for Scotch joke hopelessly lost.

Thursday.—MIDLETON brought London Fog on again in Lords to-night. Asked the MARKISS if he would have any objection to appointment of Joint Committee to inquire into the matter? The MARKISS a great artist in words; suits his conversation to the topic. His reply decidedly misty; wouldn't say yes or no; talked about Joint Committees being a mysterious part of the Constitution; didn't know how they were to be appointed; hinted at rapture with Commons if proposal were made; wound up by saying that if Motion for Committee were submitted, he would do his best to induce their Lordships to adopt it.

Strangers in Gallery puzzled by this speech. But the Lords know all about it. STRATHERDEN winked at CAMPBELL, and both noble Lords wagged their head in admiration of MARKISS's diplomacy; recognise deep design in involved speech and well affected hesitation.

MARKISS, I hear, vexed with me letting the cat—I mean the fog, out of the bag last week. But it's everybody's secret. The Government have made up their mind to go to the country on the London Fog. This Joint Committee will be appointed with least possible delay; a measure based on its Report will be carried through both Houses; everything will be ready for return of unsuspecting Fog Fiend next November.

"Sorry you mentioned it prematurely, TOBY," the MARKISS said, not unkindly. "But you only forestalled the announcement by a few days. It's been in my mind for months. The cry of



Nurse Rendel taking care of her charge at Valescure, St. Raphael, the Riviera. Separation is growing a little shrill; Free Education hasn't done us any good; Small Holdings only so-so. The Fog's the thing! Grappling with that, all London rallies to our standard, and with London at our back we can face the country."

Curious instance of association of ideas and sympathy. So



"PASSING IT ON."

Rupert (just back from School, where he has been tremendously fagged). "LOOK HERE, ANGY, IF YOU BEHAVE DECENTLY, AND DON'T SMASH ANYTHING, YOU SHALL FINISH THE JAM—WHEN I'VE QUITE DONE!"

completely is mind of Her Majesty's Ministers occupied with this Fog problem, that to-night it got into House of Commons. LORD ADVOCATE brought in Bill allocating Scotch Local Taxation grant. Debate went on for six hours; at end of that time discovered that whole proceedings irregular. As involving money question, introduction of Bill should have been preceded by Resolution submitted to Committee of whole House. Debate abruptly adjourned; evening wasted; howls of derision from Radicals.

"Never mind," said Prince ARTHUR, cheerily. "Let those laugh who win. This is only another argument (perhaps not so accidental and undesigned as people think) in support of our new Fog policy."

Business done.—Night wasted in Commons. In Lords, light looms behind the Fog.

Friday.—News of Mr. G. speeding home over land and sea. All his friends on Front Bench been begging him to stay longer in the Sunny South. No need whatever for his return; things going on admirably; not missed in the least; shocking weather here; better stay where he is.

"Ho, indeed!" said Mr. G., pricking up his ears and a dangerous light flashing under his eyebrows. "I'm not wanted, ain't I? SQUIRE OF MALWOOD getting along admirably in my shoes; doing well without me; not missed in the slightest. Very well, then; I'll go home."

MACLURE, who has been in the confidence of great statesmen from DIZZY downward, tells me Mr. G.'s homeward flight was hastened by curious dream. Dreamt all his sheep were straying from fold; some going one way, others another; each bent on his own particular business. In vain Mr. G. leaping up and taking crook in hand, put hand to mouth and halloed them back to Home-Rule fold. They went their way, some even making for Unionist encampment, where Mr. G., moving heavily in his slumber, distinctly saw one sheep regarding scene through an eyeglass.

"Only a dream of course," Mr. G. said, when he set off in the morning for a twenty-mile walk. "But I think I may as well be

PHILOSOPHIC STUPIDITY.

"It is better to do a stupid thing that has been done before, than to do a wise thing that has never been tried."—*Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons.*

HEAR the great pundit; deem him not absurd,
He utters wisdom's latest, greatest word.
All coats, we know, are best when frayed with wear;
Trousers we love when most they need repair,
Boots without heels, completely lacking soles,
And hats all crushed and battered into holes.
Nay, we'll go farther, and, to prove him true,
Do all the vanished ages used to do.
We'll crop the ears of those who preach dissent,
And at the stake teach wretches to repent.
Clad *cap-à-pie* in mail we'll face our foes,
And arm our British soldiery with bows,
Dirt and disease shall rule us as of yore,
The Plague's grim spectre stalk from shore to shore.
Proceed, brave BALFOUR, whom no flouts appal,
Collect stupidities and do them all.
Uneducate our men, unplough our land,
Bid heathen temples rise on every hand;
Unmake our progress and revoke our laws,
Or stuff them full of all their banished flaws.
Let light die out and brooding darkness reign,
And in a word call Chaos back again.
Then, as we perish, we can shout with glee,
"Hail, hail to BALFOUR and Stupidity!"

SCREWED UP AT MAGDALEN.—MR. G. B. SHAW had a lively time of it at Oxford. Fancy a whole bevy of Socialists all cooped up together under lock and screw. What a fancy-picture of beautiful harmony the mere thought conjures up. Burning cayenne pepper on one side, dirty water on the other, and loyal Undergraduates, screwed and screwing, all round them. Never mind, BERNARD. It was a capital puff for the Socialistic wind-bag, and one G. B. S. took care it should not be wasted.

A FUDGE FORMULA.

"To set class against class is the crime of all crimes."
That's the dictum of FUSBOS, a type of our times;
Yet FUSBOS himself all his co-scribes surpasses
In rancorous railings concerning "the masses."
He thinks that all efforts injustice to right
Are inspired by mere malice and fondness for fight.
He might just as well urge that morality's rules
Set slaves against tyrants, or rogues against fools;
Or mourn that each new righteous law that man passes
Must set honest folk 'gainst the criminal classes!

getting back. Made up for the Session; fit for anything. Nothing could have been kinder or more watchful than Nurse RENDEL's care of me; if I had been his son (which I admit is chronologically difficult), couldn't have been better done to. Only concerned just now for ARMITSTEAD. That young fellow, proud of his chickenhood of sixty-seven years, brought me out to take care of me, and freshen me up. Fancy I've worn him out; instead of his taking care of me, have to look after him! Shall be glad to get again within sound of Big Ben. Spoiling for a fight. HARCOURT done very well; but he'll have to tuck in his tuppenny and let me over into the Leader's place."

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

"THE MEETING OF THE WATERS."—The Engineers of London and Birmingham have been requested, says the *Daily Telegraph*, to "lay their heads together," so as to see if an amicable arrangement cannot be effected. This is an instance where to have "water on the brain" is absolutely necessary. Odd to think that in this "water difficulty" are contained all the elements of a burning question; so much so indeed, that the Engineers who may be clever enough to solve the problem without getting themselves into hot water, may confidently be expected to follow up their achievement by proceeding to "set the Thames on fire."

QUEER QUERIES.—CURRENCY REFORM.—I see that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER intends to "call in" light sovereigns. The sovereigns I have all seem to be tolerably heavy, so would there be any objection to my lightening them by taking some of the gold off, and keeping it? This would form a nice little "metallic reserve" for me, a thing which Mr. GOSCHEN seems to approve of. Would not an appropriate motto, to be inscribed on the new One Pound Notes, be—"Quid, pro quo?"—SLY-METALLIST.



LONDON IN VENICE.

Harry Furness

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A SKITTISH GRANDMOTHER. (AD CHLORIN.)

FORBEAR this
painted show to
strut
Of girlish toilet,
manner skit-
tish:
It may be *Fin-de-
Siccle*, but
It isn't British.
To dance, to swell
the betting
rank,
To rival 'ARRIET
at Marlow;
To try to break
your husband's
bank
At Monte Carlo,
Would ill besem
your daughter
"smart;"
The vulgar slang
of bacchant
mummers,
If act you must, is
scarce the part
For sixty sum-
mers.



Let Age be decent: keep your hair
Confined, if nothing else, to one dye.
I'd rather see you, I declare,
Like Mrs. GRUNDY!

THE PRIVATE AND THE PUBLIC.

(What it may come to.)

["If we are obliged to go into the open market for our soldiers, and compete with other employers of labour, we must bid as highly as they do, in pay, hours of work, and general conditions and comfort."—*Daily Paper on the Report of Lord Wantage's Committee.*]

SCENE—A Public Place.

Sergeant KITE and a Possible Recruit in conversation.

Sergeant Kite (continuing). Then you must remember that we are exceedingly generous in the matter of rations.

Possible Recruit (pained). Rations! I suppose you mean courses! I find that in all the large firms in London the assistants have a dinner of six courses served, with cigars and coffee to follow. I couldn't think of joining the Army unless I had the same.

Sergeant K. (with suppressed emotion). If it must be so, then it must. Who's to pay the piper, I don't know! The Public, I suppose.

P. R. I should think so! Then as to drills. Really the number of these useless formalities should be largely decreased, and the hours at which they are held should be fixed with greater regard to the convenience of private soldiers. By the bye, of course I need hardly mention that I should not dream of enlisting unless it was agreed that I should never be called before 9'30 A.M. My early cup of tea and shaving-water might be brought to me at nine.

Sergeant K. (after an interval). Called! Early cup of tea! Shaving-water! Oh, this is too much!

P. R. (coolly). Not at all, my dear Sir, not half enough. There are other points I wish to mention. For example, do you allow feather-beds?

Sergeant K. Feather-beds!

P. R. Yes. A *sine quâ non*, I assure you. Then as to pay and pensions, and length of service. I would only accept an engagement by the month, with liberty to terminate it at any time with a week's notice.

Sergeant K. (with sarcasm). And you would wish to retire at a week's notice if war were declared?

P. R. (surprised). Certainly! Why not? "Peace with Honour" would be my motto. As to pay, of course you know what I could get if I went in for civil employment?

Sergeant K. No, I don't, and I don't see what that has to do with it. You surely would not compare the QUEEN's service with the work of a beggarly counter-jumper?

P. R. Yes. I would. And as I could earn five shillings a-day easily in a shop, why, you will have to give me that, with a pension (as I might do better) of ten shillings a-day after six years' service.

Sergeant K. Any other point you would like to mention?

P. R. Yes, there is one other. Why should a labourer be able to get damages from his employer when injured, and a soldier be

unable? The principle of the Employers' Liability Act must be extended to the Army, so that if any Commanding Officer made some stupid blunder in battle, as he probably would do, and I were to be hurt in consequence, I might sue him when we got back to England. You understand my point?

Sergeant K. Oh, quite! But what would there be to prevent every soldier present at the battle from suing also?

P. R. Nothing at all. Of course they *would* all sue. So no General must be permitted to go into action without first of all depositing in the High Court at home security for costs if defeated, — say half a million or so.

Sergeant K. (with forced politeness). Well, I'm glad to have heard your views. I'll mention them to my Colonel. They are sure to please him.

P. R. Yes, but don't keep me waiting long for his reply. My offer only remains open till to-morrow morning.

Sergeant K. Oh——!

[The remainder of the gallant Sergeant's observations are not necessary for publication, neither would they be accepted as a guarantee of his good faith. Exit to recruit.]

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."

FROM very early days, the days, or nights, of *The Battle of Waterloo* and *Scenes in the Circle*, with the once-renowned WIDDICOMB as Master of the Ring, Mr. Punch has ever been particularly fond of the old-fashioned equestrian entertainment. The Ring to which he has just made allusion is, it need hardly be added, The Circus, and The Book is a novel by Miss AMYE READE. Mr. P. is not sweet upon any gymnastic and acrobatic shows in which the chances of danger appear, and probably are, as ten to one against the performer; and especially does he object to children of very tender years being utilised in order to earn money for their parents or guardians by exhibiting their precocious agility. Mr. P. approves of the ancient use of the birch as practised at Eton a quarter of a century ago, and he is quite of the Wise Man's opinion as to the evil consequences of sparing the rod; which proverbial teaching, had it been practically and judiciously applied to Master SOLOMON himself (the ancient King, not the modern Composer) in his earliest years, would probably have prevented his going so utterly to the bad in the latter part of his life. So much, as far as corporal

punishment is concerned, for the education of youth, whether in or out of the circus school. But girls, as well as boys, are trained for this circus business, gaining their livelihood by acrobatic performances. Does Mr. Punch, representing the public generally, quite approve of this portion of circus and acrobatic training? To this he can return only a qualified answer. His approval would depend, first, on the natural but extraordinary capability of the female pupil, and, secondly, the method of training her. As a rule, he would prefer to keep her out of it altogether: and, as to the boys, he certainly would defer their public appearance until they were at least sixteen; their previous training having been under the supervision of a responsible inspector. Then as to the training of animals for the circus business. If the training system means "all done by kindness," that is, by unflinching firmness and a just application of a considerably devised system of equally balanced rewards and punishments, then Mr. P. approves; but where cruelty comes in, whether in the training of child or beast, Mr. Punch would have such trainer of youth punished as Nicholas Nickleby punished Squeers, in addition to imprisonment and fine; and for cruelty to dumb animals Mr. P. would order the garotter's punishment and plenty of it. Having professed this faith, Mr. Punch, after thus "arguing in a Circle," returns to his starting-point, and would like to know how much of truth there is in Miss AMYE READE's story entitled, *Slaves of the Sawdust*? As literature it is poor stuff, but as written with a purpose, and that purpose the exposing of alleged systematic cruelty in training children and dumb animals for the circus-equestrian acrobatic life, the book should not only attract general notice, but should also lead to a Commission of inquiry, or to some united action of all responsible circus-managers against the author of this work, which would result in either the said managers or the authoress being "brought to book." Mr. Punch hath spoken. *Verb. sap.*



DOING THE OLD MASTERS.

(A Sketch at Burlington House.)

IN GALLERY NO. I.

The Usual Elderly Lady (who judges every picture solely by its subject). "No. 9. Portrait of Mrs. BRYANSTON of Portman. By GAINSBOROUGH." I don't like that at all. Such a disagreeable expression! I can't think why they exhibit such things. I'm sure there's no pleasure in looking at them!

Her Companion (who finds no pleasure in looking at any of them). No, I must say I prefer the Academy to these old-fashioned things. I suppose we can get a cup of tea here, though?

An Intelligent Person. "Mrs. BRYANSTON of Portman." Sounds like a made-up name rather, eh? Portman Square, and all that, y'know!

His Friend (with a touching confidence in the seriousness of the authorities). Oh, they wouldn't do that sort of thing here!

A Too-impulsive Enthusiast. Oh, JOHN, look at that lovely tiger up there! Isn't the skin marvellously painted, and the eyes so natural and all! It's a Landseer of course!

John. Catalogue says STUBBS.

The Enth. (disenchanted). STUBBS? I never heard of him. But it's really rather well done.

The Man who is a bit of a Connoisseur in his way (arriving at a portrait of Mrs. BILLINGTON). Not a bad Romney, that.

His Friend (with Catalogue). What makes you think it's a Romney?

The Conn. My dear fellow, as if it was possible to mistake his touch. (Thinks from his friend's expression, that he had better hedge.) Unless it's a Reynolds. Of course it might be a Sir Joshua, their manner at one period was very much alike—yes, it might be a Reynolds, certainly.

His Friend. It might be a Holbein—if it didn't happen to be a Gainsborough.

The Conn. (effecting a masterly retreat). Didn't I say Gainsborough? Of course that was what I meant. Nothing like Reynolds—nor Romney either. Totally different thing!

IN GALLERY NO. II.

Mr. Ernest Stodgely (before JAN STEEN'S "Christening"). Now look at this, FLOSSIE; very curious, very interesting. Gives you such an insight into the times. This man, you see, is wearing a hat of the period. Remarkable, isn't it?

Miss Featherhead. Not so remarkable as if he was wearing a hat of some other period, ERNEST, is it?

The Elderly Lady (before a View of Amsterdam, by Van der Heyden). Now, you really must look at this, my dear—isn't it wonderful? Why, you can count every single brick in the walls, and the tiny little figures with their features all complete; you want a magnifying-glass to see it all! How conscientious painters were in those days! And what a difference from those "Impressionists," as they call themselves.

Her Comp. (apathetically). Yes, indeed; I wonder whether it would be better to get our tea here, or wait till we get outside?

The Eld. L. Oh, it's too early yet. Look at that poor hunted stag jumping over a dining-room table, and upsetting the glasses and things. I suppose that's LANDSEER—no, I see it's some one of the name of SNYDERS. I expect he got the idea from LANDSEER, though, don't you?

Her Comp. Very likely indeed, dear; but (pursuing her original train of thought) you get rather nice tea at some of these aerated bread-shops; so perhaps if we waited—(&c., &c.)

IN GALLERY NO. III.

Two Pretty Nieces with an Elderly Uncle (coming to "Apollo and Marsyas," by Tintoretto). What was the story of Apollo and Marsyas, Uncle?

The Uncle. Apollo? Oh, come, you've heard of him, the—er—Sun-God, Phœbus-Apollo, and all that?

His Nieces. Oh, yes, we know all that; but who was Marsyas, and what does the Catalogue mean by "Athena and three Umpires?"

The Uncle. Oh—er—hum! Didn't they teach you all that at

school? Well they ought to have, that's all? Where's your Aunt—where's your Aunt?

Mr. Ernest Stodgely (before the Portrait of the Marchesa Isabella Grimaldi). There, FLOSSIE, don't you feel the greatness of that now? I'm curious to know how it impresses you!

Miss Featherhead. Well, I rather like her frock, ERNEST. How funny to think aigrettes were worn so long ago, when they've just gone out again, don't you know. It must have been difficult to kiss a person across one of those enormous ruffs, though, don't you think?

IN GALLERY NO. IV.

Mr. Schohorff (loudly). Ah, that's a picture I know well; seen it many a time in the Octagon Boudoir at dear old HATCHMENT'S. But it looks better lighted up. I remember the last time I was down there they told me they'd been asked to lend it, but the Countess didn't seem to think (&c., &c.).

Mrs. Frivell (before "Death of Dido," by Liberale da Verona). Why is she standing on that pile of furniture in the courtyard, though?

Mr. F. Because Æneas had jilted her, and so she stabbed herself on a funeral pyre after setting fire to it, you see.

Mrs. F. (disapprovingly). How very odd. I thought they only did that in India. But who are all those people looking-on?

Mr. F. Smart people of the period, my dear. Of course Dido would send out invitations for a big function like that—Wind-up of the season—Farewell Reception—sure to be a tremendous rush for cards. Notice the evident enjoyment of the guests. They are depicted in the act of remarking to one another that their hostess is doing all in her power to make the thing go off well. Keen observer of human nature, old LIBERALE!

Mrs. F. Selfish creatures!

IN THE VESTIBULE.

Mrs. Tonenley-Ratton (about to leave with her husband, encounters her cousins, the Miss RURAL-RATTONS, who have just arrived). Why, SOPHY, MARY! how are you? this is too delightful! When did you come up? How long are you going to be in town? When can you come and see me?

Miss Sophy Ratton (answering the two last questions). Till the end of the week. What will be the best time to find you?

Mrs. T. R. (warmly). Oh, any time! I'm almost always in—except the afternoons, of course. I'm going out to tea or something every day this week!

Miss Sophy R. Well, how would some time in the morning—

Mrs. T. R. The morning? No, I'm afraid—I'm afraid it mustn't be the morning this week—so many things that one has to see to!

Mr. T. R. (lazily). You'd better all come and dine quietly some evening.

[*He yawns, to tone down any excess of hospitality in this invitation.*

Mrs. T. R. (quickly). No, that would be too cruel, when I know they'll want to go to a theatre every night! And besides, I really haven't a single free evening this week. But I must see if we can't arrange something. You really must drop me a line next time you're coming up! Good-bye, dears, we mustn't keep you from the pictures—such a fine collection this winter! Love to your Mother, and say I shall try to call—if I possibly can!

Mr. T. R. (as they descend the stairs). I say, SELINA, you forgot to ask 'em where they are. Shall I run back and find out, eh?

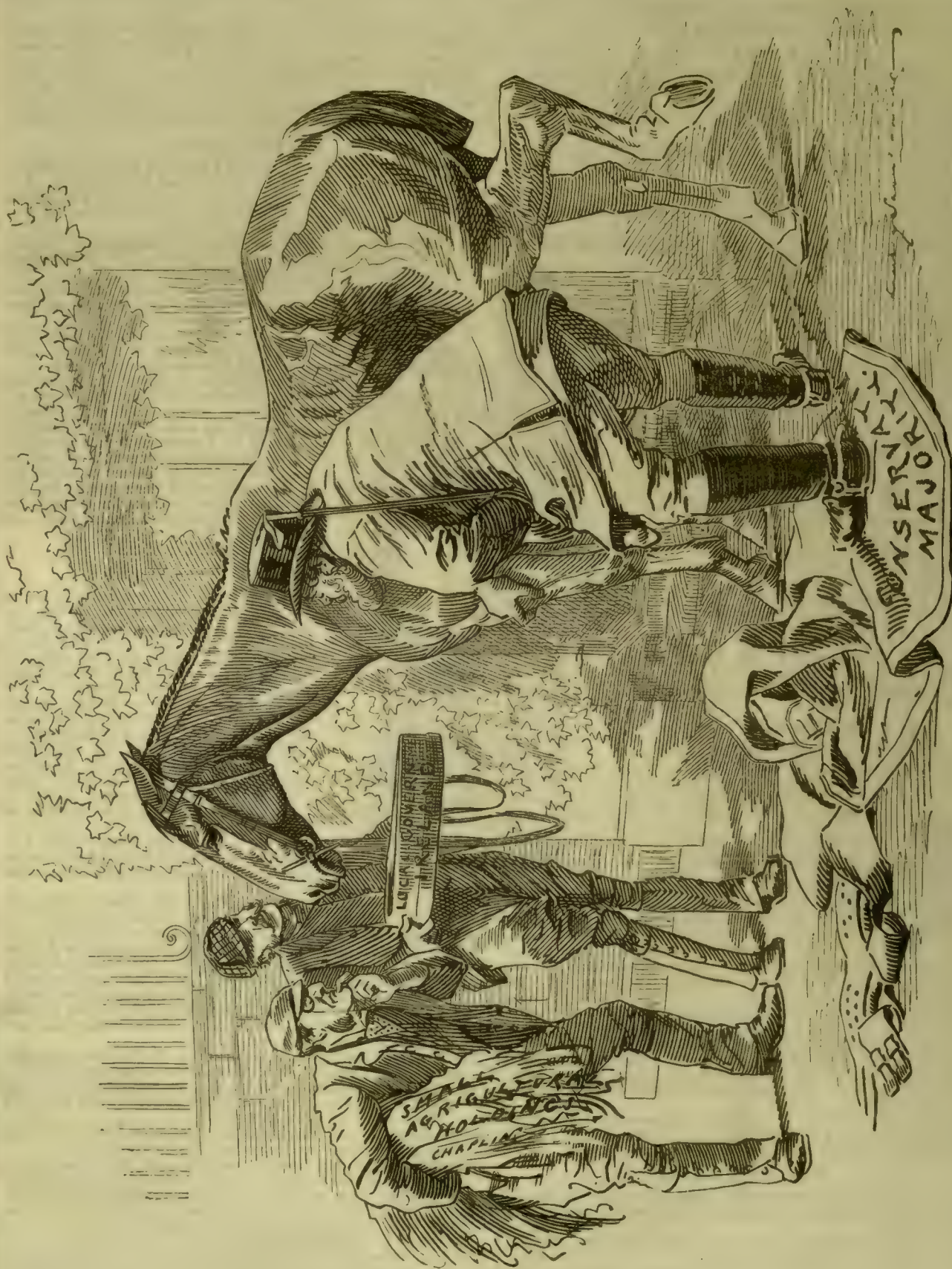
Mrs. T. R. Not on any account. They're probably at the Grand as usual, and if they're not, it will be a very good excuse if I can't call. You are such a fussier, ALFRED!

Miss Sophy (to Miss MARY). What a let-off! I wouldn't have minded lunch so much—but dinner—no, thank you, my dear!

Miss Mary (gloomily). She may call on Mother and ask us all yet.

Miss Sophy. She doesn't know where we are, and I took good care not to tell her. It's getting too dark to see much, but we'll just walk through the rooms, to say we've done it—shall we? [*They do.*

A SETTLER FOR MR. WOODS.—MRS. RAM does not at all wonder at Amateurs being able to "pick up old pieces of china at CHRISTY'S," for she has often heard that you've only got to go to King Street, where anyone may see them "knocked down under a hammer."



"OFF HIS FEED!"
 "HUM! SEEMS TO HAVE WASTED A BIT! WANTS A TONIC."
Salisbury the Vel.



"THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM."

Mr. Fozzler (who, while waiting for the last Train, has wandered to the end of the Platform, opened the door of the Signal-box, and watched the Signalman's manipulations of the levers for some moments with hazy perplexity, suddenly). "ARE O' BURT'N 'N BIRRRER F' ME, GUV'NOR!"

"OFF HIS FEED!"

SCENE—The St. Stephen's Stables. Stall of the Favourite, "Majority," who is being inspected by the great "Vet." (S-L-BB-RY) in presence of the Groom (B-LF-R), and the Stable-help (CH-PL-N).

Stable-help (anxiously). Why, he used to be a stunner, and a safe and steady runner,

And we trusted him, most confident, for landing us the Stakes.

Now, what can the cause of this be? He's a-looking queer and quibsy;

And his off fore leg seems shaky, and the rest ain't no great shakes. Groom (sharply). Not too much of it, you HARRY! You are here to fetch and carry,

And not to pass opinions in the presence of the Vet.

But he *does* look dicky, Mister; I've tried bolus, I've tried blister,

But I haven't got him up to his old form by chalks, Sir, yet!

Vet. (dubiously). You're a bit new at the "biz," lad, and I tell you what it is, lad,—

These thoroughbreds aren't managed like a dray-horse, don'tcher know.

They want very careful feeding, and Sangrado purge or bleeding

Won't suit our modern strain—of man or horse. Steady, lad!

Woal! [Examines him.]

Groom (rather sulkily). Well, Sir, what do you make it?

Vet. Off his feed?

Groom. Well, he don't take it.

Not voracious, so to speak, Sir, as he do when cherry ripe.

Vet. Ah-h-h! May want a change of diet. Eye is neither bright

nor quiet,

And his coat seems dull and roughish, though he's sound in pulse

and pipe.

Stable-help. Don't take kindly to his fodder, and, what I think's

even odder,

With a temper like a hangel, gits a bit inclined to kick.

Landed 'Art Dyke a fair wunner!

Groom (testily).

At superfluous patter, HARRY!

Stable-help (aside).

Well, you are an eighty-tonner

Lor! His temper's gitting quick!

What has been and popped the acid in his style so prim and placid?

Doesn't shine like what he thought to as head-groom. Yus, there's the rub!

Vet. (looking at sieve). Seem to shy that feed!

Groom. I mixed it with the greatest care, and fixed i

With an eye to tempt his appetite, but there, he's off his grub!

Vet. (to Stable-help). Takes your green stuff better?

Stable-help. True, Sir!

Groom. But too much o' that won't do, Sir.

Can't live on tares entirely! (Aside.) This here boy's too full of beans.

Vet. Ah! I see the whole position. He's a bit out of condition,

Wants a tonic and skilled treatment. Yes, no doubt that's what it means.

With an appetite that's picksome comes a temper tart and tricksome,

But a pick-me-up—I'll send one—will, I'm sure set all that square.

And if there's further wasting, then, without too headlong hasting,

Give him, as soon as possible—a little Country Air.

LORD WILDERMERE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SHE's as bad as can be, but she's "Precious" to me,

Though her conduct cannot be called free from a flaw;

For in spite of blackmail, I have vowed ne'er to fail

In the duty I owe to my Mother-in-law.

There have been flippant sneers and conventional jeers,

At a worthy relation that I hold in awe;

Though it angers my wife, all the joy of my life

Comes from drawing big cheques—for my Mother-in-law.

Peccadilloes she had, but she isn't all bad,

And the folks who have sneered shall their libels withdraw;

To our dance she shall come, and the world be struck dumb

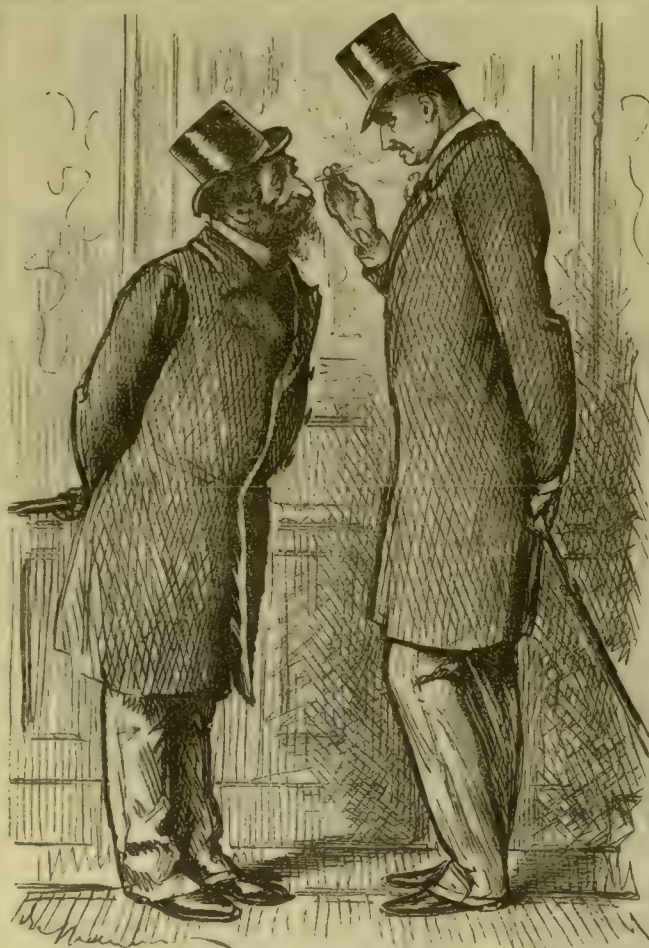
At the way that I've whitewashed my Mother-in-law.

She shall rise from the slime of what people called crime,

To a virtuous height, for I always foresaw

'Twould be wise to proclaim to all ages the fame

Of that much-maligned female—a Mother-in-law.



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE CHEEKY ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"LOOK HERE, MY PRINCE OF PICTURE-DEALERS—A GREAT FRIEND OF MINE, THE COUNTESS OF WATERBRUSH, IS GOING TO HAVE AN ART STALL AT THE LITTLE PEDDLINGTON BAZAAR. COULD YOU SPARE HER LADYSHIP ANY OLD RUBBISH YOU CAN'T GET RID OF? IT'S FOR A CHARITY, YOU KNOW."—"ACH! ZÖH! VELL, MY YOUNG VRENT, I HAFE ZUM TOZENS OF YOUR VATER-CULLERS ZAT PERHAPS HER LATYSHIP MIGHT MANAGE TO KET RIT OF—FOR A CHARITY, YOU KNOW! SHE IS FERRY VELCOME, I ASSURE YOU!"

DEATH IN THE POP.

RATHER alarmed by reading in paper about "explosive buttons." Seems that combs, collars, cuffs, buttons and things made to imitate ivory and tortoiseshell are really highly combustible. Lady in West of England had her dress ignited by sudden explosion of a "fancy" button! In consequence, advise my wife "to use that new hair-brush I gave her very gingerly, or she'll be blown up." She wants to know "why I didn't find that out before buying it." Difficult to find suitable reply. Result—nobody blown up so far, except myself.

Combing my few remaining locks. No harm in comb, I suppose, as maker assured me it was "only made of celluloid." Comb suddenly driven a couple of inches into my head, with loud report! In bed for three weeks. Write to maker, who says, "Didn't I know celluloid was mixture of camphor and gun-cotton?" No, I didn't.

Playing billiards, when sufficiently recovered. Just executing fiftieth spot-stroke in succession, when—an explosion! Cue driven out of my hand, and half-way down marker's throat. Turns out that ball was a mixture of Turkish Delight and nitroglycerine, and objected to my hitting it. Marker brings action, and gets damages out of me.

Little later. New fancy waistcoat. Buttons like pearl. Rub one, to give extra polish—Bang!—explosion. Where am I? In the middle of next week, on which date I write this.

CON. BY A WELSHER.—Why has Wales more Clerks than England?—Because it has a *Penman* more.

ENCOUNTER.

(An Effort in the Spasmodic-Obscure, after the American Original quoted by Mr. James Payn in "Our Note-Book.")

Two Spooks, swirled fast along the Vast,
Meeting each other "at the double,"
Collided, squirmed, then howled aghast,
Each to the other, "What's your trouble?"

"Alas!" one whined, "Rymed Rot I read,
Affected to admire, and quote it!"
The other wailed, with shame-bowed head,
"My case is even worse,—I wrote it!"

THE SCALE WITH THE FALSE WEIGHTS.

(A Page from the Newgate Calendar—up-to-date Edition.)

THE two Convicts were tried at the same Assizes, put in the same dock and sentenced by the same Judge. So a companionship sprang up between them considering that one was by birth and education a Gentleman, and the other was not. And they went to the same prison, and listened to the same words of the same Chaplain, and took their occasional exercise in the same practising yard. And as luck would have it, they served the same time, and were liberated at the same moment.

"I am afraid I must say good-bye, GILES," said ST. JAMES, as they emerged into freedom from the portals of the gaol. "Good fellow as you are, GILES, you do not belong to my set, and your presence would be embarrassing."

"Oh, would it!" returned GILES, who had already recognised some of his friends. "Well, I don't want to press my company on anyone."

"No offence!" exclaimed ST. JAMES, "I beg you—no offence! But we have both to begin life again, and union is not strength in a case such as ours!"

"Oh, no offence!" acquiesced GILES, as he accompanied some of his pals to a neighbouring public-house.

ST. JAMES, left to his own devices, hurried to the Chambers that he used to rent before he went to prison. They were "To Let." He rang the bell, and the porter started back when he saw him.

"Hope you don't want to enter, Sir," said he; "but the Guv'nor gave strict orders, as if you called, that you was not to go in. It ain't my fault, Sir, but the Guv'nor is the Guv'nor!"

Disheartened by this rebuff, he tried the house of a friend, but was so scornfully received, that he made up his mind never to visit another acquaintance. Of course he found that his name had been removed from his Clubs, and not a single individual would recognise him. He was an outcast, and a ruined man. So he walked about the streets until his shoes were in holes, and his last penny exhausted. Then he lay down to sleep. But this was against the regulations, and so he was hustled from pillar to post, until at last he found himself in a very low part of town. He was trudging past a public-house, when who should emerge from its cheerful-looking recesses but GILES. "Hallo!" cried the young man, who seemed the picture of health, "are you down?"

"Yes—very," returned ST. JAMES. "I haven't a friend in the world, and no one will have anything to say to me."

"What a shame!" cried the other. "Why, with me, I have had a rare old time! Everybody has been pleased to see me."

"But hasn't your conviction injured you?"

"Not particularly. I have lots of people who support me. Why, if we were too particular with one another, we shouldn't have a pal in the world! Hope there's nothing wrong."

"Why, don't you call this wrong? Here are you, as jolly as possible, and I—a miserable man!"

"Can't be helped. We are in the same box."

"Are we?" said the semi-genteel Convict. "Well, I should have scarcely believed it! Then, I suppose I must comfort myself with the thought that the same law applies to the rich as the poor."

"Does it?" returned the commoner Convict. "Then all I can say is, that whatever the law may be, the punishment is never the same." And ST. JAMES, with a bitter sigh, wished he could change places with his more fortunate dock-mate.

THE CHEF'S NEW DISH FOR TRAVELLERS.—"Insurance of Passengers' Luggage."—Bravo, THOMAS COOK AND SON! Not "too many Cooks," but "just Cooks enough!" Hitherto the traveller had only to present himself ready "dressed" to be thoroughly Cook'd, and done throughout, to a turn. Now, in addition, his baggage can be book'd and Cook'd; and, should any "Gravy delictum" happen to it, the value of the lost portmanteau and boxes will be handed over to the aggrieved passenger.

PATHETIC DESCRIPTION OF THE PRESENT STATE OF MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—"He is running WILDE at the St. James's Theatre. —Yours, L. W. F."

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

VI.—THE DUFFER AT WHIST.

WHIST, it seems to me, is an affair of eyes, memory, and calculative ratiocination. As to eyes, I have a private theory that mine are bewitched. It is not mere short sight. At school and college I have seen Greek words on the printed page, and translated them correctly, and come to grief, because these words, on inspection, were somehow not there. Explain this I cannot, but it is a fact. The same with Whist; I see spades where clubs are, and diamonds for hearts, and a cold word accuses me of revoking and of carelessness, but it is not carelessness. It is something gone askew in phenomena. Thus, when I am a witness as to facts in a trial, perjury is the softest word for my testimony, so the Court thinks, because the Court is blessed with the usual relations between objective facts, and subjective impressions. I admit that I am less fortunate, but when I try to go into this, I am interrupted. However, this is why I revoke.

Then as to memory, I have none, for cards. It is extremely difficult, indeed impossible, to recall who played what, after the cards are once out of sight. I could tell you, like the man in the story, that such and such a statement is on the ninety-sixth page of the fifth volume of GIBBON, the page on the left, half-way down; useless things of that sort I remember: cards, not. As to calculation and inferences, I give it up. I just first play out all my kings, then all my aces, I lead trumps, if I have a bunch of them, and then it is my partner's turn to make his little points. I return his lead when I happen to think of it, which is not often. That is all I have to confess, but I have a friend, a brilliant player I call him, and he permits me to contribute his experiences, as mine are short and simple. To my mind, Whist would not be a bad game, if the element of skill were excluded; but give me Roulette. If foreign ladies would not snatch up my winnings, I should be a master at Roulette, where genius is really served, for I play on inspiration merely. But let me turn to the confessions of my friend, my Mentor, I may call him, a man who is a Member of the Burlington itself, one who has had losses, go to! Hear him speak:—

I have always sympathised, he says, with *Mr. Pickwick*, in regard to his experiences at Whist; that is to say, his experience on the second occasion narrated in his history. The first time, it will be remembered, all went well, when, owing to unfortunate lapses on the part of "the criminal Miller," who omitted to "trump the diamond" and subsequently revoked, he and the fat gentleman were worsted in an encounter with *Mr. Wardle's* mother and the immortal hero.

But at Bath there was a different tale to tell, the *Dowager Lady Snuphanuph* and *Mrs. Colonel Wugaby*, proved too able for him and *Miss Bolo*, who when he played a wrong card, which, like me, he probably did every other time, looked a small armoury of daggers, and subsequently in a beautiful instance of the figure known to the grammarians as *Hendiadys*, went home in tears and a Sedan chair.

Bearing in mind the advice attributed to *TALLEYRAND*, I have conscientiously endeavoured to become a Whist-player; but it is becoming increasingly obvious to me, that owing to the malison pronounced at my birth, my room is generally preferred to my company. And yet I have studied the subject according to my lights. Every instance of Whist in fiction which comes under my notice receives my undivided attention, and when I read *Miss BROUGHTON*, such a sentence as, "I suppose," she said, "that it's the right thing to play out all one's aces first?" Her partner conscientiously endeavoured to veil the expression of extreme dissent which this proposition called forth, and with such success that the ace of hearts instantly and confidently followed his brother."

When I read hints like these, I garner them up for my own future use. I have pored over every known text-book on the subject, from *MATTHEWS* and *HOYLE* to *CAVENDISH*. I once went so far as to learn the proper leads by rote, forgetting them all within a week; and owing to my inveterate habit of endeavouring to justify the most flagitious acts by a supposed reference to authority, have earned for myself the name of "Pole."

There are some with whom I play, who contrive to make me feel more at my ease than do others, and even look upon me in virtue of my playing with "those men at the Club" as one having authority; for among the blind the one-eyed man is king. There is my Mother-in-law for instance, now I really enjoy a rubber with *her*. We sit down after dinner at a table scant of cloth, and either much too small or so inconveniently large that I cannot see the trump at the other end of it. She usually begins operations by misdealing, which is precisely what always happens to me with a new pack; nor do I yet understand how it is that the expert manages to deal at about sixty miles an hour without a mistake, whereas when my turn comes every other card seems to get stuck to its neighbour by a very superior kind of glue, so that they all come out in batches of twos and threes as it were, instead of one by one.

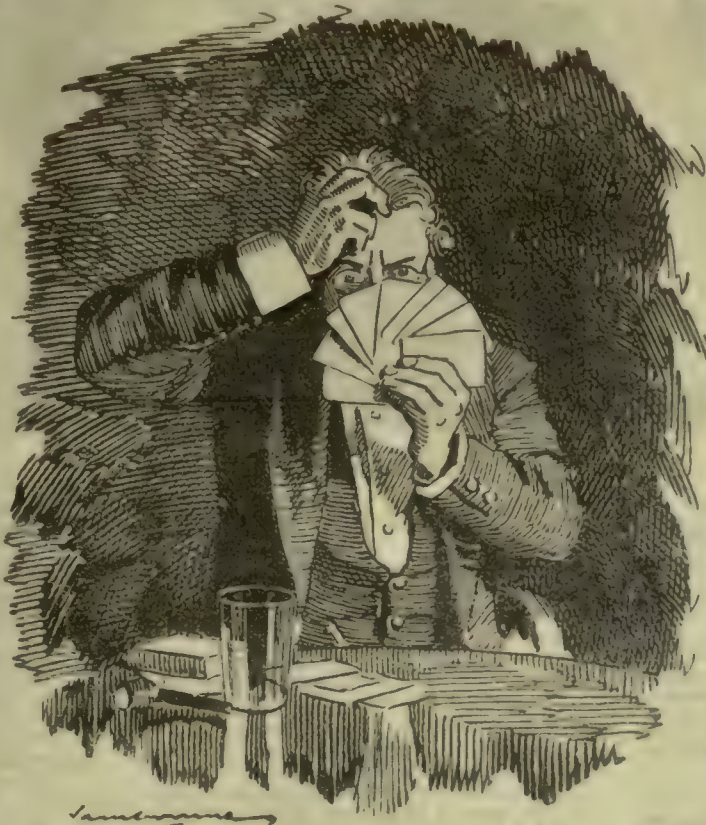
But when the deal has come right, her next step is to sort her cards, which she does by placing all her trumps apart from the others between her third and fourth fingers; I can thus tell how many she has, and am further assisted by her generally dropping one or two in the process face upwards on the table. This would be punishable at the Club; but as she would consider it "mean" were any allusions made to it, nothing happens. Towards the end of the hand her attention is apt to wander, and owing to her abstraction play comes to a dead halt. When a hint is offered that we are waiting for her, with prompt and business-like alacrity but regardless of the rigorous formula, "Place your cards, please," she will say, "Who led a spade?" there being at the time a club, a heart, and a diamond on the table. Then, being the only one who has a card of the leader's suit left, she revokes but is not found out. When she leads out of turn, as happens on an average four or five times every rubber, if I am against her, I call a suit from her partner, upon which she says, flaring up, "Is that the way you play at the Club?" "Cheats never thrive." Nor do we, for the

simple reason, that she seldom holds less than three honours in each suit, and from five to six trumps besides!

This, as I said, is the sort of Whist I rather enjoy; but when it comes to playing in sober earnest at the Club, there is a different tale to tell.

(This different tale will be told in the Duffer's next.)

"AIRY FAIRY LILLY UN"—One day last week, *MR. W. S. LILLY*—i.e. *W. "SHIBBOLETHS" LILLY*—delivered an excellent lecture on the Papal-Italian question, and although at Birmingham, it was by no means a brainmagem discourse. But to quote the immortal *ballad of Billy Taylor*, "When the Captain he comes for to hear on't, He werry much applauded what she'd done," and, to apply the lines to the present instance, "When the *Pore* he comes for to hear on't," will he "werry much applaud," the opinions honestly and courteously enough expressed in this lecture? By the way, "*Leo and the Lilly*" would make a fine subject for a historical cartoon. The learned Lecturer took care to observe, with all the true modesty of the humble flower from which his name is derived, that he spoke only the opinion of a party, which party, whether small, considerable, or large, his audience could judge for themselves with the unclothed opic, as the party in question was, not to put too fine a point on it, Himself.





“A LITTLE HOLIDAY!!”

WORKING-MAN AND
POOR CLERK. }

“AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL,—BUT WHAT'S *PLAY* TO YOU IS *DEATH* TO US.”

WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY IT?

Is an interesting description (that appeared in the *Times* for Saturday, February 27) of the working of the "Jacquard Card-Preparing Machine," which is, it appears, "a machine for superseding the human brain, eye, and hand"—(so that soon all who can afford it will be fitted up with these machines, and keep their brains, eyes, and hands in reserve for very special occasions)—it was stated that "the blank cards are automatically fed to the punches." That punches should be spelt without the capital P is of course a Printer's error, deserving capital punishment. Mr. P. thinks it right to state in answer to numerous inquiries, that all his *Punches* speak by the card. But as to even the smallest of the *Punch* family being "fed" on cards, or getting his or her living by cards, the statement is utterly at variance with the facts. Mr. P. is quite sure that the "Jacquard Automatic Reading and Punching Syndicate" will at once retract the injurious statement, or the youthful, vigorous and pugnacious *Punches* will be inquiring of Mr. P., as Sam Weller did of Mr. Pickwick when that gentleman's great name was apparently taken in vain, "Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty?" that is, adapting the question to the present occasion. "Ain't nobody's head to be *Punch'd* for this mis-use of an ancient and honourable name?"

THE NAIL-MAKERS' STRIKE. — They refuse to work unless higher wages are paid "down on the nail."



A "HUNTING FIXTURE."

HUNG UP ON A STILE, AND HOUNDS RUNNING LIKE MAD.

CRIES WITHOUT WOOL.

NO. II.—THE GROWL OF THE BEAR.

(By a Singer in "Air.")

["In consequence of the rumour that, . . . American stocks declined heavily . . . The rumour proved totally without foundation."]

Any Money-article; any day.]

THERE is little that goads us with fiercer despair
(Those who buy, you perpend, stock,
debenture or share,
Such as speculate mainly; investors
are rare—)
Than this growl ill-conditioned of
pestilent Bear!

With a craftiness planned and a malice unfair,
Improvising a scare unsubstantial as
Now it's "war," now "disease," and
the world must prepare
For the death of, say, GOULD, or a
Chilian flare;

Or the "cutting of rates:" I am quite unaware
What it means, I declare, but it's
"cutting," I swear, [lionnaire
To a person like me, not a flush mil-
Who must "realise" scrip,—and the
canker of care.

It would seem, we could e'er so conveniently spare
From a world too competitive, blarneyed with blare,

Both the Yankee of Wall-Street, his London confrère,
And all criers of "Lost!" when no losses are there;

All the wreckers, whose lair is secure past compare,
All who batten on bones with a maw debonair,
And the carcass of Poverty torture and tear
With historical fraud, and benevolent glare.

Who will join me in sport that is novel—who 'll dare
In his prosperous pit to go baiting the "Bear,"
Who will lead him a dance, who his talons will pare,
And make summary work of this ursine affair?

"MUST IT COME TO THIS?"

SCENE—The War Office. Present Mr. STANHOPE; to him enter Inspector-General PUNCH.

Mr. Stanhope. Ah, Sir, glad to see you. Can I do anything for you?
Inspector-General. Well, not for me—but you may and must do something for those I represent—the Volunteer Officers.

Mr. Stan. Oh, you have come about them, have you? Well, you saw what I said about them in my Memorandum the other day?

In.-Gen. I noticed what you did not say—you hoped during the present year to see some practical proposals.

Mr. Stan. Well, what do you want more?

In.-Gen. The proposals themselves.

Mr. Stan. They will come in good time.

In.-Gen. No time in this matter will be good—except the present.

Mr. Stan. Oh, you leave it to me, you will see it will be all right.

In.-Gen. No—unless you attend to the matter at once—now—at this moment.

Mr. Stan. How you do take me up! What a hurry you are in!

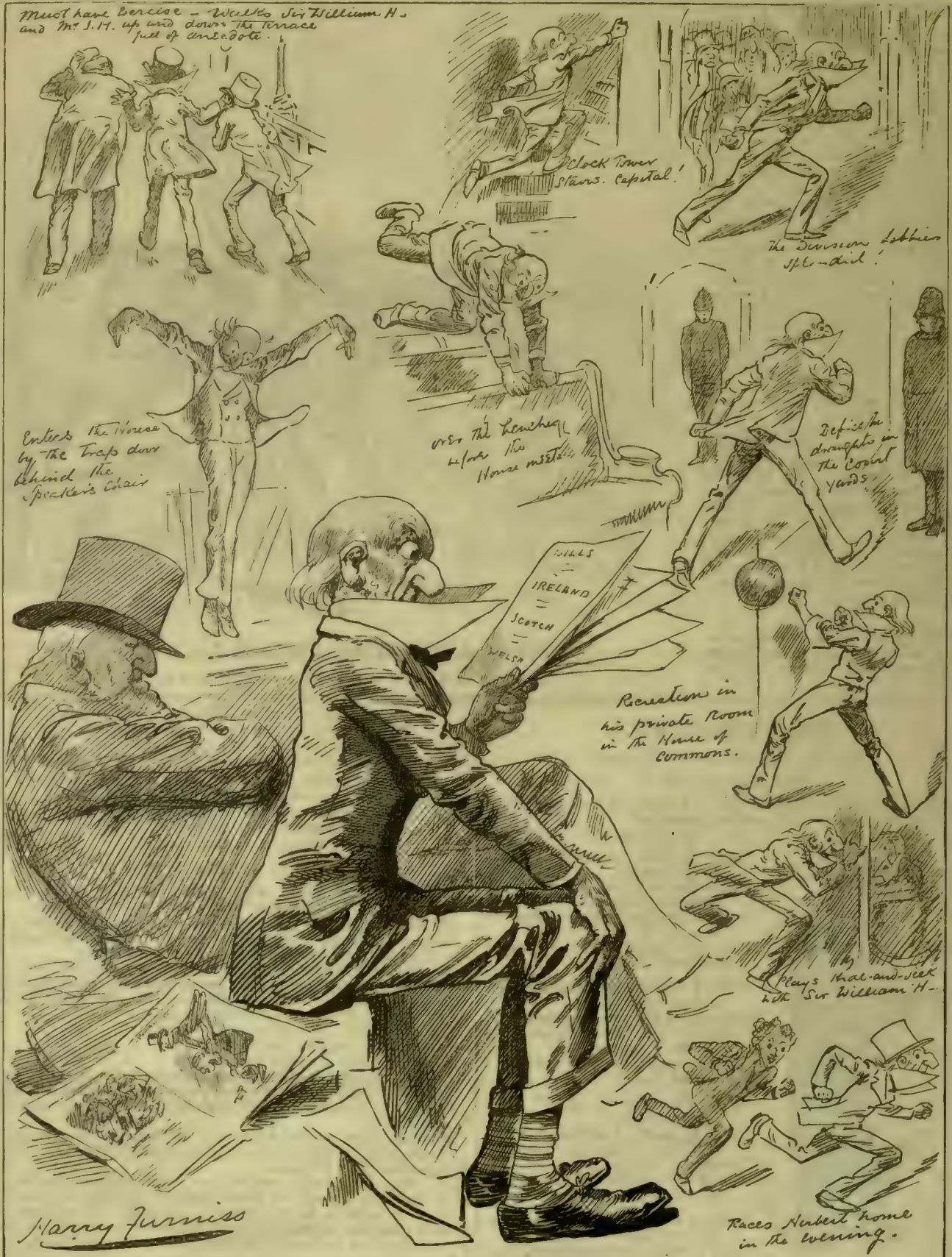
In.-Gen. Shilly-shallying to the rear—action to the front. Now, then, produce your proposals.

Mr. Stan. (reluctantly producing a paper from a pigeon-hole). Well, here they are—(giving them)—what do you think of them?

In.-Gen. (after a hurried perusal). Humph! At any rate let them be published at once, that those interested may be able to come to an immediate decision as to their utility. Do you hear, Sir?
[Exit.

(And if the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR is a wise man, he will act upon the hint thus offered him.)





GRAND OLD ENERGY.

[It is stated that Mr. GLADSTONE feels very much the want of exercise since his return to Parliamentary duties.]

DREAMS.

[Mr. JOHN MORLEY having said that he would be sorry for the country whose young men ceased to dream dreams, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL twitted him with having described the Progressive party as young men who dream dreams, and added, "They are words which I will never let die."]

DREAMS, my dear Lord? Well, there are dreams and dreams,

Are those of BURNS much worse than those of WEMYSS? [mature]

Are WESTMINSTER's vain visions, though The dreamer, less absurd or more obscure Than those of some "young man" who dares to hope [hope?]

That he with crowded London's ills can "Behold this dreamer cometh!" So of old The sons of JACOB, envious, scornful, cold, And fearful for their privilege of birth And of possession, in derisive mirth, Cried at young JOSEPH's coming. A "young man,"

O reverend oracle! Yet his wit outran, His wisdom far outsoared, for all their boast, The nous collective of the elder host; And PHARAOH, when his "wise men" vainly schemed, [dreamed.]

Found statesmanship in a young man who You will not let them die? Well, as you list! The words, Sir, with a Machiavellian twist, Tickle the ears of those smart word-fence

blinds, And garbled catch-words win unwary minds, And, maybe, witless votes. Poor London dreams

Of—many things most horrible to WEMYSS! The nightmare-incubus of old abuse Propertied privilege, expense profuse Of many lives for one, the dead-hand's grip On the slow generations, the sharp whip Of a compulsory poverty, the gloom Of that high-rated den, mis-called a Home! All these it knows, and many miseries more, And dreams of—Betterment! You'll "never let die."

JOHN MORLEY's words?" You cannot, though you try. [scream.]

In vain 'gainst dreaming youth you feign to Because you're yet a Young Man—and you Dream!

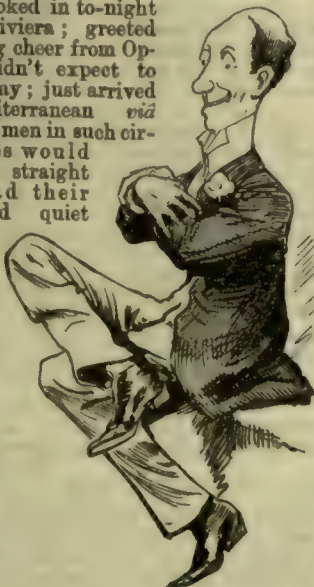
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 29.

—Mr. G. looked in to-night from the Riviera; greeted with rousing cheer from Opposition; didn't expect to see him to-day; just arrived from Mediterranean *via* Paris; most men in such circumstances would have gone straight home, read their letters, had quiet dinner, "and so to bed," as the late Mr. PEPPS occasionally remarked.

"That's all very well for you elderly fellows, TOBY," said Mr. G., beaming with health and smiles. "ARMITSTEAD, for



Lord Elcho.



VERY LITERAL.

The Major. "NO DOUBT YOU'RE VERY FOND OF ANTIQUES, MISS EUGENIA!"
Miss Eugenia. "OH YEN, INDEED!—AND I'M DEVOTED TO GRANDMAMMA!"

example, went straight off home. I was careful to see about that; he's a fine fellow, and I humoured him by letting him suppose he was looking after me as far as Biarritz, and on to Pau. In no other way could I have got him to make a holiday. Think I rather wore him out at St. Raphael. When a man gets over sixty he doesn't care about his ten or fifteen mile walk before luncheon. However, I brought ARMITSTEAD back all right, and, packing him off home at Charing Cross, just popped in here to see how you are getting on.

In respect of business, not getting on at all. Things going awry. Ministerialists won't come up to scratch in Division Lobby; Majority

that used to flash forth a hundred-candlelight strong, now flickered down to a score. Opposition growing jubilant and aggressive; Irish Members, long quiescent, waking up as of yore. To-night PRINCE ARTHUR, stung to quick by remarks from JOHN DILLON, made rattling speech defending his Irish policy; poured contempt and scorn on heads of Irish Members.

"You," he said, with gesture of passionate scorn, "see no source of regeneration for Ireland but in refusal of tenants to pay their rent."

Lord ELCHO and other young bloods on Ministerial Bench cheered; old stagers looked grave.

"Ah, ah!" said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, looking on from the Front Opposition Bench, "I spy the beard of the Irish Secretary under the muffler of the Leader of the House."

"Dear me," said ESSLEMONT, who overheard the remark; "I don't remember BALFOUR with a beard when he was at the Irish Office. You're not mixing him up with GRANDOLPH?"

"Get thee to a nunnery, worthy draper," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, "and in that leisurely retirement read your SHAKESPEARE."

"A nunnery!" cried ESSLEMONT, more than ever bewildered; "why they wouldn't let me in. I suppose you mean a monastery; but man and boy for fifty years I've gone to Kirk, and nothing would—" By this time CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was out of hearing.

Business done.—One Vote in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—The MARKISS not in his place in Lords to-night. Looked in at Arlington Street to inquire if absence was due to illness.

"Not at all, Toby," said the MARKISS who, indeed, looked quite fit. "There was nothing particular on the paper to-night, so I didn't go down. It's necessary for Nephew ARTHUR to be regular in his attendance on the Commons. But in the Lords it's different. A happy fortune places the Leader there in a position that relieves him from strain of unbroken attendance. With STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL looking after foreign policy, and DENMAN taking charge of home affairs, my post is really a sinecure. They talk about ending or mending of the House of Lords; but as long as we are blessed with this remarkable combination of legislative and administrative capacity we can laugh at the idle threats."

It was DENMAN who took the floor to-night; moved Second Reading of a Bill, the simple and comprehensive object of which was to repeal Local Government Acts of England and Scotland. These passed only a Session or two ago by continuous united effort of both Houses of Parliament. DENMAN been closely watching them in operation. Finds them disappointing, and so would have them repealed. House fully constituted, with LORD CHANCELLOR on Woolsack, Mace on Table, and quorum present; gravely listens, whilst tall, white-haired, sad-faced man rambles on in plaintive voice, urging proposition which, if carried out, would arrest machinery of Local Government throughout the Kingdom, leaving all to be gone over again. No one smiles, much less winks or wags the head. It is just as solemn and as orderly as if it were the MARKISS himself submitting a Resolution or making a statement. Only, when the plaintive voice ceases and the tall figure is reseated on the Bench, nobody proposes to continue the conversation. LORD CHANCELLOR rapidly gabbles shibboleth in which "content" stumbles over "not content."

"Notcontentshaveit," says LORD CHANCELLOR, by way of last word; leaves Woolsack; the few Peers slowly pass out. It seems the House has adjourned, DENMAN's Motion being negatived without Division, and Local Government in England and Scotland will proceed to-morrow as it has gone on to-day.

Business done.—House of Commons, having agreed to meet at two o'clock to-morrow instead of twelve, makes up for it by getting itself Counted Out at eight o'clock.

Wednesday.—Came across LOCKWOOD this afternoon in remote part of corridor, gesticulating whilst he recited some lines. Fancy he's getting up that lecture on the "Lawyers in *Pickwick*," announced for delivery in York on the 15th. Most interesting undertaking. As CHARLES RUSSELL says, "*Coke-upon-Lyttleton* will have to take a back shelf in the Law libraries when *Lockwood-upon-Dickens* is in circulation."

Wonder how he finds time for these excursions into the bye-paths of literature? Hands full at the Bar; frequent attendant here; and yet he has time to discover *Pickwick*! He tells me great secret of capability for this kind of work is plain living and regular habits.

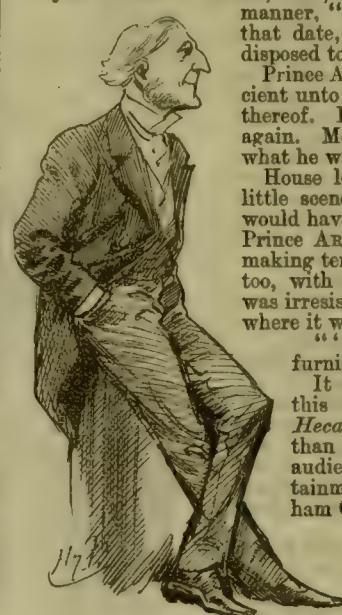
"A chop or steak at eight o'clock with a potato (boiled in its jacket) and a tumbler of toast-and-water; that's my regular dinner; leaves me clear-headed and free for a couple of hours' work at my briefs before I go to bed. Except when kept down at House, rarely out of bed after eleven. Up at five; cold bath; dry toast; hot milk; another grind at my briefs; ride down to Court; at it all day, with intervals for Abernethy biscuit when Court adjourns; and so the mill goes round."

"Don't you think," said BOB REID, "it's a little unprofessional of LOCKWOOD going into this *Pickwick* business? The cases were never, that I know of, reported in the *Law Journal*. Good fellow LOCKWOOD, but a little apt to stray outside the ropes. Now he's started lecturing, there's no knowing how far he'll go. We may see him on the stage bowling BEERBOHM TREE out as *Hamlet*, or even with his face corked, dancing a breakdown at St. James's Hall. What does he want to go a-lecturing for? Do you think he'll draw?"

"Draw!" I cried. "Why, he's always drawing; he's drawn for *Punch*." That shut up Master BOB. When you want to hear disparaging remarks about a man, nothing like going to his bosom friend. *Business done.*—Irish.

Thursday.—Mr. G. in fine form to-night; delivered two speeches, each in highest form of Parliamentary Debate. Infinite variety in manner. Before dinner, Prince ARTHUR moved to take Morning

Sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays for rest of Session. That means virtual appropriation on very threshold of Session of time belonging to private Members. They furious; Mr. G. in benignant mood; shocked, he must confess, at Prince ARTHUR's unparalleled greed; but not disposed to turn a deaf ear to his importunity. "If you'd make it Easter, now," he said, with winning voice and manner, "limit the scope of resolution to that date, I'm not sure that I should feel disposed to say you nay."



"Monumental Suavity."

survey of railway from Mombasa to Nyanza. A splendid piece of invective; almost literally shrivelled up poor JOKIM, at whom some of the scorching flame was pointed with outstretched forefinger. For more than half an hour, at period of night when most gentlemen of his years are snugly tucked up in bed, Mr. G. held the audience entranced, thunderous cheers rolling forth in rapid succession from Liberal ranks, now and then answered by low growl from Ministerialists.

"What a man it is!" cried KENRICK, looking on with monumental suavity; "almost sorry he left us. Sometimes, at his best, he equals our JOE." *Business done.*—A couple of Votes in Supply.

Friday.—BRYCE at last got access to mountains in Scotland.

Been wandering round foot of them through many Sessions, and several Parliaments. Always something happened to prevent his reaching the top. Don't believe he'd have got there to-night, only for FARQUHARSON.

When F. came forward to second Motion, incidentally observing, "I'm the proprietor of a mountain myself," we felt something must be done, and BRYCE's Motion was agreed to.

FARQUHARSON, for rest of evening, object of respectful regard. Some inquiry as to where he kept his mountain. Did he bring it to Town with him when he came up for the Session? And, when at home, was he in habit of leaving it out all night?

"Don't happen to have it about you, I suppose?" WILFRID LAWSON asked, eyeing his trousers' pockets.

FARQUHARSON very reticent on subject. Rumour, just before House adjourned, that his mountain is one of those situated in the Moon—but this only envy.

Business done.—Access secured to FARQUHARSON's mountain and others in Scotland.



The Man who Owns a Mountain.

STRANGE CHARGE AGAINST A GREAT POET.—Lord TENNYSON's *Robin Hood* is to be produced at DAILY'S, New York, and simultaneously, to secure copyright, by one performance only, at the Lyceum. We never thought TENNYSON a plagiarist before this, but here is proof positive he's at it now,—Lord TENNYSON's *robbing Hood*!!

"ARE YOU HANSARD NOW?"

Merchant of Venice.

["The entire stock of *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates* . . . was offered for sale. The vast collection, nearly 100,000 volumes, scarcely fetched the price of waste paper."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE Auctioneer exclaimed,—"These Vols. Have neither fault nor blot. I think that I, without demur, May call them quite 'a lot.'"

"Speeches by RUSSELL, PAM, and BRIGHT, Good for the heart and head. Take them as spoken; if you like, Pray take them, too, as read."

But when the Auction did begin, Bidders, alack! were lacking; Back numbers hove in sight in shoals, Yet seemed to have no backing.

"Then this," quoth he, "appears to be The dismal situation; Though from these speeches statesmen quote, For them there's no quotation.

"The eye has 'heavenly rhetoric,' Hear WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE cry; But heavenly rhetoric now, 'tis plain, Itself is all my eye.

"A penny! Really such a bid I can't allow to pass; A man who'd offer coppers here Must be composed of brass.

"'Progress' I cannot well 'report,' Unless this lot is bought in; The only progress seems to be, When there'll be no reportin'.

"Such priceless gems, such wretched bids!" The hammer-man did shout; "If you desire, I knock them down— You first must knock me out!

"No higher offer? Then I'm forced, Pray pardon the suggestion— To take a hint from Parliament, And 'move the Previous Question.'"

ANOTHER SHAKSPEARE!

THE last play by M. BLAGUEVAN DER BOSCH has just been translated into English. It is



Mysterious!

called *The Blackbeetle*, and is a purely domestic drama. The following Scene from the last Act will give some idea of the exquisite simplicity and pathos of this great work. M. VAN DER BOSCH's admirers freely assert that SHAKSPEARE never wrote anything like this. It will be noticed that M. VAN DER BOSCH, like M.

MAETERLINCK, does not always name his characters, but only mentions their relation to each other.

SCENE XXV. *The Great Grandmother, the Mother-in-law, the Female First Cousin one remove, and the Brother-in-law's Aunt are discovered standing on the table, and the Half-sister's Nephew by marriage on a chair.*

The Mother-in-law. Eh? eh? eh?
The Female First Cousin one remove (pointing to Half-sister's Nephew by marriage). He! he! he!

The Great Grandmother. Ay! ay! ay!
The Half-sister's Nephew by marriage (shuddering). Oh! oh! oh!

The Brother-in-law's Aunt (to him). You! you! you!
[The Half-sister's Nephew by marriage descends and resolutely steps upon the Blackbeetle. Curtain.]

ENTÊTEMENT BRITANNIQUE.

RONDEAU.

Mal à la tête, ennui, migraine,
We risk in trying to explain
Why, though the Income-tax is high,
This country never can supply
Such galleries as line the Seine.

Yet gifts are treated with disdain,
Which gives the would-be donors pain,—
We've now a name to call that by,
"Mal à la TATE."

Next time an offer's made in vain
MACNEILL, or someone, will obtain,
Or ask, at least, the reason why,
And even dumber folks will cry,
"By Jove! they've made a mull again,
MULL à la TATE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

EVERYBODY who took delight in our old friend *Uncle Remus* will thoroughly enjoy



Brer Rabbit.

A Plantation Printer, by JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. The Baron doesn't recommend it to be taken at one sitting, the dialect being rather difficult, but a chapter at a time will be found refreshing. The like advice may be acted upon by anyone who has invested in the latest volume of the Library of Wit and Humour, entitled *Faces and Places*. By H. W. LUCY. The "Faces" are represented by a portrait of Ride-to-Khiva BURNABY, and one of the Author of these entertaining papers. The first brief narrative, which ought to have been called "How I met BURNABY," is specially interesting; and the only disappointing thing in the book is the omission of "An Evening with Witches," as a companion picture to "A Night at Watts's."

By the way, in my copy of *A Plantation Printer*, the English printer has made one slip, a sin of omission, at p. 153, where, Miss CARTER, a charming young lady, is watching a Georgian Fox-hunt. She sees "a group of shadows, with musical voices, sweep across the Bermuda fields."

"O ow beautiful!" exclaimed Miss CARTER, clapping her little hands "and, we may add, dropping her little 'h' in her excitement. 'I can put up with the loss of an 'h,' but not for a wilderness of aspirates would I have lost this healthy, cheery chapter," says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

TO A RAILWAY FOOT-WARMER.

At first I loved thee—thou wast warm,—
The porter called thee "ot," nay, "bilin."
I tipped him as thy welcome form
He carried, with a grateful smile, in.

Alas! thou art a faithless friend,
Thy warmth was but dissimulation;
Thy tepid glow is at an end,
And I am nowhere near my station!

I shiver, cold in feet and hands,
It is a legal form of slaughter,
They don't warm (!) trains in other lands
With half a pint of tepid water.

I spurn thy coldness with a kick,
And pile on rugs as my protectors.
I'd send—to warm them—to Old Nick,
Thy parsimonious Directors!

RICH V. POOR.

(A Note kindly contributed by Our Own Graphic Reporter.)

NOTHING could have been more impressive than the closing scene of a trial that was one of the features of the present Sessions. The Counsel for the Prisoner made no pretence of hiding his emotion, and freely used his pocket-handkerchief. Many ladies who had until now been occupied in using opera-glasses, at this point relinquished those assistants to the eyesight, to fall back upon the restorative properties of bottles filled with smelling-salts. Even his Lordship on the Bench was seemingly touched to the very quick by the Prisoner's dignified appeal for mercy. Before passing sentence, the Judge glanced for a moment at the number of titled and other highly respectable witnesses who had testified to the integrity of the accused. Then he addressed the Prisoner:—

"You have pleaded guilty to an indictment which charges you with having misappropriated trust moneys. You have reduced a fortune of £28,000 to £7,000. This means a wretched pittance to beneficiaries who, before your fraud, were enjoying a fairly decent income. I am aware that you are a distinguished Magistrate,—that you have belonged to many Clubs,—that there is not a slur upon the cooking that used to distinguish your dinner-parties. I know the severity of the sentence I am about to pass, and I wish my conscience would permit me to give you a lighter punishment. But I cannot."

The accused was then sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

A little later another prisoner was put in the dock for stealing twenty shillings. The prisoner (who was a sailor) was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and seven years' police supervision. The case was of no public interest.

The Modesty of Genius.

WHEN TRAILL his list of Minor Poets drew, SPRUGGE's friends exclaimed, "Why, SPRUGGE, he's left out you!"

To which SPRUGGE calmly answered, "Yes, I know it; And he is right. I'm not a Minor Poet."

FROM AN IRISH REPORTER IN A TROUBLED DISTRICT.—"The Police patrolled the street all night, but for all that there was no disturbance."

NEW SONG OF TRIUMPH FOR SALVATIONISTS AT EASTBOURNE, ACCOMPANIED BY DRUM AND JEREBELIOUS CYMBALS.

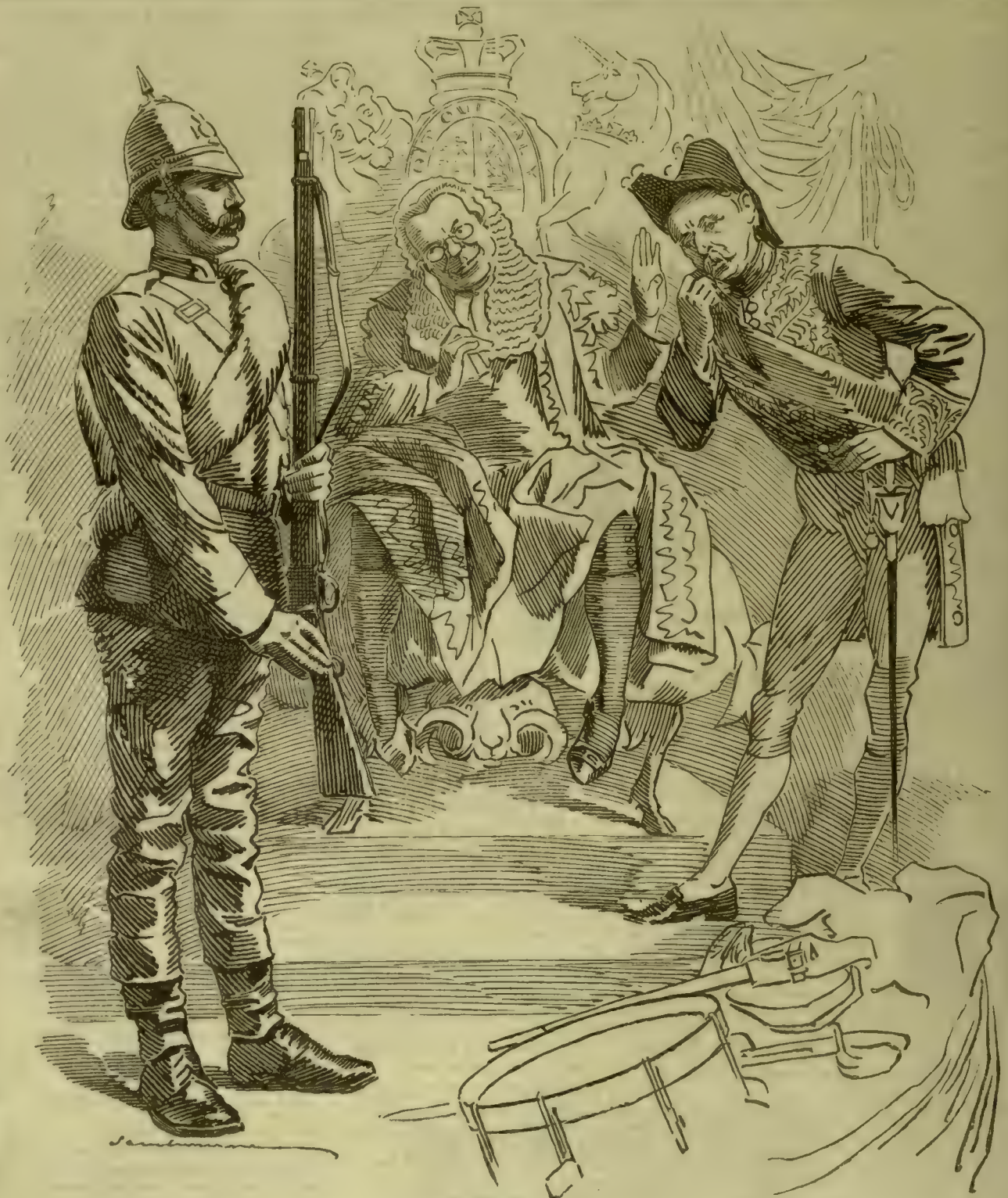
—"Tra-la-la-Booth-te-ray!"

DEMEANING THEMSELVES so!—Mrs. R. cannot understand our aristocracy being constantly Chairmen at public dinners. She wouldn't be a Chairwoman for anything.

WHERE "GHOSTS" OUGHT TO EXIST.—"Haunt 'un Street, W." It's an artistic quarter. [Is this Hornton Street? Possibly.—Ed.]

PEOPLE who would be ALL THE BETTER FOR BECOMING TEMPERANCE MEN.—"The Lushais."





"DIVIDED DUTY."

Right Hon. the Minister for War. "SURELY, MY LORD CHANCELLOR, YOU CAN EXEMPT HIM FROM JURIES. THE 'REGULARS'——"
Lord Chancellor. "WELL, NO, MR. STANHOPE, I THINK NOT." (*Aside.*) "WE MUST MAKE SOME USE OF HIM!"

LIVING AND LEARNING.

MISS SYMPER, who has never been out of London, saw an advertisement headed "Salmon Flies" in a shop window. "Well!" she exclaimed, "I never knew till now that Salmon was a flying fish!"

"A CABINET Minister, in the Casual Ward," was the heading of an article in the *D. T.* last Friday, and it turned out to be all about the Richie and the Poorie.

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.—Some delay at present, but immediately after signing we shall commence "sealing."

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

(A Story of Adventure not in the least Likely to be True.)

"Do you see what RITCHIE has been doing?" asked the Secretary of State for War of one of his colleagues.

"If you mean visiting the Casual Wards, after attending a meeting in the East End of London, I do," replied the Home-Secretary. "An excellent idea, no doubt, suggested by that old story of the Amateur Casual, which appeared some twenty or thirty years ago in the columns of an evening paper."

"But don't you think it is playing it a little low?" suggested the First Lord of the Admiralty.

"Well, I don't know," returned the Autocrat of the W. O. "After all, there is nothing like personal experience."

And then all three were silent, lost in profound consideration. Shortly afterwards they bade one another adieu, declaring that they had greatly enjoyed their Cabinet Council.

It was some hours later that a soldier, wearing the uniform of the Guards, appeared at the Wellington Barracks, and requested that he might be permitted to undertake a spell of "sentry go." He was not known by the Non-commissioned Officer on duty, but as his papers appeared to be correct, permission was given him to act as substitute for Private SMITH, who was next on the roster.

And about the same time a person, wearing the garb of a convict, made his way to one of Her Majesty's Prisons, and requested an interview with the Governor. His garb obtained for him immediate admission to the precincts of the gaol.

"Well, my man," said the Governor, when his visitor appeared before him; "what do you want?"

"If you please, Sir," replied the person in the garb of a convict, "I shall be very much obliged if you will permit me to have an hour or so at oakum-picking."

"Absolutely impossible," replied the Crown Official, "such luxuries are only allowed to individuals who have been properly introduced to us by a Judge and Jury."

"I fancied," returned the wearer of the felon's garb, "that an order from the Home-Secretary would smooth all difficulties."

"Certainly," admitted the Governor, "but such documents are only supplied to European Royal Personages, or other foreigners of extreme distinction."

"I have the requisite document," replied the curiously-garbed stranger, and he was bowed into a well-appointed cell, and furnished with the tangled rope for which he had petitioned.

And about the same time a sea-faring man applied to be rated on one of Her Majesty's Ships of War.

"Impossible!" was the immediate reply of the Captain, who was rather short-tempered.

"Nothing is impossible to the Admiralty," said the sea-faring man; "and, if you will glance at this paper, you will see that I have special permission from Whitehall to be mast-headed, or to undertake some other naval manoeuvre of a more modern date."

Suppressing an exclamation of a somewhat profane character, the Captain gave the required permission, and a few minutes later the sea-faring man was mounting (with some difficulty), the quivering rungs of a rope-ladder.

A few hours after the happening of these events, a weary soldier,

a half-starved convict, and a sailor covered with bruises, met by chance in the common room of a tavern. For some minutes they were too exhausted to speak. At length, the convict declared that the organisation of Her Majesty's Prisons was simply perfect.

"I greatly doubt it," replied the soldier; "but I can insist with truth, that nothing can possibly equal the admirable condition of the Queen's Barracks."

"I don't for a moment believe it," put in the sea-faring man; "but I am prepared to swear that the arrangements of the Admiralty could not possibly be better."

"Very likely," sneered the convict; "and no doubt they could not be worse."

Upon this the three men began quarrelling and boasting of the merits of the institutions they had recently visited.

"Pardon me," at length observed the convict, "but I have had some legal training, and it seems to me that you are both gentlemen of great discernment. Nay, more, I should imagine that your education is greatly in excess of that possessed by men of the same standing in the professions you appear to have adopted."

"Not unlikely," replied the soldier, smilingly removing his disguise; "because I happen to be the Secretary of State for War."

"And I," said the sailor, following suit, and emerging from his sea-faring garb, which now was found to be covering an official uniform—"And I am the First Lord of the Admiralty."

Before the two Ministers could recover from their surprise, the wearer of the convict's garb had also divested himself of a part of his costume, and the whole of his "make-up."

"You see you need not be ashamed of my company," he observed, with a smile, "as I am the Home-Secretary."

Then the three Ministers laughed, and each one of them insisted that his particular branch of the Government Service was better than the branches of his colleagues.

"Let us change costumes," suggested the Home-Secretary, "and try for ourselves. I will become a soldier, you can appear as a convict, and subsequently we might make a further alteration, and allow our friend of the Admiralty to try some oakum-picking." But both the First Lord and the Secretary of State raised objections.

"And yet," urged the Home-Secretary, "I do not think you would find much difference between oakum-picking and sentry-go, and a plank-bed and a hammock on board a torpedo-boat have each great claim to points of similarity."

"We readily believe you," replied the representative of the War Office, "and therefore further test is unnecessary."

"Quite so," added the greatest living authority on Naval matters; "and thus I think we can conveniently leave further personal investigation to such enthusiasts as Mr. RITCHIE and his Private Secretary." And so, perfectly satisfied with the result of their peregrinations, the Ministers again bade one another adieu, and, this time, finally separated.

A GREAT LOSS TO EVERYBODY.—It is a great source of disappointment to Mr. Punch that GRANDOLPH should have declined to be an Alderman. It may be a question as to whether he would have enlarged the sphere of his influence, but, by accepting the turtle, it is Aldermanically certain that within six months our GRANDOLPH would have doubled his weight and increased his circumference.



THE PITFALLS OF CULTURE.

Friendly and Sympathetic Foolman. "WELL, THEY TELL ME, SIR, AS MR. BROWN, THE DENTIST ROUND THE CORNER, IS QUITE AT THE 'HEAD OF THE PROFESSION,—IN FACT, WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL 'PRINCIPALLY FORCEFUL,' SIR!"

[No doubt the good man intended to say "Facile princeps," but he didn't.]

"HAIR-CUTTING, SINGEING, AND SHAMPOOING."

(A Sketch in a Hair-dresser's Saloon.)

SCENE—A small but well-appointed Saloon, with the usual fittings. As the Scene opens, its only occupants are a Loquacious Assistant and a Customer with a more than ordinarily sympathetic manner.

The Loquacious Assistant. No, Sir, we're free to go the minute the clock strikes. We've no clearing up or anything of that sort to do, not bein' required to putoff any duties of a menial nature, Sir. 'Ed a little more to the left, Sir... Sundays I gen'ally go up the river. I'm a Member of a Piskytorial Association. I don't do any fishin', to mention, but I jest carry a rod in my 'and. Railway Comp'ny takes anglers at reduced fares, you see, Sir... No, Sir, don't stay 'ere all day long. Sometimes the Guv'nor sends me out to wait on parties at their own residences. Pleasant change, Sir? Ah, you're right there, Sir! There's one lady as lives in Prague Villas, Sir. I've been to do her 'air many a time. (He sighs sentimentally.) I did like waitin' on 'er, Sir. Sech a beautiful

woman she is, too,—with 'er face so white, ah! 'AWKINS her name is, and her 'usban' a stockbroker. She was an actress once, Sir, but she give that up when she married. Told me she'd 'ad to work 'ard all her life to support her Ma, and she did think after she was married she was goin' to enjoy herself—but she 'adn't! Ah, she was a nice lady, Sir; she'd got her 'air in sech a tangle it took me three weeks to get it right! I showed her three noo ways of doin' up her 'air, and she says to me, "What a clever young man you are!" Her very words, Sir! Trim the ends of your moustache, Sir? Thankes, Sir. Yes, she was a charmin' woman. She 'ad three parrots in the room with 'er, swearin' orful. I enjoyed goin there, Sir; yes, Sir. Ain't been for ever sech a while now, Sir. I did think of callin' again and pertendin' I'd forgot a comb, Sir, but I done that once, and I'm afraid it wouldn't do twice, would it, Sir? Sixteen her number is—a sweet number, Sir! Limewash or brilliantine, Sir?... And I know 'er maid and her man, too; oh, she keeps a grand 'ouse, Sir! (Observing that the Sympathetic Customer is gradually growing red in the face and getting hysterical.) Towel too tight for you, Sir? Allow me; thank you, Sir. (Here two fresh Customers enter.) Ready for you in one moment, Gentlemen. The other Assistant is downstairs 'aving his tea, but he'll be up directly

[The two fresh Customers watch one another suspiciously, after the manner of Britons. The first, who is elderly, removes his hat and displays an abundance of strong grizzled hair, which he surveys complacently in a mirror. The second, a younger man, seems reluctant to uncover until absolutely obliged to do so.

The Grizzled Customer (to the Other Customer, as his natural self-satisfaction overcomes his reserve). 'Shtonishing how fast one's hair does grow. It's not three weeks since I had a close crop. Great nuisance, eh?

The Other Customer (with evident embarrassment). Er—oh, yes—quite so, I—I daresay.

[He takes up a back number of "Punch," and reads the advertisements with deep interest. Meanwhile, the Loquacious Assistant has bowed out the Sympathetic Customer, and touched a bell. A Saturnine Assistant appears, still masticating bread-and-butter.

The Second Customer removes his hat, revealing a denuded crown, and thereby causing surprise and a distinct increase of complacency in the Grizzled Gentleman, who submits himself to the Loquacious Assistant. The Bald Customer sinks resignedly into the chair indicated by the Saturnine Operator, feeling apologetic and conscious that he is not affording a fair scope for that gentleman's professional talent. The other Assistant appears to take a reflected pride in his subject.

The Loq. Ass. (to the Grizzled Customer). Remarkable how some parties do keep their 'air, Sir! Now yours—(with a disparaging glance at the Bald Customer's image in the mirror)—yours grows quite remarkable strong. Do you use anything for it now?

The Gr. C. Not I. Leave that to those who are not so well protected!

The Loq. Ass. I was on'y wondering if you'd been applying our Rosierucian Stimulant, Sir, that's all. There's the gentleman next door to here—a chemist, he is—and if you'll believe me, he was gettin' as bald as a robin, and he'd only tried it a fortnight when his 'ed come out all over bristles!

The Gr. C. Brussels, what? Sprouts, eh?

The Loq. Ass. Hee-hee! no, Sir, bristles like on a brush. But you can afford to 'ave your laugh, Sir!

The Sat. Ass. (to the Bald Customer, with withering deference). Much off, Sir?

The B. C. (weakly thinking to propitiate by making light of his infirmity). Well, there isn't much on, is there?

The S. A. (taking a mean advantage). Well, Sir, it wouldn't be a very long job numberin' all the 'airs on your 'ed, certainly! (Severely, as one reproaching him for carelessness.) You 'ave been losin' your 'air! Puts me in mind of what the poet says in 'Amlet. "Oh, what a fallin' off!" if you'll excuse me, Sir!

The B. C. (with a sensitive squirm). Oh, don't apologise—I'm used to it, you know!

The S. A. Ah, Sir, they do say the wind's tempered to the shorn lamb so as he can't see 'imself as other's see 'im. But what you ought to 'ave is a little toopy. Make 'em so as you couldn't tell it from natural 'air nowadays!

[The Bald Customer feebly declines this meretricious adornment.

The Loq. Ass. (to his subject). Know Mr. PARIS PATTERTON of the Proscenium Theatre, Sir? 'E's 'ad to call in our Guv'nor, Sir. 'Is 'air's comin, off, Sir, dreadful, Sir. The Guv'nor's been tryin' a noo wash on his 'ed.

The Gr. C. Ha, poor beggar! Wash doing it any good?

The Loq. Ass. (demurely). That I can't tell you, Sir; but it 'as a very agreeable perfume.

The S. A. I think I've taken off about as much as you can spare, Sir!

The Gr. C. (with a note of triumph). Look here, you know, there's a lot more to come off here—won't be missed, eh?

The Loq. Ass. No, Sir, you've an uncommon thick 'ed—of 'air, I mean, of course!

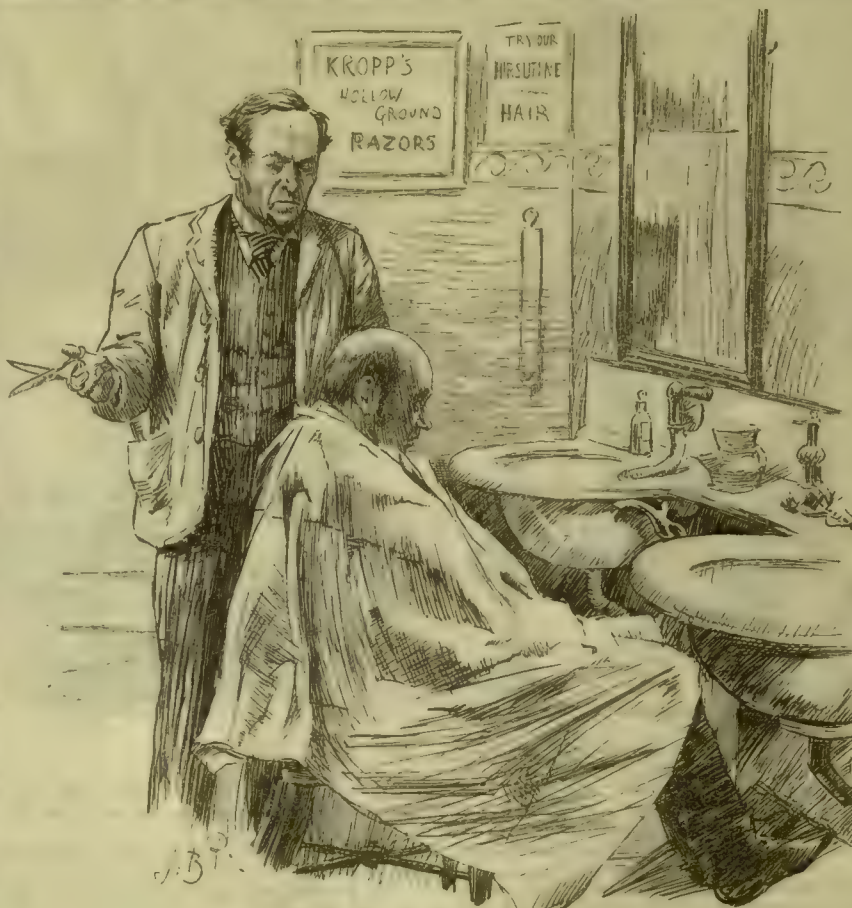
The S. A. If you'll take my advice, you'll 'ave yours singed, Sir.

The B. C. (dejectedly). Why, think it's any use?

The S. A. No doubt of that, Sir. Look at the way they singe a 'orse's legs. [The Bald Customer yields, convinced by this argument.

The Gr. C. No singeing or any nonsense of that sort for me, mind!

[They are shampooed simultaneously. The B. C. (piteously, from his basin). Th—that's c-cold enough, thanks!



"You 'ave been losin' your 'air!"

The Gr. C. (aggressively from his). Here, colder than that—as cold as you can make it—I don't care!

The B. C. (drying his face muckly on a towel). A—a hand-brush, please, not the machine!

The S. A. No, Sir, machine-brush would about sweep all the 'air off your 'ed, Sir!

The Gr. C. Machinery for me—and your hardest brush, do you hear?

*The Loq. Ass. { (together, to { Shall I put anything on
The S. A. { their respec- { your 'ed, Sir?
tive patients). { Like anything on your
'air, Sir?*

The B. C. (hopelessly). Oh, I don't know that it's much good!

The S. A. Well, you may as well keep what little you 'ave got, Sir. Like to try our 'Irsutine Lotion, capital thing, Sir. Known it answer in the most desprit cases. Keep it in 'alf-crown or three-and-sixpenny sizes. Can I 'ave the pleasure of puttin' you up a three-and-sixpenny one, Sir? (The Bald Customer musters up moral courage to decline, at which the Assistant appears disgusted with him.) No, Sir? Much obliged, Sir. Let me see—(with a touch of sarcasm)—you part your 'air a one side, I think, Sir? Brush your 'at, Sir? Thankee, Sir. Pay at the counter, if you please. Shop—there!

The Loq. Ass. Think your 'air's as you like it now, Sir? Like to look at yourself in a 'and-glass, Sir? Thank you, Sir.

[The Bald Customer puts on his hat with relief, and instantly recovers his self-respect sufficiently to cast a defiant glare upon his rival, and walk out with dignity. The Grizzled Customer after prolonged self-inspection, follows. The two Assistants are left alone.]

The Loq. Ass. Pretty 'proud of his 'air, that party, eh? Notice how I tumbled to him?

The S. A. (with superiority). I heard you, o' course, but, as I'm always tellin' you, you don't do it delicate enough! When you've been in the profession as long as I have, and seen as much of human nature, you'll begin to understand how important it is to 'ave tact. Now you never 'eard me stoop to flattery nor yet over-familiarity—and yet you can see for yourself I manage without 'urting nobody's feelings—however bald! That's tact, that is!



"INFLAMMABLE BUTTONS." UN PAGE D'AMOUR.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A WAITER. (AD PUERUM.)

NONE of your mis-
pronounced
Gallic shams,
Waiter;
Call not "Potato"
a "Pomme-de-
terre, maitre
D'otile." I'd ra-
ther you styled
it "Pertater",
As Britons, sure,
may.

As for décor, let
the linen be
stainless—
Crowns of exotics
are gauds for
the brainless.
Crowns, indeed!
Here's half-a-
crown; you
would gain less
Oft from a gour-
met.



MRS. R. has just purchased the first two volumes of *The History of the Popes* (edited by F. ANTROBUS), "because," she says, "I particularly want to read about the time of the Reminiscence, with all about FIFTUS THE SIXTH and the Humorists."

SERIOUS CASE.—A patient who doesn't want it known that there's anything the matter with him, has placed himself under the care of Dr. ROSSON ROOSETEM PASHA, "because," he says, "his visits then are 'sub Roose-ah!'" [Now we know what's the matter with him.—ED.]

A PLEA FOR THE DEFENCE.

SCENE—*Mr. Punch's Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH discovered, to him enter Mr. JOHN BULL.*

Mr. Punch. Well, Mr. BULL, what can I do for you?

Mr. Bull. I want to know your opinion, *Mr. Punch* on the report of Lord WANTAGE's Committee on Recruiting?

Mr. P. Which of the reports, my friend? There seem to be two—one by the Soldier Members, and the other by the Government Under-Secretary of State for War.

Mr. B. Can't they be lumped together, *Mr. Punch*?

Mr. P. Well, yes, in the sense of being discarded. They are neither satisfactory, although they contradict one another.

Mr. B. So I think, *Mr. Punch*. What is to be done?

Mr. P. I will do my best to answer you. But just as a preliminary question, may I ask whether you insure your house, *Mr. BULL*?

Mr. B. Why, yes, certainly. I pay for guardianship and protection. If I did not, I should have to start fire-engines and the rest of it myself.

Mr. P. Quite so. And you find it cheaper in the long run.

Mr. B. To be sure. I have got much, too much to do to bother about the details of security from fire.

Mr. P. Again quite so. Then why don't you pay for your Army?

Mr. B. But I do, and a precious round sum too!

Mr. P. However, it is difficult to get recruits. And in England any and everything can be bought by money.

Mr. B. Pardon me, *Mr. Punch*, that's all nonsense. Abroad, they can get soldiers at half the price that—

Mr. P. (interrupting). Quite wrong, *Mr. BULL*. Soldiers are just as dear on the Continent as they are here. Only, you see, the foreigners look after the fire themselves—they become soldiers, instead of securing substitutes.

Mr. B. What do you mean?

Mr. P. That you must either pay the market price, or go in for conscription. Your money—or your life!

Mr. B. Well, I really think I must consider it—I do, indeed!

Mr. P. And the sooner the better, *Mr. BULL*; and if you do not believe me, give Lord WANTAGE's Committee Report a second reading.

[Scene closes in upon Mr. JOHN BULL giving the document reconsideration.]



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*To our M.P., who rather fancies himself a great political force in the House.
(Day before the Meeting of Parliament.)*

"WELL, MR. BINKS! AND WHAT BRINGS YOU UP TO TOWN?"

THE BOGIE MAN.

(NEW AND STARTLING CIVIC VERSION.)

Gog and Magog sing, sotto voce:—

OH, huddle near us, cherished ones!
Hushed is our civic glee.
The Voters, they have played the fool
About the L. C. C.
Oh, Turtle, dear—at table—
Oh, Griffin, spick and span,
I hear the Civic Fathers say
Here comes the Bogie Man!

Chorus.

Oh, hush! hush! hush!
Here comes the Bogie Man!
What hope, dears, when BEN TILLET
Is made an Alderman?
Oh, whist! whist! whist!
He'll catch ye if he can!
Then vain you'll run, my popsey-wops,
From this new Bogie Man!
When we sit down to dinner,
My giant chum and I,
O'er calipash and calipee
We're both inclined to cry.

For if Progressist fingers
Once dip into our pan,
Aloud, but vainly, we may cry,
Whist! whist! the Bogie Man!

Chorus.—Oh, hush! hush! hush!
Here comes the Bogie Man!
Then hide your heads, my darlings;
He'll catch ye if he can.
Then whist! whist! whist!
This new Progressive plan
Would make our popsey-wopsey-wops
Slaves to this Bogie Man!

In vain the *Times* might thunder,
In vain the *Standard* squall,
To frighten little Moderates;
They paid no heed at all
When CHURCHILL tried yah-boohing,
Away the Voters ran
And voted straight, with hearts elate,
For yonder Bogie Man!

Chorus.—Oh, hush! hush! hush!
Here comes the Bogie Man!
He'll collar all our civic perks,
'Tis his "Progressive" plan.
Oh, whist! whist! whist!
He'll catch ye if he can.
Heaven save you, my own popsey-wops,
From yonder Bogie Man!

Oh, pets, it gives us quite a shock
To think of your sad fate,
If you should lose your Guildhall rock,
And we be doomed by fate.
For BURNS our pride would humble,
No "giants" in his plan!
Oh, Turtle sweet, oh, Griffin neat,
Beware, yon Bogie Man!

Chorus.—Oh, whist! whist! whist!
Here comes the Bogie Man! [prog.
Gog and Magog, choice wines, good
Are no parts of his plan.
Oh, hush! hush! hush!
He'll catch ye if he can!
Progressive "slops," my popsey-wops,
He'll give—yon Bogey Man!

Oh, ROSEBURY turned tr-r-raitor,
And LUBBOCK seemed to cool,
McDOUGALL, now, and PARKINSON
May proudly play the fool.
London's delivered to be ruled
On the "Progressive" plan, [name—
And "BEN" can bear the honoured
Ye gods!—of ALDERMAN!!!

Chorus.—Oh, hush! hush! hush!
Here comes the Bogie Man!
Turtle, be cautious; Griffin, hide!
You're under his black ban.
Oh, whist! whist! whist!
We'll save ye, if we can,
My pretty popsey-wopsey-wops,
From yon bad Bogie Man!

To Queen Coal.

(By her Fond but Poor Lover.)

"If thou art not dear to me,
What care I how dear you be!"

BUTTER AND BOSH.

[“Many customers who want Margarine will not consent to buy it under that name, but insist on its being called ‘Butter.’”—*Daily Paper.*]

OH, Wisdom, surely here your words you waste
On men who consciously deceive their taste;
Who cheating self are blindest when they've
seen,
And call that Butter which is Margarine.
“Give me,” ’tis thus their sentiments they
utter,
“Firkins of Bosh, but label them as Butter.
Who cares for honest names? they're all my
Decipiaturs qui vult decipi.” [eye.



THE BOGIE MAN.

"HUSH! HUSH! HUSH!
HERE COMES THE BOGIE MAN!"

"THEN HIDE YOUR HEADS, MY DARLINGS;
HE'LL CATCH YOU IF HE CAN!"

"ON THE BLAZON'D SCROLL OF FAME."

[To each man of the Crews of the three Life-boats stationed in the Isle of Wight, at Brighstone, Brook and Atherfield, respectively, *Mr. Punch* has had pleasure and pride in presenting an illuminated copy of the Picture and Poem entitled "MR. PUNCH TO THE LIFE-BOAT MEN," which appeared in his issue of February 13. The names of the coxswains and crews of these three boats, the *Worcester Cadet*, the *William Stanley Lewis*, and the *Catherine Swift*, are inscribed thereon (as they should be in the memories of all true Britons), as follows:—Of the *Worcester Cadet*, JAMES COTTON (Coxswain), ROBERT BUCKETT (Second Coxswain), ROBERT SALTER, WILLIAM BARTON, FRANK EDMUNDS, FRANK BUCKETT, GEORGE NEW, GEORGE MORRIS, GEORGE SHOTTER, GEORGE HAWKER, EDGAR WHITE, WILLIAM MERWOOD, and JAMES HEDGECOCK.

Of the *William Stanley Lewis*, JOHN HAYTER (Coxswain), BEN JACOBS (Second Coxswain), ROBERT COOPER, W. JACOBS, J. COOKE, G. WHITE, W. CASSELL, T. HOOKEY, J. NEWBURY, J. COOPER, J. HOOKEY, R. WOODFORD, M. CASSELL, WILLIAM HAYTER, W. BLAKE, and W. HOOKEY.

Of the *Catherine Swift*, WILLIAM COTTON (Coxswain), DAVID COTTON (Second Coxswain), JAMES COTTON, THOMAS COTTON, FRANK COTTON, JOHN COTTON, CHARLES COTTON, WALTER WOODFORD, WALTER WHITE, CHARLES HARDING, and B. WHILLIER.

These names thus receive—as they deserve—honourable record "For distinguished bravery and gallant conduct whilst on duty on the occasion of the wreck of the s.s. *Eider*, January 31, 1892."

On the Scroll! And why not? Be you sure that it bears
Many entries less worthy of record than theirs,
The rough sea-faring fellows, whose names now go down,
With applause from their Sovereign to swell their renown,

To posterity's ears. And right pleasantly, too,
They should sound on those ears; for, run over each crew
And you'll find that those names have a true homely smack
Both of country and kinship; there's JIM, there is JACK,
There is BOB, there is BILL, TOM and GEORGE, CHARLIE, FRANK;
Can you not hear them sound o'er the waves as in rank
They go down to their work, ringing right cheery hail
Through the shrieks of the storm that shall not make them
pale.

Those bold Britons? They're brothers, sires, cousins, and sons,
For see how the "family name" through them runs
Those COTTONS could make up a crew at a pinch!
Whilst the HOOKEYS and WHITES from that task need not flinch.
Yes, these names sound as well on the Scroll, after all,
As NAPOLEON OF CESAR; and when the Great Call
Of the last human Muster Roll comes, some plain "BILL,"
Whose business was rather to save than to kill,
May step before mad ALEXANDER.

Well, brothers,
(You BUCKETTS, and WOODFORDS and COOPERS and others,
Whose names he need hardly string into his rhymes,)
Punch hopes you may look on this Record sometimes
With pleasant reflections. Mere words, he well knows,
Will not—"butter your parsnips"—(to put sense in prose):
But you have his hearty good will, and you know it,—
Right gladly he takes this occasion to show it!
And when or wherever another should come,
Be sure your friend *Punch* won't be careless or dumb!

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

VI.—THE DUFFER AT WHIST.

(Continued.)

I AM really fond of the game, which is fortunate, though my partners don't think so; but I am free to confess, that nothing short of an absorbing admiration for it and desire to excel, could tempt me to brave the sarcasms, even insults, to which I am subjected. Your thoroughgoing Whist-player as such—admirable in private life as I personally know him to be—the moment he begins the daily business of his life, seems to cast his better nature to the winds. At another time and place he would lend a sympathetic ear to any tale of woe; now and here nothing seems to interest him but his own immediate welfare, which he pursues with concentrated energy and earnestness. I verily believe that if, at one of two adjoining tables, the chandelier fell on the players' heads to their exceeding detriment, the occupants of the other table would scarcely lift their eyes or interrupt their rubber for one moment. *Fiant chartæ ruat cælum*—let the cards be made whatever chandeliers fall.

The players at my Club are all good, one especially so, a retired Colonel of a West Indian regiment, of whom I stand in mortal dread. He has short shrift for any failings, even of players nearly as good as himself, whilst as for me! though he has never yet resorted to personal violence with a chair-leg, yet that would not surprise me; and my pestilent fate in defiance of all mathematical odds in such case made and provided, is to cut him as my partner three and four times in succession in an evening. I sometimes have glimmerings of sense, and in hands presenting no particular difficulty, if they contain plenty of good cards—can manage to scrape along in a way I think fairly satisfactory even to him, though he never encourages me by saying so. But an awful thing happened the other night. I had played one rubber with him and won it, though it was only a rubber of two instead of a bumper, as it would have been if I had played properly—for being in doubt and remembering the adage, I had led a trump, but it subsequently turned out that the adversaries had called for them. Now I never see an adversaries' call, and but rarely those of my partner, unless when made glaringly conspicuous by a ten and a two, so I led this wretched card with disastrous results.

However, my partner accepted the situation with unexpected suavity, merely remarking pleasantly, as an item of general interest,

"The only time my partner ever leads a trump is when the adversaries call." I smiled inanely—what else could I do? for I was dimly conscious that the stricture might have justification in fact. Yes, this was bad; but worse remains behind. In the last hand of the next rubber, my partner had four trumps; so had I; he had, besides a very long suit; hence he extracted the trumps, and we were left with the last two between us, mine being the better. I got the lead, of course, exactly at the time I did not want it; although everyone else knew where the smaller trump was, I did not, so I drew it from my partner's hand, and then led him a card of which he had none in the suit; this card, as ill-luck would have it, belonged to an enormously long suit, of which one of the adversaries had entire control. So this gentleman got in and made about six tricks in it, finishing up with the two; he therefore made with his spades all—indeed, I rather think more tricks than the Colonel ought to have made in his diamonds, each of which, now losing cards, he successively banged down with increasing anger and turbulence of gesture, as the enormity of my crime was borne in upon him. It was the deciding game of a rubber; the adversaries' score had stood at one, while we were at two, and besides, we had had two by honours; as they made four by cards, they went out—and so did I—not without an *obligato* accompaniment on muted strings; unwhispered whispers of "confounded block-head!" "blundering idiot!" "well, of all the born fools!" and similar objections.

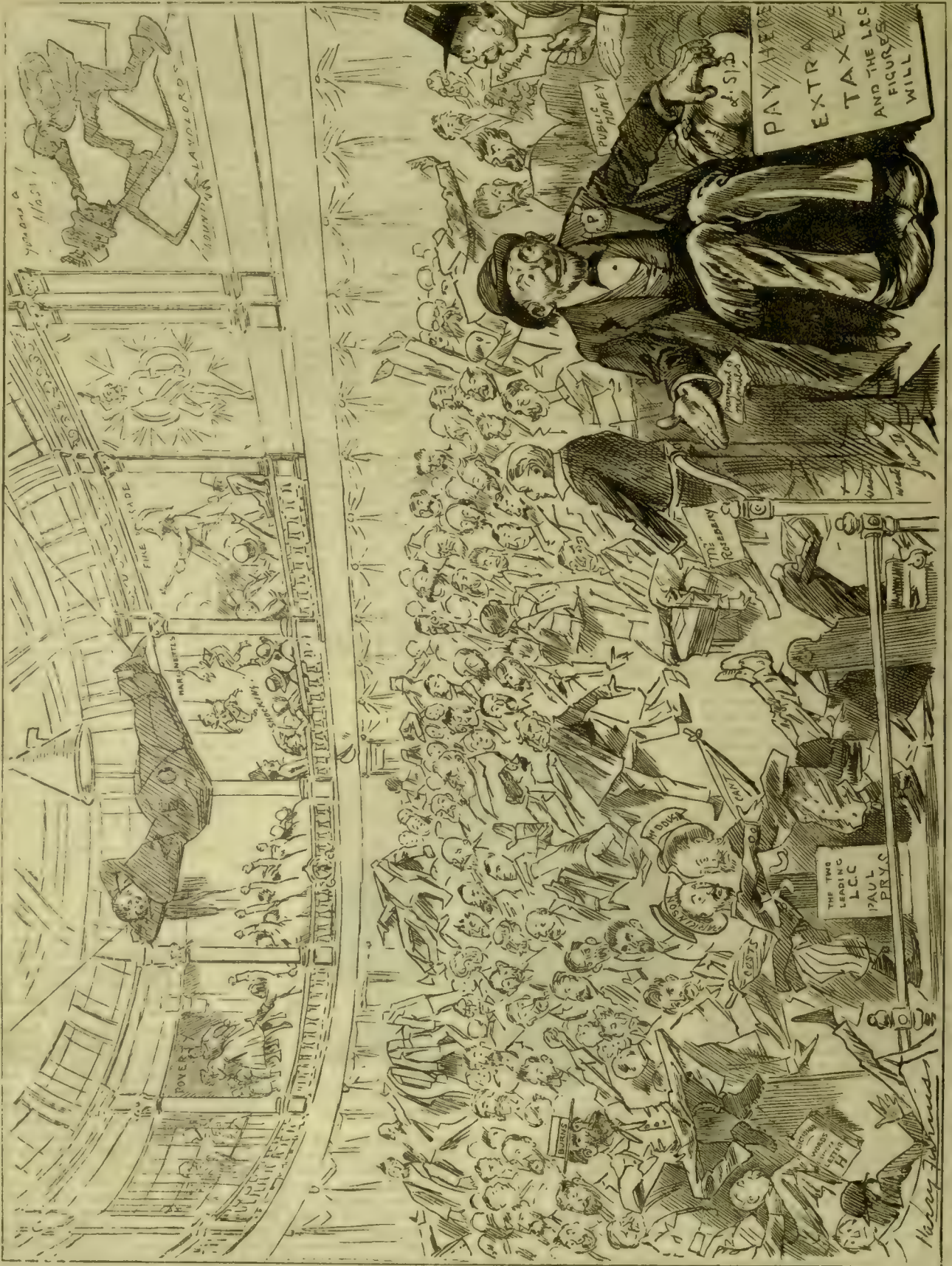
When I came to think the matter over in cold blood, I could see that my proper course would have been to lead the losing card before drawing my partner's trump. I merely made a mistake (a fatal one I grant) in the order of playing them. That was all.

My friend goes on to make learned remarks about "American leads," "the fourth best," and the difficulties of playing a knave; lead him at once, I think, on *Dogberry's* principle: and "thank heaven you are rid of a knave."

The depths of my guilt may be guessed from the fact that many of my Mentor's explanations are Hittite to me. People talking of laying up a wretched old age by not playing, I should be laying it up for other people if I did play much. Half-crown points, a partner who knows how to score (those counters and candlesticks, or the machines with little bone grave-stones that shut up with a snap, bother me), and amiable conversation on well-chosen topics while the game goes on, make the kind of Whist that I enjoy. We used to play it in Common Room in the happy past; it was easier than Loo, which I never quite understood. The rigour of the game is the ruin of Whist.



"When I come to think the matter over in cold blood."



THE NEW L. C. C. WAXWORKS. There has not been time yet to arrange the Figures.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

"*Sich a Nice Man Too!*" is one of the latest, and greatest, successes of the clever Coster Laureate, Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, who, "Funny without being Vulgar," proves that he, the Muse of the Market Cart, and Bard of the Barrow, "Knocks 'em in the Old Kent Road,"—and elsewhere—with well-deserved success. As is ever the case with the works of genuine genius, "liberal applications lie" in his "patter" songs, the enjoyment of which need by no means be confined to the Coster and his chums. For example, at Cautious-Conferences and places where they sing—and shout—the following might be rendered with relish:—

No. VII.—SICH A SMART MAN TOO!

(Coster-Jim on Corkus-Joe.)

There's party-men yer meets about
What wins yer 'eart instanter;
Of their success there's ne'er a doubt,
They romps in in a canter.
There's one as means to lick the lot,
Brum Joz, the art'f'list dodger.
For 'im we Rads went 'ot and 'ot;
Sez we, "Yus, Joz's the codger!"

Chorus.

Sich a smart man too! Sich a *very* smart man!

No Tory pride, no toffish affectation!
Yet 'e somehow makes yer feel
That in 'im yer 'ave to deal
With a gent, if not by buth, by edgercation!

'E made 'is pile in a snide way,—
"Down on ther nail," 'is motter—
Went to the front, and came to stay;
Whigs might pertest and potter.
'Is game was doin' the poor good,
And doin' of it 'andsome.

JACK CADE they called 'im,—which was rude—
'Acos 'e talked o' ransom!



Then won't 'old Weg look rummy?"

Chorus.

Sich a smart man a too!
Sich a *very* smart man!
No "Lily"

pride, no blue-blood affectation!
Yet he somehow made yer feel
That in 'im yer 'ad to deal

With a gent by nature and by edgercation!

You ought to seen 'im on the stump,
Smart frock and stiff shirt collar;
Got up regardless, clean-out chump,
Orchid for button-oler!

'E cocked a snook at pride o' race.
We shouted "Brayvo, BRUMMY!"
Peg on, we'll put yer in rust place;

Chorus.

Sich a smart man too! Sich a *very* smart man!

No *Rip wan Winkle* HARRY affectation!

Yet 'e somehow made yer feel
That 'e jest knowed 'ow to deal
With the "Gentlemen" by buth and edger-cation.

Acrost 'is phiz there stole a smile,
Like sunshine in November.
Sez 'e, "I'm for the Sons o' Tile!"
O yus, don't we remember!
We fancied Joz was one of hus,
A cove we might ha' trusted.
Now you should 'ear the Corkus cuss
At the Brum bubble—busted!

Chorus.

Sich a smart man too! Sich a *very* smart man!

No orty scorn, no "arm-cheer" affectation!
One as somehow made yer feel
'E alone knowed 'ow to deal
With Allotments, Taxes and Free Edgercation!

'E chose to play at hodd man hout;
'E ain't the rust by many
Wot's tried to Tommy-Dodd the rout
With a two-headed penny.
It's broke our trust; 'e can go 'ome
With Toffdom for next neighbour.
'E won't out Capital's cockseomb
In the 'Oly Cause o' Labour!

Chorus.

Sich a snide man too! Sich a *very* snide man!

And now,—but that's 'is hartful affectation!—

'E would like to make hus feel
As he only "plays gentlel,"
To give Toffs a Demmyeratic Hedgercation!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 7.—JOKIM in a bad way to-night. People are wanting to know how it has come about that TATE's offer of £80,000 for Picture Gallery, with £80,000 worth of pictures thrown in to start it, has, after long correspondence with CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, been withdrawn. JOKIM rises to explain.

"What I should really like to do," he whispered to me, in confidence, "is to give him one for his *tête*, as we say in cribbage. But suppose I must speak him fair." Did his best in that direction though undercurrent of observation in lengthy paper he read decidedly set in direction of making TATE out as a cantankerous wrong-headed person who, proposing to bestow some £160,000 in way of free gift, expected to have his wishes consulted in such matter of detail as selection of site for Gallery.

"I venture to hope," said JOKIM, in conclusion, "that the door is not finally closed on the establishment of a Gallery for British Art."

"That's not quite it," said Young Father DILLWYN, with hand to ear, listening from corner seat below Gangway he shares with that

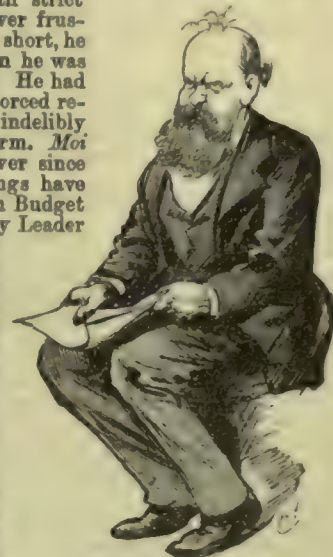
other eminent statesman, the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. "What we complain of is, that you have so managed matters that the door hasn't been opened."

"Ah, well," said JOKIM, wringing his hands, "it's no use my trying anything. Remember once seeing in dock of police-court at Lyons, a sailor brought up charged with some offence. On his arm was tattooed the legend, '*Pas de chance*.' He told long story of honest endeavour, combined with strict honesty and tireless industry, ever frustrated by malign accident. In short, he was no sooner out of prison than he was sent back upon fresh conviction. He had no chance, and one time, in enforced retirement from the world, he indelibly inscribed the legend on his forearm. *Moi aussi, je n'ai pas de chance*. Ever since I joined this Government things have gone wrong with me, whether in Budget Schemes, when acting as Deputy Leader of the House, with £1 notes, and now in this affair, where I run my head against TATE (sort of *tête-à-tête*), and, though I'm innocent as a lamb, everybody will have it that I've muddled things and lost the nation a munificent gift. *Pas de chance; cher Toby: pas de chance!*"

HANBURY been looking into our Army Service, and behold! it is very bad. Condemns it, lock, stock, and barrel. Things no better than they were in time of Crimean War. Our Army costs more, and could do less than any in the world. Curious to find statement like this gravely made in presence of twenty-eight Members, all told, including the SPEAKER. Suppose it's true, Empire on verge of precipice, into which, on slightest impulse, it may totter and disappear. Hon. Members, in the main, care so little that they busy themselves



Young Father Dillwyn.



Craig (not Ailsa).

writing letters, chatting in Lobby, gossiping in Smoke-room; the few present admirably succeed in disguising terror that must possess them as HANBURY, in solemn voice, utters his lamentation.

"HANBURY," said CRAIG, looking across the House at tall figure below Gangway, "reminds me of the old party that met LOCHIEL, and told him his prospects in the next war were at least doubtful,—

'LOCHIEL, LOCHIEL, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle-array.'"

LOCHIEL STANHOPE reckons no more than the Northern Chieftain; makes speech nearly two hours long, proving to empty, but interested Benches, that never since Peninsular War had Great Britain an Army so large or so fully equipped. When midnight struck, the few Members present shook themselves, yawned, and went home. *Business done.*—In Committee on Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—Never saw in the flesh procession of Russian Convicts starting on their journey to Siberia. Have read about it, though; have even seen pictures thereof. The most saddening and soul-depressing of these came back to mind just now, when PULESTON, PELLY and BURDETT-COUTTS forlornly filed forth at command of Chairman of Committees, amid cheers of heartless Opposition. If they'd only been a little more ragged in appearance, and, above all, if they had been connected by leg-chain, illusion would have been complete. Members on Front Benches, as they passed them, wearily faring forth, could not have resisted natural impulse to feel in their waistcoat pocket for a kopee or two to bestow upon the unfortunates.



Mr. Swift MacNeill's little joke.

It was the suddenness of the sentence, the swift falling of the blow, that made it so cruelly heavy. Last Friday these three Members had supported a vote subsidising East Africa Co. in matter of preliminary expenses of railway through their territory. Someone had discovered they were pecuniarily interested in undertaking. To-day SWIFT MACNEILL raised the question of parliamentary law in such cases. Moved Resolution that vote of three Members be disallowed.

Nothing could exceed gentleness of MACNEILL's demeanour. Rather in sorrow than in anger he moved in the matter, anxious, as all Irish Members are, for purity of Parliamentary practice and sanctity of constitutional principles. Almost blubbered in BURDETT-COUTTS's waistcoat; embraced PELLY and PULESTON in comprehensive smile of amity.

Encouraged by this attitude, the three Members assumed easy, almost jaunty, manner. True, PULESTON admitted he would not have done it if he'd thought anyone would have made a row about it—"as the little boy said when he was being spanked for putting his fingers in the jam-pot," observed MARJORIBANKS, *sotto voce*. BURDETT-COUTTS almost haughty in his defiance of the descendant of the Uncle of JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's.

PELLY pensive in manner and enigmatical in allusion; felt it particularly hard thus to be placed in the dock, as if he were an Irish County Councillor under Prince ARTHUR's new Bill. Only last Friday, in debate preceding the very Division now under discussion, he had delivered an Address which disclosed intimate acquaintance with topographical bearings of rarely trodden wilds in Central Africa. Had shown how an Agent of East Africa Company, setting forth from So-and-so, had, after perilous passage, reached So-on. After a night of broken rest, his pillow soothed by the roar of GRANDOLPH's nine lions, he had set out again. Crossing the River So-forth he wandered for hours, carrying the flag of his country through the limitless plains of Etcetera.

House listened entranced, whilst PELLY hurried them from So-on to So-forth.

"Excellent speech," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, himself not unfamiliar with land-surveying; "but the country seems a little monotonously named."

"It's not that," cried PELLY, interrupting; "the fact is, I can't pronounce the names in the despatches, and call them So-on."

House delighted with this explanation; PELLY found himself at once bound in front rank of Parliamentary orators. This only last Friday; to-day called upon to defend himself from charge of breaking written law of Parliament. Bad this, but worse to come. When PELLY's pensive voice died away, COURTNEY rose from Chair and sternly said, "In accordance with practice of the House, the three Hon. Members will now withdraw." So they strode forth, clothed with innocence. PULESTON first, with ghastly smile on his face; BURDETT-COUTTS next, wondering what they would think of this in Stratton Street; PELLY bringing up the rear, the forlornest file that ever passed between ranks of jeering spectators, slowly making their way from So-on to So-forth. *Business done.*—None.

Thursday.—"The Leadership isn't all beer and skittles, is it?" I said to Prince ARTHUR just now, trying to put the best face on a melancholy business.

"No," he said, shortly, "and it isn't public business at all."

Quite true. What officers in command of sham-fights call "the general idea" of the Sitting to-night, was—questions beginning at half-past three; over probably at four; House in Committee; take up Army Estimates; peg away at them till midnight; then "Who goes home?" Time-table of what actually took place slightly, but firmly different. House met at three; prayers, which appropriately prefaced HENRY FOWLER's motion to permit Salvation Army to go its own way on quiet Sabbaths at Eastbourne. Debated this till twenty minutes past six, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL heartily joining in the service; then questions, seventy or eighty of them, not seven or eight of public interest, the rest of character that might be raised on dull days in Vestry-hall.

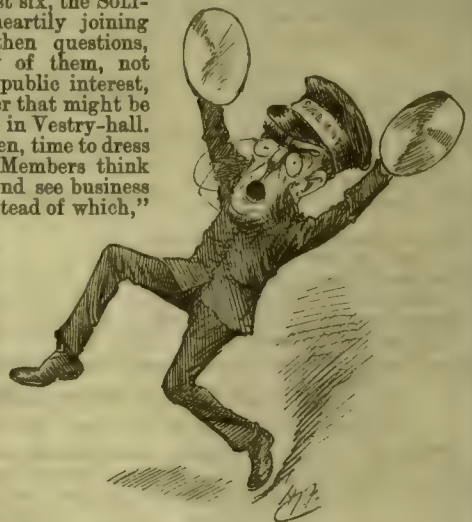
At half-past seven, time to dress for dinner. Still, Members think they'll just wait and see business commenced. "Instead of which,"

as the Judge said, up gets SWIFT MACNEILL, asking permission to move Adjournment of House in order to discuss famine in India, and short-comings of Indian Government. SPEAKER invites those who support application to rise in their places. Gentlemen below the Gangway, with hearts bleeding for famished fellow-creatures in far-off Ind (subject reminds them, by the way, that dinner is nearly ready), leap to their feet. Twice the forty necessary thus forthcoming; leave given, and SWIFT MACNEILL proceeds to open his budget. Then strange thing happens. The eighty Gentlemen who sprang up to secure hearing for MACNEILL, being on their legs, conclude that, as it's so near dinner-time, scarcely worth while resuming their seat; so they bundle forth, MACNEILL, somewhat ungratefully (for they had secured his opportunity) urging them to "be off, if they didn't want to hear about the sufferings of their fellow-creatures."

At ten o'clock MACNEILL episode closed. Prince ARTHUR moved, with intent to expedite business, a Resolution taking Report of Supply after midnight. Talked on this till twenty minutes to twelve. Business reached at last, but since Debate closes at midnight, no time to do anything. Committee of Supply accordingly postponed, and Members begin chatting about Gresham College, admitting in course of conversation that there is nothing to talk about, since Government have adopted suggestion of objectors to scheme.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—MACNEILL the Avenger to the front again, with his Motion about the Siberian Exiles. "JEMMY" LOWTHER, in most judicial manner, supports Motion, that votes of PELLY, PULESTON and BURDETT-COUTTS on Mombasa Affair shall be struck out. Prince ARTHUR argues on other side; Mr. G. throws weight of his authority into scale against the Exiles; JOKIM feebly attempts to reply. On Division, in full House, Government defeated by five votes. MACNEILL's smile, as he announced the figures, simply enormous. "At first I thought it was an earthquake," said STANHOPE, shuddering. Nerves shattered by second defeat of Government in the week. *Business done.*—Looks as if the Government's was—very nearly.



The Salvationist Solicitor-General.

YE MODERATES OF LONDON!

YE Moderates of London
Who sat at home at ease,
Ah! little did you think upon
The dangerous C. C.'s!
While comfort did surround you,
You did not care to go
To remote
Spots to vote
When the stormy winds did blow.

The voter should
have courage
No danger he
should shun;
In every kind
of weather
All sorts of
risks should
run.
Not he!" So bold
Progressives
Will tax him,
and he'll
know
He must
pay
In their
way,
Which is nei-
ther sure nor
slow.



The Stay-at-Home Voter.

But when the Thames Embankment,
The finest road in town,
Is riotous with tramcars,
Will *that* make rates come down?
Will all these free arrangements,
Free water, gas, do so?
Oh, they may!
Who can say?
And the Companies may go.

When LIDGETT and McDougall
Are censors of the play,
We can patronise the Drama
In a strictly proper way;
When PARKINSON's Inspector
Of Ballets, we shall know
He will stop
Any hop
If he sees a dancer's toe.

Such grandmaternal rulers
Will settle life for us,
And Moderates, escaping
All canvassing and fuss,
Can still, from cosy firesides,
Through three long years or so,
Watch whereat
Jumps the cat,
And which way the wind does blow.

LOCKWOOD THE LECTURER.

["Last Tuesday Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., delivered a lecture entitled 'The Law and Lawyers of Pickwick,' to a large gathering of the citizens of York, which place he represents in Parliament."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

AIR—"Simon the Cellarer."

OH, LOCKWOOD the Lecturer hath a rare store
Of jo-vi-a-li-tee, [galore,
Of quips, and of cranks, with good stories
For a cheery Q.C. is he!
A cheery Q.C. and M.P.
With pen and with pencil he never doth fail,
And every day he hath got a fresh tale.
"A Big-vig on Pig-vig," he quaintly did say,
When giving his lecture at York t'other day.
For Ho! ho! ho!
FRANK LOCKWOOD can show
How well he his DICKENS
Doth know, know, know!
Chorus.—For Ho! ho! ho! &c.

HOSPITALITY À LA MODE.

["Programmes and introductions are going out of fashion at balls."—*Weekly Paper*.]

SCENE—Interior of a Drawing-room during a dance. Sprightly Damsel disengaged looking out for a partner. She addresses cheerful-looking Middle-aged Gentleman, who is standing near her.

She. I am not quite sure, whether I gave you this waltz?

He. Nor I. But I hope you did. I am afraid it is nearly over, but we shall still have time for a turn. [They join the dancers.]

She. Too many people here! to-night to make waltzing pleasant.

He. Yes, it is rather crowded. Shall we sit out?

She (thankfully, as he has not quite her string). If you like. And see, the band is bringing things to a conclusion. Don't you hate a cornet in so small a room as this? So dreadfully loud, you know.

He. Quite. Yes, I think it would have been better to have kept to the piano and the strings.

She. But the place is prettily decorated. It must have cost them a lot, getting all these flowers.

He. I daresay. No doubt they managed it by contract. And lots of things come from Algeria nowadays. You can get early vegetables in winter for next to nothing.

She. Yes, isn't it lovely? All these palms, I suppose, came from the Stores.

He. No doubt. By the way, do you know the people of the house at all?

She. Not much. Fact was, I was brought. Couldn't find either the host or hostess. Such a crowd on the staircase, you know.

He. Yes. Rather silly asking double the number of people the rooms will hold, isn't it?

She. Awfully. However, I suppose it pleases some folks. I presume they consider it the swagger thing to do?

He. I suppose they do. Do you know many people here?

She. Not a soul, or—

He. You would not have spoken to me?

She. Well, no—not exactly that. But—

He. You have no better excuse ready. Quite.

She. How rude you are! You know I didn't quite mean that.

He. No, not quite. Quite.

She. By the way, do you know what time it is?

He. Well, from the rooms getting less crowded, I fancy it must be the supper hour. May I not take you down?

She. You are most kind! But do you know the way?

He. I think so. You see, I have learned the geography of the place fairly well.

She. How fortunate! But if I accept your kindness, I think I should have the honour of knowing your name.

He. Certainly; my name is SMITH.

She. Any relation of the people who are giving the dance?

He. Well, yes. I am giving the dance myself—or rather, my wife is.

She. Oh, this is quite too delightful! For now you can tell me what to avoid.

He. Certainly; and I have the pleasure of speaking to—?

She. You must ask my *chaperon* for my name. You know, introductions are not the fashion.

He. And your *chaperon* is—?

She. Somewhere or other. In the meanwhile, if you will allow me?

He (offering his arm). Quite!

[Exeunt to supper.]

MR. PUNCH'S UP-TO-DATE POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

No. I.—"LITTLE MISS MUFFIT."

LITTLE Miss MUFFIT
Reposed on a tuffet,
Consuming her curds and whey—
She had dozens of dolls,
And some cash in Consols
Put by for a rainy day.



But though calm and content
While she drew Three per Cent.,
The Conversion unsettled her mien,
And she said, "Though they've
thrown us
This Five-Shilling Bonus,
I cannot brook Two pounds fifteen!"

Comes a Broker—outsider—
Who chanced to have spied her,
And "Options" and "Pools" he extols—
When he pictures the profit
(Commission small off it),
She cheerfully sells her Consols.

Then she starts operations
With fierce speculations
In Stocks of all manner and shape;
But whatever she chooses
Her "cover" she loses,
And sees it run off on the tape.

So alas! for Miss MUFFIT—
She now has to rough it,
And never gets jam with her tea;
While the Bucket-shop Dealer
Employs a four-wheeler,
Regardless of L. S. and D.

"The Frogs" at Oxford.

SCENE—Parlour of Private House, Oxford.

TIME—Quite recently. Cook wishes to speak to her Mistress.

Cook. Please, 'm, I should like to go out this evening, 'm, which it's to see them Frogs at the New Theatre.

Mistress. But it's all Greek, and you won't understand it.

Cook. O yes, 'm. I once saw the Performin' Fleas, and they was French, I believe, leastways a Frenchman were showin' of 'em, and I unnerstood all as was necessary. [After this, of course she obtains permission.]

Mrs. RAM's Uncle (on the maternal side) has recently joined the religious sect known as the Plymouth Brethren. This has greatly distressed the good Lady. "If it had been anything else," she says, "a Moravian Missionary, or a Christian Brother-in-law, I wouldn't have minded. But to think that an Uncle of mine should have become a Yarmouth Bloater is a little hard on a poor woman no longer in her adolescence."

WILFUL WILHELM.

An Imperial German Nursery Rhyme. (From the very latest Edition of "Struwwelpeter.")



Wilful Wilhelm. "TAKE THE NASTY PUNCH AWAY!
I WON'T HAVE ANY PUNCH TO-DAY!"

YOUNG WILHELM was a wilful lad,
And lots of "cheek" young WILHELM had.

He deemed the world should hail with joy
A smart and self-sufficient boy,

And do as it by *him* was told;
He *was* so wise, he *was* so bold.

If anyone dared stop his play,
He screamed out—"Take the wretch away!
Oh, take my enemy away!
I won't have any foes to-day!"

His old adviser WILHELM swore
Was a pig-headed senile bore.
He meant to try another tack,
So his Old Pilot got the sack.
Nay more, one day, in a fierce squall,
He smashed his picture on the wall;
Tore up the papers when they said
He was a little "off his head."
He yelled, in his despotic way,
"Not any Press for me," I say!
"Oh, take that nasty *Punch* away!
I won't have any *Punch* to-day!"

He deemed himself, and this was odd,
A sort of new Olympian god;
And when the wise, who watched his whim,
Sighed, "Have the gods demented him?"
Quem deus vult, et cetera, he
Was just as mad as mad could be;
And, just like other angry boys,
Kicked over tables, smashed his toys,
And cried out, "Take the things away!
I'll have nought but new toys to-day!"

"Prudence?" he yelled; "what do I care?"
And here he kicked the old pet Bear
His sire and grandsire had so cherished,
Till the old policy had perished
With Wilful WILHELM, who preferred
The Eagles. With a pole he stirred
Big Bruin up. "Oh, I'll surprise him!
And, if he growls, I'll 'pulverise' him."
Some thought that picking rows with Bruin
Meant folly, if it did not ruin;
But when they whispered words of warning,
Then Wilful WILHELM, counsel scorning,
Shrieked, "Take the nasty brute away!
I won't have any Bears to-day!"

Now, WILHELM, do not be absurd,
But listen to a friendly word!
You are a clever boy, no doubt,
And very smart, and very stout,
Like young AUGUSTUS, dainty eater,
Whose story is in *Struwwelpeter*.
Didst ever read those truthful stories,
Good Dr. HEINRICH HOFFMANN's glories,
Which round the world have travelled gaily,
By Nursery pets consulted daily?
If not, just get "Shook-headed PETER";
Read of AUGUSTUS, the soup-eater,
And stuck-up "JOHNNY Head-in-Air,"
Who came down "bump" all unaware,
And "Fidgety PHILIP." You'll confess them
Pointed,—and don't try to suppress them,
Like Princes, party-men and papers
Which can't admire *all* your mad capers!
My Wilful WILHELM, you'll not win
By dint of mere despotic din;
By kicking everybody over
In whom a critic you discover,
Or shouting in your furious way,
"Oh, take the nasty *Punch* away!
I won't have any *Punch* to-day!"

WHAT THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, MR. PUNCH, SAYS TO THE ARTISTS' CORPS.—
"Gentlemen, you would no doubt like a brush with the enemy, to whom you will always show a full face. Any colourable pretence for a skirmish won't suit your palette. You march with the colours, and, like the oils, you will never run. You all look perfect pictures, and everybody must admire your well-knit frames. Gentlemen, I do not know whether you will take my concluding observation as a compliment or not, but I need hardly say that it is meant to be both truthful and complimentary, and it is this, that though you are all Artists, you look perfect models."



CONSCIENTIOUS.

Mr. Boole (*soliloquises*). "MY MEDICAL MAN TOLD ME NEVER ON ANY ACCOUNT TO MIX MY WINES. SO I'LL FINISH THE CHAMPAGNE FIRST, AND THEN TACKLE THE CLARET!"

"BUTCHER'D TO MAKE—"

[On Monday the 14th a "lion-tamer" was torn to pieces in a show at Hednesford.]

SHAME to the callous French, who goad
The horse that pulls a heavy load!
Shame to the Spanish bull-fight! Shame
To those who make of death a game!
We English are a better race:
We love the long and solemn face;
We fly from any cheerful place,—
On Sunday.

But, other days, we like a show.
There may be danger, as we know;
We put the thought of that aside,
For noble sport is England's pride:
We'd advertise a railway trip,
To see a wretched tamer slip
And die beneath the lion's grip,—
On Monday!

A REALLY EXCEPTIONALLY REMARKABLE AND NOTEWORTHY FACT.—*To-day, Thursday, March 17.*—Fine Spring weather. Have sat for over half-an-hour at a window looking on to the street, between 3.30 and 4.15 P.M., and have not once heard either the whole or any portion of the now strangely popular "*Ta-*

ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"... As I write this... ha!... The grocer's book!... "*Boom-de-ay*" without the "*Ta-ra*." The spell is broken! N.B.—As this delightful song has now a certain number of Music—"hall-marks," the places where it is sung can be spotted and remembered as "*Ta-ra's Halls*."

TO THE YOUNG CITY MEN.

TO MAKE MUCH OF (LUNCHEON) TIME; OR, A COUNSEL TO CLERKS. (AFTER HERRICK.)

GATHER ye fish-bones while ye may,
The luncheon hour is flying,
And this same cod, that's boiled to-day,
To-morrow may be frying.
The handsome clock of ormolu
A quarter past is showing,
And soon 'twill be a quarter to,
When you must think of going.

That man eats best who eats the first,
When fish and plates are warmer,
But being cold, the worse and worst
Fare still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your lungs,
And while ye may, cry "*Waiter!*"
For having held just now your tongues,
You may repent it later.

PONSCH, PRINCE OF OLLENDORFF.

(M. Maeterlinck's very latest Masterpiece.)

THE Belgian Master has tried, as he has already informed the world, "to write SHAKESPEARE for a company of Marionnettes." Encouraged by his extraordinary success, he has soared higher yet, and adapted our greatest national drama for the purposes of the (Independent) itinerant Stage. We are enabled by the courtesy of his publishers to give a few specimen scenes from this *magnum opus*, which, as will be seen, requires somewhat more elaborate mounting and mechanical effects than are at present afforded by the ordinary Punch Show. In M. MAETERLINCK'S version, Ponsch becomes the Prince of Half-seas-over-Holland; he is the victim of hereditary homicidal mania, complicated by neurotic hysteria. Inflamed by the insinuations of *Mynheer Olenikke*—a kind of Dutch *Mephistopheles* and *Iago* combined—he is secretly jealous of his consort the *Princess Jödi*'s preference for the society of *Djoë*, the Court Jester and Society Clown. Here is our first sample:—

A Chamber in the Castle. Princess Jödi discovered at a window with Djoë.

Jödi. Lo! lo! a shower of stars is falling upon the fowl-house!

Djoë. Oh! oh! a shower of stars upon the fowl-house? (A water pipe in the back-garden bursts suddenly and splashes them.) Ah! ah! I am wet all over! Have you a pocket handkerchief?

Jödi. Oh, look! a comet—an enormous one—has descended into the water-butt! The sky is blood-red, and the moon has turned the colour of green cheese. This bodes some disaster!

Djoë. It is unsettled—rainy—unpleasant weather. Can you lend me an umbrella?

Jödi. I cannot lend you an umbrella, because I have lent mine to the gardener's wife. Owls are roosting on the chimney-pots, and a stickleback has jumped out of the pond. Hush, my Lord the Prince approaches!

[Prince PONSCH enters, bearing a stout staff, which he nurses gloomily, like an infant; a hurricane is heard in the middle distance; the waterpipe sobs strangely and then expires; a blackbeetle comes out of a cupboard and runs uneasily about, until a flash of lightning enters down the chimney and kills it. PONSCH stands glaring at Djoë and the Princess.

Djoë (hastily). There is going to be a storm. Do not forget what I have uttered. Good evening!

[He goes; the wind whistles a popular air through the keyhole. *Jödi (nervously).* What an appalling evening! I have never seen the like of such a sky.

Ponsch. There is something about you this evening—how beautiful you are looking! Bring BEBBI-PONSCH.

Jödi (fetching the Infant Prince). Here he is. Why do you look so strangely at him?

Bebbi-Ponsch (a small, but important part). Is Pa-a-par poorly? Won't he p'ay wiz me no mo-ore?

Ponsch. The soul of a little stage-child looms from under his green eyes! OLENIKKE was right, and I—No matter. I will open the window.

[Opens it, and throws BEBBI-P. out. Sound of water-splash audible.

Jödi. Oh my! Oh my! What have you done? He has fallen right into the moat—on one of the swans!

Ponsch. Indeed—on one of the swans? (A pot of mignonnette is

blown off the window-sill by a gust.) I will close the window. (Closes it; a hailstorm beats on the panes.) Is that really a hailstorm—or only birds?

Jödi. I can hear nothing. (P. strikes her suddenly on the head with staff.) Someone is knocking at my door. Come in! I cannot see anything now.

Ponsch. Can you, indeed, see nothing? [He strikes her again.

Jödi. Now I can see stars. I feel as if purple mills were going round in my head. I shall never kiss anybody any more. Oh! oh! oh!

Ponsch. She was a beautiful woman, do you know? Oh, how lonely I shall feel hereafter! (A black dog is heard scratching and sniffing outside the door.) It is only Tobbi. Someone has trod on your toe, my poor Tobbi. Come in. Give me your paw. (Tobbi enters, and flies suddenly at his nose.) Oh, my nose is bleeding! Let us go to the pond. I do not know why I feel so melancholy this evening. [He goes out, pursued by Tobbi.

SAMPLE No. II.—A Hall in Castle Ollendorff. A Marionnette Theatre at the back of Stage. Djoë, a Belgian Bedell, and Dutch Dolls-in-waiting discovered.

Djoë. Green flames are running along the walls, and blue globes are bounding about the back garden. I have never seen such a night. Here comes the Prince.

[Enter PONSCH, conscience-stricken; all bow.

Ponsch. I am not melancholy, but I have hardly any hair. Let the Play commence!

Curtain of Marionnette Show rises; a Clown is seen chasing a butterfly.

A Councillor. Oh! oh! oh! [Uproar; the Clown and Butterfly are withdrawn. A Skeleton appears on the Stage, and dances his head and limbs off in a blue light.

Ponsch (rising). That was done purposely! You are driving at something. Confess it! Is there no topic more cheerful? I cannot bear it any longer!

[Knocks down Djoë with his staff. A combat, during which Djoë several times obtains possession of the weapon, and wounds PONSCH. N.B.—Note the striking resemblance here to the similar, but very inferior, Scenes in "Hamlet."

The Dutch Dolls (running about). Both of them bleeding already! There's blood on

the walls already! Already blood on the walls! (&c.).

The Bedell. The Prince has slain Djoë. Take him into custody.

[PONSCH strikes the Bedell down. *The B.* Ha! ha! ha! (Tries to rise—but is struck again.) Ha! ha! (PONSCH strikes once more.) Ha!

[The Bedell dies; a draught enters under the door and blows out two of the candles; a thunderbolt is heard coming down-stairs, and the Ghost of Jödi suddenly appears from behind a tapestry representing "The Finding of Moses."

Ponsch (to Ghost). Have you any hearse-plumes at hand? Do not be angry with me. Can you hear my teeth? I am only a poor little old man. Will you please undo my necktie? (cf. "King Lear"). Let us go to breakfast. Will there be muffins for breakfast?

[Exit, leaning heavily on Ghost's arm. *The Dutch Dolls (with conviction).* One more such night as this, and all our heads would have gone bald!

SAMPLE No. III.—The Courtyard with a scaffold and gibbet. A blood-red moon is sailing amid the currant-bushes, and a shower of stars proceeds uninterruptedly. PONSCH discovered looking through the fatal noose.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



THE HUMBBUG-HUNTING FERRET. (VIVERRA LABOUCHERIIENSIS.)

The Times (log.). "Ah! wonderful instinct, and occasionally useful. BUT I'M NOT PARTICULARLY PARTIAL TO HIM!"

Djakketch (the Court Executioner). Can you see anything through the loop?

Ponsch. Not yet. I cannot see the audience anywhere.

Djak. No; we are probably above the heads of the audience. But can't you distinguish Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE?

Ponsch. Wait one moment. No, I cannot see Mr. SHAKESPEARE anywhere.

Djak. Because he has had to take a back seat. Look again. Can you see nothing?

Ponsch. I can make out an omnibus in the street. It is green.

Djak. Ay, ay! A Bayswater 'bus. They are green. But don't you see any of the general public?

Ponsch. I can see Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, and some new Critics, and unconventional Dramatists. They are following the text with books of the Play. But there are no more errand-boys with baskets.

Djak. This is wonderful. No more errand-boys with baskets?

Ponsch. No more small children with babies!

Djak. No more small children? Do pray let me look. (*Ponsch retires, and DJAKKETCH puts his head through the loop.*) Oh, I can see plainly now. There is not a single spectator left. They have all been bored to death!

Ponsch. All bored to death? Now then, lift your head a little, and I will fondle you.

Djak. Oh, what have you put round my neck? Oh me! You are going to . . . oh, you are!

Ponsch. Oh, I am!

Djak. Then—oh!

Ponsch. Oh!

[*Exeunt all, except DJAKKETCH, who ceases kicking gradually. A peacock is heard warbling in a cemetery round the corner; a barn-door fowl jumps on a wheelbarrow, and crows.*]

FINIS.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A CRUSTED OLD PORT. (*AD AMPHORAM.*)



Why, ELTON, that dragon
of virtue,
Never imagined its vintage
could hurt you.

Liquor like this from a bottle
whose crust is whole,
Liquor like this rubs the rust
from the rusty soul;
The faddist it mellows: the
private
Secrets of State it can some-
how arrive at.

Under its spell frolics Hypochon-
driasis; [naire's bias is,
Poverty learns what a million-
Yes, Poverty, such a spell under,
Laughs at the County Court's
impotent thunder.

Fill, then! A bumper we'll
empty between us to
Bacchus, the *Pas-de-trois* Graces,
and Venus too, [man—
With all of that classical ilk,
Till the stars fade with the
morn and the milkman.

OLD liquor born on my birthday,
a twin to me,
Whether ordained wit and mirth
to put into me,
Or passions that witch and
defy us,
Or, peradventure, the sleep
of the pious.

Vaunt not its shippers, my friend,
but produce it—an
Actual, "forty-five," languorous
Lusitan,
Befitting, whate'er be its
label,

You, my good host, and the
guest at your table.

Steeped though you frown in this
dryasduet clever age,
Dare you presume to resist such
a beverage?

THE "TA-RA-RA" BOOM.

(*By Our Own Melancholy Muser.*)

I AM shrouded in impenetrable gloom-de-ay,
For I feel I'm being driven to my doom-de-ay,

By an aggravating ditty

Which I don't consider witty;

And they call the horrid thing, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

Every 'bus-conductor, errand-boy, and groom-de-ay,
City clerk, and cheeky crossing-sweep with broom-de-ay

Makes my nervous system bristle

As he tries to sing or whistle

That atrocious and absurd "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

So I sit in the seclusion of my room-de-ay,

And deny myself to all—no matter whom-de-ay—

For I dread a creature coming

Whose involuntary humming

May assume the fatal form, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

Oh, I fear that when the Summer roses bloom-de-ay,

You will read upon a well-appointed tomb-de-ay:—

"Influenza never lick'd him,

But he fell an easy victim

To that universal scourge—"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of the Baron's Assistant Readers has been reading a really interesting, well written novel in two volumes, by MARY BRADFORD-WHITING. It is called *Denis O'Neil*, and tells of the adventures of a young Irish Doctor who gets entangled in the plots of one of those Secret Societies that used to exist in "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen," some twenty years ago. The romance contains some clever sketches of character. The story (published by BENTLEY) ends sadly, and those who want to find fault with it will say it is too short.

The Leadenhall Press,—immortalised by its invention of that invaluable work of art, "The Hairless Author's Paper Pad," which the Baron herewith and hereby strongly recommends to Mr. GLADSTONE, who has so much writing to do with a pad on his knee, and for this purpose Mr. G. would find this the "knee plus ultra" of inventions,—this same Leadenhall Press has recently published a

story without a title, offering a reward of £100 to any individual, or to be divided between such individuals, as may guess it. The story is in effect about a youth who lost his right eye in fighting another boy, and who subsequently revenged himself by depriving his antagonist of an eye by a violent stroke at Lawn-tennis. What can be the title? The Baron has had the following suggestions made to him:—"An Eye for an Eye," "The Egotist," "My Eye," "Aye! aye!" "Ocular Demonstration," "A Man of One Eye-dear!" "Eyes Righted," "One Left," "The Other Eye," "Two Pupils and One Eye," "You and Eye," "The Eyes Have It." The Baron "winks the other eye," and will be very glad should any hint of his have assisted a deserving person to gain the reward offered by Mr. TVER. *En attendant* the Baron has hit upon a still more novel idea. He will write some contributions towards short stories, and his readers shall finish them. The terms will be these:—The Baron commences a chapter, or a few lines of it, and leaves it unfinished, then his readers shall finish the sentence, and sometimes the chapter, for themselves. If the sentence, or the chapter, as the case may be, shall turn out to be exactly what the Baron would have written had he continued it, then he, the Baron, will award £100 to the successful candidate, or will award a division of that sum among the successful candidates. Every competitor shall pay the Baron £50. And to insure such payment, each competitor's cheque for this amount must accompany his or her contribution.



Our Competition Novel.—Competitors at Work.

EXAMPLE.—CHAPTER I.—The harvest-moon was slowly rising. The heather, dried and burnt by the mid-day sun, appeared, to the eye unaccustomed to this aspect of the country, to be merely a rugged divergence from the main road. Descending carefully from his dog-cart, a small man in a big coat, muffled up to the eyes, proceeded leisurely to—

Now, then, what did he leisurely proceed to do? There's a fortune in it!—somewhere!—says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

THE GOORMONG. (*Epicuri de Grege Porcus. British Isles.*)

Mr. Huggins. 'WHAT A 'EAVENLY DINNER IT WAS!'

Mr. Buggins. 'B'LIEVE YER! MYKES YER WISH YER WAS BORN 'OLLER!'

SPRING TIME IN LEAP YEAR;

OR, THE JOLLY BATHERS.

*First Jolly Bother (singing, quaveringly):—*Spring's delights are now rev-i-i-v-i-i-ng,
Verdant leaflets deck each spr-a-ay!*Second Jolly Bather (impatiently). Don't, ARTHUR, make that row! B-r-r-r! (Shivers.) Spring's delights, indeed! And as to the "verdant leaflets" (unless you mean election squibs), where are they?**First Ditto. Ah, "verdant leaflets" not a bad name for Financial Reform tracts, et id genus omne. Touch of your old satirical Saturday-Reviewish style there, Nunky!**Second Ditto (hastily). Oh, bother! What are we here for?**First Ditto (coolly). Why, to bathe, I presume.**Second Ditto. Bah! One would think, ARTHUR, we belonged to that society of lunatics who make a point of taking a matutinal plunge in the Serpentine every morning, all the year round, even if they have to break the ice to do it! Ineffable idiots! [Curls up.]**First Ditto. Well, we may as well put a good face on it, Uncle. [Grimaces.]**Second Ditto. Ah, yes, you can say so—at your age, ARTHUR. I like my morning tub in my bath-room—with the chill off.**[Wraps his towel round his neck.]**First Ditto. (Sings again, tremolo):—*Why linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away?*Second Ditto (sharply). Why, you're at it again, ARTHUR! And a Conventieler's hymn, too, this time. I'm a-a-shamed of you.**First Ditto. Ah! that's what LABOUCHERE, O'KELLY, CONYBEARE, and Company say! I don't mind; in fact, as I told 'em, I rather like it. Does me a world of good.**Second Ditto (admirably). Ah! you have got a nerve, ARTHUR. I will say that for you. Still, you've been giving them something to "guy" you about lately, you know.**First Ditto (sharply). Ah! have I? Well, "I can assure you that I am the last person in the world to object to a process from which I have profited so much."**Second Ditto. Oh, yes, that was all very well for them, ever yonder. In fact, I own it was rather neatly put.**First Ditto (silly). Didn't "lack finish," was sufficiently "ad unguem," eh, Nunky?**Second Ditto (moodily). Ah! what do you youngsters know about those fine old fighting days? I didn't love DIZZY, but he was a neat hand with the foils, boy.**First Ditto. Especially in a bout with a friend,—with the buttons off. But I say, this isn't bathing, you know!**Second Ditto. No. (Eyeing the stream distastefully). Hadn't we better postpone the pleasure till a little later in the season, ARTHUR. When those "Spring's delights" of which you melodiously twangle are a leetle more en evidence.**First Ditto (pipes). Hawthorn buds give joyful tidings.*

Welcome, youths, 'tis bright bath-day!

*Second Ditto. Ah! if we're here to do the Eclogue business, STREPHON can take his turn, as well as CORYDON. [Sings.]*Let us plunge into the ri-i-i-v-e-e-r!
Leave our vesture on the bank!*First Ditto. Bless me, STREPHON, how you shi-i-v-e-e-r!**Second Ditto. 'Tis like a fishmonger's tank!**First Ditto. Pooh! 'tis lovely—when you're in it;*

One bold header, and 'tis done!

Second Ditto. Ah, quite so, but—wait a minute,

Till I've warmed me with a run.

That will stir my circulation;

For the moment I am "friz."

First Ditto. Magnifique! my dear relation;

But, you'll own, it is not "biz."

*Both. We must o-o-o-ow-n it is not "biz!"**Second Ditto. Well, no, I suppose it isn't, ARTHUR. By the way, what's that row behind there?**First Ditto. (looking). By Jove! it's that Gladstone gang! They've tracked us! [Sings]—*

They're after us! They're after us!

We're the individuals they require.

*Second Ditto. (sardonically). What a lyric répertoire you have, ARTHUR! Old English glee, Puritan psalmody, Music-hall song, all come equally well to you, it seems. But those roughs mean mischief, Nephew mine!**First Ditto. Doubtless! They always do. And they've done*



SPRING TIME IN LEAP YEAR.

SALISBURY. "DON'T YOU THINK, NEPHEW ARTHUR, WE'D BETTER *PLUNGE*—BEFORE WE'RE *PUSHED*?"

some lately, drat them! I say, wouldn't they like to *shove us in*, as they did the old witches, to see if we can swim?

Second Ditto. By Jove! I shouldn't wonder if they tried. Don't you think, ARTHUR, (*caliantly*) it would be better, more manly, and more politic, perchance, to *plunge in than to be pushed?*

First Ditto (drily). Ah! just as the brave sheep—

"Committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter."

Second Ditto. Oh, hang your quotations! Happy omen! 'Tis Leap Year, is it not? Just a leap; though, like DERBY'S, it be "in the dark," and—well, *we shall know where we are, anyhow!*

First Ditto. Ah, just so; and that's something!

[*Left considering.*]

"CLERK ME NO CLERKS."

It seems Sir E. C., Q.C., likes

The blatant, brazen, Boothian band,

Admires "abstaining" zeal that strikes

The biggest drum with boldest hand.

He says, "You must not judge some others' case
By tastes much more refined," less commonplace.

Yet, as Sir EDWARD disagrees

With those whose tastes he thus divined,

It's manifestly clear he sees

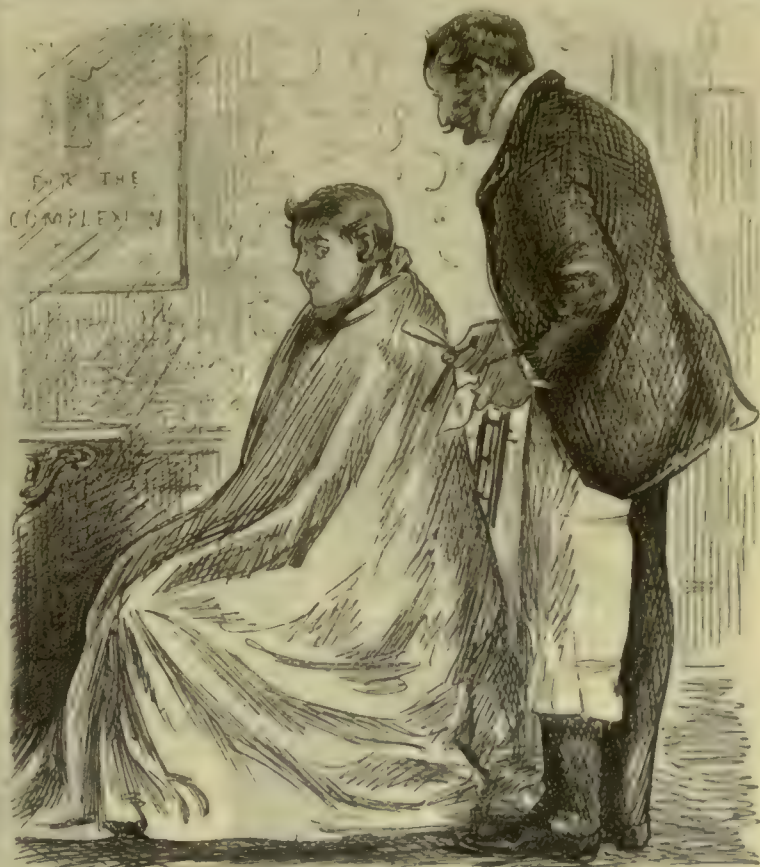
His taste in music's not "refined."

'Twas written long ago by CHAUCER's pen,

"The grettest clerkes ben not the wisest men."

"MY DEAR EYES! WHAT! SEE-USAN!"

At the Prince of Wales's, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, as *Captain Cross-tree*, is more ARTHUR ROBERTS than ever, and, consequently, immensely droll. While he is on the stage, the audience is convulsed with spasmodic laughter, excepting when he tries to forget himself and his drollery in a loyal attempt at doing justice to Messrs. SIMS' AND PETTITT's words, and to the serious business of some situation intended to be dramatic. At such moments the laughter of the House is checked, a sudden gloom comes over the faces that were but now on the broad grin, even the lineaments of Mr. ROBERTS become agonised, and the audience, like *Christopher Sly* when bored by the Duke's players, mutter to themselves, "would t'were done." But these painful seconds, which, at the time, seem hours, are, we are glad to say, but brief and passing shadows over Mr. ROBERTS' own quaint humour which speedily reasserts itself, and, the Pettitt-and-



TEMPTATION.

Hairdresser. "ANY BAY-RUM, SIR?"

Middy. "THANK YOU—A—NO! NOT QUITE SO EARLY IN THE MORNING—YOU KNOW!"

knows what she *has* done and *can* do. Not a bit of dash in the character; all the good old conventional British Tar taken right out of it. She can indeed say with the fool in *The Yeomen of the Guard*, "I've got a song to sing, oh!" for she has two or three, but her "voice is wasted on the desert air," as they go for nothing, and therefore probably nobody else could make them go for anything.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS is funny, but his Variety Show scene, with soliloquy and song, is too long; or rather, it would not be too long, if the piece were only cut down to a two hours' entertainment.

Let this "Comic Opera," for so is it described, in the bills, be cut down as ruthlessly, but not as blindly, as *William* cut down *Cross-tree*; let something catching be substituted for most of the music of the First Act, specially omitting the "Why, certainly!" interpolation, which is a feeble but evident imitation of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's classic "What, never?" "Well, hardly ever;" let the music of the Second Act be taken out by hand, and, if possible, let what remains be replaced by something sparkling; then, with less of sweet but sad *William*—for the present version of the part is quite "BURTON's Anatomy of Melancholy,"—

with less of fascinating but squirming *Susan*, far less of minor characters generally, and more, by comparison, of the two MACS—meaning the two ARTHURS with the plural names ROBERTS and WILLIAMS,—also a telling song for Mr. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT (whose singing now wins an *encore* for an indifferent ballad),—with the Captain's-giggy hornpipe of Mr. WILLIE WARD retained, as also the graceful dancing of Miss KATIE SKYMOUR, and then, omitting as much of the plot and authors' written dialogue as can be conveniently spared,—very little of it would be missed,—there is no rhyme or reason why *Blue-Eyed Susan* should not run on as a Variety Entertainment for any number of nights and days, during which fresh material can be constantly substituted by Messrs. ROBERTS & Co. of the Drollery Company, Unlimited, without racking the fertile brains of Messrs. PETTITT AND SIMS.



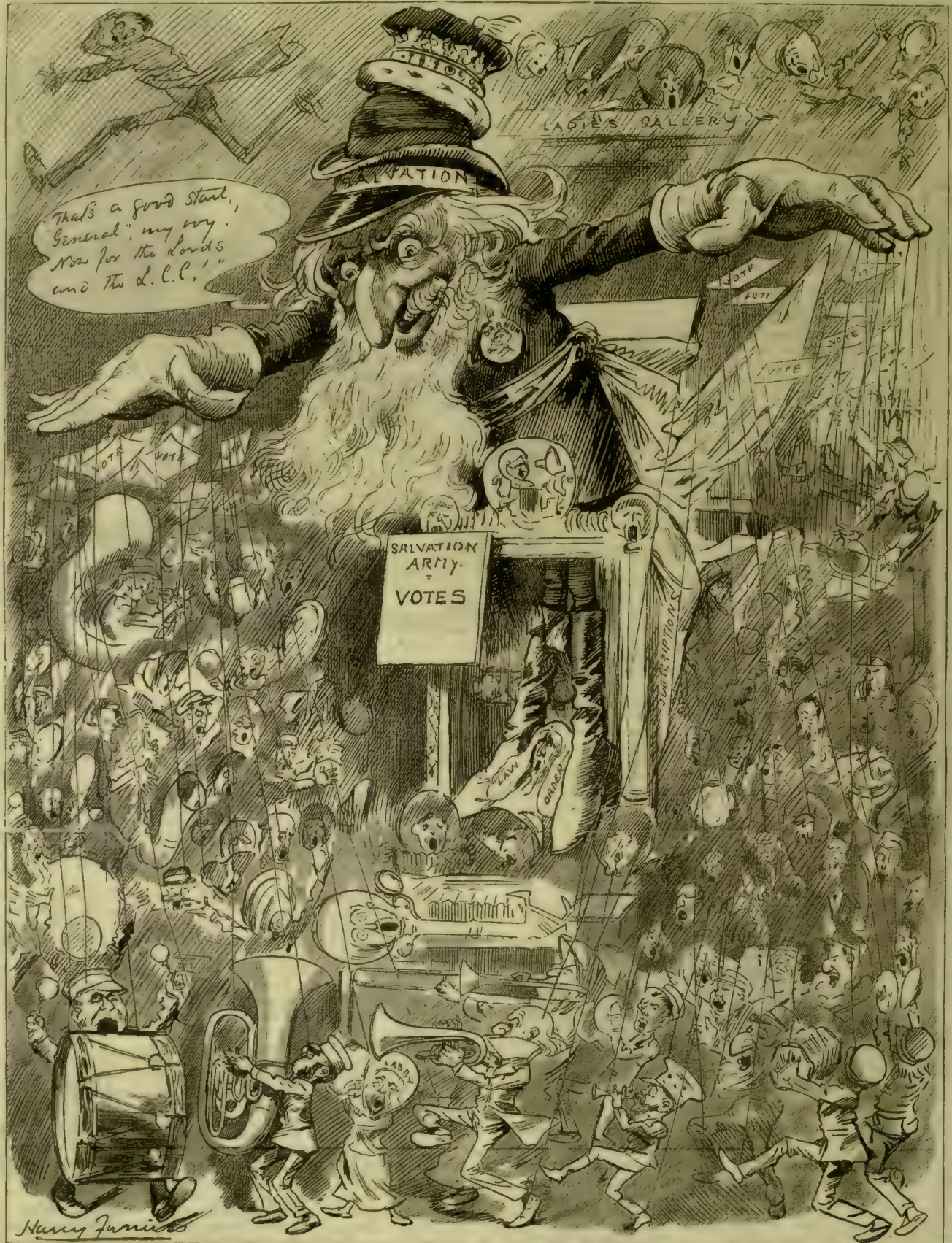
Arthur Roberts (to Arthur Williams). "The boat's getting along nicely, now we've got rid of some of the heavy cargo."

Sims fetters being cast aside, the People's ARTHUR is himself again, and more so than ever. And, when he is himself, he is simply the most absurd person that ever faced the footlights.

Miss NELLIE STEWART is a pretty singing, dancing, twisting, twirling *Susan*. But what induced handsome Miss MARION BURTON, once so gay and sprightly as *Cherubino* in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, to essay this musically dreary part of *William*, and, further, to wear a costume about as unlike that of the nautical and traditional *William* as can well be imagined, is a puzzle to anyone who



A Mug of Burton.



THE SALVATION HOUSE OF COMMONS. OUR PARLIAMENTARY ARTIST'S DREAM, MARCH 10.



ONE FOR HIM.

Major Spoonleigh. "AND YOU RIDE SO WELL, AND—ER—YOU DRIVE SO WONDERFULLY WELL, AND—ER—YOU DANCE SO—ER—BEAUTIFULLY, AND YOU—ER—PLAY LAWN-TENNIS SO—ER—EXQUISITELY, AND—ER—OF COURSE YOU FISH ALSO!"

Mrs. Dasher. "NEVER FOR COMPLIMENTS, I ASSURE YOU; AND CERTAINLY NOT IN SHALLOW WATERS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 14.—JACKSON turned up to-night answering questions from Irish Members. This reminds us he's

Irish Secretary. Been so of course since Parliament met; but quite forgotten it. Mention this to the SPEAKER who looked a little dull while Captain PRICE was discoursing on Navy Affairs in Committee of Supply. So went up to have a little chat with him in the Chair.

"My dear Toby," he said, "I don't know whether you meant it, but you've paid JACKSON the highest compliment it is possible to convey. When in these times the CHIEF SECRETARY so manages to conduct business of his department that he himself is temporarily forgotten, he's doing it surpassingly well. My big brother ROBERT was once Chief Secretary, though perhaps you forget that also. He resigned because, as he said, there was not enough work to keep an active man going. That was long time ago. I daresay you had no chance of forgetting during the last five years that Prince ARTHUR was Chief Secretary?"

Cannot claim to have invented the compliment the SPEAKER

discerned; merely mentioning matter of fact; but, as he says, when in these days a Chief Secretary manages to get himself forgotten, the wheels at the Irish Office must be going pretty smoothly. JACKSON has not brought about this miraculous change by laying himself out to flatter or court Irish Members. He is exactly the same as he was when he filled office of Financial Secretary; doubtless the same as when he looked after his tanyard in Yorkshire. Goes straight to the point in simple unaffected business manner that ruffles no sensibilities. Fancy he could tan a hide in such a way that it would not feel any resentment.

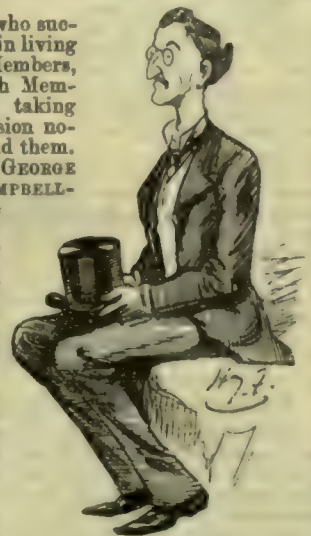
A predecessor at the Irish Office who succeeded, in more troublesome times, in living on peaceable terms with Irish Members, was CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Irish Members, swift judges of character, taking measure of both, came to conclusion nothing to be gained by rowing round them. What killed FORSTER, and turned GEORGE TREVELYAN's hair grey, made CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN smile—not an offensive smile, but one of interested amusement. JACKSON's sense of humour not so keen, but his imperturbability even more impregnable. If Irish Member trailed his coat before him, JACKSON would say, "My dear fellow, won't you get cold? Let me help you on with your coat."

SQUIRE of MALWOOD, a judge on this particular point, says the MARKIES missed the greatest chance he has had for six months in not putting JACKSON in place of OLD MORALITY.

"Precious good thing for us, TOBY," says the SQUIRE, "that he didn't. JACKSON the very model



Chief Secretary.



T. P. Gill.

of a Leader of House, and Prince ARTHUR—well he's Prince ARTHUR."

"But I suppose you don't mean," I venture to ask, "that JACKSON is the exclusive type of a successful Leader?"

"No," says the SQUIRE, with a far-away look.

Business done.—Two Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Spent doleful afternoon in Committee of Supply. Circumstances call upon Members below Gangway, Radicals or Irishmen, to come to front, and make at least show of doing something. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE pricks up his ears when Chairman puts question to allow £6 7s. 11d. on account of Sheerness Police Court. Why should Northampton contribute its quota, however small, to expenses of Sheerness Police Court? Debate and Division; after which, the SAGE retired to smoke cigarette through rest of afternoon, and discuss probable date of Dissolution.

Then Irish Members come on. Cream seems spooned off the mass in preparation for festivities on St. Patrick's Day, and only the skimmiest of skim milk left. WEBB wobbles to the front; talks out vote for Chicago Royal Committee, although ATTORNEY-GENERAL tells him it will be all right as to Irish interests; being now close upon ten minutes to seven, when Committee must adjourn, WEBSTER hasn't time to make detailed explanations, but promises to do so on Report. WEBB maunders on all the same, and Vote postponed.

Great day for FLYNN. TIM HEALY thinks he's pretty smart as a debater; SEXTON believes he knows a thing or two; O'BRIEN is understood to be something of an orator. FLYNN will show House how all these qualities may be combined in one man. Does it by the tiresome twenty minutes, the lamentable half-hour; popping up on every question with comically judicial air; talking on with fatal feeble flatulent fluency, whilst GILL sits nursing his hat awaiting his turn.

Alack for Irish humour, eloquence and deviltry, that it should come to this!

Whilst FLYNN once again turns on the tap of his tepid dish-water, news comes that Lord HAMPDEN died this morning in far-off Pan. HAMPDEN was the BRAND who sat in Chair during Parliament of 1874, and wrestled nightly with the "bhoys" when they were in their prime—Major O'GORMAN rollicking through the night; JOSEPH GILLIS with lean hand outstretched and his "It seems to me, Mr. SPEAKER"; PARNELL in the white heat of passion; DELAHUNTY with his One Pound Notes, and poor MCCARTHY DOWNING with his scared look and his indescribable but unmistakable air of one accustomed to frequent the best society in Skibbereen.

After a fourth speech from FLYNN, with another to follow from WEBB, one almost envies the EX-SPEAKER lying at rest at the foot of the Pyrenees.

Business done.—A few Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—St. Patrick's Day in the evening. Irish Members rose to occasion; indeed, at one time O'KELLY and JOHN O'CONNOR rose together; remained on their legs in defiance of Standing Orders and angry protest of Chairman. Seemed as if someone must be suspended *pour encourager les autres*. Storm suddenly stilled; rising passion subdued by appearance of ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS on the scene, wanting to know about the Refreshment-bar in the Lobby,

which, he said, was lowering to the dignity and respectability of House.

Friday 12.15 A.M.—All this in Committee of Supply, which came to end at midnight. Then Report of Supply brought on; uproar renewed; Vote for Irish Teachers' Pension Fund under discussion. Irish Members mysteriously disappeared; SEXTON, understood to have ready prodigious speech on the subject, nowhere to be found. "JOHN O'CONNOR," NOLAN hoarsely whispered, "you have the longest legs in the Party; go and look up the bhoys, and I'll talk!"

Silently but swiftly LONG JOHN stole forth on his mission; NOLAN nobly performed his part. At end of forty minutes' breathless talk, the Colonel, feeling his mouth growing parched, moved adjournment of House. SPEAKER didn't recognise relevancy of argument; declined to put the question.

"The Hon. Member," he said, "has spoken for forty minutes, and not given a single reason in favour of his proposal."

"I was coming to that point," said NOLAN, "and, if it is quite in order, I will now approach it."

Ruled out of order. LONG JOHN, back from his foray, in course of which had hunted up SEXTON, threw himself into breach; moved the adjournment for irresistible reason.

"I object," he said, "to this important subject being dealt with at nearly one o'clock in the morning on St. Patrick's night."

T. W. RUSSELL condoled with his compatriots below Gangway on difficulties of situation. "Certainly hard," he said, "that on St. Patrick's night they should be called upon to discuss questions involving facts and figures." BALFOUR opposed adjournment; CONYBEARE strode in; commenced what promised to be long speech; Prince ARTHUR moved Closure; carried by nearly a hundred majority.

1.35 A.M.—House just back after division on question of adjournment; Ministerialists in full muster and full of fight; 41 for adjournment, 121 against. As if nothing been said during previous hour-and-half, ILLINGWORTH urges Prince ARTHUR to concede adjournment.

Irish Members, pulling themselves together, walk steadily out, amid ribald laughter from Ministerialists. Once more the CURSE of CAMBOURNE turns up. This seems, quite naturally, to suggest the Closure; sort of automatic procedure; CONYBEARE—Closure. One more division just to wind up, and at ten minutes past two Vote carried and House up.

Business done.—Revival of old times.

Saturday, 1.20 A.M.—House just up, after prolonged wrangle, lasting, with interval for dinner, straight through from two o'clock yesterday afternoon. Met then for Morning Sitting designed to make progress with financial business. For four hours disputed how business was to be arranged. This left one hour for doing it. Sitting suspended at seven, resumed at nine.

At it again, talking about Royalties on Gold in Wales, Domestic Policy in Zululand, the Irish Question in the Falkland Islands, and Parliamentary Reporting. All this led gently up to passing of Vote on Account; a conclusion finally arrived at with the assistance of the Closure.

Business done.—Vote on Account taken.



The Storm in the Reform Club Tea-Cup.

"TIS MERRY IN HALL."

"WHAT'S in an 'at without an 'ed?" DISTAFFINA DE COCKAIGNE was wont to inquire, and "what's an 'all" (of Music like the London Pavilion) "without a NED" in the shape of Mr. EDWARD SWANBOROUGH, the all-knowing yet ever-green Acting Manager at this place of entertainment, who possessing the secret of perpetual youth in all the glory of ever-resplendent hat and ever-dazzling shirt-front, ushers us into the Stalls in time to hear the best part of an excellent all-round show. It is sad to think that, probably as we were disputing with the cabman, the celebrated Miss BOOM-TE-RE-SA, alias LOTTIE COLLINS, Serio-Comie and Dancer, was "booming" and "teraying" before the eyes of a delighted audience. Strange that we should not yet have

heard the great original. But as she is not (so to adapt a line from the "Last Rose of Summer") "left booming alone," we have not escaped hearing several of her male and female imitators who, by her kind permission and that of her publishers, trade on her present exceptional success. However, when we entered the Stalls, Miss BOOM-TE-RE-SA had disappeared, and somebody with a song had "intervened"—a mode of proceeding not necessarily limited to the Queen's Proctor—before the object of our visit walked on to the stage, and when he did come a pretty object he was too, seeing that it was Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, the unequalled and inimitable Comedian of the Costermongers. He is a thorough artist in this particular line, and no indifferent one in others; but his Coster ballads are artistically first rate. The fashion of calling English singers by Italian names is on the wane, otherwise Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, of French extraction, would find an excellent Italian alias, closely associated with the operatic and musical professions, and most appropriate to the line he has adopted, in the name of "SIGNOR COSTA." The melody of Mr. CHEVALIER's "Coster's Serenade," of which, I rather think, he is the composer as well as librettist, is as charming as it is strikingly original. After the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* had retired, clever and sprightly Miss JENNY HILL gave as a taste of lodging-house-keperism, following whom came the Two MACs belabouring each other in their old hopelessly idiotic, but always utterly irresistible style; and then Lieutenant W. COLE—King COLE we "crowned him long ago"—gave his ventriloquial entertainment, who, with his troop of talking dolls, should have his address at Dollis Hill. There were many "turns" yet to follow when we left, at a comparatively early hour; "and so," to quote old PEPPS, "home with much content."



"Knock'd 'em!"

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"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD."

Big promises and Party scoldings [ings.]
Won't cure "Small Savings" by "Small Hold-

THE MARVELS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

SCENE—Interior of Small Box containing telephone with book of addresses. Enter hurriedly Impatient Subscriber.

Impatient Subscriber (turning over leaves of address-book). Of course I can't find it! Ah! here it is! 142086. (Rings bell of telephone, and listens with receivers to his ear.) Now I have forgotten it! (Puts back receivers on rests, and refers again to book. Telephone bell rings in answer. He hurries back and calls. One hundred and forty-two nought eighty-six.)

First Voice (from telephone). One hundred and forty-two?

Imp. Sub. Yes, and nought eighty-six.

First Voice. Which do you want?

Imp. Sub. Why, both.

First Voice. You can't. Must have one at a time.

Imp. Sub. It's only one. One four two nought eight six.

First Voice. One four two nought eight six?

Imp. Sub. Yes, please. One four two nought eight six.

First Voice. Very well. Why didn't you give the number before?

Imp. Sub. (angrily). Well, I have given it now. (He listens intently, exclaiming now and again, "Are you there?" and then rings.) One four two nought eight six, please.

First Voice (after a pause). What!

Imp. Sub. One four two nought eight six, please.

First Voice (as if the number is now heard for the first time). One four two nought eight six?

Imp. Sub. Yes, please. And look sharp!

First Voice. What?

Imp. Sub. One four two nought eight six.

First Voice. I hear. One four two nought eight six.

[The communication is cut off for a couple of minutes.

Imp. Sub. (for the sixth time). Are you there?

Second Voice. Yes. Who is it?

Imp. Sub. I am BOSH, BOODLE & Co.

Second Voice. RUSH, RUDDLE & Co.?

Imp. Sub. No. BOSH, BOODLE & Co.

First Voice. Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. No, no—we are still speaking. I want to know if you have sent that case of champagne to BUMBLETON?

Second Voice. What? I can't hear you.

Imp. Sub. (speaking very slowly, as if dictating to imperfectly educated infants). Have you sent—that case—of—champagne—to BUM-BLE-TON?

Second Voice (puzzled). Sent a case of champagne?

First Voice (interposing). Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. No, we are still speaking. Yes—have you sent a case of champagne to BUMBLETON?

Second Voice. Sent a case of champagne to BUMBLETON? No; why should we?

Imp. Sub. Because you promised TICKLEBY you would.

Second Voice (evidently perplexed). Promised TICKLEBY?

Imp. Sub. (in a tone of reproach). Yes, promised TICKLEBY.

First Voice (interposing). Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. No, we are still speaking; please



don't cut us off. (Returning to the champagne subject). Yes, you promised TICKLEBY you would send the case of champagne to BUMBLETON. (With inspiration.) You are the Arctic Wine Company, aren't you?

Second Voice. No. I am Secretary of the Curate's Papier Maché Church Company.

Imp. Sub. (in a tone of sorrow). Aren't you one four two nought eight six?

Third Voice (coming from somewhere). Mind and bring a gun with you, and—

Second Voice. No. We are two four eight nought six seven. Good morning!

First Voice. Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. (angrily). I have not begun! You have put me on the wrong number!

First Voice (calmly). What number do you want?

Imp. Sub. (angrily). One four two nought eight six.

First Voice. Two four two nought eight six?

Imp. Sub. (with suppressed rage). No, one four two nought eight six.

First Voice. Very well. One four two nought eight six.

Imp. Sub. Yes, and don't make a mistake. [Long pause, during which he asks, "Are you there?" at intervals.

Fourth Voice. What is it?

Imp. Sub. Are you Arctic Wine Company?

Fourth Voice. Yes, all right! What is it?

Imp. Sub. (joyfully). Have you sent a case of champagne to BUMBLETON?

Fourth Voice. What? I can't hear you.

First Voice (interposing). Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. No, we are still speaking. Have you sent a case of champagne to BUMBLETON?

Fourth Voice. We can't hear you. Send a messenger.

First Voice. Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. (shouting). Yes! (Is cut off.) Shorter to have done so at once!

[Uses intemperate language, and hurries off to get a Messenger. Curtain.

THE CHURLISH CABMAN.

AIR—"Ballyhooley."

THE Cabman's thrifty fares,

Who would seek suburban airs,

Desire, of course, a more extended

"radius;"

But, Cabby, it is clear,

Thinks quite otherwise. I fear

The controversy's growing rather

"taydious."

Whether by night or day,

A fair fare the fare should pay,

And Cabby should not overcharge un-

duly;

But this is what riles me,

When churl Cabby will not see

A would-be fare, but just ignores him

coolly.

Chorus.

"Hi! hi! Cab! Hi!" Oh, no!

On the sullen brute will go;

When he wants a fare, he's clamorous and

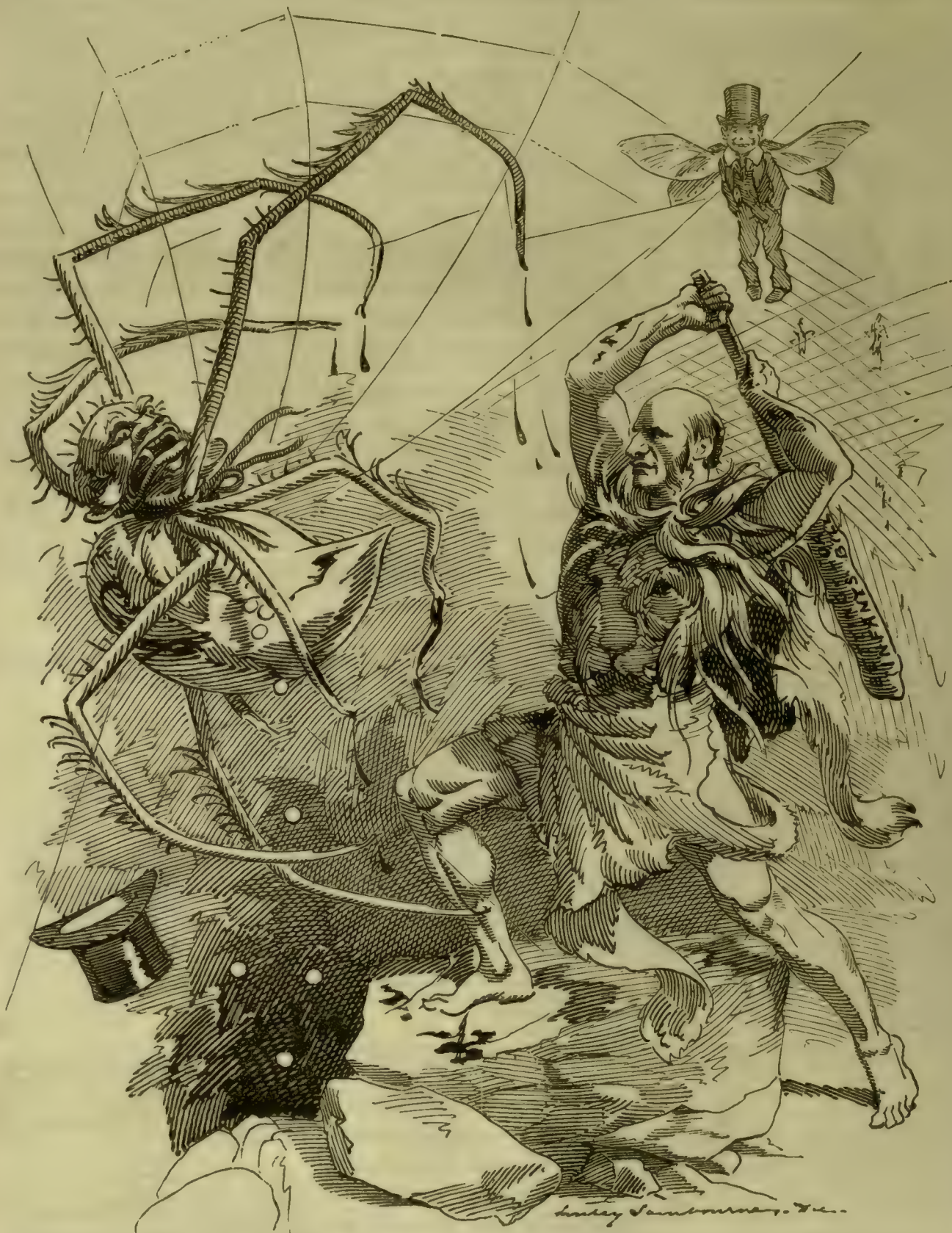
unruly;

But if he wants a drink,

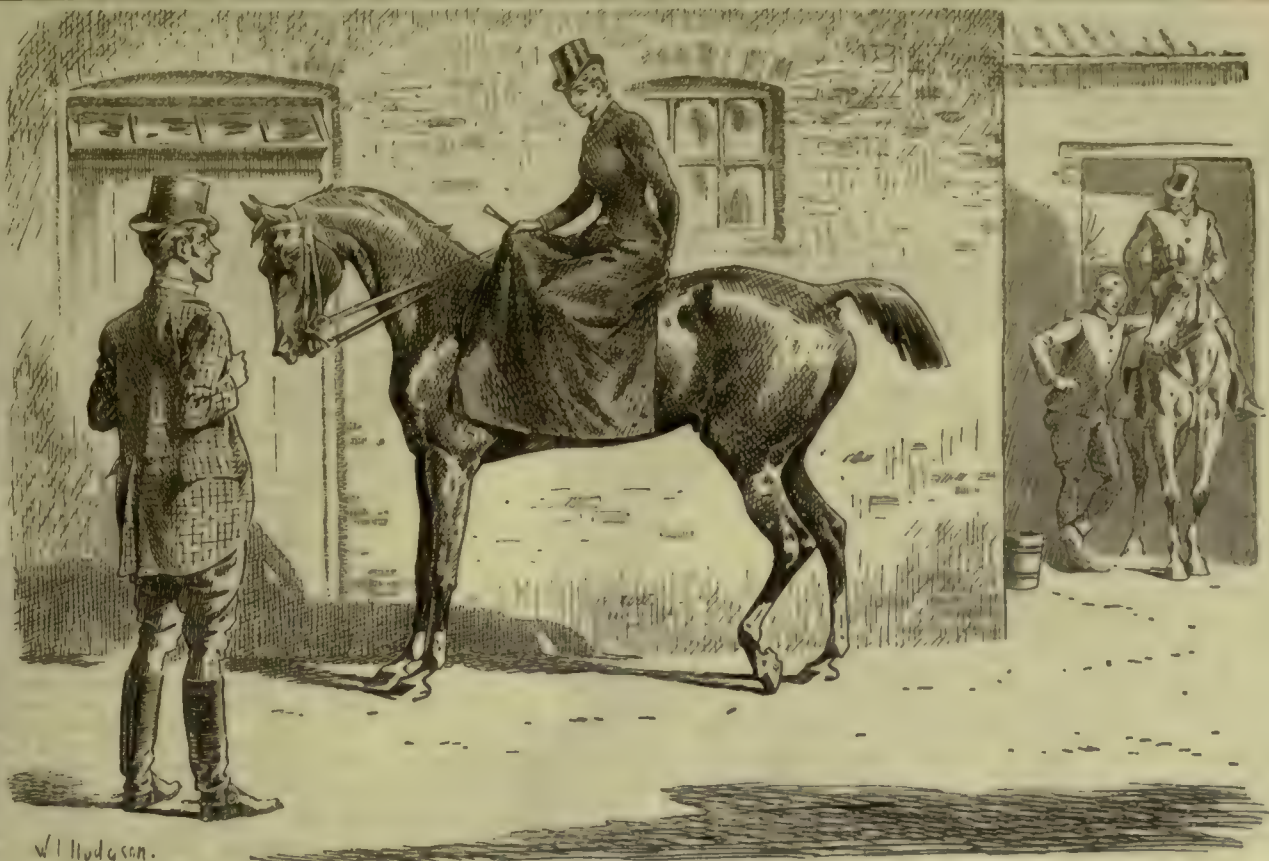
With a sneer or with a wink,

He'll rumble on and just ignore you coolly.





DESTROYING THE MONEY-LENDER'S WEB; OR, THE THIRTEENTH LABOUR OF HERSCHELLES.



RATHER SMART ALL ROUND.

Lady Di. (who has been trying a Horse with a view to purchase). "AND DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT HE'S QUITE UP TO MY WEIGHT, MR. SPAVIN?" *Spavin.* "LOR! MY LADY, HE'D CARRY TWO OF YOU!"
Lady Di. "WHAT! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT I'M ONLY HALF A HORSEWOMAN?"
Spavin. "BY NO MEANS, MY LADY. BUT ANOTHER LIKE YOUR LADYSHIP WOULD LOOK SO WELL ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

HOW TO REPORT THE PRACTICE OF THE CREWS.

(Newest Style.)

SCARCELY had the tintinabulum fixed on the altitude of the clock tower of the ecclesiastical building known to fame and rowing men as Putney Church sounded out the merry chimes of eleven in the forenoon, when the wielders of the sky-blue (or dark-blue) blades were observed by the eager frequenters of the tow-path carrying their trim-built ship to the water's edge. Not many moments were out to waste before each man had safely ensconced himself on the thwart built for him under the experienced eyes of the champion boat-builder. The men looked, it must in all fairness be admitted, in the high level of condition. In each eye there blazed a stern determination to do or die on every possible occasion. When the signal to start was given, the boat was observed to move with the bounding speed of a highly-trained greyhound. The oars dipped into the water like one man, though a marked inclination was observed on the part of two or three of the oarsmen to "hurry," while the rest seemed equally disposed to be "late." A few fatherly words from the prince of modern coaches soon had the desired effect of placing matters on a more completely satisfactory footing. The suggestion often made in these columns that a swifter rate of striking should be introduced, was acted upon. The boat moved with perfect evenness, while the wavelets played round her like young dolphins out for a holiday.

I need only add that our old friend Jupiter

Pluvius proved once again to be a kind friend to those who tempted the dangers of the foaming tide in Putney Reach. In conclusion, it must be observed that the stroke was sometimes "short" and occasionally "long," but the "slides" moved like things of life, and contributed greatly to the pleasure of a very enjoyable outing.

DESTROYING THE SPIDER'S WEB;

Or, *The Thirteenth Labour of Herschelles.*

"To Lion-Hearted Hercules," the strong, Sounded the clarion of Homeric song.
 Of Alcides, forcefullest of all the brood
 Of men enforced with need of earthly food."
Punch will sing gallant Herschelles, than whom
 Who was more worthy of Alcmena's womb
 Or Jovian parentage? Behold him stand
 With lion-hide on loins, and club in hand!
 Forceful and formidable to all foes,
 But fatal most especially to those
 Of Hydra presence and Stymphalian beak,
 Whose quarry is unseasoned youth, who seek
 By subtle snares the Infant's steps to trip,
 And catch the Minor in their harpy grip.
 To his Twelve Labours, against monsters grim,
 Who might have lived in safety but for him,
 To snare, to slay, to humbug, and to cozen,
 Herschelles, just to make a baker's dozen,
 Adds a Thirteenth!

A wily, wicked wight,
 Dwelling in noxious nooks as dark as night,
 Beyond the radius of the housemaid's broom,
 And thence dispensing dire disgrace and doom

Long time our homes hath haunted. Greedy
 As furtive of advance as fierce of soul, [Ghoul,
 The Money-lending Spider is his name,
 And grim and gruesome was his little game.
 Of swollen body, of protuberant beak,
 He knew that Youths were green, and
 Infants weak,
 And spun his web, invisible but strong,
 Where'er GRAY's well-named "little triflers"
 throng,
 Who, verily unmindful of their doom,
 He watched from forth his grubby haunts o
 gloom,
 And strove by sinister device to lure,
 Till, 'midst his viscous mazes once secure,
 Them he might seize and suck.

The Birds, the Boar,
 The Lion, or the Bull, all whom before
 Great Herschelles had tackled, were not worse
 Than the Colossal Spider, Albion's curse,
 The scourge of childish Wealth and youthful
 Rank,
 The Moloch of our Minors! Fathers, thank
 Our new Alcides, who, with legal club,
 Could dare the web assault, the Spider drub!
 Worse than Tarantula venom hath the bite
 Of this Conkiferous Ogre, which to fight
 Herschelles did adventure! Thump! Bang!
 Whack!

The web is burst, the Spider's on his back,
 All impotently spluttering poisonous spleen
 Let's hope such monster may no more be seen.
 And let us hail great Herschelles, whose skill
 The high-nosed horror hath availed to kill.
 Blow, Infants, blow the pipe, and thump the
 tabor,
 In honour of the hero's Thirteenth Labour!

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

VII.—THE DUFFER WITH A SALMON-ROD.

No pursuit is more sedentary, if one may talk of a sedentary pursuit, and none more to my taste, than trout-fishing as practised in the South of England. Given fine weather, and a good novel, nothing can be more soothing than to sit on a convenient stump, under a willow, and watch the placid kine standing in the water, while the brook murmurs on, and perhaps the kingfisher flits to and fro. Here you sit and fleet the time carelessly, till a trout rises. Then, indeed, duty demands that you shall crawl in the manner of the serpent till you come within reach of him, and cast a fly, which usually makes him postpone his dinner-hour. But he will come on again, there is no need for you to change your position, and you can always fill your basket easily—with irises and marsh-marigolds.

Such are our county contents, but woe befall the day when I took to salmon-fishing. The outfit is expensive, "half-crown flees" soon mount up, especially if you never go out without losing your fly-book. If you buy a light rod, say of fourteen feet, the chances are that it will not cover the water, and a longer rod requires in the fisherman the strength of a SANDOW. You need wading-breeches, which come up nearly to the neck, and weigh a couple of stone. The question has been raised, can one swim in them, in case of an accident? For one, I can answer, he can't. The reel is about the size of a butter-keg, the line measures hundreds of yards, and the place where you fish for salmon is usually at the utter ends of the earth. Some enthusiasts begin in February. Covered with furs, they sit in the stern of a boat, and are pulled in a funereal manner up and down Loch Tay, while the rods fish for themselves. The angler's only business is to pick them up if a salmon bites, and when this has gone on for a few days, with no bite, Influenza, or a hard frost with curling, would be rather a relief. This kind of thing is not really angling, and a Duffer is as good at it as an expert.

Real difficulties and sufferings begin when you reach the Cruach-na-spiel-bo, which sounds like Gaelic, and will serve us as a name for the river. It is, of course, extremely probable that you pay a large rent for the right to gaze at a series of red and raging floods, or at a pale and attenuated trickle of water, murmuring peevishly through a drought. But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the water is "in order," and only running with deep brown swirls at some thirty miles an hour. Suppose also, a large presumption, that the Duffer does not leave any indispensable part of his equipment at home. He arrives at the stream, and as he detests a gillie, whose contempt for the Duffer breeds familiarity, he puts up his rod, selects a casting line, knots on the kind of fly which is locally recommended, and steps into the water. Oh, how cold it is! I begin casting at the top of the stream, and step from a big boulder into a hole. Stagger, stumble, violent bob forwards, recovery, trip up, and here one is in a sitting position in the bed of the stream. However, the high india-rubber breeks have kept the water out, except about a painful, which gradually illustrates the equilibrium of fluids in the soles of one's stockings. However, I am on my feet again, and walking more gingerly, though to the spectator, my movements suggest partial intoxication. That is because the bed of the stream is full of boulders, which one cannot see, owing to the darkness of the water. There was a fish rose near the opposite side. My heart is in my mouth. I wade in as far as I can, and make a tremendous swipe with the rod. A frantic tug behind, crash, there goes the top of the rod! I am caught up in the root of a pine-tree, high up on the bank at my back. No use in the language of imprecation. I waddle out, climb the bank, extricate the fly, get out a spare top, and to work again, more cautiously. Something wrong, the hook has caught in my coat, between my shoulders. I must get the coat off somehow, not an easy thing to do, on account of my india-rubber

armour. It is off at last. I cut the hook out with a knife making a big hole in the coat, and cast again. That was over him! I let the fly float down, working it scientifically. No response. Perhaps better look at the fly. Just my luck, I have cracked it off!

Where is the fly-book? Where indeed? A feverish search for the fly-book follows—no use: it is not in the basket, it is not in my pocket; must have fallen out when I fell into the river. No good in looking for it, the water is too thick, I *thought* I heard a splash. Luckily there are some flies in my cap, it looks knowing to have some flies in one's cap, and it is not so easy to lose a cap, without noticing it, as to lose most things. Here is a big Silver Doctor that may do as the water is thick. I put one on, and begin again casting over where that fish rose. By George, there he came at me, at least I think it must have been at me, a great dark swirl, "the purple wave bowed over it like a hill," but he never touched me. Give him five minutes law, the hook is sure to be well fastened on, need not bother looking at that again. Five minutes take a long time in passing, when you are giving a salmon a rest. Good times and bad times and all times pass, so here goes. It is correct to begin a good way above him and come down to him. I'm past him; no, there is

a long heavy drag under water, I get the point up, he is off like a shot, while I stand in a rather stupid attitude, holding on. If I cannot get out and run down the bank, he has me at his mercy. I do stagger out, somehow, falling on my back, but keeping the point up with my right hand. No bones broken, but surely he is gone! I begin reeling up the line, with a heavy heart, and try to lift it out of the water. It won't come, he is here still, he has only doubled back. Hooray! Nothing so nice as being all alone when you hook a salmon. No gillie to scream out contradictory orders. He is taking it very easy, but suddenly he moves out a few yards, and begins jiggering, that is, giving a series of short heavy tugs. They say he is never well hooked, when he jiggers. The rod thrills unpleasantly in my hands, I wish he wouldn't do that. It is very disagreeable and makes me very nervous. Hullo! he is off again up-stream, the reel ringing like mad: he gets into the thin water at the top, and jumps high in the air. He is a monster. Hullo! what's that splash? The reel has fallen off, it was always loose, and has got into the water. How am I to act now? He is coming back like mad, and all the line is loose, and I can't reel up. I begin pulling at the line to bring up the reel, but the reel only lets the line out, and now he is off again, down stream this time, and I after him, and the line running out at both ends at once, and now my legs get entangled in it, it is twisted all round me. He runs again and jumps, the line comes back in my face, all slack, something has given. It is the hook, it was not knotted on firmly to start with. He flings himself out of the water once more to be sure that he is free, and I sit down and gnaw the reel. Had ever anybody such bad fortune, but it is just my luck!

I go back to the place where the reel fell in, and by pulling cautiously I extract it from the stream. It shan't come off again; I tie it on with the leather lace of one of my brogues. Then I reel up the slack, and put on another fly, out of my cap, a Popham. Then I fish down the rest of the pool. Near the edge, in the slower part of the water, there is a long slow draw, before I can lift the point of the rod, a salmon jumps high out of the water at me,—and is gone! I never struck him, was too much taken aback at the moment; did not expect him then. Thank goodness, the hook is not off this time.

The next stream is very deep, strong and narrow; the best chance is close in on my side. By Jove, here he is, he took almost beside the rock. He sails leisurely out into the strength of the stream, if he will come up, I can manage him, but if he goes down, the water is very swift and broken, there are big boulders, and then a sheer wall of rock difficult to pass in cold blood, and then the Big Pool.



"I wade in as far as I can, and make a tremendous swipe with the rod."

He insists on going down, I hold hard on him, and refuse line. But he leaps, and then, well he *will* have it; down he rushes, I after him, over the stones, scrambling along the rocky face; great heavens! *the top joint of the rod is loose*; I did not tie it on, thought it would hold well enough. But down it runs, right down the line; it must be touching the fish. It is; he does not like it, he jiggers like a mad thing, rushes across the Big Pool, nearly on to the opposite bank. Why won't the line run? The line is entangled in my boot-lace. He is careering about; I feel that I am trembling like a leaf. There, I knew it would happen; he is off with my last casting-line, hook and all. A beauty he was, clear as silver and fresh from the sea. Well, there is nothing for it but a walk back to the house. I have lost one fly-book, two hooks, a couple of casting-lines, three salmon, a top joint, and I have torn a great hole in my coat. On changing my dress before lunch, I find my fly-book in my breast pocket, where I had not thought of looking for it somehow. Then the rain comes, and there is not another fishing day in my fortnight. Still, it decidedly was "one crowded hour of glorious life," while it lasted. The other men caught four or five salmon apiece; it is their Red Letter Day. It is marked in black in my calendar.

TOOTING.

["It is a noteworthy fact that while debates have been languishing at Westminster, at Tooting there have been Members enough to 'make a House' any day during the past fortnight, so keen an interest is the 'Royal and Ancient' game exciting."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

What's the use of hooting,
Or cir-cum-lo-cutting?

M.P.'s off
To play at Golf.
All the way to Tooting!

Petty points PAR's moot-
ing!

Chances not computing,
M.P. slips,
(Despite the Whips)
Off to Golf at Tooting!

Landlords may be looting,
Tenants may be shooting;

Where's the fun
In that? Let's run
Off to Golf at Tooting!

So M.P.'s are "scooting,"
On-the-gay-galoot-ing;
Cut the House
(It shows their nous)
For the Links at Tooting!

There is joy in shooting,
Wine-ing or cherooting,
Dinners, Moors,
Weeds—all are bores,
Compared with Golf at Tooting!

"BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE."

["FIFTY POUNDS Reward will be gratefully paid to any Lady or Gentleman who will assist in RECOVERING a valuable HAIRLOOM . . . Anyone with wealthy or influential friends can at once secure above reward. Address, &c."]

I AM an impecunious young man, and, the other day, on seeing this Advertisement in the *Times*, I was seized with a wild desire to "at once secure above reward." Said I to myself, "I have

'wealthy and influential friends.' There is my cousin's uncle, who has, I believe, thirty thousand a-year, though I never saw any part of it, or of him, for the matter of that; and there is my own aunt by marriage, whose second husband is a K.C.B., but I forget his name, and do not know where he lives." So I sat and thought about it for a time with my eyes shut, and then I started. The train was so full, that I imagined it must be market-day in some neighbouring town, but the station was so much fuller, that I could hardly get out

of the train. At last, edgeways, I reached a pale and melancholy ticket-collector, and asked him where I should find the address mentioned. He turned a pitying eye upon me, and, pointing to the crowd that filled the station, said, wearily, "They're all a-goin' there. I know, cos they've all arst me. You'd better foller 'em." This statement filled me with desperation; I fought and struggled



CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS.

Tommy. "I HAD SUCH A BAD DREAM LAST NIGHT, GRANDPAPA!"

The Admiral. "TELL IT ME, TOMMY."

Tommy. "OH NO! IT WOULD ONLY FRIGHTEN YOU AS IT FRIGHTENED ME!"

through the vast crowd of persons "with wealthy and influential friends" until I reached the open street. By that time I was exhausted, and, finding that the street was even fuller than the station had been, I gave up the attempt. I saw that the reserve of gold at the Bank of England would not have sufficed to pay each applicant the promised £50. In any case I felt sure that by that time the whole of the money in the town must have been used up. So, without hat or umbrella, and with my coat as much divided up the back as up the front, I returned—to consciousness, and went on reading the newspaper.

"THE FORESTERS."

ALL the greatest swells
Of the U. S. A.
Come to see a new,
Fascinating play.
Verses by a Lord!
Music by a Knight!
Just the thing in which
Democrats delight.
When the hearty praise
Bursts from Yankee lips,
"Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships."
What are "glowing ships"?
That I've never guessed,
"Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;"
This I simply quote
From the poet's muse;

Hang me if I know
How you "blush the news"!
Anyhow, you do,
If the lines will scan,
"Till the red man dance,"
Do you think he can?
"And the red man's babe
Leap beyond the sea."
Active sort of child,
Surely, that must be!
"Blush from West to East,"
Blush from left to right,
"Till the West is East,"
And the black is white,
DAILY is the man!
Daily is the play,
"Dailies" puff it up,
In the kindest way.

MORE APPROPRIATE.—The Senate House, where the Degree Examinations take place, might well be termed "The Spinning House." It is there that unfortunate Candidates are "spun."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Little Jones. "YOU'LL GIVE ME A DANCE TO-MORROW NIGHT, WON'T YOU, MRS. FOOTE?"

Mrs. Foote (who is anxious to show her matronly consideration for Unmarried Girls). "WELL I CAN'T PROMISE, AND IF THE MEN RUN SHORT, YOU KNOW, I SHAN'T DANCE AT ALL!"

THE TELEPHONE CINDERELLA; OR, WANTED A GODMOTHER.

"Far from taking up and developing the new mode of communication thus given into its hands, it (the Post Office) could not forget its attitude of hostility to the innovation, or conceive any larger policy than one of repressing the telephone in order to make people stick to the telegraph... The result is that England lags far behind all other civilised countries in the use of the telephone."—*Times*.]

AIR—"Ulahume."

CINDERELLA, you sit and look sober,
Cinderella, you mope and look queer—
You mope, and look dolefully queer;
As chill as JOHN MILLAIS' "October,"
As you have done, this many a year.

t is hard on you; MOZART or AUBER
Might fail your depression to cheer—
Had you taken the draught named of
Glauber,
You could scarce look duller, my dear

II.

Our times, dear, are truly Titanic,
Perfection seems Science's goal—
Dim, distant, dark Science's goal—
But we're still a bit given to panic.
Monopolies moodily roll—
Monopolies restlessly roll—
That's why there's a movement volcanic
That stirs us from pole unto pole—
A moaning that's vainly volcanic,
In the realms of the (Telephone) pole.

III.

Deputations are serious and sober,
Officials look palsied and sere—
They indulge in rhetoric small-beer
(Instead of sound sparkling October)
They're frightened about you, my dear—
(You, at present in two senses, dear!)
They would scan the far future, and probe her,
But can't—and it makes them feel queer;
As you sit by the fire, looking sober,
You make them sit up and feel queer.

IV.

Your sisters, whose airs are unpleasant,
Regard you with arrogant scorn—
With arrogant, uneasy scorn—
True, they have the pull, for the present,
But fear you, the fair youngest born.
They know that your glory is crescent,
And, though each uplifteth her horn,
Each feels that her glory's senescent,
In spite of their duplicate scorn.

V.

Miss Telegraph, lifting her finger,
Says—"Sadly this minx I mistrust—
Her manners I strangely mistrust—
She'll distance us, dear, if we linger!
Ah, haste!—let us haste!—for we must!
She'll eclipse us—that would be a stinger!
She'll rise, and our business is "bust"—
My dear, we must snub her, and bring her
Presumptuous pride to the dust—
Till she sorrowfully sinks in the dust"

VI.

Post replies—"Oh, it's nothing but dreaming,
Her hoping to put out our light!—
Our brilliant and duplicate light!
What did FERGUSSON say, blandly beaming
Upon the tired House t'other night?
He said he would make it all right.
Ah, we safely may trust to his scheming—
Be sure he will lead us aright—
He won't let the damsel there dreaming
Despoil us of what is our right—
The monopoly plainly our right!"

VII.

Yet watch Cinderella, and list her!
She yet will emerge from her gloom—
Time will conquer her fears and her gloom.
Before her she hath a bright vista.*
The fairy Godmother will come!
Redtape shall not long seal her doom.
What is written is written! No "sister,"
(Though scorning her beauty, and broom)
Shall shroud her bright light in the tomb
Which yet the whole land shall illumine!

VIII.

She's "some pumpkins"—though now she
looks sober—
She's brilliant; she is "no small beer."
No, no, Cinderella, my dear!
Your envious "sisters" may jeer,
And sit on you yet, for a year;
Redtape your advancement may fear,
And Monopoly's patrons look queer;
But, as sure as the month of October
Is famous for sound British beer,
Vested Interest time shall prove no bar
To your final triumph, my dear!

* POB, not Mr. Punch, should have the credit of this and certain other Cockney rhymes.

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE."—"The competition for the Evill Prize also took place yesterday" (i.e., last Thursday. *Vide Times*). The prize so Evilly named was won by Mr. PHILIP BROZEL, of the Royal Academy of Music, who must have expressed himself as being at least deucedly delighted, even if he did not use some much stronger and wronger expression. Henceforth PHILIP BROZEL has an Evill reputation. Let us hope he will live up to it, and so live it down.



THE TELEPHONE CINDERELLA;
OR, WANTED A GODMOTHER.

MATINÉE MANIA.

(A Sketch at any Theatre on most afternoons.)

SCENE—The Front of the House. In the Boxes and Dress-circle are friends and relations of the Author. In the Stalls are a couple of Stray Critics who leave early, actors and actresses "resting," more friends and relations. In the Pit, the front row is filled by the Author's domestic servants, the landladies of several of the performers, and a theatrical charwoman or two, behind them a sprinkling of the general public, whose time apparently hangs heavily on their hands. In a Stage-box is the Author herself, with a sycophantic Companion. A murky gloom pervades the Auditorium: a scratch orchestra is playing a lame and tuneless Schottische for the second time, to compensate for a little delay of fifteen minutes between the first and second Tableaux in the Second Act. The orchestra ceases, and a Checktaker at the Pit door whistles "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" Some restless spirits stamp feebly.

The Author. I wish they would be a little quicker. I've a good mind to go behind myself and hurry them up. The audience are beginning to get impatient.

Her Companion. But that shows how interested they are, doesn't it, dear?

Author. I think it ought to interest them, but I did expect they would have shown a little more enthusiasm over that situation in the last tableau—they're rather a cold audience!

Comp. It's above their heads, dear, that's where it is—plays are such rubbish nowadays, people don't appreciate a really great drama just at first. I do hope Mr. IRVING, Mr. HARE and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE will come in—I'm sure they'll be only too anxious to secure it!

Author. I don't know that I should care for it to come out at the Lyceum, but of course if the terms were very—oh, they're beginning at last! I hope this light comedy scene will go well. (Curtain rises: Comic dialogue—nothing whatever to do with the plot—between a Footman and a Matinée Maidservant in short sleeves, a lace tucker, and a diamond necklace; depression of audience. Serious characters enter and tell one another long and irrelevant stories, all about nothing. When the auditor remarks, "Your story is indeed a sad one—but go on," a shudder goes through the house, which becomes a groan ten minutes later when the listener says: "You have told me your history—now hear mine!" He tells it; it proves, if possible, duller and more irrelevant than the other man's. A love-scene follows, characterised by all the sparkle and brilliancy of "Temperance Champagne": the House witnesses the fall of the Curtain with apathy.)

Author. That love-scene was perfectly ruined by the acting! She ought to have turned her head aside when he said, "Dash the teapot!" but she never did, and he left out all that about dreaming of her when he was ill with measles in Mashonaland! I wish they wouldn't have such long waits, though. We timed the piece at rehearsal, and with the cuts I made, it only played about four hours; but I'm afraid it will take longer than that to-day.

Comp. I don't care how long it is—it's so beautifully written!

Author. Well, I put my whole soul into it, you know; but it's not till this next Act that I show my full power. (Curtain rises on a drawing-room, furnished with dingy wrecks from the property-room—the home of JASPER, the Villain, who is about to give an evening party. Enter a hooded crone. "Sir JASPER, I have a secret of importance, which can only be revealed to your private ear!" (Shivers of apprehension amongst the audience.) Sir J. "Certainly, go into yonder apartment, and await me there." (Sigh of relief from spectators.) A Footman. "Sir, the guests wait!" Sir J. (with lordly ease). "Bid them enter!" (They troop in un-

announced, and sit down against the wall, entertaining one another in dumb-show.) Footman (re-entering). "Sir, a roughly-dressed stranger, who says he knew you in Norway, under an alias, requests a few words." Sir J. "Confusion!—one of my former accomplices in crime—my guests must not be present at this interview!" (To Guests.) "Ladies and Gentlemen, will you step into the adjoining room for a few minutes, and examine my collection of war-weapons?" (Guests retire, with amiable anticipations of enjoyment. The Stranger enters, and tells another long story. "I smile still," he concludes—"but even a dead man's skull will smile. Allow me then the privileges of death!" (At this an irreverent Pittite suddenly guffaws, and the Audience from that moment perceives that the piece possesses a humorous side. The Stranger goes: the Guests return. Re-enter Footman). "Sir, an elderly man, who was acquainted with your family years ago, insists on seeing you, and will take no denial!" Villain (with presence of mind—to Guests.) "Ladies and Gentlemen, will you step into the neighbouring apartment, and join the dancers?" (The Guests obey. The Elderly Man enters, and denounces JASPER, who mendaciously declares that he is his own second cousin JOSEPH; whereupon the visitor turns down his

coat-collar, and takes off a false beard.) "Do you know me now, JASPER SHOPPUN?" he cries. "I am JOSEPH—your second cousin!" . . . "What, ho, Sir Insolence!" the Villain retorts. "And so you come to deliver me to Justice?" . . . "Not so," says JOSEPH. "Long years ago I swore to my dying Aunt to protect your reputation, even at the expense of my own. I come to warn you that"—&c., &c. (The Audience, who are now in excellent spirits, receive every incident with uncontrollable merriment till the end of the Act. Another long wait, enlivened by a piccolo solo.)

Author. LAVINIA, it's too disgraceful—it's a deliberate conspiracy to turn the piece into ridicule. I never thought my own relations would turn against me—and yet I might have known!

Comp. It wasn't the play they laughed at, dear—that's lovely—but it's so ridiculously acted, you know!

Author. Of course the acting is abominable—but they might make allowances for that. It is so unfair! (The Play proceeds. The Heroine's jealousy has been excited by the Villain, for vague purposes of his own, and the Hero is trying to disarm her suspicions. She. "But why are you constantly going from Paris to London at the beck and call of that man?" He (aside). "If she only knew that I do it to shield my second cousin, JASPER—but my oath!—I cannot tell her! (To her.) The reason is very simple, darling—he is my

Private Secretary!" (Roars of inextinguishable laughter, drowning the Wife's expressions of perfect satisfaction and confidence. The Hero wants to go out: the Wife begs him to stay; she has 'a presentiment of evil—a dread of something unseen, unknown.' He goes: the Villain enters in evening dress.) Villain. "Your husband is false to you. Meet me in half an hour at the lonely hut by the cross-roads, and you shall have proof of his guilt." (The Wife departs at once, just as she is. Villain, soliloquising.) "So—my diabolical schemes prosper. I have got JOSEPH out of the way by stratagem, decoyed his wife—my early love—to a lonely hut, where my minions wait to seize her. Now to abduct the child, destroy the certificate of vaccination which alone stands between me and a Peerage, set fire to the home of my ancestors, accuse JOSEPH of all my crimes, and take my seat in the House of Lords as the Earl of Addelegg! Ha-ha—a good night's work! a good—" Joseph (from back). "Not so. I have heard all. I will not have it. You shall not!" (&c., &c.) Villain. "You would thwart my schemes?" Joseph (firmly). "I would. My wife and child shall not—" (&c., &c.) Villain (slowly). "And the oath you swore to my Mother, your dying Aunt, would you break that?" Joseph (overcome). "My oath! my Aunt! Ah, no, I cannot, I must not break it. JASPER



"Sir, a roughly-dressed stranger . . . requests a few words."

SHOPPUN, I am powerless—you must do your evil will!" (He sinks on a settee. *Triumph of Villain, tableau, and Curtain.*)

Author. I wouldn't have believed that a modern audience would treat heroic conduct like that as if it was laughable. It's enough to make one give up play-writing altogether!

Comp. Oh, I wouldn't do that, dear. You mustn't punish Posterity! [The Play goes on and on; the Villain removes inconveniently repentant tools, and saddles the Hero with his nefarious deeds. The Hero is arrested, but reappears, at liberty, in the next Act (about the Ninth), and no reference whatever is made to the past. Old serious characters turn up again, and are welcomed with uproarious delight.

At the end of a conversation, lasting a quarter of an hour, the Lady's-maid remarks that "her Mistress has been very ill, and must not talk too much." Cheers from Audience. General joy when the Villain returns a hopeless maniac. Curtain about six, and loud calls for Author.)

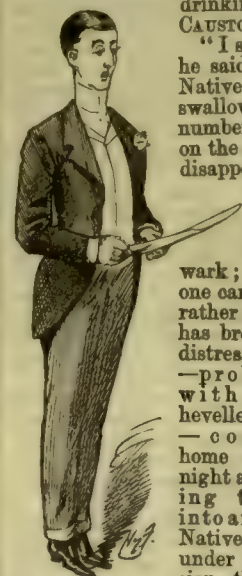
Author. Nothing will induce me to take a call after the shameful way they've behaved! And it's all the fault of the acting. When we get home, I'll read the play all through to you again, and you'll see how it ought to have been done! A hundred and twenty pounds simply thrown away!

[Retires, consoled by her Companion, and the consciousness that true genius is invariably unappreciated.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 21.—Uneasy feeling spread through House to-night consequent on question addressed by MACINNES to UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. Wants to know "whether his attention has been called to the increase of drinking among Natives in the Coast Towns?" CAUSTON particularly depressed.



"I sat for Colchester for five years, you know," he said, "and grew into habit of regarding the Natives as my constituents. For five years never swallowed one without thinking I was reducing the number on the Register. Used to excuse myself on the ground that the particular bivalve that had disappeared must have been a Conservative, or it would never have been so stupid as to leave its comfortable bed to embark on such a journey. My interest in the oyster is now secondary. They don't flourish in South-wark; whelks more in our way down there. Still one cannot forget old associations, and confess I'm rather knocked over to hear this report MACINNES has brought up. Can't imagine anything more distressing than the spectacle of a drunken oyster

—probably with dis-hevelled beard—coming home late at night and trying to get into another Native's shell under impression that he

"Sir, I am not—" has recognised his own front door. Must see WILFRID LAWSON about this; get up an Oyster Temperance Society; framed certificates, blue ribbon, and all that. If the thing spreads, we shall have oysters emitting quite a rum-punch flavour when we add the lemon."

Gloom dissipated two hours later by appearance of BOBBY SPENCER at the Table. BOBBY doesn't often witch the House with oratory. Content with important though to outsiders obscure position he occupies in Party administration. His is the hand that pulls the strings to which Liberal Party dance. SCHNADHORST gets some credit, but everybody knows BOBBY's the man. To see these two political strategists in conference is sufficient to reassure the Liberal Party on the possible issues of the General Election.

SCHNADHORST complains that BOBBY has a trick, after addressing him through the ear-trumpet he (S.) carries in reminiscence of JOSHUA REYNOLDS, of putting his ear to the trumpet as if he expected the answer to arrive through that medium.

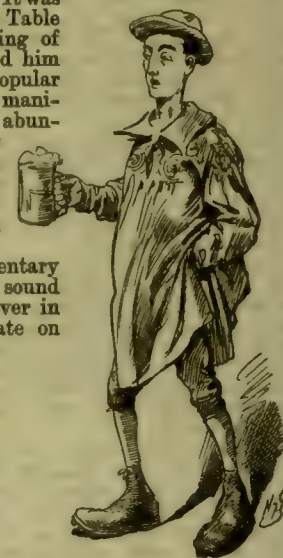
"Very embarrassing," SCHNADHORST says, "to have a

fellow first putting his mouth and then his ear to other end of your trumpet. Sometimes I say to him, sharply, 'I don't speak through the trumpet.' 'Oh, no, of course not,' he says, 'I beg your pardon,' and draws away. Presently he's back again, politely, as I speak, applying his ear to the trumpet. But it's only the absence of mind that arises from preoccupation in matters of State."

BOBBY, besides being the political director of the strategy of the Liberal Party, is a County Member. It was in this last capacity he appeared at Table to-night in Debate on Second Reading of Small Holdings Bill. House received him with hearty cheer. No one more popular than BOBBY. Delight uproariously manifested when, daintily pulling at his abundant shirt-cuff, and settling his fair young head more comfortably upon summit of his monumental collar, he deprecatingly observed—

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I am not an Agricultural Labourer."

The speech a model of Parliamentary debating, full of point, resting on sound argument, lucidly stated, and all over in five minutes. *Business done.*—Debate on Small Holdings Bill.

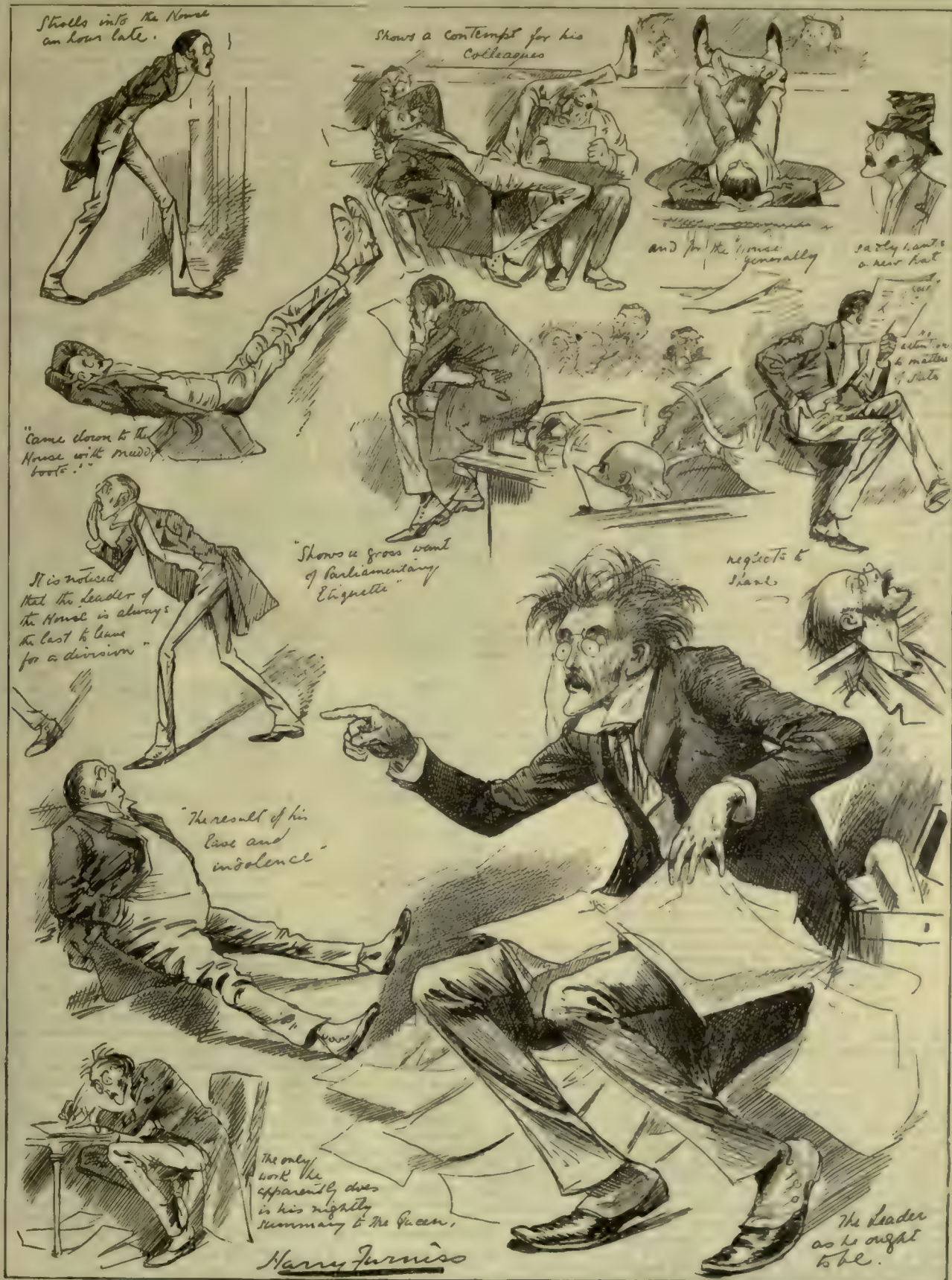


"—an Agricultural Labourer."



Tuesday. — Morning Sitting. SEXTON at length worked off the speech on Irish Education Bill, that has hung over House like cloud since Bill was introduced in earliest days of Session. Wasn't in his place the first night; so friends and colleagues wore out the sitting to preserve his opportunity. When this next presented itself, SEXTON thought the hour and condition of House unsuitable for person of his consequence; declined to speak. To-day, his last chance, things worse than ever. Benches empty, as usual at Morning Sitting. But now or never, and at least there would be long report in Irish papers. So went at it by the hour. Finished at a quarter to five. At Morning Sitting, debate automatically suspended at ten minutes to seven; two hours and five minutes for everyone else to speak. SINCLAIR long waiting chance to thrust in his nose. Found it at last; but House wearied and worn out; glad when seven o'clock approached, and Bill read First Time.

At Evening Sitting, Lawyers had it all to themselves. ROBERTSON opened Debate on Law



THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE—(VIDE THE OPPOSITION PRESS).

of Conspiracy in admirable speech. Later came LOCKWOOD, speaking disrespectfully of "B." Then SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, girding at SOLICITOR-GENERAL; MATTHEWS followed, with plump assertion that Squire had not been talking about the Resolution. Finally CHARLES RUSSELL, with demonstration that "the Right Hon. Gentleman (meaning MATTHEWS) had displayed a complete misconception of the character and objects of the Resolution." Being thus demonstrated upon unimpeachable authority that nobody knew anything about the Resolution, House proceeded to vote upon it. For, 180; against, 226. Ministerialists cheered; Opposition apparently equally delighted. So home to bed, everyone determined first thing in morning get hold of newspaper, and see what the Resolution really was about. *Business done.*—Miscellaneous.

Wednesday.—"I wonder," said SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, curiously regarding CHAMBERLAIN discoursing on the Eight Hours Bill, "whom JOE meant by his reference at Birmingham on Saturday night to 'the funny man of the House of Commons,'—A man who has a natural taste for buffoonery, which he has cultivated with great art, who has a hatred of every Government and all kinds of restraint, and especially, of course, of the Government that happens to be in office. Couldn't be HENEAGE, and I don't suppose he had JESSE in his mind at the moment. Pity a man can't make his points clearly. JOE used to be lucid enough. But he's falling off now in that as in other matters. Made me rub my eyes when I read his remarks about House of Lords, and remembered what he used to say on subject when he and I ran together. Certainly JOE is a man of courage. There are topics he might, with memory of past speeches, easily avoid or circumnavigate. But he goes straight at 'em, whether fence or ditch, takes them at a stride regardless of his former self, splashed with mud in the jump, or smitten with the horse's hoof. Makes me quite sentimental when I sit and listen to him, and recall days that are no more. Mrs. Gummiidge thinking of the Old 'Un is nothing to me thinking of the Young 'Un who came up from Birmingham in 1876, and who from '80 to '85 walked hand in hand with me.

We were patriots together.—Ah! placeman and peer
Are the patrons who smile on your labours to-day;
And Lords of the Treasury lustily cheer
Whatever you do and whatever you say.
Go, pocket, my JOSEPH, as much as you will,
The times are quite altered we very well know;
But will you not, will you not, talk to us still,
As you talked to us once long ago, long ago?

We were patriots together!—I know you will think
Of the cobbler's caresses, the coalheaver's cries,
Of the stones that we throw, and the toasts that we drink
Of our pamphlets and pledges, our libels and lies!
When the truth shall awake, and the country and town
Be heartily weary of BALFOUR & Co.,
My JOSEPH, hark back to the Radical frown,
Let us be what we were, long ago, long ago!"

"Bless me," I cried, "how beautiful! I didn't know that, among your many accomplishments, you were given to dropping into poetry."

"Tut, tut!" said the SAGE, blushing, "it isn't all my own; written years ago by MACKWORTH PRAED, about JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE. I've only brought it up to date."

Business done.—Eight Hours' Bill thrown out on a Division.

Thursday.—Private O'GRADY, of the Welsh Fusiliers, the hero of the hour. His annals short and simple. Got up early in the morning of St. Patrick's Day; provided himself with handful of shamrock, which he stuck in his glengarry. (Note.—O'GRADY, an Irishman, belongs to a Welsh Regiment, and, to complete the pickle, wears a Scotch cap.) The ignorant Saxon officer in command observing the patriot muster with what he, all unconscious of St. Patrick's Day, thought was "a handful of greens" in his cap, instructed the non-commissioned officer to order him to take it out.

"I won't do't," said gallant Private O'GRADY, the hot Celtie blood swiftly brought to boiling pitch by this insult to St. Patrick.

Irish Members vociferously cheered when STANHOPE read the passage from Colonel's report. Another non-commissioned officer advancing from the rear, repeated order.

"I won't do't!" roared the implacable Private O'GRADY.

Once more the Irish Members burst into cheering, whilst a soldier in uniform in Strangers' Gallery looked on and listened. Would like to hear his account of scene confided to comrades in privacy of barrack-room.

When STANHOPE finished reading report of officer commanding battalion, Irish Members leaped to their feet in body, each anxious to stand shoulder to shoulder with Private O'GRADY defying the Saxon. NOLAN, who had set ball rolling, might have got in first, but was so excited as to be momentarily speechless; could only paw at the air in direction of Treasury Bench where STANHOPE sat, PAT O'BRIEN, ARTHUR O'CONNOR, the wily WEBB, and the flaccid FLYNN, all shouting together. But SEXTON beat them all, and will duly figure in Parliamentary Report as Vindicator of Nationality, Defender of St. Patrick, and Patron of Private O'GRADY.

"There's nothing new about Ireland," said POTALLOCH, talking

the matter over later in the Lobby. "Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen. Where they punish T. O'GRADY for the wearing of the Green."

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill read Second Time.

Friday Night.—House behaved nobly to-night; FENWICK brought forward Motion proposing payment of Members. House arbiter of situation; might have voted itself anything a year it pleased. Only say the word, and JOKIM would have been bound to find the money. Members flocked down in large numbers; CAMPBELL-

BANNERMAN, seated on Front Opposition Bench, declares he could distinctly hear smacking of lips of Hon. Members below Gangway when FENWICK observed he thought £365 a year would be reasonable allowance. However insidious temptation may have been, it was nobly resisted. Of nearly 400 Members who took part in Division, only 162 reached out their hand for the pittance, 227 lofty souls going into other Lobby.

Business done.—Private Bill Procedure Bill brought in.

VERY ORCHID!

["The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that the life of a Peer is not a happy one."—Mr. Chamberlain, before the Jewellers' and Silversmiths' Association at Birmingham.]

THE Orchid is a thoughtful plant—it loves the lordly hot-house, And naturally reprobates poor gilliflowers as "pot-house;" 'Tis rich, exotic, somewhat miscellaneously florid; The rough herbaceous annuals it vulgar deems, and horrid.

With all that's forced and precious it should fraternise in reason,
With luscious fruits and rarest roots, and produce out of season;
It may perhaps at primroses a condescending hand point; [point.
It might be friends with stocks—but from a pure commercial stand-

And yet—it is a thoughtful plant—though such a growth fastidious,
The proud but simple strawberry still seems to it invidious;
Those ducal leaves that shine and twine around the nation's garden,
It fancies more delectable than all the blooms of Hawarden.

This orchid's bosom bleeds to feel that, while he flaunts in colour,
The chaplet of the strawberry should duller pine and duller,
That obsolescence, though delayed, should still be on the tapis,
That, pending its extinction, its existence isn't happy.

O courtly leaves of strawberries, old England's grace and glory,
Emblazoned o'er the castle-keeps that moulder high and hoary,
What comfort for your drooping days, what balm in dire dejection,
That yonder orchid spruce extends his shelter and protection.

But, garland sere of Vere de Vere, wan ornaments of Fable,
The orchid is a thoughtful plant, and likes a gorgeous table;
And, should from out your coronals one berry bright be shining,
His patronage may snap it up—to save it from declining!

BOAT-RACE DAY.

The Reader will kindly imagine that he has crossed Hammersmith Bridge, and is being carried along by a jostling stream of sight-seers towards Mortlake. The banks are already occupied—although it still wants half an hour to the time fixed for the start—by a triple row of the more patient and prudent spectators. On the left of the path, various more or less Shady Characters have established their “pitches,” and are doing their best to beguile the unsophisticated.

First Shady Character (presiding over a particoloured roulette board with a revolving and not unmanageable index). Three to one any colour you like! Fairest game in the world! I’m a backin’! I’m a layin’... Pop it on, you sportsmen! (Two Sportsmen—a couple of shop-boys—“pop it on,” in coppers.) Yaller was your colour—and it is a yaller cap, sure enough! I’m a payin’ this time. Try it again! (They do.) Blue’s your fancy this turn, my lord. And green it is! Good ole Hireland for ever! Twenty can play at this game as well as one! Don’t be afraid o’ yer luck—ave another go. Red did you put your coppers on? And it’s yaller again—and you lose! (The Sportsmen pass on—with empty pockets.) Fairest game in the world!

Second S. C. (who has been conducting a Confidence Auction from a barrow and egg-box). Well, I ‘ope you’re all satisfied, and if you ain’t—(candidly)—it don’t make no bloomin’ difference to me, for I’m orf—these premises is comin’ down fur alterations.

[He gets off the barrow, shoulders the egg-box, and departs in search of fresh dupes.]

A Vendor. Now all you who are fond of a bit o’ fun and amusement, jest you stop and invest a penny in this little article I am now about to introduce to your notice, warranted to make yer proficient in the ‘ole art and practice of Photography in the small space of five seconds and a arf—and I think you’ll agree with me as it ain’t possible to become an expert photographer at a smaller expense than the sum of one penny. ‘Ere I ‘old in my ‘and a simple little machine, consistin’ of a small sheet of glass in a gilt frame. I’ve been vaccinated five ‘underd-and-forty-one times, never been bit by a mad dog in my life, and all these articles have been thoroughly fumigated before leaving the factory, therefore you’ll agree with me you needn’t be afraid o’ catchin’ the Infloenza. They tell me it’s nearly died out now—and no wonder, with everythink a cure for it—but this article is a certain remedy. All you’ve got to do is to bite off a corner of the glass, takin’ care to be near a public ‘ouse at the time, chew the glass into small fragments, enter the public ‘ouse, call for a pot o’ four ale, and drink it orf quick. It operates in this way—the minoot portions of the glass git between the jaws of the microbe, preventin’ ‘im from closin’ ‘is mouth, and thereby enablin’ you to suffocate ‘im with the four ale. (To the Reader.) Will you allow me to show you how this little invention takes a photograph, Sir? kindly ‘old it in your ‘and, breathe on it, and look steadily on the plate for the space of a few seconds. (All of which the Reader, being the soul of courtesy, obligingly does—and is immediately rewarded by observing the outline of a donkey’s head produced upon the glass.) Now if you’ll ‘and that round, Sir, to allow the company to judge whether it ain’t a correct likeness—

[But here the Reader will probably prefer to pass on.] Third S. C. (who is crouching on ground by a tin case, half covered with a rug, and yelling). Ow-ow-ow-ow!... Come an’ see the wonderful little popsy-wopsy Marmoset, what kin tork five lengwidges, walk round, shake ‘ands, tell yer ‘is buthday, ‘is per-aise age, and where he was keptured!

[Crowd collects to inspect this zoological phenomenon, which—as soon as an inconvenient Constable is out of hearing—reveals itself as an illicit lottery. Speculators purchase numbered tickets, freely; balls are shaken up in the tin box—and the popsy-wopsy invariably gets distinctly the best of it.]

Fourth S. C. (an extremely disreputable-looking old gentleman, with a cunningly curled piece of tape on a board). ‘Ere, I’m ole BILLY FAIRPLAY, I am! Come an’ try yer fortins at little ‘Ide an’ Find! Arf a crown yer don’t prick the middle o’ this bit o’ tape.

Bet arf a crown, to win five shillin’s! (A school-boy sees his way to doubling his last tip, and speculates.) Wrong agin, my boy! It’s ole BILLY FAIRPLAY’S luck—for once in a way!

[The School-boy departs, saddened by this most unexpected result.]

Fifth S. C. (a fat, fair man, with an impudent frog-face, who is trying desperately hard to take in a sceptical crowd with the too familiar purse-trick). Now look ‘ere, I don’t mind tellin’ yer all, fair an’ frank, I’m ‘ere to get a bit, if I can; but, if you kin ketch me on my merits, why, I shan’t grumble—I’ll promise yer that much! Well, now—(to a stolid and respectable young Clerk)—jest to show you don’t know me, and I don’t know you—(he throws three half-crowns into the purse). There, ‘old that for me. Shut it. (The Clerk does so, grinning.) Thank you—you’re a gentleman, though you mayn’t look like it—but perhaps you’re one in disguise. Now gimme ‘arf a crown for it. Yer won’t? Any one gimme arf a crown for it? Why—(unprintable language)—if ever I see sech a blanky lot o’ mugs in my life! ‘Ere, I’ll try yer once more! (He does.) Now co’ll gimme arf a crown for it? (To a Genteel On-

looker, with an eyeglass, who has made an audible comment.) “See ‘ow it’s done!” So yer orter, with a glazier’s shop where yer eye orter be! Well, if anyone had ‘a told me I should stand ‘ere, on Boat-Race Day too, orferin’ six bob for arf a crown, and no one with the ordinary pluck an’ straightforwardness to take me at my word, I’d have suspected that man of tellin’ me a untruth! (To a simple-looking spectator.) Will you ‘old this purse for me? Yer will? Well, I like the manly way yer speak up! (Here the Gent. Onl., observing a seedy man slinking about outside, warns the company to “mind their pockets”—which excites the Purse-seller’s just indignation.) “‘Ere!—(to the G. O.)—you take your ‘ook! I’ve ‘ad enough o’ you, I ‘ave. You’re a bloomin’ sight too officious, you are! Not much in your pockets to mind—sept the key o’ the street, and a ticket o’ leave, I’ll lay! If you can’t beyave as a Gentleman among Gentlemen, go ‘ome to where you ‘ad your ‘air cut last—to Pentonville! (The G. O. retires.) There, we shall get along better without ‘im. ‘Ow long are you goin’ to keep me ‘ere? Upon my word an’ honour, it’s enough to sicken a man to see what the world’s come to! Where’s yer courage? Where’s yer own common sense? Where’s your faith in ‘uman nature? What do yer expect? (Scathingly.) Want me to wrop it up in a porcel, and send it ‘ome for yer? Is that what yer waitin’ for! Dammy, if this goes on, I shall git wild, and take and give the bloomin’ purse a bath! (The Simple Spectator feels in his pockets—evidently for a half-crown.) ‘Ere, you look more intelligent than the rest—I’ll try yer jest this once. Jest to show yer don’t know me, and— (Shouts of “They’re off! They’re coming!” from the bank; the Purse-seller’s audience suddenly melts away, leaving him alone with the Seedy Slinker.) ‘Ere, JIM, we may as well turn it up. ‘Ere come them blanky boats!

A Juvenile Plunger (with rather a complicated book on the event). If Oxford wins, I’ve got ter ‘im, and if Kimebridge wins, you’ve got ter git

git a penny out of a penny outer me!

Crowd (as the Crews flash by). Go it, Oxford! Ox—ford! No, Kimebridge! Well rowed, Kimebridge!... Oxford wins! No, it don’t. I’ll lay it don’t! Splendid ryein’. Which on ‘em was Oxford? The inside one. No, it worn’t—they was outside. Well, Oxford was leadin’, anyway!... There, that’s all over till next year! Not much to come out for, either—on’y just see ‘em for a second or so. Oh, I come out for the lark of it, I do... There goes the pidgins orf... We shan’t be long knowin’ now... ‘Ere’s the Press Boat comin’ back... There, wot did I tell yer, now? Well, they didn’t orter ha’ won, that’s all—the others was the best crew... ‘Ere they are, all together on the launch, d’ye see? Seem friendly enough, too, considerin’ torkin’ to each other and all. Lor, they wouldn’t bear no malice now it’s over!

[Crowd disperse, and patronise “Popsy Wopsy,” the Roulette, Ole Billy Fairplay, &c., &c., with renewed zeal.]

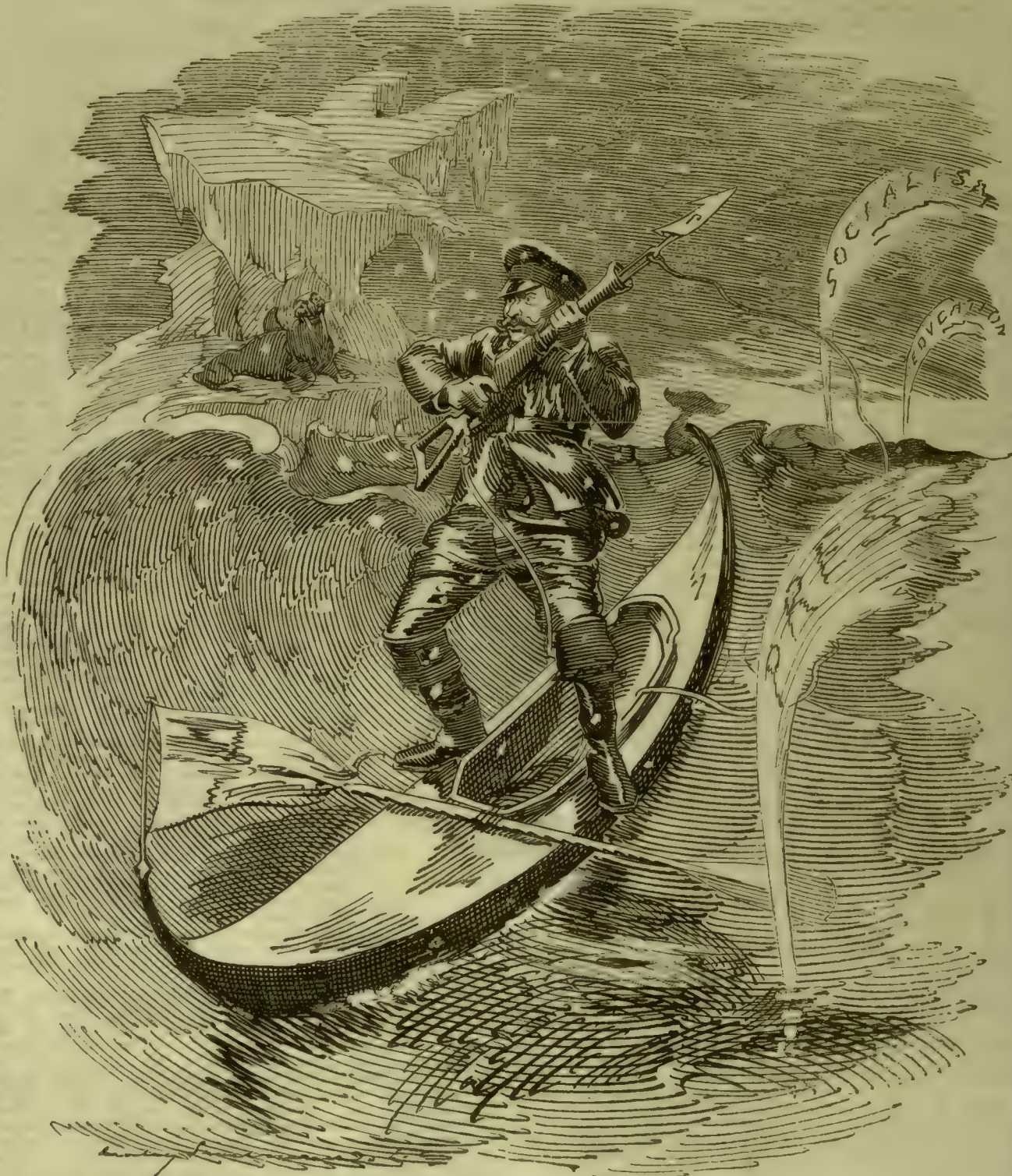
Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM is staying with her niece in the country. She is much delighted with the rich colour of the spring bulbs, and says she at last understands the meaning of “as rich as Crocus.”



“I’m ole Billy Fairplay, I am!”

WILLIAM THE WHALER, AND HIS GREAT LONE WHALING EXPEDITION.

MODERN IMPERIAL GERMAN VERSION. (BY BIZZY THE PILOT.)

[“The arrangements for the German Emperor's Whale-hunting excursion have been made.”—*The Times*.]

'Twas arter he'd got rid o' Me,
 Brave boys.
 When WILL-I-AM he did sa-a-a-ail,
 In a bit of a boat
 Which would scarcely float,
 And he went for to catch a Whale,
 Brave boys!
 All alone for to catch a Whale.

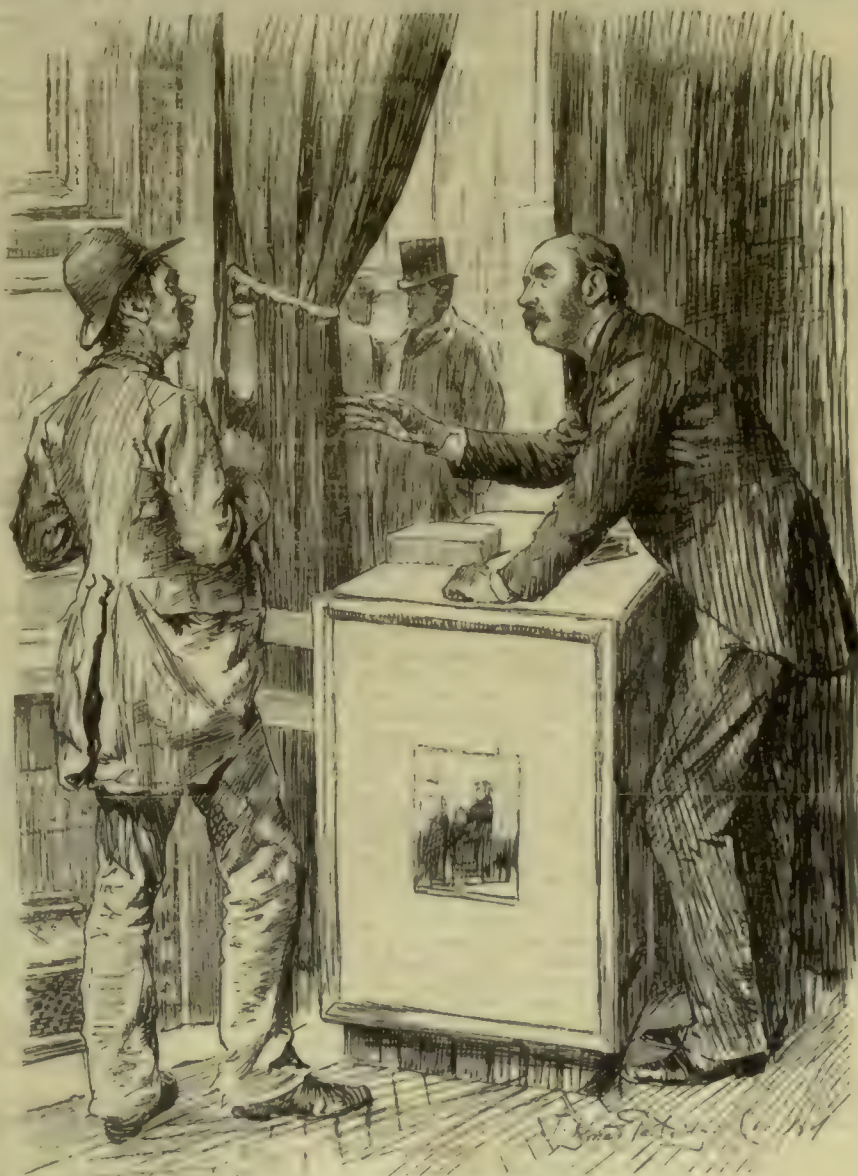
His Sire and his Grandsire trusted Me,
 Brave boys!
 Who was never known for to fa-a-a-il;
 But he thought he knew
 More than Cap'en and crew,
 In the matter o' catching a Whale,
 Brave boys!
 In the matter o' catching a Whale.

He'd inwented a new harpoon,
 Brave boys
 As was shaped on a whoppingish sca-a-a-le
 And he thought with delight,
 (The "magnanimous" mite!
 He was going to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 He made cocksure o' catching that Whale!

There were several Whales about,
 Brave boys!
 Here and there a twitching a ta-a-a-il;
 And he thinks, thinks he,
 "I will catch all three,
 But pertikler that big black Whale,
 Brave boys!
 Most pertikler that big black Whale."
 Enraptured with his bit of a boat,
 Brave boys!
 He set forth to sea in a g-a-a-a-le;
 Which was altogether
 The wrong sort o' weather
 For a novice to capture a Whale,
 Brave boys!
 A mere nipper for to capture a Whale.
 I gives him the best of advice,
 Brave boys!
 For I knowed he was bound for to fa-a-a-il;
 But he ups, and he offs,
 And he snubs me, and he scoffs
 At the notion of a-missing that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 The mere notion of *not* catching that Whale.
 And he bobbles about on the waves,
 Brave boys!
 And his stout heart doth not qua-a-a-a-il;
 He's a foolish little chuk,
 But he's got a lot o' pluck,
 Still, he will not catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 He ain't going for to catch that Whale.
 There was three whopping Whales in the
 offing,
 Brave boys!
 And them he did loudly h-a-a-a-il;
 But to such a voice as his'n
 They worn't a-going to listen,
 Especially that big black Whale,
 Brave boys!
 Most especially that big black Whale.
 He crept up with his big harpoon,
 Brave boys!
 That monster to impa-a-a-ale,
 And stubbornly he kep' on
 A hurling of his weapon,
 Till he managed to hit that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 He managed to prick that Whale.
 Then he thought he'd done a mighty clever
 thing,
 Brave boys!
 But the Whale gave a fwisk! with his
 ta-a-a-a-il,
 And then vanished from his view,
 With the harpoon wot he threw,
 And WILL-I-AM nearly followed that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 Wos werry near to following that Whale:
 Then WILL-I-AM the Whaler looked dum-
 foozled,
 Brave boys!
 And I sings out—a being within ha-a-a-a-il—
 "I told you, noble Cap'n,
 Exactly wot would happen!"
 So—he didn't catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 No—he never caught that Whale!

"NAMES AND THEIR MEANING."—*A propos* of some correspondence in the *Morning Post* under the above heading, we would ask, Why not make the Second Chief Commissioner for the Behring Straits Difficulty, Mr. SEALE HAYNE, M.P., with Lord SAY AND SELE to speak on the subject, and then sign the official documents?

MRS. R. has heard much lately about the "Sandringham Stud" and the "St. Andrews Links," both of which, she understands, are very large. She can't make out how gentlemen prefer them to nice, neat little shirt-buttons!



A BROTHER PASTELLIST.

[Messrs. GOUFIL admit Artists and Students free to Mr. WHISTLER's Exhibition.]

Gatekeeper (stopping squalid Stranger). "NOW THEN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

S. S. "COME TO SEE JIMMY'S SHOW." Gatekeeper. "ONE SHILLING, PLEASE!"

S. S. "NOT ME! I'M A ARTIST—CORNER O' BAKER STREET—CHALKS. LE'MME THROUGH!"

[Chucked!]

"Signs" of the Times.

["He was brought up to speak in the antestumping era."—Lord Rosebery on Lord Granville.]

You do well, my dear Lord, to spread GRANVILLE'S renown.

Knightly, loyal, and courteous to monarch or clown,

He had pluck, and swift speech, though no mere Party Pump.

To our late platform level he hardly worked down;

But the popular sign of his day was "The Crown,"

Of ours 'tis "The Magpie and Stump."

A PROPHECY AS TO THE U. B. R.

WHEN the Eights are reaching Chiswick,
 One will give the other physick.

TWO DROMIOS.—One day last week at Highgate, a certain or uncertain WILLIAM PEA, horsedealer, was summoned by the Police for furious driving. The Police knew him well by sight, but not well enough, as he clearly proved what Mr. Weller Senior called "a alleybi." Evidently Mr. PEA has a double, and "as like as two Peas" is peculiarly applicable in this case. For if the other one isn't a Pea, he has been taken for one by the Pee-lers.

QUESTION OF POLITENESS.—Except in the case of a man's father having been "a big gun" at any time, to call anyone "a Son of a Gun," has hitherto been considered a gross insult. Is it equally insulting to speak of a Lady as "a Daughter of a Canon?"

AN EMPTY TRIUMPH.

(A Story of Show Sunday.)

It was Show Sunday; lovers of Art were streaming in and out of every Studio they could hunt up, fired with a laudable ambition to break the record by the number they visited in the hours between luncheon and dusk.

The residence of so rising a painter as TINTORETTO TICKLER was naturally a place in which no person of any self-respect would



neglect to be seen; and on this particular afternoon the entrance-hall, sitting-rooms, and studio were simply choked with an eager throng of friends, acquaintances, and utter strangers; for TINTORETTO's lavish hospitality was well known, and no expense had been spared to give his guests as favourable an impression of his talent as possible. A couple of knights, clad in complete steel—the local greengrocer

and an Italian model—took the guests' hats, and announced their names; there were daffodils and azaleas in profusion; the Red Roumanians performed national airs in the studio-gallery; Italian mandolinists sang and strummed on the staircase, and, in the dining-room, trim maid-servants, in becoming white caps and streamers, dispensed coffee, claret-cup, and ices to a swarm of well-conducted social locusts.

Just outside his painting-room stood TINTORETTO TICKLER, at the receipt of compliment, which was abundantly and cheerfully paid. Indeed, the torrent of congratulation and delicately-expressed eulogy was almost overwhelming. One lovely and enthusiastic person told him that the sight of his "*Dryad Disturbing a Beanfeast*" had just marked an epoch in her mental development, and that she considered it quite the supreme achievement of the Art of the Century. A ponderous man in spectacles, whom TICKLER had no recollection of having ever met before in his life, encouraged him by his solemn assurance that his "*Jews Sitting in a Dentist's Waiting-room, in the reign of King John*," was perfectly marvellous in its realism and historical accuracy, and that it ought to become the property of the Nation; while an elderly lady, in furs and a crimped front, declared that the pathos of his nursery subject—a child endeavouring to induce a mechanical rabbit to share its bread-and-milk—was sending her home with tears in her eyes. Some talked learnedly of his "values," his "atmosphere," and the subtlety of his modelling; all agreed that he had surpassed himself and every living artist by his last year's work, and no one made any mistake about the nature of his subjects, perhaps because—in consideration for the necessities of the British Art-patron—they had been fully announced and described in the artistic notes of several Sunday papers.

When they got outside, it is true, their enthusiasm slightly evaporated; TICKLER was going off, he was repeating himself, he had nothing that was likely to produce a sensation this year, and most of his pictures would probably never be seen again.

As, however, these last remarks were not made in TINTORETTO's presence, it might have been thought that the unmistakable evidences of his success which he did hear would have rendered him a proud and happy painter,—but if he was, all that can be said was that he certainly did not look it. He accepted the most effusive tributes with the same ghastly and conventional smile; from feminine glances of unutterable gratitude and admiration he turned away with an inarticulate mumble and an averted eye; at times he almost seemed to be suppressing a squirm. If expression is any index to the thoughts, he was neither grateful nor gratified, and distinctly uncomfortable.

A painter-friend of his, who had been patiently watching his opportunity to get a word with him as he stood there exchanging handshakes, managed at last to get near enough for conversation.

"Very glad to find there's no truth in it!" he began, cordially.

"No truth in *what*!" said TICKLER, a little snappishly, for he was getting extremely fractious, "the compliments?"

"No, no, my dear boy. I mean in what a fellow told me outside just now—that some burglars broke into your studio last night, and carried off all your canvasses—a lie, of course!"

"Oh, *that*?" said TICKLER, "that's true enough—they left nothing behind 'em but the beastly frames!"

"Then what on earth—?" began the other, in perplexity, for another group was just coming up, beaming with an ecstasy that demanded the relief of instant expression.

"Well—er—fact is," explained poor TICKLER, in an undertone, "I *did* think of shutting the studio up and getting away somewhere—but my wife wouldn't hear of it, you know; said it would be such

a pity to have had all the expense and trouble for nothing, and didn't believe the mere absence of pictures would make any particular difference. And—er—I'm bound to say that, as you can see for yourself, it *hasn't*!"

And, even as he spoke, he had to resign himself once more to a farewell burst of positively fulsome appreciation.

THE KING AND THE CLOWN.

KING HERBERT CAMPBELL THE FIRST, and HARRY PAYNE, the Clown, were sitting together, quaffing, after hours, and when work was done, just as in the good old times was the wont of *The King and the Cobbler*, or *The King and the Miller*. To them entered a Constable, intent on duty, and no respecter of persons. Often had he seen the Clown maltreat a policeman on the stage, nay, had seen him unstuff him, cut his head off, and blow him limb from limb from a gun, and then put him together again; the only mistake being that the unfortunate official's head was turned the wrong way. So this Constable, too, looking backwards, as had done the poor pantomimic policeman, remembered all the slights, insults, and injuries, publicly inflicted on his cloth for many years, and now rejoiced—Ha! ha!—at last at having the Clown, the original JOEY, nay, the last of the JOEYS, in his grasp.

Poor KING HERBERT the Merry Monarch the Constable pitied, but still "constabulary duty must be done," as he had heard sung;



PAYNEFUL PROCEEDINGS; OR, AFTER THE PANTOMIME'S OVER.

[See Times Report, Friday last, April 1st, "All Fools' Day."]

and remembering that my Lord Chief Justice, in days gone by, had sent off the Heir Apparent to prison, so now he the Constable, in the name of the Law, would hale KING HERBERT before the Magistrate. So King and Clown were had up accordingly. Did the Clown whimper, and cry, "Oh, please, Sir, it wasn't me, Sir; it was t'other boy, Sir!" and did the good King prepare to meet his fate like a man? and was he ready to put his head cheerfully on the wig-block and declare with his latest breath (up to 12:55 P.M.) that in his closing hours he died for the benefit of the Public? We know not—except that both delinquents were let off—like squibs—and Mine Host, the Boniface, had to pay all the fines. He at all events had a Fine old time of it! *Sic transit!* So fitly ends the long run of a good Pantomime. *Finis coronat opus!*

The Volunteer Review at Dover.

General Idea of Officers in Command.—To make as few mistakes as possible in handling some thousands of imperfectly-drilled and entirely undisciplined bodies of men.

The same of the Rank and File.—To spend an annual holiday in marching and counter-marching, and then, after thirty miles of moving over a heavy country, to return to London dead beat.

EFFECTIVELY SETTLING IT.—A "par" in the *Daily Telegraph* last Friday informed us that "The Bishop of EXETER administered, yesterday, the rite of confirmation to thirty-eight patients of the Western Counties' Idiot Asylum at Starcross. This is the first time such a rite has been conferred upon inmates of this institution." Very hard on these inmates, as, previous to the ceremony there might have been some hope of their recovery; but now they have become "confirmed idiots."

ODE TO A GIRAFFE.

(On hearing that the Solitary Specimen at the Zoo had just died.)

So Death has paid the Zoo a call,
And claimed you for his own,
Who "neck or nothing" had been left
To bloom—and die—alone.
From far I gazed into your face,
I did not know your name,
You looked uncomfortable, but
I loved you all the same.



Your neck was just a
trifle long,
I think you must
confess,
I've often thought if,
as a fact,
You could have done
with less.
But we must take you
all in all, [pain
And so I hear with
That probably we shall
not look
Upon your like again.

I could have spared a buffalo
Or elephant with ease,
An armadillo, or a bear,
A dozen chimpanzees.
When *Jumbo* left for foreign skies,
I did not shed a tear,
For though his *Alice* mourned his loss,
I knew that you were here.
You've gone to heaven, if that's where
The good giraffes all go.

I wonder if you'll ever see
What happens down below.
I hope, for your own comfort, not,
But, if you ever do,
Please recognise me as the Man
Who sadly haunts the Zoo.

THE POET AND THE SONGS.

I HAD a thought, a dainty thought,
A quaint and cunning fancy,
I said, "A theme with humour fraught
Within my grasp I can see.
This thought will work into a set
Of verses fit for singing."
A voice rasped, "Oh, a deal o' wet!"
And off that thought went winging.



And once again
that thought
returned,
With yet
more bright-
ness on it—
This time with
the desire I
burned
To weave it
in a sonnet.
I'd get an artist
chum to do
The subject in a rare cut.
Alas! before 'twas grasped it flew,
Alarmed by, "Git yer 'air cut!"
I strayed in silent solitude
That lost thought to recover,
And, as my journey I pursued,
'Twould still around me hover.

Almost I grasped, one fatal day,
That fancy, quaint and clever,
A cad shrieked, "Tara-boom-de-ay!"
And off it flew—for ever!

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

WHAT a shocking state of things,
Oh, my goodness, Mrs. GRUNDY!
There's a man that plays and sings
In a Blackpool hall on Sunday!

Oh, what wicked-
ness, oh, dear!
Sunday music!
What a scandal!
Folks might even go
and hear
Things by HAYDN
or by HANDEL!

Rush and find some
obsolete
Act of wise and
pious GEORGES,
Which will help us
to defeat
Such abominable
orgies!

But here's worse news, I declare;
Gracious patience, Mrs. GRUNDY!
Eastbourne people cannot bear
Nice Salvation bands on Sunday!

Acts, not words, again we need,
Just to show them they are silly.
Sunday Music stopped? Indeed,
They must like it, willy nilly!



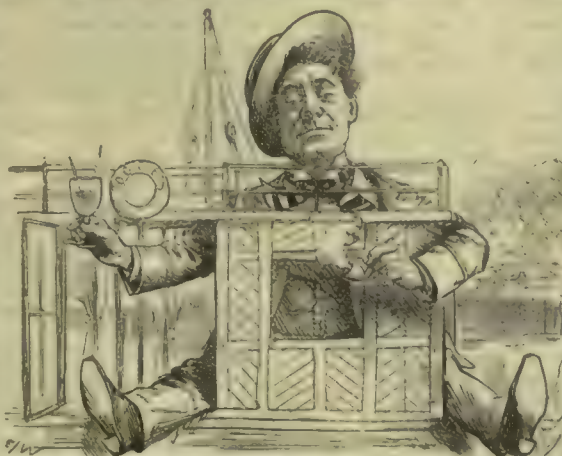
THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS COMMISSION.

(A Matinée, by Our Own Reporter.)

IN reply to Mr. WOODALL, Mr. J. L. TOOLE said he was happy to come there. Name is JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE? Yes. "JACK with my familiars,"—hem!—SHAKESPEARE. Being in Witness-box,—JACK in the Box. What he would take? Nothing, thanks, not even his oath. He was quite prepared to kiss the book—in the absence of the belle. Little joke that—has heard of "bell, book, and candle." Couldn't bring the candle in,—would if he could, though, just to—ahem!—make it a light entertainment. Would they excuse his glove? What did they want to know? Whether the sanitary arrangements at his Theatre were good? Rather—he could only say they were "fust-rate." A 1, in fact, like the performance. The house held over two thousand pounds, and was crowded nightly to see *Walker, London*. Did he consider the structure safe? Of course he did—safe as Houses—that is, safe as his houses for *Walker, London* were going to be for the next three years and a half, when his tenancy would expire, and he should then be in the Army. Did the Committee want to know how it was that he would be in the Army? He'd tell them; because, when he gave up that Theatre, he would be a "Left Tenant." Not bad that, for a beginner. We're a getting on, we are. As to ventilation—well, he couldn't have too much ventilation for *Walker, London*. He should like it aired everywhere. Then the Committee might take it that he was satisfied with the structure? Well—if they put it in that way—yes—he thought the structure a bit faulty—but what's the odds as long as the public like the piece? He didn't consider *Walker, London*, a model of dramatic construction, but he looked upon the House Boat built on the stage as quite a model of construction; the end of the piece was a bit hazy, and he didn't yet know why everybody allowed him to go off with the punt, which they wouldn't get back, unless his friend, Mr. SHELTON, who was splendidly made up as a riverside boatman, brought it back, and, begging the Committee's pardon if they'd excuse his glove, he couldn't tell; not that it was a secret, because the clever author, a very nice retiring chap

called BARRIE, hadn't confided it to him,—but—what was he saying?—oh, yes—he couldn't tell how it was all the characters on board didn't see ELIZA JOHNSON as *Sarah* in the punt. But as *Walker* says, "Oh, that's nothing! that's nothing!" The Chairman wished to know if there is an egress at the back of the Theatre? He (Mr. TOOLE) did not remember ever having seen a negress there. There were two beautiful young ladies—Miss IRENE VANBRUGH and Miss MARY ANSELL—now playing, and, he might say it who shouldn't, playing charmingly in *Walker, London*. The Chairman didn't mean that. No? But he (Mr. TOOLE) did, and he might add, though "it was nothing, a mere nothing," that the performance of his three young men—Mr. C. M. LOWNE, as the sensible lover; Mr. SEYMOUR

HICKS, as the young medical student; and Mr. CECIL RAMSEY, as "W. G.," a youthful athlete, was admirable. They were all in *Walker, London*. In reply to Mr. T. H. BOLTON, who wished to know if the Witness considered his Theatre a substantial edifice, Mr. TOOLE said that he certainly did, because, you see, the Theatre would never go to pieces as long as the pieces went to the Theatre, and as long as it was supported by the public. Have I any complaint? Nothing to speak of, except a touch of gout. Oh, beg pardon, you meant complaint as to the Theatre? Oh, no, except it's not large enough to hold the millions who can't be crammed in nightly. Has an excellent Acting Manager in Mr. GEORGE LEE, and as to friend BRILLINGTON's stage-management of the House Boat (the scene, he might say, was painted by Mr. HARKER, a name



not unknown at the Mansion House), it is the best thing of the sort ever done. Any evening that Mr. PLUNKET, Mr. WOODALL, or Mr. BOLTON, or any other of the Honourable Gentlemen would like to look in and see *Walker, London*, they have only to send to the Box Office, or any of the Libraries, and book in advance—he couldn't say fairer than that—because it was advice that he always gave to "Friend IRVING," and which he had adopted. No more? Hope he doesn't intrude. Would the Committee excuse his glove? Yes? Then, remember, *Walker, London*.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE then hurried out. After his departure it was found that all the spectators had on their backs adhesive labels advertising *Walker, London*.



A WARNING.

Archie (to his Sister, who has been reading him Fairy Tales). "WON'T THERE BE A LOT OF US, IF NONE OF US GO AND GET MARRIED? WORSE THAN HOP O' MY THUMB!" *Sister. "YES; BUT YOU KNOW I MEAN TO BE MARRIED!"*
Archie. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'D GO AND LIVE ALONE WITH A MAN AFTER READING BLUEBEARD?"

A WAITING GAME.

WARY WILLIAM, *loquitur*:—

Drat that dog!

Dogs are mixed,—like men.

Few know how to jog:

Hasty tongue and pen,

Many a bungler bog,

Steady! I'll say when!

Lots of dogs I've bred,

Most want whip, a deal.

This one, be it said,

Is more hot than leal;

Wants to go ahead,

Hates to come to heel!

Skies are overcast;

Slowly comes the spring.

Quarry's tracked—at last,

Strong, though, on the wing.

Steady! Not so fast!

Waiting game's the thing.

'Tother WILLIAM's style

Rather spoiled this pup.

Steady! Wait awhile!

H-RC-RT's like a Krupp.

I can stroll, and smile—

Till the birds get up.

Half-bred dogs—well, well,

Mustn't talk like that!

Else they'll call me "swell."

Down! What are you at?

Scurry and pell-mell

Do not 'bell the cat.'

Sport is not a mere

Game of "Spill and pelt"

Patience! End is near.

Down! Brute wants a welt!

Modern breed runs queer;

That I long have felt.

'Tother WILLIAM snorts,

L-BBY only grins;

But at most all sports

It is judgment wins.

Breed, though, now consorts

With mongrels—for its sins!

Long the sport I've loved,

Mean to try again,

I should be reproved

Did I speak too plain:

But—are dogs improved

By that Irish strain?

Steady, my lad, steady!

Nearly slipped me then!

You're too hot and heady—

(Like no end of men!—)

Near!—but not quite ready.

Steady! I'll say when!

PRUDES AND NUDES.

[An "Officer of high rank" has written to *Truth*, complaining of the naked statues and pictures he saw at Londonderry House, at a sale on behalf of Irish Home Industries.]

ATTEND and hear the story of a most uncommon *militaire*,

Whom the sight of naked statues caused to tingle to his boots,

Who was seen to beat his breast, and (which was far more flat and silly) tear

His hair by blushing handfuls from its shocked and modest roots.

It was dreadful! There were Duchesses (Heav'n bless their handsome faces!)

And a host of pretty Countesses, and Maidens by the score,

And they sold some Irish Industries—embroideries and laces—

And MADGE described to AMY all the pretty frocks they wore.

But the statues and the paintings didn't seem at all to worry them,

Having work to do they did it just as quiet as a mouse,

Though this soldier took his daughter and his wife, and tried to hurry them

In the cause of outraged virtue far from Londonderry House.

So when next he goes where statues are, we'll do our best to hide them,

Since to prudes all things are prudish, lest his modesty take hurt.

Though some one else, perhaps, may write, and say he can't abide them,

When Apollo stands in trousers, or when Venus wears a skirt.

FROM ROBERT.—"Sir, I'm proud of my furrin co-profeshunal LHÉROT, the himminint Waiter, wot nobbled the bomb-ta-ra (hif I may so igsspress my sentimenx) waggybun, RAVACHOL. This Waiter is wot my french frend calls a 'Tray bong Gassong,' and the wunnerful manner the french Waiters has of carryin a tray loded with drinkabels is worthy of the hippythepp. He sez orlso has is name, hinsted of LHÉROT, ort to be andid down to posteritory as 'L'HÉROS'—wich word as rote down by hisself means 'The Hero.' He got a 1000 Franks, wich is rayther more nor wos ever got by one Bob."

VESTRYMEN CLIMBING DOWN.—Say the unfortunate Nonconformist Vestrymen of St. George's, Southwark,—“We won't pay the Rector's Rate; but we won't go to prison, at any rate.”



A WAITING GAME.

THE OLD KEEPER. "GENTLY! GENTLY!—MY BEAUTY! I'LL SAY 'WHEN'!"



REALLY PLEASANT!

SIX MILES FROM HOME, HORSE DEAD LAME, AWFULLY TENDER FEET, AND HORRIBLY TIGHT BOOTS.

MR. PUNCH'S BOAT-RACE NOVEL. STONYBROKE.

CHAPTER I.

It was the eve of the University Boat-Race. In the remote East the gorgeous August sun was sinking to his rest behind the purple clouds, gilding with his expiring rays the elevated battlements of Aginanwater Court, the ancestral seat of His Grace the Duke of AVADRYNKE, K.C.B., G.I.N., whose Norman features might have been observed convulsively pressed against the plate-glass window of his alabaster dining-hall. There was in the atmosphere a strange electric hush, scarcely broken by the myriad voices of hoarse betting-men, raucously roaring out the market odds of "Fifty to one. Oxbridge!" or "Two ponies to a thick 'un, Camford!" Well would it have been for the Duke of AVADRYNKE had he never offered the hospitality of his famous river-side residence to the Oxbridge Crew. But the Duke had the courage of his ancient boating-race whose banner waved proudly upon the topmost turret, bearing upon its crimson folds the proud family motto, "*Dum Vivo Bibo*."

And the sun went down, and within Aginanwater Court the sounds of wild revelry shook the massive beams.

CHAPTER II.

THE Oxbridge Crew still sat in the marble supper-room, amid the *débris* of the feast that the Duke's Seneschal had laid out for them. The floor was paved with Magnums and Maximums of the best Heidansekerer champagne, most of them as empty as the foolish head of the Duchess of AVADRYNKE, which was at that moment reposing upon the brawny chest of Lord PODOPHLIN, the celebrated No. 5 of the Oxbridge Crew. On a raised dais at the end of the room the ladies of the Tarara *corps de ballet* were performing the final steps of the Sinuous Shadow-dance, specially dedicated to the Oxbridge Crew by the *chef d'orchestre* of Tarara's Halls.

"May I be jiggered," observed the Oxbridge President, Sir WELFORD LONGSTROKE, as he selected his fourth regalia from the Duke's pearl-encrusted box, and lit it with all the *abandon* of a Society darling, "may I be jiggered if this is not ripping! What say you?" he continued, addressing young PULYER WRIGHT, the Coxswain, and tossing him playfully four times to the rafters

ceiling—"shall we not beat the dastard foe from Camford to-morrow?" A roar of applause sprang from the smoking mouths of his seven companions.

But at this moment the Duchess of AVADRYNKE and Lord PODOPHLIN rose unobserved and quitted the room. In another minute the sound of hurrying wheels, gradually growing fainter in the distance, was heard by no one in the avenue. And the dance went on, and revelry rose to its maddest pitch. But no one, who, as has been recorded above, had heard the sound of the wheels, gave a thought to the Duke of AVADRYNKE, as he sat tearing his hair in the violet bedroom, having learnt from the faithful Seneschal the terrible news of the Duchess's elopement with the heir to the house of PODOPHLIN.

CHAPTER III.

THE morn of the race dawned clear and sparkling. Far as the eye could reach, the banks of the river were rich with Millions, and firm enough to bear any run upon them however heavy. But Sir WELFORD LONGSTROKE was ill at ease. His No. 5 had fled leaving no trace, and he had no one to fill the vacancy. He looked the very model of an aquatic hero. His broad chest was loosely clad in a pair of blue satin shorts, and his fair hair fell in waving masses over his muscular back. His thoughts were bitter. The Camford crew had started on the race some ten minutes ago, and the Oxbridge craft still waited idly in the docks for want of a No. 5.

"Surely," Sir WELFORD thought to himself, "PODOPHLIN might have postponed the elopement for one day." A confused noise interrupted his meditations. Some ten yards from him a man roughly clad, but with the immense muscular development of the Arri Furnese Apollo, was engaged in fighting three bargees at once. As Sir WELFORD stepped forward, this individual struck a terrible blow. His ponderous fist, urged by the force of a thirty-inch biceps, crashed through the chest of his first foe, severed the head of the second from his body, and struck the third, a tall man, full in the midriff, propelling him through the air into the middle of the river.

"That's enough for one day," he said, as with an air of haughty melancholy he removed his clay-pipe from his mouth. His face seemed familiar to Sir WELFORD. Who could he be? All doubt was removed when he advanced, grasped Sir WELFORD by the hand, and, in tones broken with emotion, said, "Don't you recognise me? I am your old College chum, Viscount STONYBROKE."

CHAPTER IV.

"SAVED! Saved!" shouted Sir WELFORD, joyously—"there is yet time!" Then, rushing into rhyme, he asked, "Will you row in the race, In PODOPHLIN's place?"

"Will I row in the race?" repeated Lord STONYBROKE—"just won't I!" And, without removing his hobnails, or his corduroys, he sprang lightly into the Oxbridge racing-boat. The rest is soon told. In less time than it takes to narrate

the story, the Camford lead was wiped out. The exertion proved too much for seven men in the Oxbridge Crew, but the gigantic strength of the eighth, Lord STONYBROKE, was sufficient of itself to win the race by fifty lengths.

And that night, when the Prime Minister handed to him the reward of victory in the shape of a massive



Touching Finale.

gold dessert service, he was also able to announce that the STONYBROKE estates and the STONYBROKE title had been, by the Monarch's command, restored to their original possessor, as a reward of conspicuous valour and strength.

[THE END.]



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WAX-WORKS. THE CHIEF GROUPS.

Walt Whitman.

"THE good grey Poet" gone! Brave, hopeful WALT! He might not be a singer without fault, And his large rough-hewn rhythm did not chime With dulcet daintiness of time and rhyme. He was no neater than wide Nature's wild, More metrical than sea-winds. Culture's child, Lapped in luxurious laws of line and lilt, Shrank from him shuddering, who was roughly built As cyclopean temples. Yet there rang True music through his rhapsodies, as he sang Of brotherhood, and freedom, love and hope, With strong wide sympathy which dared to cope With all life's phases, and call nought unclean. Whilst hearts are generous, and whilst woods are green, He shall find hearers, who, in a slack time Of puny bards and pessimistic rhyme, Dared to bid men adventure and rejoice. His "yawp barbaric" was a human voice; The singer was a man. America Is poorer by a stalwart soul to-day, And may feel pride that she hath given birth To this stout laureate of old Mother Earth.

OUR CRICKETERS.—The English Cricketing Team came to the end of their Australian tour last week, where, under the leadership of Lord SHEFFIELD, out of twenty-six matches they won thirteen, lost two, and eleven were drawn. The Eleven of course were drawn over and over again, i.e., photographed. It will henceforth be a recommendation for any Cricketer to say he was out under this distinguished captaincy, as to this introduction the host will rejoice. "Ah, I know that man, he comes from SHEFFIELD." Not only were the English team successful playfully, but also artistically, as in every match they played with GRACE.

BRAWLING AT HOME AND ABROAD.—On the same day in the papers appeared accounts of brawling in a Church in Paris, where a free fight ensued and no police interfered, and of a row in a Church in London Road, when the police walked off with an anti-curate and put an end to the disturbance. Some things we do manage better in England.

COCKNEY CLASSICS.—Of the Guildhall Loan Collection, Mr. Deputy HORA is the Chairman. As a Deputy must be a representative officer—except, perhaps, in the case of a "Depitty Sawbones," vide Sam Weller—the temporary motto of the Deputy's Ward might well be, "*Hora pro nobis.*"



A NEW COMET.

["MR. DENNING, whose name is well known as a comet-finder, discovered a small FAINT Comet on Friday, March 18, at Bishopton, Bristol."—*Times.*]



HASTY!

Mary. "IF MISSUS DON'T WITHDRAW WHAT SHE HAS SAID TO ME, I SHALL LEAVE THE HOUSE!" Thomas. "WHAT DID SHE SAY!" Mary. "SHE SAID, 'I GIVE YOU A MONTH'S NOTICE!'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 28.—Strange sight witnessed in House to-night. Subject of Debate, Indian Council Bill; Benches nearly full. Pup and dog, I've known the House for nineteen years, and never before saw the like. Explanation not found in fact of CURZON making his maiden speech as Minister in charge of Bill, though that had some influence at outset. Able speech it proved, our newest Minister having the great gift of lucidity. It was later than that when House filled, nearly two hours later, for in meantime SCHWANN had delivered Address as long as the Ganges, and MACLEAN (who was waiting his turn to speak) says, nearly as muddy.

Curious how India seems to affect eminent orators, making them for the time pointless, dull, and above all, verbose. Probably no subject other than India could unite such galaxy of born orators and debaters. SWIFT MACNELL, RICHARD TEMPLE, SAMUEL SMITH, OCTAVIUS MORGAN, JULIUS ANNIBAL PICTON and SEYMOUR-KEAY—one followed the other as in a necklet of diamonds gem succeeds gem, till the wearied eyesight can scarce decide which is the more brilliant. SEYMOUR-KEAY was, indeed, too much for the SPEAKER, who thrice called him to order, the last time with stern voice and threatening brow that made SEYMOUR tremble from the altitude of his boot-heels.

It was none of these who filled the House with Members listening intently to a speech on internal affairs of India. It was Mr. G. who performed the miracle. No one expected to find him in this gallery; being there, the banks were rapidly crowded with a throng lost in admiration of his strong, swift, graceful stroke. Difficult to say which the most admirable, the lofty height, far above the littleness of Party conflict, from which he surveyed the topic, the charm of his language or the dexterity with which, without seeming to rebuke the follower who had moved the Amendment and the eminent men who were prepared to support it, he sustained the



Seymour-Keay.

Ministry in their effort to reconstruct the Indian Councils, and suggested that the Amendment should with all haste be put into the fire. Whilst SCHWANN appropriated an hour of the Sitting, and SEYMOUR-KEAY exceeded that time, twenty-five minutes served Mr. G. for a speech delivered without note, apparently without preparation, and which left nothing more to be said.

"Upon my word, Sir," I said, a little out of breath trying to keep pace with him running up the Duke of YORK's steps going home to dinner, "you grow younger every year, and, if I may say so, mellow."

"You certainly may say so, TOBY, if you like," he smilingly replied, "but the calendar says otherwise."

"What," I asked—

"What has the calendar to do
With Mr. G.? What Time's fruitless tooth
With gay immortals such as you,
Whose years but emphasise your youth?"

"Ah, I know that—with a slight difference. LOWELL wrote it to WENDEL HOLMES on his seventy-fifth birthday. I knew HOLMES too; he used to crow over me because he was just four months older, and yet, as he said, whilst I pleaded age as a reason why I could not visit the United States, he crossed the Atlantic at seventy-seven. Perhaps when I've got this Home-Rule question off my hands, I may find time to go to the United States."

"Yes," I said, "you'll be another year younger then, and more at leisure."

Business done.—Indian Council Bill read Second Time.

Tuesday.—Some sensation created at Morning Sitting by discovery of CUNINGHAME GRAHAM addressing House from Conserva-

tive Benches. There was a well-known Member of the Parliament of 1874 who hit upon new device for, as he reckoned, doubling his chance of catching SPEAKER's eye. Noted that SPEAKER called alternately upon Members from either side. If debate were opened from Opposition Benches, SPEAKER would next turn to other side of House, and call on Ministerialist. Happy thought occurred to our old friend. After rising several times from his seat below Gangway on Opposition Benches, and been passed over by SPEAKER in favour of another, he, whilst Member was speaking, crossed floor of House, and, when speech concluded, jumped up from other side. Being again ignored by the startled SPEAKER, went back to own place again to try his chances there. Don't remember that the manoeuvre was a success. Certainly not been generally adopted.

GRAHAM seems now to have resorted to it; or can it be the case that he, too, has joined "the Gentlemen of England"? House so agitated by this problem, that it quite loses thread of debate; a

thrilling discussion, to which FERGUSON contributed a luminous speech, upon the Telephone.

WILFRID LAWSON much interested in new development of affairs.

"The Government," he says, "if only with the instincts of self-preservation, should hasten the Dissolution. If they go on a little longer, no saying what they may come to, with JOE as their principal champion in town and country, with JOHN REDMOND as their favourite orator; led into the Lobby the other day by BURT against the Eight Hours Bill, they only want to recruit CUNINGHAME GRAHAM to their ranks to make the medley complete. If they go on another three months, we shall see them some Sunday following CUNINGHAME GRAHAM's red flag as he leads them to Trafalgar Square, there to be addressed by Alderman JOHN BURNS."

Business done.—Got into Committee on Civil Service Estimates.

Thursday.—Scotch Members made a night of it. Great muster of the Clans. Government have £265,000 to make over to Scotland in relief of Local Taxation and promotion of Education. Scotch Members don't object to the money, but take exception to its plan of distribution. Member after Member rises from Opposition Benches, biting at hand that proffers the boon. "Crude and wasteful," BUCHANAN calls this scheme, and Scotch Members lustily cheer.

A capital debate of its kind, but not picturesque; Benches empty, only the LORD-ADVOCATE on the Treasury Bench.

"I'll tell you how you can manage these fellows, my dear CASABIANCA," said JEMMY LOWTHER, crossing the Gangway, and seating himself for a moment by the solitary Minister.

"Beg your pardon, my name is PEARSON."

"Of course," said JEMMY, "I know very well; only a quotation; thinking of the Boy who stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled, doncha. Was going to tell you how you can get out of this trouble. Fellows opposite righteously indignant at your proposed disposition of money. Very well; you get up, say you're sorry to have offended; had no idea you'd made such a mistake; only atonement you can offer is to withdraw the proposed grant altogether. Then you'll see how they'll sit up."

"Excellent idea," said LORD-ADVOCATE. "Shall mention it to GOSCHEN when he comes back—if he ever does," he added with weary voice, looking down the deserted Bench. Scotch Members, all unconscious of JEMMY LOWTHER's machination, went on talking till midnight, when debate stood adjourned.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—In Committee of Supply; SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE thinks opportunity favourable for Prince ARTHUR to tell all he knows about Dissolution. Prince ARTHUR quite agreeable, but really knows nothing. Radicals look angry at being thus put off; show signs of intention to discuss the matter. Mr. G. interposes; makes one of his bland speeches; wouldn't press question now (a suggestion that pleases Ministers); by-and-by time will come, then we shall see; whereat SAGE and his friends brighten up; Mr. G. sits down having pleased everybody; storm blown off.

Curious to note the altered condition in atmosphere of House since Mr. G. came back. Turmoil stopped; restlessness soothed; Ministerial work goes on smoothly, whilst the GRAND OLD PACIFICATOR looks on benevolently.

"Yes," said PRINCE ARTHUR, uneasily, "this is all very well. He holds back the curs that would snap at our heels; but it's only because he, a wiliest tactician, knows that no practical advantage is to be gained from that kind of sport. Wait till he thinks the hour has struck, and you'll see he'll not only let slip the dogs of war, but lead the rush himself."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

REMBRANDT, TITIEN, VÉLASQUEZ, ET CIE.
WHISTLER, SUCCESSEUR.

Oh, what a catalogue! Whatever made you think
Numbers should mix in a way never seen?
3, that's a flood of milk, 20, a flood of ink,
Touching a gruel-like sea, that's 15.



Next time, to make a delightful variety,
Hang upside down all the works in your show,
Whilst, on their heads, the *élite* of Society,
Gasp, "*Fin de Siècle*, quite *chic*, don't you know!"

Why play such pranks to draw people who scoff?
It is
They to whose critical words you are deaf.
Though in your country you are not a prophet, is
This how you make one, that's spelt with an F?

Strange that the only kind critic you mention
Is French. He compares you with REMBRANDT & Co.;
His words seem the sole ones that claim your attention:
We'll end in his tongue, like the list of your show.

*Cher Monsieur VISTLAIRE, allez chez la nation
Voisine, et emportez ces œuvres "splendides,"
"Destinées à l'éternité des admirations,"
Ainsi que dit ce critique candide"*

WRESTLING WITH WHISTLERS.

(A Reminiscence of a Recent Exhibition.)

SCENE—The Goupil Gallery. Groups of more or less puzzled Britons discovered, conscientiously endeavouring to do justice to the Collection, having realised that Mr. WHISTLER's work is now considered entitled to serious consideration, but feeling themselves unable to get beyond a timid tolerance. In addition to these, there are Frank Philistines who are here with a fixed intention of being funny, Matrons with a strongly domesticated taste in Art, Serious Elderly Ladies, Literal Persons, &c., &c.

A Lady (after looking at a representation of Old Battersea Bridge—in the tone of a person who feels she is making a liberal concession). Well, do you know, I must say that isn't so bad. I shouldn't so much mind having that in the room, should you?

Her Companion (dubiously). Well, I don't know. He's put a steamer in. Should you think there were steamers in—a—(vaguely)—those days?

First Lady (evidently considering Mr. WHISTLER capable of any eccentricity). Oh, I don't suppose he would mind that much.

First Literal Person (coming to the portrait of Miss ALEXANDER). Well—(plaintively)—he might have put a nicer expression on the child!

Second Do. Do. Yes—very displeasing. (Refers to Catalogue.) Oh, I see it says—"It is simply a disagreeable presentment of a disagreeable young lady."

First Do. Do. (rejoicing that the painter has vindicated himself this time). Ah—that explains it, then. Of course if he meant it—!

A Serious Elderly Lady. There's one thing I must say I do like, my dear, and that's the way he puts down all the unfavourable criticisms on his pictures. So straightforward and honest of him, I call it.

Her Companion. Yes, but I expect he can't help seeing how right and sensible the critics are, you know. Still—(charitably)—it shows he would do better if he could!

An Advanced Nephew (who is endeavouring to convert a Philistine Uncle to the superiority of the Modern School). Now here, Uncle, look at this. Look at the way the figure looms out of the canvas, look at the learning in the simple sweep of the drapery, the drawing of it, and the masterly grace of the pose—you don't mean to tell me you don't call that a magnificent portrait?

His Uncle. Who's it of? That's what I want to know first. Nephew (coldly). You will find it in the Catalogue, no doubt—No. 41.

Uncle (looking it up). "Arrangement in Black. La Dame au Brodequin Jaune"—the lady in a yellow something or other. Tohah! And not a word to tell you who she's supposed to be? If I pay a shilling for a Catalogue, I expect to find information in it. And let me ask you—where's the interest in looking at a portrait when you're not told who it's intended for?

[The Nephew, not being prepared to answer this difficult query, leads his relative gently up to a "Nocturne in Opal and Silver." The Uncle conveys his opinion of it by a loud and expressive snort.

First Prosaic Person (before No. 28). Valparaiso, is it? (Hopefully.) Well, come, I ought to recognise this—I've been there often enough. (Inspecting it closely.) Ha—um!

Second P. P. (with languid interest). Is it like?

First P. P. I could tell you better if he'd done it by daylight. I can't make out this in the front—looks to me like the top of a house, or something. Don't remember that.

Second P. P. I think it's meant for a jetty, landing-stage, or that sort of thing, and, when you look into it, there's something that seems intended for people—most extraordinary, isn't it?

The Domesticated Matron (who is searching for a picture with a subject to it). There, CAROLINE, it's evidently a harbour, you see, and ships, and they're letting off fireworks—probably for a regatta. Does it tell you what it is in the Catalogue?

Caroline (after consulting it). It only says, "A Nocturne in Blue and Gold"—oh yes—(reading)—"a splash and splutter of brightness, on a black ground, to depict a display of fireworks."

Her Mother (gratified at her own intelligence). I thought it must be fireworks. He seems quite fond of fireworks, doesn't he?

First Facetious Philistine. Hullo, what have we got here? "Crepuscule, in Flesh-colour and Green." Very like one, too, I daresay—when you know what it is.

Second F. P. As far as I can make it out, a Crepuscule's either a Harmony inside out, or a Symphony upside down—it don't much matter.

A Lady (who is laboriously trying to catch the right spirit). "The Blue Wave at Biarritz." Now I do admire that. And what I like

even better than the Blue wave is this great Brown one breaking in the foreground—so exactly like water, isn't it, Dick?

Dick (not a Whistlerite). Y—yes—just. Only it's a rock, you know.

The Lady. But if that's the way he saw it, DICK!

Dick. Here's a thing! "St. Mark's, Venice." I'll trouble you! What's he done with the flagstaffs and the bronze horses and the pigeons? I never saw the place look like that.

The Lady. Because it didn't happen to be foggy while we were there, that's all.

First Pros. Person. Ah, there's old CARLYLE, you see! Dear me, what a very badly fitting coat—see how it bulges over his chest!

Second P. P. Yes. I daresay he buttoned the wrong button—philosopher and all that sort of thing, y'know.

First P. P. (sympathetically). Well, I do think WHISTLER might have told him of it!

IN THE SECOND ROOM.

The Matron in Search of a Subject. Ah, now, this really is more my idea of a picture. Quite a pretty crêtonne those curtains, and there's a little girl reading a book, and a looking-glass with reflections and all, and a young lady in a riding-habit—just going out for a ride.

Caroline. Yes, Mother. Or just come in from one.

Her Mother. Do see what it's called. "The Morning Canter," or "Back from the Row"—something of that kind, I expect it would be.

Caroline. All it says is, "A Harmony in Green and Rose."

The Mother (disappointed). Now, why can't he give it some sensible name, instead of taking away all one's interest!

The Phil. Uncle (whom a succession of Symphonies and Harmonies has irritated to the verge of fury). Don't talk to me, Sir! Don't tell me any of these things are pictures. Look at this—a young woman in an outlandish dress sitting on the floor—on the bare floor!—in a litter of Japanese sketches! And he has the confounded impertinence to call it a "Caprice"—a "Caprices in Purple and Gold." I'd purple and gold him, Sir, if I had my way! Where's the sense in such things? What do they teach you? What story do they tell? Where's the human interest in them? Depend upon it, Sir, these things are rubbish—sheer rubbish, according to all my notions of Art, and I think you'll allow I ought to know something about it?

His Nephew (provoked beyond prudence). You certainly ought to know more than that, my dear Uncle—Are you going?

The Uncle (grimly). Yes—to see my Solicitor, Sir. (To himself, savagely.) That confounded young prig will find he's paid dear enough for his precious Whistlers—if I don't have a fit in the cab!

[He goes; the Nephew wonders whether his attempt at proselytising was quite worth while.

A Seriously Elderly Lady. I've no patience with the man. Look at GUSTAVE DORÉ, now. I'm sure he was a beautiful artist, if you like. Did he go and call his "Leaving the Prætorium" a "Symphony" or a "Harmony," or any nonsense of that kind? Of course not—and yet look at the difference!

An Impressionable Person (carried away by the local influence—to the Man at the wicket, blandly). Could you kindly oblige me by exchanging this "Note in Black and White" for an "Arrangement in Silver and Gold"?

[Finds himself cruelly misunderstood, and suspected of frivolity.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE Rev. No. 354, writing from Dartmoor, requests us to inform his numerous friends in Bath and elsewhere that his health is much improved by the bracing air, and that he is occupied in revising for the press his course of Sermons to the Young on the Moral Virtues. He is also anxious to inform his creditors that his accounts are now completely in order. It is a source of great comfort to him to reflect that he was able to obtain considerable sums of money from his friends in Bath, before he was obliged to leave that city, and that, with the residue of this money, obtained so to speak from PETER, he will now have the satisfaction of paying a farthing in the pound to PAUL, in other words, to his creditors.

Mrs. BRINVILLIERS was yesterday visited by her friends. Our readers will be glad to know that she is quite well and has escaped the influenza epidemic.

Mr. ST. LEONARDS, with the consent of the Governor, takes this opportunity of thanking the friends who have so kindly consoled with him on the unavoidable interruption to his long and arduous work in the service of his country. He hopes that nothing will prevent him from displaying equal zeal in the still more arduous labour, which, also for the benefit of his country, he is now compelled to undertake for a certain period.

MISS DODGER is still unwell. The HOME SECRETARY has not yet sent instructions for a special drawing-room to be fitted up in the prison, nor has he, up till now, given any permission for Miss DODGER's afternoon receptions, and five o'clock teas. It is generally considered that the probability of his doing so, without a Special Act of Parliament, is still very remote.



A Brother Brush.

BROKEN BONDS.

["I learn from St. Petersburg, that, last Saturday, conferences were begun between Russia and Germany on the admission of the former to the new commercial treaties."—*The Times Paris Correspondent* on "Russia and the Central Commercial League."]

La Belle France, the Forsaken One, loquitor :—

WHAT do I hear? Oh, do I hear aright,
Over the garden wall?

My latest love, my gallant Muscovite,
Is this the end, this all?

My heart beats
fast, a mist ob-
scures my sight.
Support me, or I
fall!

What can he
mean? What-
ever is she at?—
Ah! well I know
her game!

GERMANIA is a
vile coquette,
a cat.
Seducing my new
flame

With mercenary
lures, and low
at that!

It is a cruel
shame!

But six short
months ago and
I to him
Indeed seemed
all in all.

A stalwart lover,
though *tant*
soit peu grim,
I fancied him
my thrall.

And was it after
all pretence, or
whim?

Oh, prospect, to
appal!

I know my envi-
ous rivals said
as much.

But that I
deemed their
spite.

Was't but my
money he de-
sired to clutch?

I lent it—with
delight.

Were his mere
venal vows?
His bonds but
such

As SAMSON
snapped at
sight?

See how she purrs,
false puss! She
deems her dot

May well out-glitter mine.
And he! That slow seductive smile I know.
At Cronstadt by the brine,
To that dear dulcet voice, not long ago,
My ears did I incline.

Ah! and those fine moustachios conquering
Subdued my maiden heart. [curl
For me those tendril-tips he'd twist and twirl,
Looking so gay, so smart;

* "The success of a Russian Loan is not dearly
purchased by a little effusion, which, after all,
commits Russia to nothing." (See Cartoon "Turn-
ing the Tables," Sept. 26, 1891.)

And now he does it for another girl,
And I—I stand apart.

Did I not give my heart to him—false one!—
And also—well, my "stocking"?
Nor after her "commercial" charms he'll

run,
My modest beauties mocking.
Hist! I believe of me they're making fun!
O Ciel! 'tis simply shocking!

Hist! I can hear her, the sly cat. How fond
Her glances bold and bright!

THE BOUNDS OF SCIENCE.

(Fragment from a *Fin de Monde Romance*.)

THE Student had read many things, but he had not yet considered the subject of Coal. He knew that it was expensive, but he had not imagined that there was so little in the world. But he at length obtained the requisite knowledge, and set to work to put things to-rights. He called upon the Secretary of a Transatlantic Ocean Steamer Company, and remonstrated with him upon the

waste with which the transactions of his institution were conducted.

"You carry your passengers too rapidly," he observed.

"As how?" asked the Secretary.

"Why I am given to understand that the power generated by the coal gives each person on board your ships a rate of progression night and day of twenty-four horses."

"And, if it does—what then?"

"Why, it is too much," returned the Student. "All the coal in the world will be exhausted in something like four or five hundred years; and so, while there is yet time, I had better go somewhere where coal is a secondary consideration. What shall I do?"

And then the Secretary advised the Student to take a ticket to the Centre of Africa—and the Student followed his advice. But the day before the boat started, the Student once more appeared.

"I am afraid," said he, "I must ask you for the return of my money. I find that it will be useless for me to

go to the Centre of Africa, as the Sun is about to cease giving warmth."

"Dear me!" cried the Secretary, "I was under the impression that the Sun was timed to last about one hundred millions of years?"

"It may have been in the far distant past," returned the Student, sadly, "but recent statistics fix the termination of the Sun's existence at a much nearer date. There is no doubt that the Sun will not last more than four millions of years, or five millions at longest. Now give me my money!"

And (of course) the bullion was promptly returned.



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Impatient Old Gentleman (to Female Post-Office Assistant, who is chatting pleasantly with an agreeable acquaintance). "LOOK HERE, YOUNG WOMAN, IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME MY CHANGE, CONFOUND IT, I'M HANGED IF I DON'T GO AWAY WITHOUT IT!"

Her bag is brimming, mine's a broken bond.

I dreamed not me he'd slight
For such mere bagman beauty, tamely blonde,
But—ah! was BLOWITZ right?

[Left doubting.]

DR. VAUGHAN, of Salford, is to be the New Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. He is a bright cheerful-looking man now, but it is to be feared that the extra toil and trouble of London may soon give his features a Care-Vaughan expression.



Henry Jones

BROKEN BONDS.

La France. "IS IT POSSIBLE!—BUT SIX MONTHS AGO!—AND NOW—"

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XII.—TO PLAUSIBILITY.

DEAR OLD PLAU,

HEAR you have been seen about again with GENIALITY. Poor GENIALITY, it may be admitted, is often something of a fool when he is by himself, but when you and he begin to hunt in couples, you are a deadly pair. I once knew a St. Bernard dog—you will perceive the analogy by-and-by—who lived on terms of friendship with a Skye terrier. By himself *Rufus* was a mild and inoffensive giant. He adored the house-cat, and used to help her, in a ponderous way, with the care of her numerous family. Many a time have I seen him placidly extended before a fire, while puss used his shaggy body as a sleeping box, and once he was observed to help that anxious tabby-mother with the toilet of her kittens by licking them carefully all over. At every lick of *Rufus's* huge prehensile tongue a kitten was lifted bodily into the air, only, however, to descend washed and unharmed to the ground. But out of doors, in the society of *Flick*, *Rufus's* whole nature seemed to change. He became a demon-exterminator of cats. Led on by his yelping little friend, he chased them fiercely to their last retreats, and, if he caught them, masticated them without mercy. Once too, on a morning that had been appointed for a big covert-shoot, I noticed this strangely assorted pair come into the breakfast-room panting and dirty. They were not usually afoot before breakfast. What could their condition mean? A flustered keeper arrived shortly afterwards and explained everything. "Them two dogs o' yours, Sir," he said, "the big 'un and the little 'un, 'ave run all the coverts through. There's not a pheasant left in 'em. They're sailin' all over the country."

The truth was that *Flick* had organised the expedition with extraordinary secrecy and cunning. He had persuaded *Rufus* to join him, and the result was that we shot forty pheasants instead of the three hundred on which we had counted.

Now, my dear PLAU, I merely record this little story, and leave you to apply it. But I may remind you of incidents that touch you more nearly. Do you remember GORTON? Many years ago GORTON went to Oxford with a brilliant reputation. Every triumph that the University could confer was held to be within his grasp. His contemporaries looked upon him as a marvellous being, who was destined to rise to the top of whatever tree he felt disposed to climb. He was really a delightful fellow, fresh, smiling, expansive, amusing, and his friends all worshipped him. Of course he went in for the Hertford. His success was certain; it was merely a question as to who should be second. On the evening before the examination began, there was a strange commotion in GORTON's College. GORTON, who was supposed to have been reading hard, was found at about twelve o'clock in the quad in his nightgown. He was on all fours, and was engaged in eating grass and roaring out ribald snatches of Latin songs in a shrill voice. When the porter approached him he said he was a hippogriff, and that in another ten minutes he intended to fly to Ilfey and back in half a second. He was carried up to bed raving horribly. On the following day he grew calmer, and in a week he was himself again. But by that time, of course, the examination was over, and DUBBIN was soon afterwards announced as the successful competitor.

Judging the past by what I know now, I cannot doubt that the madness of GORTON was what patrons of the prize-ring call a put-up job, for he never afterwards showed the smallest symptom of lunacy. He had not worked sufficiently, and knew he must fail. So he became temporarily insane, to avoid defeat and maintain his reputation for scholarship. He left Oxford without taking a degree, and owing money right and left—to tradesmen, to his friends, to his tutor. Then he disappeared for some years.

Next he suddenly crepped up again in Ireland. A small borough constituency had been suddenly declared vacant. GORTON happened to be staying in the hotel. He promptly offered himself as a candidate, and plunged with extraordinary vigour into the contest. The way that man fooled a simple-hearted Irish electorate was marvellous. They came to believe him to be a millionaire, a king of finance, a personage at whose nod Statesmen trembled, a being who mingled with all that was highest and best in the land. He cajoled them, he flattered them, he talked them round his little finger, he rollicked with them, opened golden vistas of promise to everyone of them, smiled at their wives, defied the Lord Lieutenant, and was elected

by a crushing majority over a native pork-merehant who had nothing but his straightforward honesty to commend him. Of course there was a petition, and equally of course GORTON was unseated. Then came the reckoning. GORTON had apparently intimated that two of the great London political Clubs were so warmly interested in his candidature as to have undertaken to pay all his expenses. But when application was made to these institutions, their secretaries professed a complete and chilling ignorance of GORTON, and the deputation from Ballywhacket, which had gone to London in search of gold, had to return empty-handed to their native place, after wasting a varied stock of full-flavoured Irish denunciation on the London pavements. But GORTON was undaunted. He actually published an address in which he lashed the hateful ingratitude of men who betrayed their friends with golden words, and abandoned them shamefully in the hour of defeat. But never, so he said, would he abandon the betrayed electors of Ballywhacket. Others might shuffle, and cheat and cozen, but he might be counted upon to remain firm, faithful, and incorruptible amidst the seething waves of political turpitude.

Having issued this, he vanished again, and was heard of no more for six or seven years. Then he gradually began to emerge again. He was engaged in the completion of an immense work of genealogical research, which was intended to cast an entirely new light on many obscure incidents of English history. For this he

solicited encouragement—and subscriptions. He enclosed with his appeals some specimen pages, which appeared to promise marvels of industry and research. His preface was a wonderful essay, of which a HAYWARD would scarcely have been ashamed. In this way he gathered a large amount of money from historical enthusiasts with more ardour than knowledge, and from old friends who, knowing his real ability, believed that he had at last determined to justify the opinions of him which they had always held and expressed. It is unnecessary to add that not another line was written. For several years ill health was supposed to hinder him. We read piteous stories of his struggles against the agonies of neuralgia and rheumatics, some of us threw good money after bad in the effort

to relieve the imaginary sufferer; but to this day the proofs of PERKIN WARBECK's absolute claim to the throne, and of JACK CADE's indubitable royal descent remain in the scheming brain of GORTON. Eventually the poor wretch did die in penury, but over that part of his story I need not linger. The irony of fate ordained that when he was actually in want he should wish to be thought in possession of a large income.

I knew a Clergyman once—at least I had every reason to believe him to be a lawfully ordained Minister of the Church of England. He was taken on as temporary Curate in a remote district. His life, while he remained there, was exemplary. He was untiring in good works; the poor adored him, the well-to-do honoured him. We all thought him a pattern of unselfish and almost primitive saintliness, and when he departed from us he went with a silver inkstand, a dining-room clock and a purse of sovereigns, subscribed for by the parish. The odour of his sanctity had scarcely evaporated before we discovered, with horror, that the man had never been ordained at all! He was an impostor, masquerading under an assumed name, but while he was with us he did good and lived a flawless life. These matters puzzle me. Perhaps you, my dear PLAU, can explain.

Yours,

DIOGENES ROBINSON.

A RATHER LARGE ORDER.—Amongst the many suggested plans for housing the collection of pictures once offered by Mr. TATE to the Nation, is a scheme for turning the Banqueting-hall at Whitehall to a useful and good account. As a thoughtful Artist has observed in this connection, "At this moment the spacious building is tied round the necks of the Members of the United Service Institution like a white elephant."

A MONEY-LENDER said he had never been inside a Church since the day he looked in at hymn-time, and heard them singing, "With one per cent. let all the earth," and he didn't want to hear any more.

TRYING TO THE TEMPER.—Mrs. R. says nothing can induce her to eat cross buns, as they are sure to disagree with her.





TRIALS AT THE LAW COURTS.

A TIMID BUT ERUDITE "LEADER" IS URGED TO TAKE A "BAD OBJECTION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ALL who are interested in the theatrical celebrities of past times will do well to read a brief, indeed, a too brief paper, about DOROTHY JORDAN, written by FITZGERALD MOLLOY, for *The English Illustrated Magazine* of this month. The Baron does not remember if THACKERAY touched on the story of this talented Actress in his Lectures on "*The Four Georges*;" but the sad finish to the brilliant career of Mrs. JORDAN could hardly have escaped the great Satirist as being one instance, among many, illustrating the wise King's advice as to "not putting your trust in Princes;" "or," for the matter of that, and in fairness, it must be added, "in any child of man." Poor DOROTHY, or DOLLY JORDAN! but now a Queen of "Puppets," and now—thus, a mere rag-dolly. Ah, CLARENCE!—"False, fleeting, perjured CLARENCE!" as SHAKESPEARE wrote of that other Duke in Crookback'd RICHARD's time, for whom the "ifs" and "ands" of life were resolved for ever in a final "butt."

In the issue for 1891 of that most interesting yearly Annual, *The Book-Worm*, for which the Baron, taking it up now and again, blesses ELLIOT STOCK, of Paternoster Row, there is a brief but interesting account of *The Annexed Prayer-Book*, which, after some curious chances and changes, was at last ordered to be photographed page by page, without being removed from the custody of Black Rod. "By means of an elaborate system of reflecting," the process of photographing was carried on in the House of Lords. It is satisfactory to all Book-worms to know that so important a work was not undertaken without even more than the usual amount of reflection.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE HAMLET IN THE HAYMARKET.

WITH Mr. TREE's impersonation of *Hamlet* most London play-goers are by this time acquainted, though not yet familiar. It is a most interesting performance, especially to those who remember the inauguration of startling new departures by CHARLES FECHTER. The question for every fresh *Hamlet* must always be, "How can I differentiate my *Hamlet* from all previous *Hamlets*? What can I do that nobody has as yet thought of doing?" "To be or not to be" *Hamlet*, "that is the question"; whether 'tis better continuously to suffer the tortures of uncertainty as to what you might have achieved had you essayed the part, or to take up the study of it, and ceasing to shiver on the bank, leave off your damnable faces, and plunge in? Mr. TREE has plunged, and is going on swimmingly.

Mrs. TREE's *Ophelia* sane, is charming. Her distraught *Ophelia* is very mad indeed, and her method in her madness is excellent.

There is a curious monotony in some of the stage-business. Thus, *Ophelia* pauses in her exit and comes up quietly behind the absent-minded Prince as if to play bo-peep with him: then, later on, after his apparently brutal treatment of her, *Hamlet* returns, and, while she is stooping and in tears, he kisses her hair and runs away noiselessly as if this also were another part of the same game. Then again, in the Churchyard, after the scandalous brawling (brought

about by the stupid ignorance of a dunderheaded ecclesiastic, to whose Bishop *Laertes* ought to have immediately reported him), *Hamlet* returns to weep and throw flowers into the grave. Now excellent "returns" are dear to the managerial heart, and consoling to his pocket, when they attest the overflowing attendance of "friends in front;" but when "returns" are on the stage, their excellence may be questioned on the score of monotony. Now, as to the Churchyard Scene, permit me to make a suggestion—the Second Gravedigger has been commissioned by the First Gravedigger, with money down, to go to a neighbouring publican of the name of YAGHAN, pronounced Yogan or Yawn,—probably the latter, on account either of his opening his mouth wide, or of his being a sleepy-headed fellow,—and fetch a stoop of liquor. Now, when all the turmoil is over, the remaining gravedigger would at once set to work, as in fact he does in this scene at the Haymarket; but here he just shovels a handful of mould into the grave, and then, without rhyme or reason (with both of which he has been plentifully supplied by SHAKESPEARE), suddenly away he goes, merely to allow for the "business" of *Hamlet's* re-entrance. But why shouldn't there be here, prior to the return of *Hamlet*, a re-entrance of the Second Gravedigger, as if coming back from friend YAGHAN's with the pot of ale? The sight of this would attract First Gravedigger, and take the thirsty soul most readily from his work to discuss the refreshment in some shady nook. Then by all means let *Hamlet* return to pour out his grief; and on this picture ought the Curtain effectively descend.

A novel point introduced by Mr. TREE is that his *Hamlet*, entering an affectionate remembrance of the late YORICK, assumes a friendly and patronising air towards YORICK's successor, a Court Fool, apparently so youthful that he may still be supposed to be learning his business. So when His Royal Highness *Hamlet* has what he considers "a good thing" to say, Mr. TREE places the novice in jesting near himself, and pointedly speaks at him; as e.g., when, in reply to the King's inquiry after his health, he tells him that he "eats air promise-crammed," adding, with a sly look at the Court Fool, "you cannot feed capons so." Whereat the Fool, put into a difficult position, through his fear of offending the Prince by *not* laughing, or angering the King (his employer) by laughing, has to acknowledge the Prince's witticism with a deferential, but somewhat deprecatory, snigger.

Again, when *Hamlet* is "going to have a lark" with old *Polonius*—a proceeding in exquisitely bad taste by the way—Mr. TREE's *Hamlet* attracts the young Court Jester's attention to his forthcoming novelty. Now this time, as the repartee is about as rude a thing as any vulgar cad of an 'ARRY might have uttered, the professional Jester, who evidently does not owe his appointment to the Lord Chamberlain's favour, and is exempt from his jurisdiction, grins all over his countenance, and hops away to explain the jest to some of the courtiers, while *Hamlet* himself, to judge by his smiling countenance, is clearly very much pleased with his own performance in showing a Jester how the fool should be played. And this notion is consistent with the character of a Prince who takes upon himself to lecture the Actors on their own art. There is no subtler touch in SHAKESPEARE's irony than his putting these instructions to players in the mouth of a noble amateur. Of the revival, as a whole, one may truthfully say, *Ca donne à penser*, and, indeed, the study of *Hamlet* is inexhaustible.



"I am thy Father's Ghost!"

WITH THEIR EASTER EGGS.

The Emp-r-r of G-r-m-ny.—Presentation copy of the light and lending satirical English Paper.

The Cz-r of R-ss-a.—Letter of regret from President C-RN-T.

The Pr-s-d-n-t of the Fr-nch R-p-bl-c.—Secretly-obtained copy of proposed treaty for a Quadruple Alliance.

The K-ng of It-ly.—Scheme for a *modus vivendi*.

The P-pe.—Duplicate copy of ditto.

Ch-ne-ll-r C-pr-vi.—Permit for leave of absence.

Pr-nce V-n B-sm-rek.—A song, "*The Return of the Pilot.*"

The M-r-q-s of S-l-st-ry.—Date of the General Election.

The Ch-ne-ll-r of the Exch-q-r.—Comments on the Budget.

F-r-st L-rd of the Tr-s-ry.—New rules for the game of Golf.

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gl-dst-ne.—Set of Diaries for the next twenty years.

The P-t L-r-to.—The Order of "The Foresters."

The Oxf-rd E-ght.—The Blue Riband of the Thames.

S-r A-g-st-s Dr-r-l-n-s.—A month's well-deserved rest.

N-b-dy in P-r-t-c-l-r.—A legacy of £100,000

Ev-ryb-dy in G-n-r-l.—Rates and taxes.



SO FRIVOLOUS!

Wife. "SOLOMON, I HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU."

Solomon (flippantly). "WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR, SO LONG AS IT'S A FUNNY BONE!"

THE DYNAMITE DRAGON.

A DRAGON! Faugh! that foul and writhing Worm

Seems scarcely worthy of the ancient term
That fills old myth, and typifies the fight
'Twixt wrathful evil and the force of right.
The dragons of the prime, fierce saurian things

With ogre gorges and with harpy wings,
Fitted their hour; the haunts that gave them birth,

The semi-chaos of the early earth,
The alime, the earthquake shock, the whelming flood,

Made battle ground for the colossal brood.
But now, when centuries of love and light
Have warmed and brightened man's old home; when might

Is not all sinister, nor all desire
Fierce appetite, that all-devouring fire,—
When life is not alone a wasting scourge,
But from the swamps of soulless strife emerge
Some Pisgah peaks of promise where the dove
Finds footing, high the whirling gulfs above,—
Now the intrusion of this loathly shape,
With pestilence-breathing jaws that blackly gape

For indiscriminate prey, 'is sure a thing
To set celestial guards once more a-wing;
To fire a new St. Michael or St. George
With the bright death to cleave the monster's
gorge, [breath
And trample out the Laidly Worm's last
In the convulsions of reluctant death.
A crawling, craven, sneaking, snaking
brute;

Purposeless spite, and hatred absolute,

In hideous shape incarnate! Venomed Gad
In Civilisation's path; malignant-mad,
And blindly biting; raising an asp-neck
In Beauty's foot-tracks, and prepared to wreck

The ordered work of ages in a day,
To raze and shatter, to abase and slay.
Blind as the earthquake, headlong as the storm,

Yet in such hideous subter-human form,
Vulgar as venomous! Dragon indeed,
And dangerous, but with no soul save greed,
No aim save chaos. Bloody, yet so blind,
The common enemy of humankind;
Whose age-stored works and ways it yearns to blast,

To smite to ruined fragments, and to cast
Prone—as itself is prone—in common dust.
The Beautiful, the Wise, the Strong, the Just,

All fruit of labour, and all spoil of thought,
All that co-operant Man hath won or wrought,

All that the heart has loved, the mind has taught

Through the long generations, hoarded gains

Of plastic fancies, and of potent brains;
Thrones, Temples, Martyrs, Art's alcoves,

Learning's domes,
Patrician palaces, and bourgeois homes.

Down, down!—to glut its spleen, the paltry thing,

Impotent, save to lurk, and coil, and spring,
But powerful as the poison-drop, once sped,
That creeps, corrupts, and leaves its victim—dead!

As the asp's fang could turn to pulseless clay
The Pride of Egypt, so this Worm can slay

If left long covert for its crawling course.
Up, up against it every virile force,
And every valorous virtue! By its hiss
'Tis known *hostis humani generis*,
Let Civilisation snatch St. Michael's sword,
And slay this Dragon, of a tribe abhorred
The meanest and the most malignant Worm!
Which can spill venom, but, attacked, will squirm,
Shrink, splutter, vanish. With no noble end,
All men must be its foes, blind hatred its sole friend!

BREAKING.

[In his spot-barred Billiard-Match with H. COLES, PEALL made breaks of 108, 133, 64, 52, 78, 77, and 80.]

BREAK, break, break

On thy Billiard-board, oh P.!

As easy as cutting butter

The business seems to thee.

"Oh, well that the spot is barred,"

The knowing ones glibly say,

"Or we might get no chance

Of a COLES' strike here to-day."

And the marvellous game goes on,

Till the watchers have their fill;

And one drops off, and dreams

He's taken the "Red" for a pill.

Break, break, break!

And there's one that will broken be;

For the Pony I put on the other man

Will never come back to me.

SUGGESTION FROM "CHILDE HAROLD" AT OLYMPIA.—"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Size And paint," &c., &c.



THE DYNAMITE DRAGON.

ON THE FIRST GREEN CHAIR.

REACH it, attendant; wicked winter flies off:
Place it with pomp for me to sit and stare
Up at the sun who banquets us with cries of
"Chair!"

Long have we pined in darkness most uncanny:
Now to Hyde Park return its gauze of gold,
Jewels of crocus and enhancements mani-
-fold.

Welcome, delicious zephyr, blithe new-comer,
Urging to purchase patent-leather boots,
Hats of a virgin glossiness, and summer
suits.



Thursday, April 7. Hyde Park. Mid-day.

Welcome, attire of carnival-carousers,
Suddenly bursting on the 'wildered view.
Mine—I don't mind confessing it—are trousers
new,

These that, serene in atmosphere serenest,
Droop o'er a Chair, whose emerald taunts
the trees—
Green are the leaves, and greener than 'the
greenest

Peas!

All things must end: to-morrow may be icy:
Wither too soon the joys that freshest are;
End will sweet summer reveries, and my ci-
gar.

Ends too that master-piece of Messrs. HYAM
Bashfully hinted at in line sixteen;
Green was the Chair I sat on—and now I am
green!

"ALL'S (FAIRLY) WELL."

SCENE.—The War Office. Sanctum of the
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. H.R.H. is seated
on a chair. To him enter (after being
properly complimented by a couple of
Grenadiers on guard over an area)
INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF EVERYTHING,
Field-Marshal PUNCH.

Inspector-General (sharply). Well, Sir!
(COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF comes briskly to
attention.) No, your Royal Highness, you
can be seated. I don't want to disturb you
—much! And now, how is the Easter
Review getting on?

Com.-in-Chief. First-rate, Sir. Excel-
lent, Sir! Couldn't be better, Sir!

Insp.-Gen. (dryly). I have heard those
phrases before, your Royal Highness—espe-
cially "couldn't be better"—and found
subsequently that things ought to have been
better, very much better, Sir.

Com.-in-Chief (anxiously). But I assure
you, Sir, that this time we are doing our level
best. Why, Sir, fancy, we are going to have
thirty thousand men under arms! Think of
that, Sir—thirty thousand men!

Insp.-Gen. About the numbers of a Ger-
man Brigade, or is it a Regiment?

Com.-in-Chief (with a forced laugh). Come,
Sir, I see you are joking! Yes, thirty thousand
men, and some of them are going down fully
equipped. Why, for instance, the Artists will
march the whole way to the scene of the opera-
tions with their own regimental transport!
And so will the 1st London Engineers. Think
of that, Sir!

Insp.-Gen. And how much have you
gentlemen here had to do with that, Sir?
Why, the Volunteers would have been left
in a state of utter unpreparedness had not
the public taken the initiative. What did
the War Office and the Horse Guards do to-
wards giving them their kit?

Com.-in-Chief. Well, it is all right
now, Sir. And we are going to have a splen-
did time of it. The idea is that a hostile
force has landed at Deal during the early
hours of Monday morning, and—

Insp.-Gen. (interrupting). Yes, I have
read all that in the papers. But come, tell
me who is to command?

Com.-in-Chief (rather taken aback).
Well, Sir, the customary crew. I suppose
BILLY SEYMOUR.

Insp.-Gen. (severely). I presume, your
Royal Highness, that you refer to General
LORD WILLIAM SEYMOUR, who will be in
command at Dover.

Com.-in-Chief (abashed). Certainly, Sir.
You are a little particular to-day, Sir.

Insp.-Gen. (gravely). I am always par-
ticular—very particular—when I have to
deal with the Volunteers. Well, Sir, General
LORD WILLIAM SEYMOUR, commands at Dover
—proceed, Sir; pray proceed.

Com.-in-Chief. Then, Sir, there's General
GOODENOUGH at Maidstone, and General
DAWSON-SCOTT at Chatham.

Insp.-Gen. Is he a Volunteer?

Com.-in-Chief (laughing). Why no, Sir;
of course not, Sir. Why he's in the Royal
Engineers. Although in my Crimean days
we never considered Sappers soldiers. We
used to say that—

Insp.-Gen. (severely). No levity, Sir.
And pray who else is to be in command?

Com.-in-Chief. Well, Sir, I shall be pre-
sent myself on Saturday, and then take the
March-past on Monday.

Insp.-Gen. Yes; but how about the Volun-
teers? What about them? Why don't you
let the officers command their own men?

Com.-in-Chief. Why, Sir, you see in time
of war—

Insp.-Gen. (interrupting). You would find
Volunteer officers as capable as any others.
Your Royal Highness has no doubt studied the
lessons taught by the war between the Nor-
therners and the Southerners in America?

Com.-in-Chief. I have glanced at the sub-
ject, Sir, at the Royal United Service Insti-
tute. And may I venture to hope that you
are satisfied, Sir?

Insp.-Gen. (after a pause). Well, yes, I
think you are doing better. But, in future,
give a share of the command to Volunteers
pur et simple. And now just jot down what
I have further to say to you.

[Scene closes in upon the COM.-IN-CHIEF
taking notes.]

CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS.

At a recent meeting of the Institute of
Journalists, it was proposed that future candi-
dates for membership should undergo an
examination to test their qualifications before
election. Should the proposal be adopted, no
doubt some such paper as the following will
be set to those desirous of obtaining the right
of adding "M.I.J." to their names.

1. Would you as a Reporter venture to use

such expressions as "devouring element" or
"destructive fluid" in sending in "flimsy"
to a London Daily Paper? State when you
would consider yourself entitled to describe
yourself "a Special."

2. What are the rights of a Journalist at a
free luncheon? If an Editor finds himself
present, should he return thanks for the Press
himself, or leave that duty in the hands of a
bumptious Reporter.

3. Write an essay upon the Law of Libel,
and say when a paper, (1) should apologise, (2)
fight it out, and, (3) settle it out of Court.

4. Define the difference between a "com-
ment of public importance" and a "puffing
advertisement."

5. What is "log-rolling"? Give examples
to illustrate the meaning of the word.

6. Show, concisely, why the World could
not revolve without the Press, and why the
Press would cease to be without your own
personal assistance.

UPON JULIA'S COAT.

(After Herrick.)

WHENAS my JULIA wears a sack,
That hides the outline of her back,

I cry, in sore
distress, "A-
lack!"

She showed a
dainty waist
when dressed
In jacket; true,
the size con-
fessed

That whalebone
had its shape
compressed.

Still was her
form sweet
as her face,

But now what
change has
taken place!

This "sack
coat" hides
all maiden
grace.

Although men's
clothes are
always vile,

The coat, the
trousers and
the "tile"!

Some sense still
lingers in
each style.

But women's garments should be fair,
All graceful, gay and debonair.
And if they lack good sense, why care?
O JULIA, cease to wear a sack,
A garb all artists should attack,
In which both sense and beauty lack!



LENTEN FASHION.

Sack-Coat, nearest approach to
Sackcloth, for Lent.

DRINKS AND DRAMAS.

["HENRY THE EIGHTH is a Soda-water Play."
—Mr. Irving's Evidence before the Committee.]

MR. IRVING has now completed his list of
refreshments suited to performances. They
can be obtained, like Mr. GOSCHEN'S reserve
of shillings, "on application," which does
not mean gratis.

Macbeth.—Very fine old Scotch.

Hamlet.—Bitters.

Romeo and Juliet.—Rum and Milk.

Othello.—Dublin Stout.

Merchant of Venice.—Port(1'A.).

Charles the First.—Bottled Ale (with
fine head).

The Cup.—Tea.

Faust.—Ginger Brandy.

Much Ado About Nothing.—Benedictine.

Corsican Brothers.—Half-and-half.

A BERLIN CITIZEN'S DIARY.

(Translated by Our First Standard Board Scholar.)

"It is stated that the soldier who, on Friday last, fired at and killed a man who threatened him while on sentry duty before the barracks in the Wrangel-strasse, Berlin, has been promoted to the rank of corporal, for what is described as his correct conduct on the occasion. The passer-by, who was wounded at the same time, still lies in a precarious condition." — *St. James's Gazette*, April 6.]

April 1.—I go walking near barracks; see man looking quietly at building. Suddenly fires the sentry with his long distance rifle, so that the straight onward through the harmless onlooker's heart and through my never sufficiently to be regretted right arm passing bullet in the remote distance a child kills. Long live our good Emperor and his glorious army! Carried home insensible.

June 1.—At last am I from arm-amputation recovered and walk again out. The sentry was for his on the first April quite courageous act to be Sergeant promoted. Here comes a Sergeant! He is it! Look curiously at him whereupon he me in the leg shoots. Long live our Emperor! Again carried home.

Sept. 1.—Again out, in invalid chair, meet same man, now Lieutenant. I murmur sadly, "Ah, my



CULTURE.

SCENE—A Private Picture Gallery.

Noble Sportsman (opposite choice example of Canaletto). "I SAY, BY JOVE, I SEE YOU'VE GOT A PICTURE OF OLYMPIA HERE!"

friend, I gave you a leg-up indeed!" Then he, saying that I him insulted have, my remaining arm with his sword off cuts. I respect our Emperor, but I love not his soldiers now. Must hire an amanuensis.

January 1.—After my long illness go I once again, Unter den Linden, in my invalid chair—that is to say, what is left of me. My enemy is now a Colonel. Shall I him again see? Heaven forbid! Alas, he comes even now, with those weapons which so rapidly him increase, and me diminish! I say nothing, but he, seeing me, with his sword my last limb off cuts. I love not even our Emperor now.

May 1.—To-day is the Socialists' Day, and I can once more out-dragged be. I am now a without legs or arms Socialist. My enemy can be promoted now only by my body. He has become a General and Count—(Here the Diary ends abruptly.)

"Berlin, May 2.—Yesterday an unfortunate Gentleman, without arms or legs, when passing the Royal Palace in his invalid chair, was attacked by a distinguished officer, who ran his sword through the heart of the unoffending civilian. The assassin was immediately promoted, as is usual in such cases, and is now Field Marshal Prince BLUTUNDRUHM VON SCHLACHTHAUSEN."—*London Daily Papers*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Alpheus Cleophas.

House of Commons, Monday, April 4. — ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS has added a new terror to Parliamentary life. It is bad enough to have him unexpectedly rising from a customary seat; usually finds a place on top Bench below Gangway, whence, in days that are no more, NEWDEGATE used to lament fresh evidences of Papal ascendancy. House grown accustomed to hearing the familiar voice from this accustomed spot. To-night, conversation on question of Privilege been going forward for some time. Seemed about to reach conclusion, when suddenly, far below the Gangway in Irish quarter, ominous sound broke on startled ear.

At first all eyes turned to NEWDEGATE's old quarters; but the voice evidently did not proceed thence. Following the sound, Members came upon ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS breaking out in a fresh

place. Otherwise, all the same; the flat-toned voice, the imperious manner that awaits cessation of storm of obloquy, and then completes interrupted sentence; the conviction that somebody (generally the Government) is acting dishonestly, and needs a watchful eye kept upon him; the information conveyed that the Eye is now turned on—all were there, each identified ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS. Up again and again during preliminary discussion, always shouted at, and ever quietly waiting till noise has subsided, when he finishes the interrupted sentence, and begins another.

Business done.—In Committee on Small Holdings.

Tuesday.—Happy circumstance in the history of all Administrations that there is never lacking a friend on their own side to keep them on the right path. RADCLIFFE COOKE suddenly developed tendency towards personally conducting the Government. Hitherto appeared as a docile follower. New state of affairs arose in connection with Breach of Privilege by Cambrian Railway Directors. HICKS-BEACH last night gave notice to take into consideration Special Report of Select Committee charging Directors with Breach of Privilege. BEACH proposed to wait awhile till "the other side" had got up a case or two, to show that if Masters were prone to punish their Servants for giving inconvenient evidence on question of Hours of Labour, the Servants were no better when they had power to inflict



Personal Conductor.



WANTED, A FIGURE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.
SOME OF THE SUGGESTIONS SENT IN TO MR. PUNCH.

on each other similar punishment. BEACH made his proposal in matter-of-fact way, anticipating general concurrence. But CHANNING objected; GEORGE TREVELYAN did not approve the suggestion; while the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD eagerly seized BEACH's maladroit phrase about "the other side," and made great play with it. Probably BEACH might have disregarded this action from Opposition Benches; but different when RADCLIFFE COOKE rose from Bench immediately behind Ministers, and in severely judicial manner criticised proposed action of President of Board of Trade. BEACH said nothing at moment; after some hours' reflection, announced withdrawal of original proposition and intention of proceeding with indictment of Cambrian Directors without waiting for case of "the other side."

To-day he moved that on Thursday the accused should appear at Bar of House. This on point of being agreed to when COOKE again appeared on scene; with increased impressiveness of manner argued against BEACH's proposal. Prince ARTHUR began to look uneasy; no knowing where this sort of thing would end if it spread. What with SEXTON on one side correcting grammar of Ministerial Resolutions, and RADCLIFFE COOKE on the other amending their procedure, it really seemed time to go to the country. Something like condition of paralysis stealing over Treasury Bench when SPEAKER came to assistance of Ministers, and benignly but effectively pointed out to COOKE that he was one too many, was in fact spoiling the broth. COOKE tried to argue the matter out, but SPEAKER peremptory and Ministers saved from fresh rebuff.

"It's all very well for them arguing round the subject like that," said MACLURE, nervously mopping his forehead. "But it's a very different thing with me, at my age and fighting weight. An Insurance Broker, Director of various Railway and other Companies, formerly Major of the 40th Lancashire Volunteers, a Trustee for three Church livings, and father of a large family, to be brought up on a Breach of Privilege is no slight matter. Indignity is aggravated by the locality. 'The Bar' is the last place in the world where the friends of JOHN WILLIAM MACLURE would think it likely to find him."

Business done.—In Committee on Small Holdings.

Thursday Night.—After all, MACLURE didn't have to stand at the Bar to-night, so his feelings were saved a peculiarly painful wrench. But the Chairman of Cambrian Railway held a special meeting at Bar. It was attended by Mr. BAILEY HAWKINS, and Mr. JOHN CONACHEE, Manager of the Company. The SERGEANT-AT-ARMS also looked in, bringing the Mace with him.

"Now if they were really going to have anything at the Bar," said MACLURE, looking wistfully on, "a drop of mulled port or anything like that, Mace would come in handy. Suppose ERSKINE would dip it in the jorum and stir the liquor round."

So MACLURE joked, and so, as JULIUS 'ANNIBAL, naturally well-posted up in this epoch of history, reminds me, NERO fiddled whilst Rome burned. Fact is, MACLURE in terrible funk; mental condition shared by his Chairman, Co-director, and the Manager. The latter, resolved to sell his life dearly, brought in his umbrella, which gave him a quite casual hope-I-don't-intrude appearance as he stood at the Bar.

Members at first disposed to regard whole matter as a joke. Cheered MACLURE when he came in at a half trot; laughed when, the Bar pulled out, difficulty arose about making both ends meet.

"That's the Chancellor of the Exchequer's duty," said WILFRED LAWSON; "GOSCHEN ought to go and lend a hand."

Bursts of laughter and buzz of conversation in all parts of the House; general aspect more like appearance at theatre on Boxing Night when audience waits for curtain to rise on new pantomime. Only the SPEAKER grave, even solemn; his voice occasionally rising above merry din with stern cry of "Order! order!"

"Of course, now they're at the Bar they can order what they please," said TANNER. Well the SPEAKER didn't hear him. Later, on eve of final division, he offered another remark in louder tone. SPEAKER thundered down upon him like a tornado, and TANNER quiet for rest of sitting.

HICKS-BEACH's speech gave new and more serious turn to affairs. Concluded with Motion declaring Directors guilty of Breach of Privilege and sentencing them to admonition. But speech itself clearly made out that Directors were

blameless; all the bother lying at door of Railway Servant who had been dismissed. Speech, in short, turned its back on Resolution. This riled the Radicals; not to be soothed even by Mr. G. interposing in favourite character as GRAND OLD PACIFICATOR. Storm raged all night; division after division taken; finally, long past midnight, Directors again brought up to the Bar, the worn, almost shrivelled, appearance of CONACHEE's umbrella testifying to the mental suffering undergone during the seven hours that had passed since last they stood there.

SPEAKER, with awful mien and in terrible tones, "admonished" them; and so to bed.

Business done.—Cambrian Directors admonished for Breach of Privilege.

Tuesday, April 12.—House adjourns to-day for Easter Holidays; good many adjourned after Friday's Sitting; some waited to hear JOKIM bringing in his Budget last night. Few left to-day to wind up the business. HUGHES, gallant Colonel who represents Woolwich, here a few minutes ago. But he's gone too. "Sometimes," he said, with a far-away smile, "they call me 'the Woolwich Infant.' If I am such a very big gun, perhaps the best thing I can do is to go off." I follow his example.

Business done.—Adjourned for Easter Holidays.



The Woolwich Infant "goes off." If I am such a very big gun, perhaps the best thing I can do is to go off."

THE LEGEND OF THE MUTTON BONE.

(By Our Newly-Married Poetess.)

WHEN the world is full of flowers and of butterflies at play,
I could sit beneath the roses eating chocolates all day;
But my heart is very heavy as I ponder with dismay
On the Mutton Bone a-lying in the Larder!

For GEORGE has squandered sixpence on a telegram from town,

To say that he has come across "that dear old chappie—BROWNE,"

And to dine with us this evening he means to bring him down—

And the Mutton Bone is lying in the Larder!

I have just been down to see it, and my courage sinks a-new,

Though Cook has kindly promised me her very best to do—

Which means that she'll convert into an appetising stew



The Mutton Bone a-lying in the Larder.

But I suddenly remember, with a blush of rosy pink,
That Cook—alas! is given to the frequent use of drink,
And if she once gets muddled up—perhaps she'll never think
Of the Mutton Bone a-lying in the Larder!

As the western sun is gilding all the heather of the moor,
Down the basement stairs I'm creeping—till a widely open door
Shows me Cook in heavy slumber on her cherished kitchen floor—
And the Mutton Bone is lying in the Larder!

O GEORGE, there'll be no dinner, dear, for you and BROWNE to-day!
I picture to myself the pretty words that you will say—
And I seize my guinea bonnet—and I wander far away
From the Mutton Bone a-lying in the Larder!

MOTTO FOR A SOAP Co.—"Nothing like Lather."

TOWN THOUGHTS FROM THE COUNTRY.

(With the usual apologies.)

Oh, to be in London now that April's there,
 And whoever walks in London sees, some morning, in the
 That the upper thousands have come to Town, [Square,
 To the plane-trees droll in their new bark gown,
 While the sparrows chirp, and the cats miaow
 In London—now!
 And after April, when May follows
 And the black-coats come and go like swallows!
 Mark, where yon fairy blossom in the Row
 Leans to the rails, and canters on in clover,
 Blushing and drooping, with her head bent low!
 That's the wise child: she makes him ask twice over,
 Lest he should think she views with too much rapture
 Her first fine wealthy capture!
 But,—though her path looks smooth, and though, alack,
 All will be gay, till Time has painted black
 The *Marigold*, her Mother's chosen flower,—
 Far brighter is my *Heartsease*, Love's own dower.

A WANT.—“There is only one thing,” a visitor writes to us, “that I missed at Venice, S.W. I've never been to the real place, which is the Bride, or Pride, of the Sea, I forget which, but, as I was saying, there's only one thing I miss, and that is the heather. Who has not heard of ‘the moor of Venice’? And I daresay good shooting there too, with black game and such like. I only saw pigeons flying, who some one informed me are the pigeons of SAM MARK. Next time I go, I shall inquire at the Restaurant for fresh Pigeon Pie. However, if Mr. KIRALFY will take a hint, he will, in August provide a moor. It will add to the gaiety of the show. ‘The moor the merrier,’ eh?”

Neo-Dramatic Nursery Rhyme.

MRS. GRUNDY, good woman, scarce knew what to think
 About the relation 'twixt Drama and Drink.
 Well, give Hall—and Theatre—good wholesome diet,
 And all who attend will be sober and quiet!

SPRING'S DELIGHTS IN LONDON.—“VIA MALODORA”—clearly a lady, “DORA” for short—wrote to the *Times* complaining that the result of the splendid weather for the first ten days of the month was the reproduction of “summer effluvium rank and offensive” in Piccadilly. Poor Piccadilly! Oh, its “offence is rank,” and Miss DORA might add, quoting to her father from another scene in *Hamlet*, “And smells so, Pa!” West-Enders, in a dry summer, must be prepared to have “a high old time of it.”

MY SOAP.

I'm the maker of a Soap, which I confidently hope
 In the advertising tournament will win,
 And remain the fit survival, having vanquished every rival
 Which is very detrimental to the skin.

I will now proceed to show, what the public ought to know,
 Unless they would be blindly taken in,
 How in every soap but mine certain qualities combine
 To make it detrimental to the skin.



But surely at this date it is needless I
 should state
 That the cheaper soaps are barely
 worth a pin,
 For they all contain a mixture, either
 free or as a fixture,
 Which is very detrimental to the skin.

And every cake you buy is so charged
 with alkali,
 To soda more than soap it is akin;
 It is really dear at last, for it wastes
 away so fast,
 And is very detrimental to the skin.

The public I must warn of the colours
 that adorn
 The soaps ambitious foreigners bring
 in;

They are often very pretty, but to use them is a pity,
 For they're very detrimental to the skin.



SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

Orthodox Old Maid. “BUT, REBECCA, IS YOUR PLACE OF WORSHIP CONSECRATED?”

Domestic (lately received into the Plymouth Brotherhood). “OH NO, MISS—IT'S GALVANISED IRON!”

There are soaps which you can see through. I ask, What can it
 Is it resin, or some other form of sin? [be through?
 There are soaps which smell too strong, and of course that must
 And extremely detrimental to the skin. [be wrong,

And too much fat's injurious, and so are soaps sulphureous,
 Though they say they keep the hair from growing thin;
 They may keep a person's hair on, like the precious oil of ANON,
 And yet be detrimental to his skin.

In short, the only soap which is fit for Prince or Pope
 (I have sent some to the KAISER at Berlin)
 Is the article I sell you. Don't believe the firms who tell you
 It is very detrimental to the skin.

A LIQUOR QUESTION.—Why does a toper—especially when “before the beak”—always say that he was “in drink,” when he evidently means that the drink was in him? The only soaker on record who could rightly be said to be “in drink” was,

“Maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.”

He was “in liquor” with a vengeance. But less lucky wine-bibbers need not be illogical as well as inebriate.

MR. GOSCHEN'S BUDGET.—“From a fiscal point of view, the Tobacco receipts are extremely good.” So unlike JOKIM. Of course, as he never loses a chance of a *feu de mot*, what he must have said was, that “the Tobacco ‘returns’ are extremely good.” “A birthday Budget,—many happy ‘returns,’” he observed jocosely to PRINCE ARTHUR, “quite piping times!” And off he went for his holiday; and, weather permitting, as he reclines in his funny among the weeds, he will gently murmur, “*Dulce est desipere in smoko.*”

THE NEWEST NARCISSUS;

OR, THE HERO OF OUR DAYS.

["—The curious tendency towards imitation which is observed whenever some specially sensational crime is brought into the light of publicity." *Morning Post.*]

NARCISSUS? *He*, that foul ill-favoured brute, A fevered age's most repulsive fruit, The murderous coxcomb, the assassin sleek? Stranger comparison could fancy seek?

Truly 'tis not the self-admiring boy

Nymph Echo longed so vainly to enjoy;

Yet the old classic fable hath a phase

Which seems to fit the opprobrium of our days.

Criminal-worship seems our latest cult, And this strange figure is its last result.

Self-conscious, self-admiring, Crime parades Its loathly features, not in slumdom's shades,

Or in Alsatian sanctuaries vile. No; peacock-posing and complacent smile

Pervade the common air, and take the town.

The glory of a scandalous renown

Lures the vain villain more than wrath or gain,

And cancels all the shame that should restrain:

Makes murder half-heroic in his sight,

And gilds the gallows with factitious light.

And whose the fault? Sensation it is thine!

The garrulous paragraph, the graphic line,

Poster and portrait, telegram and tale,

Make shopboys eager and domestics pale.

Over the morbid details workmen pore,

Toil's favourite pabulum and chosen lore,

Penny-a-liners pile the horrors up,

On which the cockney gobe-mouche loves to sup,

And paragraph and picture feed the clown

With the foul garbage that has gorged the town.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien As to be hated needs but to be seen." So sang the waspish satirist long ago. Now Vice is sketched and Crime is made a show.

A hundred eager scribes are at their heel To tell the public how they look and feel, How eat and drink, how sleep and smoke and play.

Murder's itinerary for a day,

From club-room to street-corner runs the cry After the newest fact, or latest lie: [grasp, The hurrying throng unfolded broad-sheets And read with goggled eyes and lips a-gasp, Blood! Blood! More Blood! It makes hot lips go pale, [tale. But gives the sweetest zest to the unholy

What wonder if the Horror, homaged thus By frenzied eagerness and foolish fuss,

Swells to a hideous self-importance, struts In conscious dignity, and gladly gluts

With vanity's fantastic tricks the herd

Whose pulses first by murderous crime it stirred.

Narcissus - like, the slayer bends to trace

Within Sensation's flowing stream its face,

And, self-enamoured, smiles a loathsome smile

Of fatuous conceit and gloating guile;

Laughs at the shadow of the lifted knife,

And thinks of all things save its victim's life.

The "Noisy Nymph," the Echo of our times,

The gossip, with an eager ear for crimes,

Lurks, half-admiring, all-recording there,

Watching Narcissus with persistent stare,

And ready notebook. Nothing but a Voice?

No, but its babblings travel, and rejoice

A myriad prurient ears with noisome news,

Fit only for the shambles and the stews.

These hear, admire, and sometimes imitate!—

Narcissus is a danger to the State,

And Echo hardly less. Vain-glorious crime;

That pestilent portent of a morbid time,

Would flourish less could sense or law avail

To strangle coarse Sensation's clamorous tale,

Silence the "Noisy Nymph," for half crime's ill

Would end were babbling Echo's voice but still.



THE MISSING CIPHER."

"OH, PAPA, ONLY FIFTY POUNDS FROM SIR GORGIUS MIDAS! SUCH A MILLIONNAIRE—WHY, HE OUGHT TO HAVE SENT FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS AT LEAST!"

"Ah, I'M AFRAID HE FORGOT THE OUGHT, MY DEAR!"

Set forth in graphic phrase by skilful pens, With pictures of its face, its favourite dens,

Its knife or bludgeon, pistol, paramour, Will swell the swift editions hour by hour,

More than high news of war or of debate, The death of heroes or the throes of state.

That pestilent portent of a morbid time, Would flourish less could sense or law avail To strangle coarse Sensation's clamorous tale,

Silence the "Noisy Nymph," for half crime's ill

Would end were babbling Echo's voice but still.



THE NEWEST NARCISSUS; OR, THE HERO OF OUR DAYS.

FETTERED.—In reply to the Unemployed Deputation which found employment in paying a visit to the L. C. C. at Spring Gardens, Messrs. BURNS and BEN TILLET (Alderman) intimated that as Mr. POWER, the U. D.'s spokesman, was not a member of the L. C. C., that body was Power-less to assist them in their trouble. A nasty time of it had the Labour Candidates on this occasion. Nothing like putting men of Radical revolutionary tendencies into responsible positions.

A SHADY VALET.—One DONALD CROSS was a Valet in the service of an absent master, whose best clothes and jewellery DONALD wore, while he kept his flat well aired by giving little supper-parties to young ladies who took him at his own valuation,—for a very superior swell. Alas! he was but a *valet de sham*! "Cross purposes," but Magistrate "disposes"; and the once happy Valet is in the shade for the next six months.

IN FANCY DRESS.

A SKETCH AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Before *Supper* the proceedings are rather decorous than lively; the dancers in fancy dress forming a very decided minority, and appearing uncomfortably conscious of their costume. A *Masker* got up as a highly realistic *Hatstand*, hobbles painfully towards a friend who is disguised as a huge *Cannon*.

The *Hatstand* (hustily, through a fox's mask in the centre of his case, to the *Cannon*). Just a trifle slow up to the present, eh?

The *Cannon* (shifting the carriage and wheels to a less uncomfortable position). Yes, it don't seem to me as lively as usual—drags, don't you know.

The *Hatstand* (heroically). Well, we must wake 'em up, that's all—put a little go into the thing!

[They endeavour to promote gaiety by crawling through the crowd, which regards them with compassionate wonder.

A *Black Domino* (to a *Clown*, who is tapping the barometer on the *Hatstand's* back). Here, mind how you damage the furniture, SAMMY, it may be here on the hire system.

[The *Hatstand* executes a cumbrous caper by way of repartee, and stumbles on.

A *Folly* (to a highly respectable *Bedouin* in a burnous and gold spectacles). Well, all I can say is, you don't seem to me to behave much like an Arab!

The *Bedouin* (uneasily, as he waltzes with conscientious regularity). Don't I? How ought I to behave then?

The *Folly*. I should have thought you'd jump about and howl, the way *Bedouins* do howl. You know!

The *Bed.* (dubiously). Um—well, you see, my dear, I—I don't feel up to that sort of thing—before supper.

The *Folly* (losing all respect for him). No—nor yet after it. I expect you've told some old four-wheel caravan to come and fetch you home early, and you'll turn into your little tent at the usual time—that's the sort of wild *Bedouin* you are! Don't let me keep you. [She leaves him.

The *Bed.* (alone). If she only knew the absolute horror I have of making myself conspicuous, she wouldn't expect it!

Mephistopheles (to a *Picador*). This was the only thing I could get to go in. How do you think it suits me?

The *Picador* (with candour). Well, I must say, old fellow, you do look a beast!

[*Mephisto* appears wounded.

A *Masker* (with his face painted brown, and in a costume of coloured paper decorated with small boxes and packets, to a *Blue Domino*). You see what I

am, don't you? The *Parcels Post*! Had a lot of trouble thinking it out. Look at my face, for instance, I made that up, with string-marks and all, to look like a brown-paper parcel.

The *Blue Domino*. Pity you haven't got something inside it, isn't it?

The *Parcels Post* (feebly). Don't you be too sharp. And it really is a first-rate idea. All these parcels now—I suppose there must be fifty of 'em at least—

The *Blue Domino*. Are there? Well, I wish you'd go and get sorted somewhere else. I haven't time for it myself.

Sardonic Spectator (pityingly—to a *Masker* in a violent perspiration, who represents *Sindbad* carrying the *Old Man of the Sea*). 'Ow you are worrying yourself to be sure!

A *Polite Stranger* (accosting an *Individual* who is personifying the *London County Council* by the aid of a hat surmounted by a sky-sign, a cork bridge and a tin tramcar, a toy *Clown* and a butterfly on his chest, a portrait of *Mlle. Zao* on his back, a miniature fireman under an extinguisher, and a model crane, which he winds up and down with evident enjoyment). Excuse me, Sir, but would you mind showing us round you—or is there a catalogue to your little collection?

[The *L.C.C.* maintains a dignified silence.

Pierrot (critically to *Cleopatra*). Very nice indeed, my dear girl,—except that they ought to have given you a serpent to carry, you know!

Cleopatra. Oh, they did—only I left it in the Cloak-room.

A *Man with a False Nose* (to a *Friend* who is wearing his natural organ). Why, I thought you said you were coming in a nose?

His *Friend*. So I did (he produces an enormous nose and cheeks from his tail-pocket). But it's no mortal use; the minute I put it on I'm recognised (plaintively). And I gave one-and-ninencepence for the beastly thing, too!

Young Man of the Period (meeting a female acquaintance attired in ferns, rock-work, and coloured shells, illuminated by portable electric light). Hul-lo! You are a swell! And what are you supposed to be?

The *Lady in Rock-work*. Can't you see? I'm a *Fairy Grotto*. Good idea, isn't it?

He. Rippin'! But what the mischief have you got on your shoulder?

She. Oh, that's an aquarium—real goldfish. See!

[Exhibiting them with pride.

He. Ain't you lettin' 'em sit up rather late? They will be chippy to-morrow—off colour, don't you know.

She. Will they? What ought I to do for them, then?

He. Do? Oh, just put a brandy-and-soda in their tank.

Later; *Supper* is going on in the *Boxes* and *Supper-room*, and the festivity has been further increased by the arrival of a party of *Low Comedians* and *Music-Hall Stars*. The *Lancers* have been danced with more abandonment, and several entirely new and original figures.

The *Chevalier Bayard* (at the *Refreshment Bar*—to a *Watteau Shepherdess*). I say, you come along and dance with me, will you?—and look here, if you dance well, I'll give you a drink when it's over. If you don't dance to please me, you'll get nothing. See?

The *Watteau Shepherdess* (with delicate disdain). 'Ere, you go along, you silly ass!

[Hits him with her crook.

A *Gentleman* who has obviously supped (catching hold of a passing *Acquaintance*, whose hand he wrings affectionately). Dear ole *HUGHIE*! don't go away just yet. Shtop an' talk with me. Got lotsh or things say to you, dear ole boy—mosh 'portant things! Shure you, you're the on'y man in the wide world I ever kicked a care—care a kick about. Don't you leave me, *HUGHIE*!

Hughie (who is looking for his partner). Not now, old man—can't stop. See you later!

[He makes his escape.

The *Affect. G.* (confidentially—to a *Police-man*). Thash a very dear ole pal o' mine, plishman, a very dear ole pal. Worsht of him ish—shimply imposhble get a lit' rational conversation with him. No sheriousness in his character!

[Exit unsteadily towards *Bar*, in blissful unconsciousness that somebody has attached a large false nose and spectacles to the buttons of his coat-tails.

A *Troubadour* (jealously—to an *Arlequina*). No—but look here, you might just as well say

right out which costume you like best—mine or—(indicating a *Cavalier* on her other side)—his.

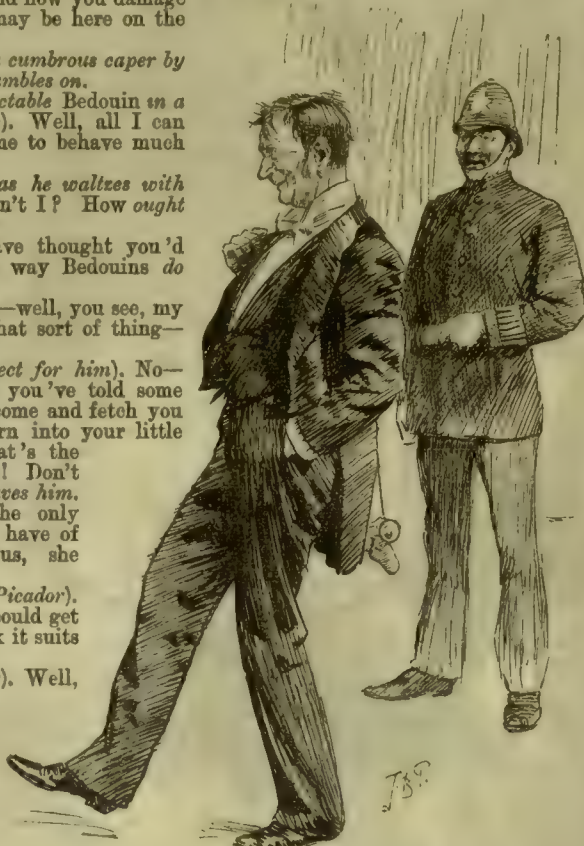
Arlequina (cautiously—not desiring to offend either). Well, I'd rather be him—not as a man, I wouldn't—but, as myself, I'd like to be this one.

[Both appear equally satisfied and soothed by this diplomatic, but slightly mystic response.

A *Vivandière* (to a *Martyr*, who is shuffling along inside a property-trunk, covered with twigs, and supposed to represent a *Bird in the Hand*). Well, that's one way of coming out to enjoy yourself, I suppose!

A *Middle-aged Man* (wandering behind the *Orchestra*). It's beastly dull, that's what it is—none of the give-and-take humour and practical fun you get in *Paris* or *Vienna*!... That's a nice, simple-looking little thing in the seat over there. (The simple-looking little thing peeps at him, with one eye over her fan, in arch invitation.) Gad, I'll go up and talk to her—it will be something to do, at any rate—she looks as if she wouldn't mind. (He goes up.) Think I know your face—haven't we met before?

The *Simple Little Thing* (after an elaborate wink aside at a *Fireman*). Shouldn't wonder. Don't you run away yet. Sit down and talk to me—do now. No, not that side—try the arm-chair, it's more comfortable.



"Exit unsteadily towards Bar."

The M. M. (throwing himself gracefully into a well-padded chintz chair). Well, really—(The chair suddenly digs him in the ribs with one of its elbows). Eh, look here now—pon my—(He attempts to rise, and finds himself tightly pinioned by the arms of the chair.) There's some confounded fool inside this chair!

The Simple Little Thing (tickling him under the chin with her fan). Shouldn't call yourself names! I'm going—don't get up on my account. [She goes off, laughing; a crowd collects and heartily enjoys his situation.]

The M. M. (later—very red after his release). If I could have found a policeman, I'd have given that chair in custody! It's scandalous to call that coming in Fancy Dress! [Exit indignantly.]

THE BROWN-JONES INCIDENT.

(Adapted from the French.)

SCENE—A Street. Enter BROWN and JONES. They meet, and regard one another for a moment, fixedly. Then they salute one another respectfully.

Brown. I have been looking for you everywhere.

Jones. Then I am delighted to have met you.

Brown. I have said of you that you are a trickster, a scoundrel, a fool, and an idiot!

Jones. Yes—and I have regretted the saying, because it shows to me that you have misunderstood the great literary movement of the present day, in its vast and varied effort.

Brown. Of that I know nothing, for I confess I have never read your books.

Jones (reproachfully). Yes—and yet you accuse me of being a trickster, a scoundrel, and a fool, without knowing my works?

Brown. It was my duty. But still I had no wish to be guilty of an outrage.

Jones. An outrage—how an outrage?

Brown. Had I known you had been present to hear me I would not have caused you the pain of listening to me.

Jones (with admiration). But it was the act of a brave man! Did it not occur to you that had I been within reach of you that you too would have suffered pain?

Brown. It did not. I was unconscious of your presence. I would have preferred to have spoken behind your back. It is brutal to speak before any face. It might lead to an unpleasantness.

Jones. No, it is your duty to do what you think is right. It is also my duty to do what I think is right. We are now face to face. Have you anything further to say to me?

Brown (hurriedly). You have immense gifts—gifts which are those of genius.

Jones. I thought you would understand me better when we met. My dear friend, I am delighted at this reconciliation. Give me your hand.

Brown (clasping palms). With all the pleasure in the world. But still I owe you reparation. How can I—

Jones (interrupting). Not another word, my dear friend. That is a matter we can leave in the hands of our Solicitors.

[Scene closes in upon the suggestion.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is curious to find a coincidence in style and in idea between an earnest, witty and pious English author of the Sixteenth Century, and an American author of our own day. Yet so it is, and here is the parallel to be found between the quaint American tales about the old negro, *Uncle Remus*, by JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, in this year of Grace, 1892, and the fables writ by Sir THOMAS MORE in 1520, or thereabouts, which he represents as if told him by an old wife and nurse, one Mother MAUD. Here are

"The Wolf," — "Brer Wolf"—and the simple-minded Jackass, both are going to confession to Father Fox—"Brer Fox." Esop is, of course, the common origin of all such tales. The extracts which I have come across, are to be found in a small book compiled by the Rev. THOMAS BRIDGETT, entitled, *The Wit and Wisdom of Sir Thomas More*. The Baron wishes that with it had been issued a



"Oliver asking for More."

I have come across, are to be found in a small book compiled by the Rev. THOMAS BRIDGETT, entitled, *The Wit and Wisdom of Sir Thomas More*. The Baron wishes that with it had been issued a



A SOLILOQUY.

Youthful Mercury. "WHAT'S THIS 'ERE ON THE PLYTE! 'KNOCK AND RING'! BLOWED IF THEY WON'T BE HARKING YER TO 'WALK HINSIDE,' NEXT!!"

glossary of old English words and expressions, as, to an ordinary modern reader, much of Sir THOMAS MORE's writing is well-nigh unintelligible; nay, in some instances, the Baron can only approximately arrive at the meaning, as though it were a writ in a foreign language with which his acquaintance was of no great profundity. Certes, the learned and reverend compiler hath a keen relish for this quaintness, but not so will fifteen out of his twenty readers, who, pardie! shall regret the absence of a key without which some of the treasure must, to them at least, remain inaccessible. With this reservation, but with no sort of equivocation, doth the Baron heartily recommend The Reverend BRIDGETT's compilation of Sir THOMAS MORE's "English as she is writ" in the Sixteenth Century, to all lovers of good books in this "so-called (O, immortal phrase!) Nineteenth Century." The Rev. THOMAS hath well and ably done his work, and therefore doth the Baron advise his readers to go to their booksellers, and, being there, to imitate the example of DICKENS's oft-quoted *Oliver*, and "ask for MORE."

Quoth the Baron, "Much liketh me the Macmillanite series of *English Men of Action*, and in a very special manner do I laud the latest that, to my knowledge, hath appeared 'yclept *Montrose*, by Master MOWBRAY MORRIS—a good many "M's" in these names—who hath executed his *Montrose* with as loving a heart and as tender a touch as ever did use old IZAAK towards the gentle that he, and the simple fish, did love so well. Did not the very hangman burst into tears as he thrust the unfortunate nobleman off the step? and did not a universal sob of pity break from the vast crowd assembled to see the last of the noble cavalier, victim to an unfortunate tradition of loyalty? What wonder then if we sympathise with this luckless hero of romance? The weak-knee'd villain of this historical drama was "Charles (his friend)," in which character, be it allowed, this sad dog of a Merry Monarch not infrequently appeared. "Thank you much, Mr. MOWBRAY MONTROSE MORRIS," quoth

THE BENEFICENT BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



Everett Hopkins

SYMPATHY.

Mamma (to Cook)—"AND MRS. STUBBS, THE CREAM WITH THE APPLE-TART YESTERDAY OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN WHIPPED."
Ethel (who has a grateful remembrance of the dish in question). "OH, MUMMY DEAR! 'OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN WHIPPED!' I THOUGHT IT WAS PARTICULARLY GOOD!"

APRIL SHOWERS;

OR, A SPOILED EASTER HOLIDAY.

(A Vacation Cantata.)

Master George (stretching forth his fingers to feel if the shower is abating) sings:—

RAIN! Rain!
Go away!
Come again
Another day!

Master Arthur (gloomily). Pooh! Rain won't go away, not in these times, By being sung at to old nursery rhymes: Especially in such a voice as yours!

Master George. Needn't be nasty, ARTHUR!
Master Robert. How it pours!
Thought we were going to have a real jolly day,

And now it's set in wet, to spoil our holiday.
Master George. Always the way at Easter.
Shall we trudge it?

Master Arthur. Not yet. What have you got, GEORGE, in your Budget?

Master George. Not very much, I fear!
Master Arthur. Ah, that's vexatious!
It might have cheered us up a bit.

Master George (indignantly). Good gracious! You're always down on me, with no good reasons.

You know I'm not the ruler of the Seasons. Now if I'd been in your place—but no matter!

Master Robert. By Jingo, how the rain-drops rush and clatter!

Ah, Primrose-gathering is not half so jolly As once it used to be.

Master Arthur. Ah! my dear SOLLY,

The springs are now so awfully wet and cold,
The "ory" don't seem so fetching as of old.
[Pipes up.]

Recitative. "Who will buy my pretty, pretty Pri-im-ro-o-ses!"

All fresh gathered from the va-a-a-ll-ey?"

Master George. The wet and cold have got into your throat,
A quaver and a crack on every note!

Master Robert. Don't aggravate each other, boys; 'tis wrong,

But while it rains I'll tootle out a song:—
(Sings.) The days we went a-Primrosing!

AIR—"The days we went a-Gipsying!"

The days are gone, the happy days
When we were in our Spring;
When all the Primrose loved to praise,
And join its gathering.

Oh! we could sing like anything,
We felt the conqueror's glow,
In the days when we went Primrosing,
A long time ago.

Chorus.—In the days, &c.

Then April's flowery return
Was "Peace-with-Honour's" goal,
And the bright brimstone-bunch would burn
In every button-hole.

Our Dames were gaily on the wing,
With blossoms in full blow,
In the days when we went Primrosing,
A long time ago.

Chorus.—In the days, &c.

But now Progressive storms prevail
Election blizzards chill;
The Primroses seem sparse and pale
In valley and on hill.

Yon cloud looks black as raven's wing!
Things did not menace so.

In the days when we went Primrosing
A long time ago!

Chorus.—In the days, &c.

Both. Oh, bravo, BOBBY!
Master Robert. Thanks. Yet my song's burden

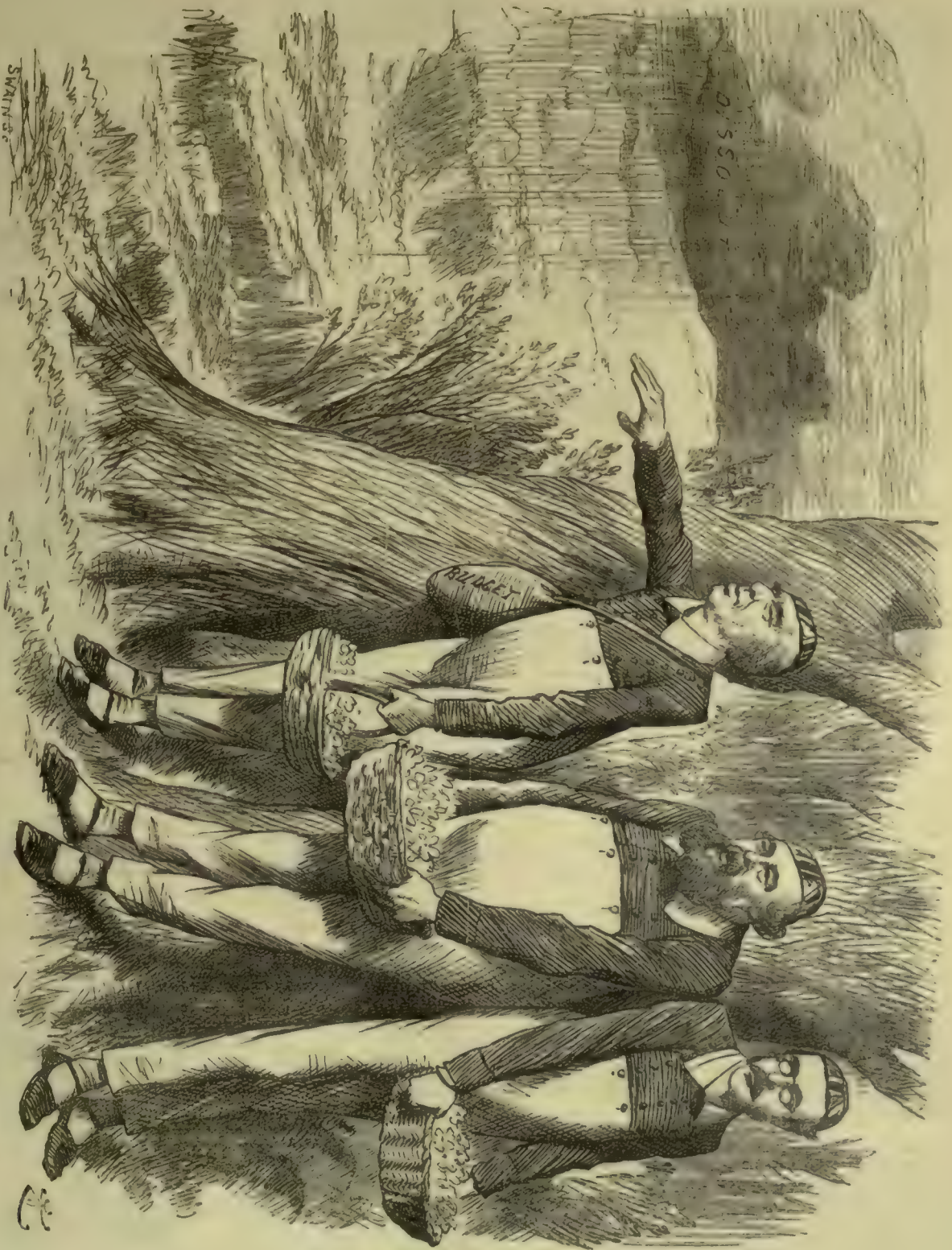
Is dismal as the croakings of Dame Durden.
Our holiday is spoilt by driving showers.
I fear we shall have no great show of flowers;
But—anyhow my boys we're under cover;
And let us hope that storm-cloud will pass over
Without first giving us a dreadful drenching,
And all our April-hopes entirely quenching.

All (singing together).

Rain! Rain!
Go away!
Come again
Another day!

[Left crouching and singing.]

FROM THE THEATRES, &c. COMMISSION.—
"I am afraid," said Mr. P. S. RUTLAND, speaking of the Music Halls, and in answer to a question of Mr. BOLTON's, "we cannot do a wreck. (Laughter.)" Mr. WOODALL: "Without being wrecked in the attempt. (Renewed laughter.)" Oh, witty WOODALL! Why, encouraged by this applause, he may yet be led on to make a pun on his own name, and say, "Would all were like him!" or some such merry jest. The proceedings in this Committee were becoming a trifle dull, but it is to be hoped that they may yet hear something still more sparkling from the wise and witty WOODALL.



APRIL SHOWERS; OR, A SPOILT EASTER HOLIDAY.

TRIO. "RAIN! RAIN! GO AWAY! COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY!"

TO MY COOK.

Oh, hard of favour, fat of form,
How fairer art thou than thy looks,
Whose heart with kitchen fires is warm,
Thou plainest of the plainer Cooks!

Low down upon thy forehead grows
Thick hair of no conducive dye;
Short and aspiring is thy nose,
Watched over by a furtive eye.

In shy defiance rarely seen
Where kitchen stairways darkly tend,
A foe to judge thee by thy mien,
Proclaimed in every act a friend!

I know thee little; not thy views
On public or on private life,
Whether a single lot thou'dst choose,
Or fain would'st be a Guardsman's wife;

For who can rightly read the change
When, still'd the work-day traffic's din,
In best apparel, rich and strange,
Thou passest weekly to thy kin!

Its deadlier chill doth wholly miss,
Fired with the spirit of thy works.

To true occasion thou art true,
As upon great occasions great;
Doing whatever Cook may do
When PHYLLIS, neat, alone will wait,

As when the neighbouring villas send
Their modish guests to statelier fare,
And PHYLLIS, neat, is helped to tend
By that staid man the Greengrocer.

Though thou art more than plain in look,
Thou wisdest charms that never tire—
O Cook—we will not call thee Cook,
Thou Priestess of the Genial Fire.

LAYING A GHOST!

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.—Owing to the continued success of *Hamlet*, it has been decided (by arrangement with the Author) to postpone, &c.—*Extract from Advertisement in Daily Paper.*

SCENE—Sanctum of Popular Actor-Manager of Theatre Royal Haymarket. Popular Actor-Manager dozing over a submitted Play. He closes his eyes and slumbers. When to him enter Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Master W. S. (shouting). What ho, Sir Player! Wake up, Sir, wake up!

P. A.-M. (rousing himself). Delighted to see you, Mr. SHAKESPEARE. I hope you have been in front and seen us?

Master W. S. Yes, I just had a glance. Find you have put in some new business. When will all you fellows leave me alone?

P. A.-M. (earnestly). I hope, Sir, that in the cause of Art you do not object, that—

Master W. S. (interrupting). Oh, no! It makes little difference to me what you do. My author's fees ceased years ago! But look here, What do you mean by this? (*Produces Press-cutting of advertisement and reads*)—"Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Prospective Arrangements. Owing to the continued success of *Hamlet*, it has been decided (by arrangement with the Author) to postpone" another play. Now, Master TREE, or as I may call ye, "Master up a Tree," what have you to say to that? You see your advertisement has caught my eye. I am here to answer it!

P. A.-M. Most wonderful! I do not know how or wherefore my pen slipped, but slip it did, indeed. However, I apologise. Is that enough?

Master W. S. More than enough!

Enter the Ghost of HAMLET's Father suddenly.

Ghost (with a glance at W. S.). Ah, the Governor here already! Still, I may have my chance as well as he! I gave the plot of *Hamlet*! Why shouldn't I have another shot? (*To P. A.-M.*)—

But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.

P. A.-M. (eagerly). The very thing for a melodrama. Delighted to make your acquaintance—hem—in the Spirit!

Master W. S. Nay, good Master Player, this is scarcely business! If anything in that line is to be done, I should do it. (*To Ghost of HAMLET's Father*). Begone, Sirrah!

Ghost. Nay, this is professional jealousy! (*To P. A.-M.*). I find thee apt—

[A book falls, and Master WM. SHAKESPEARE and Ghost of HAMLET's Father vanish together.]

P. A.-M. (opening his eyes). Was I dreaming? (*With a recollection of "The Red Lamp."*) I wonder! [*Left wondering.*]

TAKING A SIGHT AT RINCANDKNOCK.

(By Ruddier Stripling.)

AFTER the roughness of the Atlantic, in which to my taste there is far too much water moving about, I stepped on to America with considerable relief. I was quite satisfied, after that excellent dinner, the first I had enjoyed since Liverpool slid away eastward, to walk aimlessly through the streets till I fell into the arms of a broad-shouldered, pug-nosed, Irish New York policeman. I remember no more till New York passed away on a sunny afternoon, and then I fell asleep again and slept till the brakeman, conductor, Pullman-car conductor, negro porter and news-boy somehow managed to pull me out into the midnight temperature of 80 below freezing. It was just like having one's head put under the pump, but it did not quite revive me, for I mistook my host in his sleigh for a walrus, and tried to harpoon him with my umbrella. After matters had been explained, we went off, at least I did, and never woke up till I fell out into a snow-drift, just as we turned a corner at our journey's end.

In the morning, I had some idea that the sky was a great sapphire, and that I was inside it, and that the fields were some sort of velvet or wool-work, going round and round with the sun rioting over them, whatever that may mean, till my head ached. I can't quite understand all this now, but it seemed a very picturesque, impressionist description when I wrote it. Then I went for a walk down Main Street. I think it is about 400 miles long, for I got nowhere near the end, but this was perhaps owing to my uncertainty as to which side was the pleasanter to walk on. At last I gave it up, and sat down on the side-walk. Now, the wisdom of Vermont, not being at all times equal to grasping all the problems of everybody else's life with delicacy, sometimes makes pathetic mistakes, and it did so in my case. I explained to the policeman that I had been sitting up half the night on a wild horse in New Zealand, and had only just come over for the day, but it was all in vain.

The cell at Vermont was horribly uncomfortable. I dreamt that I was trying to boil snow in a thimble, to make maple syrup, and to swim on my head in deep water, with a life-belt tied to my ankles. There was another man there, and in the early morning he told me about Mastodons and Plesiosaurs in a wood near the town, and how he caught them by the tails and photographed them; and also that Ringandknock, a mountain near, was mentioned by EMERSON in a verse, which I remembered, because he made "co-eval" rhyme with "extended." Only a truly great Philosopher could have done that.

It was all new and delightful; and it must have been true, because my informant was a quiet, slow-spoken man of the West, who refrained from laughing at me. I have met very few people who could do that. Next day all the idleness and trifling were at an end, and my friends conveyed me back to New York.

EPITAPH ON A DYER.

THIS Dyer with a dire liver tried
To earn a living dyeing, and he died.



"Ta-ra-ra-Boom!"

A silken gown, that bravely stands
Environing thy form, or no;
Stout gloves upon thy straining hands,
For brooch, the breastplate cameo.
Shod with the well-heeled boots, whose knell
Afar along the pavement sounds,
Blent with the tinkling muffin-bell,
Or milkman, shrilling on his rounds.
Nil tangis quod non ornas. Nay,
'Tis not alone the parsley sprig,
The paper frill, the fennel spray,
The Yule-tide's pertly-berried twig;
But common objects by thy art
Some proper beauty seem to own;
Thy chop is as a chop apart,
Fraught with a grace before unknown;
The very egg thou poachest seems
Some work of dett *orفيرerie*,—
A yolk of gold that chastely gleams
Through a thin shrine of ivory.
From thee no pale and wilted ghost,
Or branded by the blackening bar,
But crisp and cheery comes the toast,
And brown as ripening hazels are.
Thy butter has not lost the voice
Of English meads, where cowslips grow,
And oh, the bacon of thy choice—
Rose-jacinth labyrinthed in snow!
And mutton, colder than the kiss
Of formal love, where loathing lurks

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

No. VIII.—THE DUFFER AS A HOST.

Of course I don't try to give dinners at home. The difficulties and anxieties are too enormous. First there is inviting the people. I like to have none but very clever men and very pretty women, but nobody's acquaintance is limited to those rare beings, and, if I did invite them, they would all have previous engagements: I do not blame them. But suppose that two or three of the wits and beauties accept, that is worse than ever, because the rest are a Q.C. (who talks about his cases) and his wife, who talks about her children. An old school-fellow, who has no conversation that does not begin, "I say, do you remember old JACK WILLIAMS." This does not entertain the beauty, who sits next him.

A Dowager Duchess, she knows none of the other people and wonders audibly (to me) who they are. A clever young man, whose language is the language of the future, and whose humour is of a date to which I humbly hope my own days may not be prolonged. A Psychological Researcher, with a note-book; he gets at the Duchess at once, and cross-examines her about a visionary Piper who plays audible pibrochs through Castle Blawearie, her ancestral home. Does she think the pibroch could be taken down in a phonograph. Could the Piper be snapped in a kodak? The Duchess does not know what a phonograph is; never heard of a kodak. She does not like the note-book any more than Mr. Pickwick's cabman liked it. She is afraid of getting into print. Then there is the Warden of St. Jude's, a great scholar; he pricks up his ears, not the keenest, at the word kodak, and begins to talk about a newly-discovered *Codex* of PODONIAN the Elder. Nobody knows what a *Codex* is. There is a School-board Lady, but, alas, she is next the Warden of St. Jude's, not next the enthusiastic Clergyman, who prosed about a Club for Milliners. There is GREGSBY, who develops an undesirable interest in the Milliners' Club.

Have they a Strangers' Room? Do they give suppers? Are they Friendly Girls? Everyone thinks GREGSBY flippant and coarse; I wish I had not asked him to come. There is a Positivist, who sneers at the Clergyman; there are a Squire and his wife from Rutlandshire: she is next the Radical Candidate for the Isle of Dogs. They do not seem to get on well together. GREGSBY and the humorist of the future are chaffing each other across the table: nobody understands them; I don't know whether they are quarrelling or not. Miss JONES, the authoress of *Melancholy Moods* (in a Greek dress, with a *pince-nez*: a woman should not combine these attributes) is next the Squire: he has never heard of any of her friends the Minor Poets: she takes no interest in Hay, nor in Tithes. I see the Guardsman and the Beauty looking at each other across the flowers and things: the language of their eyes is not difficult, nor pleasant, to read. Why is the champagne so hot, and why are the ices so salt and hard? I know something is the matter with the claret: something is always the matter with the claret. It has been iced, and the champagne has been standing for days in an equable temperature of 65°.

When they want to go away, it is a wet night, and those who have come in cabs cannot get cabs to go back in. The Duchess's coachman lost his way, coming here, she was half-an-hour late: she is anxious about his finding his way home. GREGSBY has got at the Psychological-Researcher, and I hear him telling stories, as personal experiences, which I know are not true. Psychological-Researchers have no sense of humour. "S. P. R.," why not "S. P. Q. R.?" I hear GREGSBY asking, and suggesting "Society for Propagating Rubbish." It is very rude of him, and not at all funny.

However, they do go away at last, that advantage a dinner at home has over a dinner at the Club, there they often seem as if they would never go away at all.

On the other hand, the wine is all right at the Club, I believe, for I know nothing about wine myself. Some men talk of nothing else, and seem to know the vintages without looking at the names on the bottles.

The worst of giving a dinner at the Club is, that I never know how many men I have asked, nor even who they are. It is enough if I remember the date. It might be a good thing to write these matters down in a Diary, or on a big sheet of paper, pinned up in one's room. I know I have written to ask some Americans whom I have not seen: they brought letters of introduction. I forget their names—there is a Professor who has written a novel, there is a General, I think, and a Mad Doctor.

My best plan will be to stand about in the drawing-room, and try to select them as they come in. Here is WILKINSON, who was at St. Jude's with me: I shake hands with him warmly. He looks blank. It is not WILKINSON, after all; it is a stranger, he is dining with somebody else. Some other men have come in while I am apologising. One of them comes up and says, "Mr. McDUFFER!"

He must be an American. Which? He tells me: he is the Mad Doctor. He introduces his countrymen; they all say "Mr. McDUFFER!" How am I to remember which is the General and which is the Professor? Other people drop in. Here is CRIMPTON. He is a Reviewer. Clever fellow, CRIMPTON. Here is old BEILBY—he is hot from the University Match. He begins to tell me all about it. JONES was awfully well set, but that muf Smith ran him out. BEILBY does not believe it *was* out. Odd the spite umpires always have at our side. Feel that I must tear myself from BEILBY, the only man whose conversation really interests me. Here is an English writer on military subjects. I introduce him to the American General. Find he is the Professor, after all. We get down stairs somehow. BEILBY



"It is midnight; I am tired to death. Yes, Beilby will have something to drink, and another cigar—a very large one."

is opposite me. CRIMPTON is next the Professor. The Military Writer is next the General. Things do not appear to go very smoothly. It seems that the Military one has said something about General BEAUREGARD which he should not have said. The General is getting red. I hate it, when men begin to talk about the American War. Any other war they are welcome to: the Danish War, the war of 1866, the war of 1870, the glorious affair of Majuba. But Americans are touchy about their war, not easy to please them whatever you say. Much best to say nothing. CRIMPTON is laughing at American novels. He does not know that the Professor is an American novelist. What am I to do? I try to kick him under the table. I kick the Mad Doctor, and apologise. Was feeling about for a footstool. BEILBY is trying to talk about Base Ball to the General, who is still red. Nothing is more disagreeable than these international discussions at dinner.

Now, a clever host would know how to get out of this; he would start some other subject. I can think of no other subject. Happy thought: gradually glide into American cookery, clams, canvas-backed ducks, what is that dish with a queer name—Jumbo? I don't feel as if it were Jumbo. Squambo? Terapin soup? It sounds rather like the Hebrew for a talisman, or an angel of some sort. However, they are talking about cookery now, and wines. Is there not an American wine called Catawampus? The Mad Doctor has his eye on me; he seems interested. I thought I heard him murmur Aspasia, or Aphasia, or something like that. It is not Catawampus—it is Catawba. I feel that I *patauge*—flounder, I mean. I am getting quite nervous; feel like a man in a powder-magazine, with lighted cigarettes everywhere. If one can withdraw



A PENNY FOR THE MEMBER'S THOUGHTS.

them to the smoking-room, they will settle down somehow. They do. The Military Critic gets into a corner with BELBY. The Americans and I consort together. Most agreeable fellows; have been everywhere, and seen everything. CRIMPTON, luckily, is reading one of his own reviews in the evening paper. I glance at it; it is a review of the Professor's novel. Not a kind review—rather insulting than otherwise. He hates BELBY, and he does not know the Military Critic. If he joins us, there will be more international discussion. I get them on to the balcony, and pretend to go to ring the bell for coffee. I whisper to CRIMPTON. He is quite taken aback. "Awfully sorry; never dreamed the Professor was not English." He wants to tell the Professor that, thinks he will be pleased. He apologises to me; it is dreadfully disagreeable to be apologised to by a guest. "All my fault," I say; and, really, so it is. CRIMPTON remembers an evening engagement, and goes off à l'Anglaise.

The Americans go off; say they have enjoyed themselves. I

feel inclined to apologise for CRIMPTON. On second thoughts, I don't. They do not look like men who write about their adventures in their native newspapers. Ladies do that. A weight is off my mind. The Military Writer goes home. He asks, "Who was that old man who fancied himself so about SHERMAN's March?" "That was General HOME, who held a command under SHERMAN." The Military Writer whistles; wishes I had told him that before dinner. I wish I had, but I got so flurried and confused. It is midnight; I am tired to death. Yes, BELBY will have something to drink, and another cigar—a very large one. He begins to talk about the University Match, about all University Matches, about old scores, and old catches, from MITCHELL's year to the present day.

It is three o'clock before I get home; the Americans may have enjoyed themselves, I have not. I dream about the Mad Doctor; perhaps he will put me into his next book on *Incipient Insanity*. Serve me right.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S COMPANION.

(By Mrs. Payley.)

I.—THE YOUNG GIRL'S DIARY.

My very dear young girls, those Arts and accomplishments which form part of the average education will be taught you by your Governess, and in some cases, if your parents think it judicious, by a male Professor. I do not propose in these papers to deal with such subjects. But there are certain points in the life of the young girl, about which the handbooks have but little to say, which your teachers do not include in their course of tuition. Some of these points are particularly intimate and sentimental. It is here that I would wish to act as your adviser, and, if I may, as your confidential friend. I shall always be glad, while these papers are being



published, to receive and answer any letters from young girls on questions of sentiment and propriety. If we had no sentiment, life would not stand thinking about; if we had no propriety, life would not stand talking about. Of the two, propriety is, perhaps, for the woman the more important, but I shall be glad to answer questions on both. And now let me say a few words on the subject of the Young Girl's Diary.

You must most certainly keep a Diary.

When I was a young girl of twenty-eight—it is not so very long ago—I had my Diary bound in pale blue watered silk; it had three locks and a little silver key which I wore on a riband round my neck. I never took it off except to—I mean for the purposes of the toilette. There was a pocket at the end of the book, which would hold a faded flower or any little souvenir. I always wrote it in solitude and by night. Secrecy has its

and consoling. If you should ever choose to read any passage from your Diary to the dearest of your girl-friends, the confidence becomes in consequence so much more confidential; for she will know that you are reading to her what was never intended for any human eye to see, and will enjoy it more. If you have the least appreciation of what sentiment really means, if you feel that you are misunderstood, or if you suffer from the most sacred of all emotions, you will most certainly keep a Diary.

The entries in the Diary need not be of any great length. I once had a dear girl-friend who, during the happy season of her first love, became in the pages of her Diary almost entirely interjectional. I think this was from natural delicacy. I was recently stopping at her house, and owing to circumstances over which she had no control, I am able to reproduce here the entries which she made in the few days which culminated in her engagement.

"September 6.—Why?"

You observe that she is puzzled to account for her own emotions, and yet hesitates to give the inevitable solution. The intense reticence of this entry seems to me peculiarly beautiful.

"September 7.—I hate MARY BINDLER."

I can remember the circumstances very well, and I am inclined to think that she had some reason to be jealous of MARY BINDLER. MARY was not at all a nice girl.

"September 8.—Joy, joy, joy!"

I think I can explain this entry. MARY BINDLER had been called away hurriedly. Somebody was dead, or something of that sort. My friend's expression of relief seems to me very pretty and natural.

"September 9.—Ah!"

"September 10.—Oh!"

In that little word "Ah!" there is the whole history of a picnic and a carriage accident. It was there that she first guessed his feelings towards her. I am sorry to say that I have not been able to obtain any adequate explanation of the "Oh!" But I know they went out after dinner to see if it was possible to play tennis by moonlight. I conclude that it was not, for the next entry, which consists simply of a note of exclamation, is really a record of her engagement.

Of course I need not point out the impropriety of mixing in the pages of your Diary the record of the most sacred emotions, and notes of things more commonplace. I knew a girl who invariably did this. She always commenced with an account of any money that she might have spent during the day. I have managed, with considerable difficulty, to make a copy of one of these entries, and I give it as a warning:—

"Chocolate, one-and-six. ALGERNON has written to me, asking me to see him again for the last time. I have written back that my decision is unalterable. It breaks my heart to have to be so cruel—but fate wills it, and it's no good fighting against Mamma. Sent my grey to be cleaned—but it won't look anything when it's done."

In another entry I found the following:—

"A dear long letter from EGBERT. How perfect his sympathy is! Not feeling very well to-day—will always refuse *vol-au-vent* in future."

I need hardly say that a girl who would chronicle the state of her digestion and the sympathy of her lover in one paragraph could not possibly have any soul.

The perfect Diary is something of a paradox. It should be composed chiefly of what is unpublishable—of one's secrets and sentiments—but it should always be written as if with a view to publication. In your Diary you can say things about yourself which it would be conceited to say openly, and you can say things about your friends which it would be unkind to say openly; you can make your own pose seem more real to yourself. So, my dear young girls, take my advice, and commence Diaries. And remember I shall be very glad to answer any questions on the subject.

Jokim's Latest Little Joke.

(By a many times disappointed Income-Tax Payer.)

It is out at last, but it falls very flat;
Such a very big "bag," such a very small "cat"!
Popularity Budget? It can't be called *that*!
The Budget that was to have been such "good biz,"
And have caused the Election to go with a "whizz,"
Fizzles out in—reducing the duty on Fizz!
Ah, JOKIM, my joker, you've hardly the knack
Of holding the Bag, so we'll give you "the Sack!"

"MEET IT IS I SET IT DOWN."—"Mr. J. McN. WHISTLER," it was remarked by one of his visitors on the closing day of his recent Exhibition, "has in his Catalogue put down all unfavourable criticisms." How, in this respect, would all of us like to imitate the Eccentric Knight of the Order of the Butterfly, and put down all adverse criticism.

MR. PUNCH'S HEBRIDEAN SALMON-FLY BOOK. STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PEN-HOLDER.

(By WULLIE WHITE, Author of "They Taught Her to Swim," "A Pauper in Tulle," "My Cloudy Glare," "Green Pastures in Picatilli," "Ran Fast to Royston," &c., &c., &c.)

"I now send you," writes this popular and delightful Author, "the latest of the Novels in which I mingle delicate sentiment with Hebridean or Highland scenery, and bring the wisdom of a Londoner to bear directly upon the unsophisticated innocence of a kilt-wearing population. I am now republishing my books in a series. I'll take short odds about my salmon-flies as compared with anyone else's, and am prepared to back my sunsets and cloud-effects against the world. No takers. I thought not. Here goes!"

CHAPTER I.

I HELD it in my right hand, toying with it curiously, and not without pleasure. It was merely a long, wooden pen-holder, inky and inert to an unappreciative eye, but to me it was a bright magician, skilled in the painting of glowing pictures, a traveller in many climes, a tried and trusted friend, who had led me safely through many strange adventures and much uncouth dialect. "Old friend," I said, addressing it kindly, "shall you and I set out together on another journey? We have seen many countries, and the faces of many men, and yet, though we are advancing in years, the time has not yet come for me to lay you down, as having no need of you. What say you—shall we start once more? I hear a confused sound as of men who murmur together, and say, 'We have supped full of horrors, and have waded chin-deep in Zulu blood; we have followed the Clergy of the Established Church into the recesses of terrible crimes, and have endured them as they bared their too sensitive consciences to our gaze. We pine for simpler, and more wholesome pleasures. Now,' I continued, 'if only Queen TITA and the rest will help us, I think we can do something to satisfy this clamour.' For all answer, my pen-holder nestled lovingly in my hand. I placed my patent sunset-nib in its mouth, waved it twice, dipped it once, and began.

CHAPTER II.

THE weary day was at length sinking peacefully to rest behind the distant hills. The packed and tumbled clouds lay heavily towards the West, where a gaunt jagged tower of rook rose sheer into the sky. And lo! suddenly a broad shaft of blood-red light shot through the brooding omuluss and rested gorgeously upon the landscape. On each side of this a thin silvery veil of mist crept slowly up and hung in impalpable folds. The Atlantic sand stretching away to the North shone with the effulgence of burnished copper. And now brilliant flickers of coloured light, saffron, purple, green and rose danced over the heaven's startled face. The piled clouds opened and showed in the interspace a lurid lake of blood tinged with the pale violet of an Irishwoman's eyes. Great pillars of flame sprang up rebelliously and spread over the burning horizon. Then a strange, soft, yellow and vaporous light raised its twelve bore breech-loading ejector to its shoulder and shot across the Cryanlaughin hills, and the cattle shone red in the green pastures, and everything else glowed, and the whole world burned with the bewildering glare of a stout publican's nose in a London fog. And silence came down upon the everlasting hills whose outlines gleamed in a prismatic—

"That will do," said a mysterious Voice, "the paint-box is exhausted!"

CHAPTER III.

I WAS shocked at this rude interruption. "Sir!" I said, "I cannot see you, though I hear your voice. Will you not disclose yourself?"

"Nonsense, man," said the aggravating, but invisible one, "do not waste time. Let us get on with the story. You know what comes next. *Revenons à nos saumons*. Ha, ha! spare the rod and spoil the book!"

I was vexed, but I had to obey, and this was the result: The pools were full of gleaming curves of silver, each one belonging to a separate salmon of gigantic size fresh run from the sea. The foaming Black Water tumbled headlong over its rocks and down its narrow channel. DONALD, the big keeper, stood industriously

upon the bank arranging flies. "I hef been told," he observed, "tat ta English will be coming to Styornoway, and there will be no more Gaelic spoken. But perhaps it iss not true, for they will tell many lies. I am a tefle of a liar myself."

And lo! as we watched, the grey sky seemed to be split in two by an invisible wedge, and a purple gleam of light shot—

"Stow that!" said the Voice, "I have allowed you to put in a patch of Gaelic, but I really cannot let you do any more sun-pictures. Try and think that it is a close time for landscapes, and don't let the light shoot again for a bit."

"All right," I retorted, not without annoyance, "but you'll just have to make up your mind to lose that salmon. It was a magnificent forty-pounder, and, if it hadn't been for your ridiculous interruption, we should have landed him splendidly in another six pages."

"As you like," said the Voice.

CHAPTER IV.

AND now our journey was drawing to a close. Out of the solemn hush of the purple mountains we had passed slowly southwards back to the roar and the turmoil of the London streets. And many friends had said farewell to us. SHEILA with her low, sweet brow, her exquisitely curved lips, and her soft blue eyes had held us enraptured, and we had wept with COQUETTE, and fiercely cheered the WHAUP while he held WATTIE by the heels, and made him say a swear. And we had talked with MACLEOD and grown mournful with Madoap VIOLET, and had seen many another fresh and charming face, and had

talked Gaelic with gusto and discrimination. And Queen TITA had sped with us, and we had adored BELLE, and yet we cried for more. But now the dream-journey was past, and lo! suddenly the whole heaven was blazing with light, and a bright saffron band lay across—

"Steady there!" said the Voice. "Remember your promise!"

THE END.

SAINTS OR SINNERS?

[BY SPECIAL WIRE.]

MELBOURNE.—It is said, on good authority, that the favourite books of the interesting prisoner now in custody are, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, an Australian Summary of the *Newgate Calendar*, and the poetry of the late Dr. WATTS. He has also expressed himself as pleased with Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD's latest work of fiction, though he does not quite approve of the theological opinions of the writer.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The supposed author of the dynamite outrages, is the recipient of numerous presents in prison, sent him by male and female admirers, and persons anxious for his conversion and his autograph. The edition of *Thomas à Kempis*, recently given him, is a most valuable antique copy; but he complains of the print as unsuited to his eyesight.

MELBOURNE, Later.—The Solicitor engaged on behalf of our interesting prisoner has requested the Government to allow a commission, consisting of the medical superintendents at Broadmore, Hanwell and Colney Hatch, with six other English experts in insanity, to come out to Australia to inquire into the mental condition of the prisoner. A telegram has also been despatched to Lord SALISBURY requesting that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND and an Old Bailey Jury may be sent out to try the case; otherwise there will be "no chance of justice being done." The British PREMIER's reply has not yet been received. It is believed that he is consulting Mr. GOSCHEN about the probable cost of such a step.

MELBOURNE, Latest.—Through the instrumentality of an Official connected with the prison, I am enabled to send you some important information concerning our prisoner which you may take as absolutely authentic. His breakfast this morning consisted of buttered toast, coffee, and poached eggs. He complained that the latter were not new-laid, and became very excited. It has also transpired that he is strangely in favour of Imperial Federation, and he has declared to his gaolers that "The friendship between England and her Colonies ought to be cemented." This expression of opinion has created a profound sensation.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

(As Private Tommy Atkins puts it to his Comrade Bill.)

[In the Report of Lord WANTAGE's Committee, it appears that our Home Army costs seventeen and a-half millions per annum. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE doubts if we could rapidly mobilise one Army Corps. Sir EVELYN Woodhoushali the men under him at Aldershot are not equal to doing a day's service, even in England. The Duke of CONNAUGHT says half the battalions under his command are no good for service, cannot even carry their kits, and are not fit to march. Lord WOLSELEY, it is stated, compares the British Army to a "squeezed lemon."]

"SQUEEZED lemon!"
That's encourag-
ing!

Wish WOLSELEY
knew 'ow much it's
pleased us.

I'd like to ask one
little thing:

I wonder who it is
who's squeezed us?
The whole Report's a
thing to cheer;
Makes us feel proud
and pleased, oh!
very!

And won't the bloom-
in' furrineer
Over our heracles
make merry?

Costs seventeen mil-
lions and a arf,
And can't go no-
where, nor do no-
think!

That tots it up! They
wouldn't charf,
Eh, BILL, these Big
Wigs! What do
you think?

Therefore, we're just
a useless lot.

After pipe - claying
and stiff-starching,
We might be good for
stopping shot,
Only that we're not
fit for marching!

We cannot carry our
own kits!

I say, BILL, ain't we
awful duffers?

Not furrin foes, or
Frenchy wits,
Could more com-
pletely give us
snuffers.

CAMBRIDGE, CON-
NAUGHT, Sir EVELYN
WOOD,

All of a mind, for
once, about us!

What wonder Bungs
dub us no good,

And lackeys, snobs,
and street-boys flout us?

I see myself as others see;

A weedy, narrer-chested stripling,

Can't fight, can't march, can't ardy see!

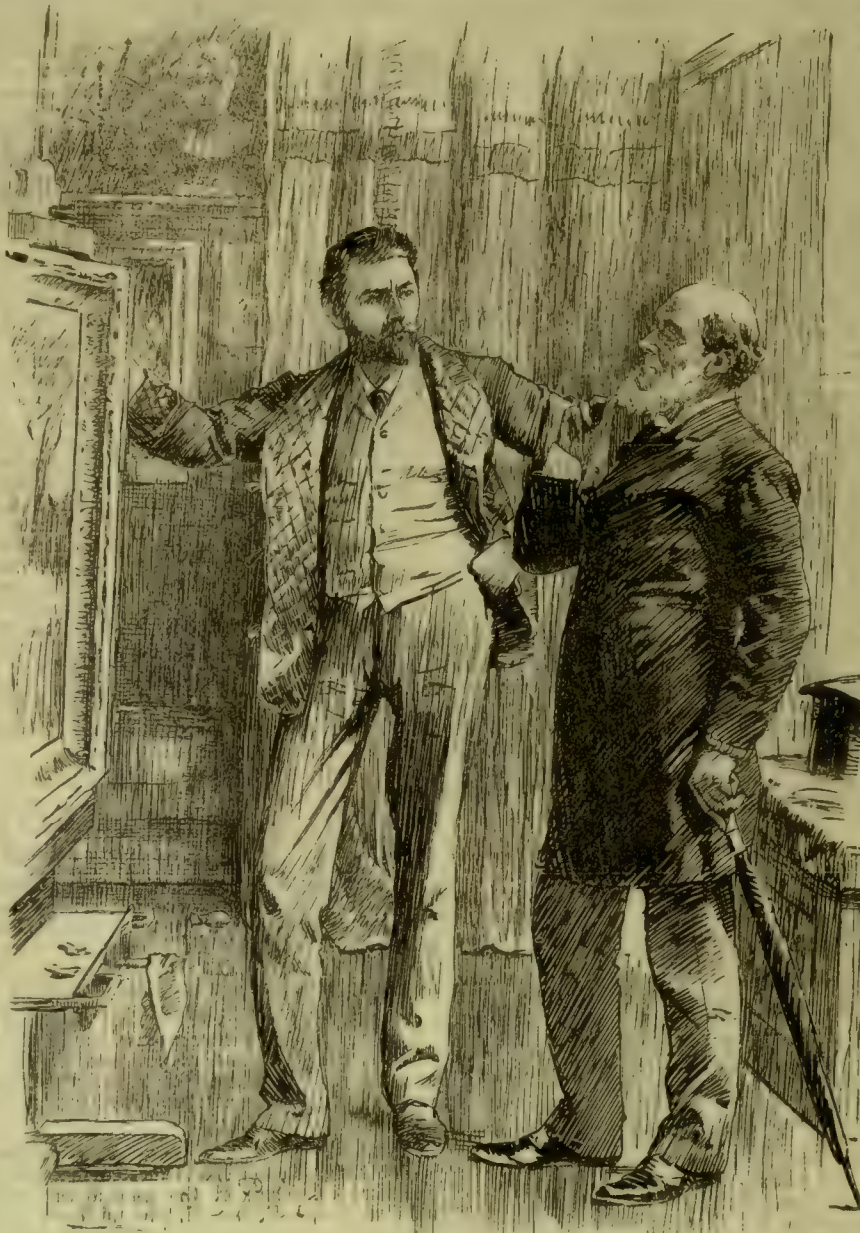
And yet young Mister RUDYARD KIPLING

Don't picture hus as kiddies slack,

Wot can't go out without our nurses,

But ups and pats us on the back
In very pooty potry-verses.*

We're much obliged to 'im, I'm sure,
(Though potry ain't my fav'rit reading.)
He's civil, kind and not cock-sure;
Good sense goes sometimes with good-
breeding.



THE STATE OF THE MARKET.

Artist (to Customer, who has come to buy on behalf of a large Furnishing Firm in Tottenham Court Road). "How would THIS SUIT YOU? 'SUMMER'!"

Customer. "H'M--'SUMMER.' WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS WE FIND THERE'S VERY LITTLE DEMAND FOR GREEN GOODS JUST NOW. IF YOU HAD A LINE OF AUTUMN TINTS NOW-- THAT'S THE ARTICLE WE FIND MOST SALE FOR AMONG OUR CUSTOMERS!"

So TOMMY's best respects to 'im,

At Aldershot we'd like to treat 'im.

Though if he bobs in EVELYN's swim,
He might not know us when we
meet 'im!

But, BILL, if all this barney's true
Consarnin' "Our Poor Little Army,"

It must be nuts to Pollywoo!

He needn't feel a mite alarmy.

Whose fault is it we cost a lot,

And, if war comes, must fail, or fly it?

Well facts is facts, and bounce is rot;

But, blam it, BILL, -- I'd like to try it!

* Mr. KIPLING dedicates his "Barrack-Room Ballads" to "TOMMY ATKINS" in these lines:--

I have made for you a
song,
An' it may be right or
wrong,
But only you can tell me
if it's true;
I've tried for to ex-
plain
Both your pleasure and
your pain,
And, THOMAS, here's my
best respects to you!

Oh, there'll surely
come a day
When they'll grant
you all your pay
And treat you as a Chris-
tian ought to do;
So, until that day
comes round,
Heaven keep you safe
and sound,
And, THOMAS, here's my
best respects to you!

ROBERT ON THE
HARTISTIC COP-
PERASHUN.

Oh, ain't the Cop-
perashun jest a cum-
min out in the Hi
Art line! Why,
dreckly as they let it
be nown as they was
a willin to make
room in their bewtifool
Galery for any of the
finest picters in the
hole country as peepel
was wantin to send
there, jest to let the
world no as they'd got
'em, and that they was
considered good enuff
by the LORD MARE and
the Sherriifs and all
the hole Court of Hal-
dermen, than they
came a poring in in
such kwantities, that
pore Mr. WELSH, the
Souperintendant, was
obligated to arak all
the hole Court of com-
mon Counselmen,
what on airth he was
to do with 'em, and
they told him to hin-
sult the Libery Com-
mittee on the matter,
and they, like the
lernered gents as they
is, told him to take
down sum of the
werry biggest and the
most strikingest 'as
they'd got of their
hone Pieters and ang
'em up in the Gildhall
Westybool, as they
calls it, coz it's in the East, I spose, and so
make room for a lot of the littel uns as had
been sent to 'em, coz they was painted by
"Old Marsters," tho' who "Old Marsters"
was, I, for one, never could make out, xcep
that he must have well deserved his Nick-
name, considering the number of picters as he
must ha' painted. And now cums won of the



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Frenchman. "WELL, MON AMI, YOUR SIR EVELYN VOLSELEY SAY YOU CAN GO NOWHERES AND DO NOSING! YOU ARE A SKVFEZED LEMON!"

Tommy Atkins. "WELL, HANG IT, YOU BLOOMING FURRINEERS HAVEN'T ALWAYS FOUND IT SO!"

werry cleverest dodges as even a Welsh Souperintendent of Gildhall picturs coud posserbly have thort on. Why what does he do? but he has taken down out of the Gallery, won of the werry biggest, and one of the werry grandest, Pieters of moddern times, and has hung it up in the Westybool aforesaid, to take the whole shine out of all the little uns as so many hemnent swells had been ony too glad to send to Gildhall—"the paytron of the Harts," as I herd a hemnent Halderman call it,—to give 'em the reel stamp as fust rate.

And now what does my thousands of readers suppose was the subjeck of this werry grandest of all Pieters? Why, no other than a most magniffiscent, splendid, gorgeus, large as life representashun of the LORD MARE's Show, a cummin in all its full bewty and splendor from the middel of the Royal Xchange!!

But ewen that isn't all. For the Painter of this trewly hartistic Pieter, determined to make his grand work as truthful as it is striking, has lawished his hole sole, so to speak, upon what are

undoubtedly the most commanding figures in the hole glorious display, and them is the LORD MARE's three Gentlemen! with their wands of power, and their glorious Unyforms, not forgetting their luvly silk stockings; on this occasion, too, spotless as the rising Sun! To say that they are the hobservd of all hobservers, and the hadmi-rashun of all the fare sex, and the henvy of the other wun, need not be said, tho they do try to hide their gelesy with a sickly smile.

Need I say that it is surrounded ewery day by a sercle of smiling admirers, who, I have no doubt, come agane and agane, to show it to their admiring friends; and, just to prove its grand success, the werry last time as I was there, I overheard a smiling gent say to his friend,—“Well, TOM, as this is such a success, it would not supprise me if the same hemnent Hartis was to paint the LORD MARE's Bankwet next year, with all the Nobel Harny of Waiters arranged in front!” Wich Harny will be pussinelly konduktid by your faithful

ROBERT.

TELEPHONIC THEATRE-GOERS.

(A Sketch at the Electrical Exhibition.)

SCENE—The Exterior of the Telephone Music Room in the Egyptian Vestibule. The time is about eight. A placard announces, "Manchester Theatre now on"; inside the wickets a small crowd is waiting for the door to be opened. A Cautious Man comes up to the turnstile with the air of a fox examining a trap.

The Cautious Man (to the Commissionnaire). How long can I stay in for sixpence?

The Commissionnaire. Ten Minutes, Sir.

The C. M. Only ten minutes, eh? But, look here, how do I know there'll be anything going on while I'm in there?

Comm. You'll find out that from the instruments, Sir.

The C. M. Ah, I daresay—but what I mean is, suppose there's nothing to hear—between the Acts and all that?

Comm. Comp'ny guarantees there's a performance on while you're in the room, Sir.

The C. M. Yes, but all these other people waiting to get in—How'm I to know I shall get a place?

Comm. (outraged). Look 'ere, Sir, we're the National Telephone Comp'ny with a reputation to lose, and if you've any ideer we want to swindle you, all I can tell you is—stop outside!

The C. M. (suddenly subdued). Oh—er—all right, thought I'd make sure first, you know. Sixpence, isn't it?

(He passes into the enclosure, and joins the crowd.)

A Comic Man (in an undertone to his Fiancée). That's a careful bloke, that is. Know the value o' money, he does. It'll have to be a precious scientific sort o' telephone that takes 'im in. He'll 'ave his six-pennorth, if it bursts the machine! Hullo, they're letting us in now.

[The door is slightly opened from within, causing an expectant movement in crowd—the door is closed again.]

A Superior Young Lady (to her Admirer). I just caught a glimpse of the people inside. They were all sitting holding things like opera-glasses up to their ears—they did look so ridiculous!

Her Admirer. Well, it's about time they gave us a chance of looking ridiculous, their ten minutes must be up now. I've been trying to think what this put me in mind of. I know. Waiting outside the Pit doors! doesn't it you?

The Sup. Y. L. (languidly, for the benefit of the bystanders). Do they make you wait like this for the Pit?

Her Admirer. Do they make you wait! Why, weren't you and I three-quarters of an hour getting into the Adelphi the other evening?

The Sup. Y. L. (annoyed with him). I don't see any necessity to bawl it out like that if we were.

[The discreetly curtained windows are thrown back, revealing persons inside reluctantly tearing themselves away from their telephones. As the door opens, there is a frantic rush to get places.]

An Attendant (soothingly). Don't crush, Ladies and Gentlemen—plenty of room for all. Take your time!

[The crowd stream in, and pounce eagerly on chairs and telephones; the usual Fussy Family waste precious minutes in trying to get seats together, and get separated in the end. Undecided persons sit from one side to another. Gradually they all settle down, and stop their ears with the telephone-tubes, the prevailing expression being one of anxiety, combined with conscious and apologetic imbecility. Nervous people catch the eye of complete strangers across the table, and are seized with suppressed giggles.]

An Irritable Person, finds himself between the Comic Man and a Chatty Old Gentleman.

The Comic Man (to his Fiancée, putting the tube to his ear). Can't get my telephone to tork yet! (Shakes it.) I'll wake 'em up! (Puts the other tube to his mouth.) Hallo—hallo! are you there?

Look alive with that Show o' yours, Guv'nor—we ain't got long to stop! (Pretends to listen, and reply.) If you give me any of your cheek, I'll come down and punch your 'ead! (Applies a tube to his eye.) All right, POLLY, they've begun—I can see the 'ero's legs!

Polly. Be quiet, can't you? I can't hold the tubes steady if you will keep making me laugh so. (Listening.) Oh, ALF, I can hear singing—can't you? Isn't it lovely!

The Com. M. It seems to me there's a bluebottle, or something, got inside mine—I can 'ear 'im!

The Irr. P. (angrily, to himself). How the deuce do they expect—and that infernal organ in the nave has just started booming again—they ought to send out and stop it!

The Chatty O. G. (touching his elbow). I beg your pardon, Sir, but can you inform me what opera it is they're performing at Manchester? The Prima Donna seems to be just finishing a song. Wonderful how one can hear it all!

The Irr. P. (snapping). Very wonderful indeed, under the circumstances! (He corks both ears with the tubes.) It's too bad—now there's a confounded string-band beginning outs—(Removes the tube.) Eh, what? (More angrily than ever.) Why, it's in the blanked thing! (He fumbles with the tubes in trying to readjust them. At last he succeeds, and, after listening intently, is rewarded by hearing a muffled and ghostly voice, apparently from the bowels of the earth, say—"Ha, say you so? Then am I indeed the hooshest hearsher in the whole of Mumble-land!")

The Chatty O. G. (nudging him). How very distinctly you hear the dialogue, Sir, don't you?

[The Irritable Person, without removing the tubes, turns and glares at him savagely, without producing the slightest impression. Another Ghostly Voice (very audibly). The devil you are!

A Careful Mother. MINNIE, put them down at once, do you hear? I can't have you listening to such language.

Minnie. Why, it's only at Manchester, Mother!

Ghostly Voices and Sounds (as they reach the Irritable Person). "You cursed scoundrell! So it was you who bursted the billi-boom, was it? Stand back, there, I'll hork every gordle in his—!" (. . . Sounds of a scuffle . . . A loud

female scream, and firing . . .) "What have you done?"

The Ch. O. G. Have you any sort of idea what he has done, Sir?

[To the Irritable Person.]

The Irr. P. No, Sir, and I'm not likely to have as long as—

[He listens with fierce determination.]

First Ghostly Voice. Stop! Hear me—I can explain everything!

Second Do. Do. I will hear nothing, I tell you!

First Do. Do. You shall—you must! Listen. I am the only surviving mumble of your unshle groolier.

The Ch. O. G. (as before). I think it must be a Melodrama and not an Opera after all—from the language!

An Innocent Matron (who is listening, with her eyes devoutly fixed on the Libretto of "The Mountebanks," under the firm conviction that she is in direct communication with the Lyric Theatre. I always understood The Mountebanks was a musical piece, my dear, didn't you? and even as it is, they don't seem to keep very close to the words, as far as I can follow!

Ghostly Voices (in the Irritable Person's ear as before). "Your wife?" "Yes, my wife, and the only woman in the world I ever loved!"

The Irr. P. (pleased, to himself). Come, now I'm getting accustomed to it, I can hear capitally!

The Voices. Then why have you—P . . . I will tell you all. Twenty-five years ago, when a shinder foodle in the Borjeezlers I—

A Still Small Voice (in everybody's ear). TIME, PLEASE. Everybody (dropping the tubes, startled). Where did that come from?

The Com. M. They've been and cut it off at the main—just when it was getting interesting!

His Fiancée. Well, I can't say I made out much of the plot myself.



"How very distinctly you hear the dialogue, Sir, don't you?"

The Com. M. I made out enough to cover a sixpence, anyhow. You didn't expect the telephone to explain it all to you goin' along, and give you cawfee between the Acts, did you?

The Ch. O. G. (sidling affably up to the Irritable Person as he is moving out). Marvellous strides Science has made of late, Sir! Almost incredible. I declare to you, while I was sitting there, I positively felt inclined to ask myself the question—

The Irr. P. Allow me to say, Sir, that another time, if you will obey that inclination, and put the question to yourself instead of other people, you will be a more desirable neighbour in a Telephone Room than, I confess I found you!

[*He turns on his heel, indignantly.*]

The Ch. O. G. (to himself). 'Strordinary what unsociable people one does come across at times! Now I'm always ready to talk to anybody, I am—don't care who they are. Well—well—

[*He walks on, musing.*]

"DE PROFUNDIS."

(*By an Indignant "Outsider."*)

A MASTERPIECE, worthy of TURNER,
Was mine, there my friends all agree,
No work of a pot-boiling learner,
My "View on the Dee."

A place on the line I expected,
Associate shortly to be!
Hang me, if it isn't rejected,
And marked with a D!

I will not repeat what I uttered
When this was reported to me;
The mere monosyllable muttered
Begins with a D.

ON THE (POST) CARDS.

[*"Sir JAMES FERGUSSON does not hesitate to declare his opinion that rudeness or incivility on the part of a Post-Office servant is, next to dishonesty, one of the worst offences he can commit. This notice is not addressed to men alone. Of the young women employed by the department, there are, he says, some, if not many, whom it is impossible to acquit of inattention and levity in the discharge of their official duties. It is Sir JAMES FERGUSSON's intention to ascertain, at short intervals, the effect of this notice on the behaviour of Post-Office officials generally."*—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—*Interior of a Post Office. Female Employees engaged in congenial pursuits.*

First Emp. (ending story). And so she never got the bouquet, after all, and he went to Margate, without even saying good-bye.

Second Emp. (her Friend). Well, that was hard upon her!

First Member of the Public (entering briskly and putting coppers on the counter). Now then, three penny stamps, please!

First Emp. (to her Friend). Yes, as you say, it was hard, as of course the matter of the pic-nic was no affair of hers.

Second Emp. (sympathetically). Of course not! They are all alike, my dear!—all alike!

First Mem. of the Pub. (impatiently). Now then, three penny stamps please!

First Emp. Well, you are in a hurry! (*To her Friend.*) And from that day to this she has never heard from him.

Second Emp. And it would have been so easy to drop her a postcard from Herne Bay.

First Mem. of the Pub. Am I to be kept waiting all day? Three penny postage-stamps, please.

First Emp. (leisurely). What do you want?

First Mem. of the Pub. (angrily). Three penny postage-stamps, and look sharp about it!

First Emp. (giving stamp). Threepence.

First Mem. of the Pub. (furious). A three-



QUITE NATURAL.

Mamma. "ETHEL DEAR, WHY WON'T YOU SAY GOOD-BYE TO THIS GENTLEMAN! HE IS VERY KIND!"

Ethel. "BECAUSE, MUMMY DEAR, YOU TOLD HIM JUST NOW HE IS 'THE LION OF THE SEASON,'—AND I AM SO FRIGHTENED!"

penny stamp! I want three penny stamps. Three stamps costing a penny each. See?

First Emp. (with calm unconcern). Then why didn't you say so before? (*Supplies stamps and turns to Friend.*) Then MARIA of course wanted to go to Birchington.

Second Emp. Why Birchington? Why did she want to go to Birchington?

First Emp. Well—he of course was at Herne Bay.

Second Emp. Ah, now I begin to understand her artfulness.

First Emp. Ah, there you are right, my dear! She was artful! [Enter Second Member of the Public, covered up in cloaks and only showing the tip of his nose.

Second Mem. of the Pub. (in a feeble voice). Can you tell me, please, when the Mail starts for India?

First Emp. Well, the sea air is the sea air. And that reminds me, what do you think of this tobacco-pouch for—

Second Emp. (archly). For I know who! Why, you have got his initials in forget-me-nots!

First Emp. I think them so pretty, and they are very easy to do.

Second Mem. of the Pub. (in a rather louder voice). Can you tell me, please, when the Mail starts for India?

Second Emp. I must say, dear, you have

the most perfect taste. Well, he will be ungrateful if he isn't charmed with them! Absolutely charmed!

Second Mem. of the Pub. (louder still). Will you be so good as to say when the Mail starts for India?

First Emp. Oh, you are in a hurry! (To Friend.) Yes, I took a lot of trouble in getting the gold beads. There is only one place where you can get them. They don't sell them at the Stores.

Second Mem. of the Pub. (in a loud tone of voice). Again I ask you when the Mail leaves for India?

Second Emp. And yet you can get almost anything you want there. Only it's a terrible nuisance going from one place to another.

Second Mem. of the Pub. (in a voice of thunder). Silence! You are an impudent set! You are calculated to injure the class to whom you belong! I am ashamed of you!

First Emp. And who may you be?

Second Mem. of the Pub. Whom may I be? I will tell you! (Throws off his disguise.) I am the Postmaster-General!!!

[*Scene closes in upon a tableau suggestive of astonishment, contrition and excitement.*]

ITS LATEST APPLICATION.—Chorus for Royal Academicians, for Monday next:—"Ta-R.A.-R.A.-Boom-to-day!"

TO THE NEW "QUEEN OF THE MAY."

(A HYMN OF HONEST LABOUR.)

After the Proclamation of the Anarchist Manifestoes. (With Apologies to the Author of the magnificent "Hymn to Proserpine.")

"For the third time the International mobilises its battalions. . . . Already the mere mention of the magical word 'May-Day' throws the bourgeoisie into a state of nervous trembling, and its cowardice only finds refuge in cynicism and ferocity. But whether the wretch (the bourgeoisie) likes it or not, the end draws nigh. Capitalist robbery is going to perish in mud and shame. . . . The conscious proletariat organises itself, and marches towards its emancipation. You can have it all your own way presently; proletarians of the whole world, serfs of the factory, the men of the workshop, the office, and the shop, who are mercilessly exploited and pitilessly assassinated . . . For, lo! '93 reappears on the horizon . . . 'Vive l'Internationale des Travailleurs!'" — *Manifesto of the May-Day Labour Demonstration Executive Committee.*

HAVE we lived long enough to have seen one thing, that hate hath no end?

Goddess, and maiden, and queen, must we hail you as Labour's true friend?—

Will you give us a prosperous morrow, and comfort the millions who weep?

Will you give them joy for their sorrow, sweet labour, and satisfied sleep?

Sweet is the fragrance of flowers, and soft are the wings of the dove,

And no goodlier gift is there given than the dower of brotherly love;

But you, O May-Day Medusa, whose glance makes the heart turn cold, Art a bitter Goddess to follow, a terrible Queen to behold.

We are sick of spouting—the words burn deep and chafe: we are fain, To rest a little from clap-trap, and probe the wild promise of gain.

For new gods we know not of are acclaimed by all babblement's breath, And they promise us love-inspired life—by the red road of hatred and death.

The gods, dethroned and deceased, cast forth—so the chattering say—

Are banished with Flora and Pan, and behold our new Queen of the May!

New Queen, fresh crowned in the city, flower-drest, her snake-sceptre a rod, Her orb a decked dynamite bomb, which shall shatter all earth at her nod; But for us their newest device seems barren, and did they but dare To bare the new Queen of the May, were she angel or demon when bare?

Time and old gods are at strife; we dwell in the midst thereof, And they are but foolish who curse, and they are but shallow who scoff.

And welcome the branch and the dove. But we look, and we hold our breath, That is not the visage of Love, and beneath the piled blossoms lurks—Death!

A Society all of Love and of Brotherhood! Beautiful dream!

But alas for this Promise of May! Do not Labour's Floralia seem

As flower-feasts fair to her followers? Look on the wreaths at her feet,

Flung by enthusiast hands from the mine, and the mill, and the street,

Piled flower-offerings, thine, Proletariat Queen of the May!

And what means the new Bona Dea? and what would her supplicants say?

Organised strength, solidarity, power to band and to strike,

Hope that is native to Spring,—and Hate, in all seasons alike;

Mutual trust of the many—and menace malign for the few.

Citizen, capitalist,—ah! the hours of your empire seem few,

An empire ill-gendered, unjust, blindly selfish, and heartlessly strong

For the crushing of famishing weakness, the rearing of wealth-founded wrong.

Few, if these throngs have their will, for the fierce proletariat throbs

For revenge on the full-fed bourgeoisie which ruthlessly harries and robs.

'Tis fired with alarms, and it arms with hot haste for the imminent fray,

For it quakes at the tramp of King Mob, and the thought of this Queen of the May.

The bandit of Capital falls, and shall perish in shame and in filth!

The harvest of Labour's at hand!—The harvest; but red is the tilth,

And the reapers are wrathful and rash, and the swift-wielded sickle that strives For the sheaves, not the gleaners' scant ears, seems agog for the reaping of—lives!

Assassins of Capital? Aye! And their weakening force will ye meet

With assassins of Labour? Shall Brotherhood reddens the field and the street?

Beware of the bad black old lesson! Behold, and look close, and beware!

There are flowers at your newly-built shrine, is the evil old serpent not there?



HISTORY EXAMS.

(Effects on Education of Modern Advertising.)

"WHO WAS BORN IN CORSICA!" (Silence.) "TRY AND THINK—AND DIED IN ST. HELENA!"
 "OH, OF COURSE—I KNOW! THE GREAT SAPHO!"

Let hate die out, take rest, poor workers, be all at peace;

Let the angry battle abate, and the barren bitterness cease!

Ah, pleasant and pastoral picture! Thrice welcome whoever shall bring

The sunshine of love after Winter, the blossoms of joy with the Spring!

Wilt thou bring it, O new May Queen? If thou canst, come and rule us, and take

The laurel, the palm, and the pean; all bondage but thine we would break,

And the reapers are wrathful and rash, and the swift-wielded sickle that strives

For the sheaves, not the gleaners' scant ears, seems agog for the reaping of—lives!

Assassins of Capital? Aye! And their weakening force will ye meet

With assassins of Labour? Shall Brotherhood reddens the field and the street?

Beware of the bad black old lesson! Behold, and look close, and beware!



THE NEW "QUEEN OF THE MAY."



The sword-edge and snake-bite, though
hidden in blossoms, are hatred's old
arms.
And what is your May Queen at heart, oh,
true hearts, that succumb to her charms?
Dropped and deep in the blossoms, with eyes
that flicker like fire,
The asp of Murder lies hid, which with poison
shall feed your desire.
More than these things will she give, who
looks fairer than all these things?
Not while her sceptre's a snake, and her orb
the red horror that rings
Devilish, foul, round the world; while the
hiss and the roar are the voice
Of this monstrous new Queen of the May, in
whose rule you would bid us rejoice.

MR. PUNCH'S UP-TO-DATE POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

No. II.—"LITTLE JACK HORNER."

LITTLE JACK HORNER,
He sat in the corner,
And cried for his "Mummy!" and "Nuss!"
For, while eating his cake,
He had got by mistake
In a horrid piratical 'bus.



Now, some ten minutes back,
You'd have seen little Jack
From an Aërated Bread Shop emerge,
And proceed down the Strand—
Slice of cake in his hand—
In a crumb-covered suit of blue serge.

To be perfectly frank,
He was bound for the Bank,
For it chanced to be dividend day,
And he jumped on the 'bus,
After reasoning thus—
In his logical juvenile way:—

"Here's a 'bus passing by,
And I cannot see why
I should weary my infantile feet;
I've a copper to spare,
And the authorised fare
Is a penny to Liverpool Street."

As the 'bus cantered on,
Little cake-eating JOHN
In the corner contentedly sat,
And with that one and this
(Whether Mister or Miss)
Had a meteorological chat.

Came a bolt from the blue
When, collecting his due,
The conductor remarked, "Though I thank

That young cake-eating gent
For the penny he's sent,
It's a tuppenny ride to the Bank!"
"You're a pirate!" sobbed JACK,
"And your colours are black!"
But he heard—as he struggled to speak—
The conductor observe,
With remarkable verve,
That he didn't want none of his cheek!
With a want of regard,
He demanded JACK's card,
And young HORNER was summoned next day,
When the poor little lad
Lost the battle, and had
All the costs in addition to pay.
Now the Moral is this:
Little Master and Miss,
Whom I'm writing these verses to please;
If your tiny feet ache,
Then a 'bus you may take,
But be sure it's an L. G. O. C.'s!

A CURSORY OBSERVATION.

FROM the *Figaro* for Dimanche, April 17,
we make this extract:—

"SPORTS ATHLÉTIQUES. — Le match international de foot ball entre le Stade Français et le Rosslyn Park foot ball Club de Londres sera joué demain sur le terrain du Cursing Club de France à Levallois. L'équipe anglaise est arrivée à Paris hier soir. Le match sera présidé par le marquis de Dufferin."

"The Cursing Club!" What an awful name! For what purpose are they banded together? Is it to curse one another by their gods? to issue forth on *premières* to damn a new play? What fearful language would be just audible, curses, not loud but deep, during the progress of the Foot-ball Match over which the Marquis of DUFFERIN is to preside! It is all over by now; but the result we have not seen. We hope there is no Cursing Club in England. There existed, once upon a time, in London, a Club with an awful Tartarian name, which might have been a parent society to a Cursing Club. Let us trust—

[e.g. The Editor cuts short the article at this point, being of opinion that "Cursing" is only a misprint for "Coursing;" or, if not, he certainly gives *Le Figaro* the benefit of the doubt. Note, also, that the match was to be played on "Cursing Club Ground," lent for the occasion, and was not to be played by Members of the "C. C."]

THE LAY OF THE LITERARY AUTOLYCUS.

(See Correspondence in the Times on
"Literary Thefts.")

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

WHEN books and magazines appear,
With heigh! the hopes of a big sale!—
Why, then comes in the cheat o' the year,
And picks their plums, talk, song, or tale.
The white sheets come, each page my "perk,"
With heigh! sweet bards, O how they
sing!—
With paste and scissors I set to work;
Shall a stolen song cost anything?
The Poet tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! he must be a J.—
His Summer songs supply my wants;
They cost me nought—but, ah! they pay.
I have served Literature in my time, but
now Literature is in my service.
But shall I pay for what comes dear,
To the pale scribes who write,—
For news, and jokes, and stories queer?
Walker! my friends, not quite!
Since floggers may have leave to live,
And vend their "borrowed" budget,

For all my "notions" nix I'll give,
Then sell them as I trudge it.

My traffic is (news) sheets. My father named me AUTOLYCUS, who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With paste and scissors I procured this caparison; and my revenue is the uninquiring public; gallows and gaol are too powerful on the highway; picking and treadmilling are terrors to burglars; but in my line of theft I sleep free from the thought of them. A prize! a prize!...

Jog on, jog on, the foot-pad way,
In the modern Sikes's style-a:
Punctilious fools prefer to pay;
But I at scruples smile-a.

... Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman... I understand the business, I do it; to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand with the shears is necessary for a (literary) outpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out the good work of other people. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

At last! How long ago the time
When England's paltry meanness killed
Her greatest Sculptor in his prime,
And hid his work, now called sublime,
In narrow space so nearly filled!



When, using Art beyond
her taste,
Her greatest Captain's
tomb he wrought,
That noblest effort was
disgraced,—
It seemed to her a need-
less waste,
The Budget Surplus
was her thought.

Now may she, with some sense of shame,
Amend the errors of the past,
Show honour to the Great Duke's name,
Repair the wrong to STEPHENS' fame,
And move the Monument at last!

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS."

It is believed that the Rosendale Union of Liberal Clubs, having given a pair of slippers, a rug, and two pieces of cretonne to Mr. GLADSTONE, will also make the following presents, in due course:—

Sir W. L.-cs-n.—Twelve dozen Tea-cosies, and ten yards of blue Ribbon.

Mr. L-b-ch-re.—A Jester's cap.

Sir W. V. H-re-rt.—A Spencer, without arms, but emblazoned with those of the Plantagenets.

Mr. M-cl-re.—A Hood.

Mr. McN-ll.—A knitted Respirator, to be worn in the House.

Lord R. Ch-rc-ll.—Twelve dozen table-cloths, twenty-four dozen Dinner-napkins, and thirty-six dozen Pudding-cloths.

Sir E. Cl-rke.—A scarlet Jersey, inscribed "Salvation Army."

Mr. R. Sp-ne-r.—A Smook Frook.

Mr. B-lf-r.—Some Collars of Irish linen, and one of hemp, the latter to be supplied by the Irish patriots in America.

Mr. E. St-nh-pe.—A Necktie of green poplin, embroidered with shamrocks.

Mr. M. H-ly.—An Ulster.

Col. S-and-rs-n.—A Cork jacket.

Mr. W. O'Br-n.—A pair of Tr-rs, in fancy cretonne.

Sir G. O. Tr-e-ly-n.—A Coat (reversible).

Mr. C. C-nyb-re.—A Waistcoat (strait).



"UNDERSTOOD."

"I SAY, DUBOIS, YOU DO KNOW HOW TO LAY IT ON THICK, OLD MAN! I LIKE YOUR CHEEK TELLING MISS BROWN SHE SPOKE FRENCH WITHOUT THE LEAST ACCENT!"

"VY, CERTAINEMENT, MON AMI—VIZOUT ZE LEAST FRENCH ACCENT!"

"THE (SOLDIERS') LIFE WE LIVE."

(Imaginary Evidence that should be added to the Report of Lord Wantage's Committee.)

Chairman. I think your name is RICHARD REDMOND?

Witness. I beg pardon, my Lord and Gentlemen—DICK REDMOND—simple, gushing, explosive DICK.

Chair. Have you been known by any other name?

Wit. Off duty, my Lord, I have been called CHARLES WARNER. Nay, why should I not confess it?—CHARLIE WARNER. Yes, my Lord, CHARLIE WARNER!

Chair. You wish to describe how you were enlisted?

Wit. Yes, my Lord. It was in this way. I had returned from some races in a dog-cart with a villain. We stopped at a wayside public-house kept by a comic Irishman.

Chair. Are these details necessary?

Wit. Hear me, my Lord; hear me! I confess it, I took too much to drink. Yes, my Lord, I was drunk! And then a Sergeant in the Dragoon Guards gave me a shilling, and placed some ribands in my pot-hat, and—well—I was a soldier! Yes, a soldier! And as a soldier was refused permission to visit my dying mother!

Chair. Were there no other legal formalities in connection with your enlistment? For instance—Were you not taken before an attesting Magistrate?

Wit. No, my Lord, no! I was carried off protesting, while my villainous friend disappeared with my sweetheart! It was cruel, my Lord and Gentlemen! It was very cruel!

Chair. Did you desert?

Wit. I did, my Lord—after I had obtained a uniform fitting closely to the figure; but it was only that I might obtain the blessing of my mother! And when I returned home the soldiers followed me—and might have killed me!

Chair. How was that?

Wit. When I had taken refuge in a haystack, they prodded the haystack with their swords! And this is life in the Army!

Chair. Were you arrested on discovery?

Wit. No; they spared me that indignity! They saw, my Lord, that my mother was dying, and respectfully fell back while I assisted the old Lady to pass away peacefully. But then, after all, they were men. In spite of their red patrol jackets, brass helmets, and no spurs, they were men, my Lord,—men! And, as soldiers, after I had broken from prison, and was accused of murder, they again released me, because some one promised to buy my discharge!

Chair. And where are you quartered?

Wit. At the Royal Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, where I have these strange experiences of discipline, and where I am enlisted in the unconventional, not to say illegal, way I have described, nightly; nay, sometimes twice daily!

Chair. And why have you proffered your evidence?

Wit. Because I think the Public ought to know, my Lord, the great services afforded by the most recent Melodrama to the popularity of the Army, and—yes, the cause of recruiting!

[The Witness then withdrew.]

HOW THEY BRING THE GOOD NEWS!

ALL the papers teeming
With the news of DREAMING
On the shore or ship;
Telling of his tearing
Hair that he was wearing
From his upper lip.

(T-ss-d, rush! Pursue it!
Buy it, bring it, glue it
On your model! Quick!)
Telling how he's looking,
How he likes the cooking,—
Bah, it makes one sick!

Telling of his bearing,
How the crowds are staring,
What may be his fate,
Just what clothes he wore the
Days he came before the
Local Magistrate.

And, verbatim printed
All he's said or hinted
As to any deeds;
Such a chance as this is
Not a paper misses!
Everybody reads!

Would they give such latest
News of best and greatest
Folks? What's that you say?
Who would read of virtue,
Or such news insert? You
Know it would not pay.

So, demand creating
Such supply, they're stating
All that they can tell;
Spite of School-Board teaching,
Culture, science, preaching,
This is sure to sell.



THE END OF THE SEASON. AU REVOIR!



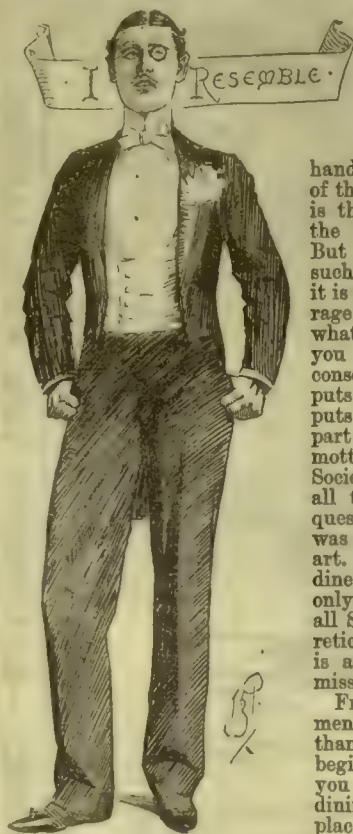
STAIRCASE SCENES.—No. 1. PRIVATE VIEW, ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S COMPANION.

(By Mrs. Tayley.)

II.—DINING-OUT.

I CAN quite understand that a young girl may not care much for the mere material dinner. The palate is a pleasure of maturity. The woman of fifty probably includes a menu or two among her most sacred memories; but the young girl is capable of dining on part of a outlet, any pink sweetmeat, and some tea. But I must confess that I was surprised at another objection to dining-out that a young girl, only at the end of her second season, once made to me. She said that she positively could not stand any longer the conversation of the average young man of Society. I asked her why, and she then asserted that this sort of young man confined himself to flat badinage and personal brag, which he was mistaken in believing to be veiled.



What she said was, of course, perfectly true. Civilisation is responsible for the flat badinage, for civilisation requires that conversation shall be light and amusing, but can provide no remedy for slow wits; on the other hand, the personal brag is a relic of the original man. The badinage is the young man's defect in art; the brag is his defect in nature. But I fail to see any objection to such conversation; on the contrary, it is charming because it is so average; you know beforehand just what you will hear and just what you will say, and everything is consequently made easy. The man puts on that kind of talk just as he puts on his dress-coat; both are part of the evening uniform. The motto of the perfect young man of Society is "I resemble." I pointed all this out to the young girl in question, and she retorted that it was a pity that silence was a lost art. However, she continued to dine-out and to take her part in the only possible conversation, and after all Society rather encourages theoretical rebellion, provided that it is accompanied by practical submission.

From the point of view of sentiment, a dinner has less potentialities than a dance; but the dinner may begin what the dance will end; you set light to the fuse in the dining-room, and the explosion takes place six weeks afterwards in some-one-else's conservatory. Nothing

much can be done on the staircase; but, if you can decently pretend that you have heard of the young man who is taking you in, he will probably like it. If, after a few minutes, you decide that it is worth while to interest the young man, discourage his flat badinage, and encourage his personal brag. The only thing in which it is quite certain that every man will be interested is, the interest some-one else takes in him. Later on, he will probably be induced to illustrate the topic of conversation by telling you (if it would not bore you) of a little incident which happened to himself. The incident will be prettily coloured for dinner-table use, and he will make the story prove a merit in himself, which he will take care to disclaim vainly. When he has finished, look very meditatively at your plate, as if you saw visions in it, and then turn on him suddenly with wide eyes—with the right kind of eyelashes, this is effective.

"I suppose you don't know it, Mr. BLANK," you tell him, "but really I can't help saying it. You behaved splendidly—splendidly!"

Droop the eyelashes quickly, and become meditative again. He will deprecate your compliment a little incoherently.

"Not at all, not at all—Miss—er—ASTERISK—I really—assure you—nothing more than any—er—other man would have done. Some other people at the time told me"—(laughs nervously)—"very much—er—what you have just said, but—er—personally, I—really—could never see it, or of course I wouldn't have mentioned it to you."

Your rejoinder will depend a good deal on how far you mean to go, and how much of that kind of thing you think you can stand. If you like, you can drop your handkerchief or your glove when you rise; it will please him to pick it up for you, and he will feel, for a moment, as if he had saved your life.

If you do not want to please the man, but only to show your own superiority, it may perhaps be as well to remember that women are better than men, as a rule, in flat badinage. Men talk best when they are by themselves, but they are liable to be painfully natural at such times. I had some little difficulty in finding this out, but I thought it my duty to know, and—well, I do know.

The correspondence that I have received has not been altogether pleasant. I have had one letter from ETHEL (aged thirteen) saying that she thinks me a mean sneak for prying into other people's Diaries. I can only reply that I was acting for the public good. I have had a sweet letter, however, from "AZALEA." She has been absolutely compelled, by force of circumstances, to allow the distinct attentions of three different men. She does not give the names of the men, only descriptions, but I should advise her to keep the dark one. She can see the will at Somerset House. "JANE" writes to ask what is the best cure for freckles. I do not answer questions of that kind. I have replied to my other correspondents privately.

REPULSING THE AMAZONS.

(See Cartoon, "Arming the Amazons," Dec. 5, 1891.)

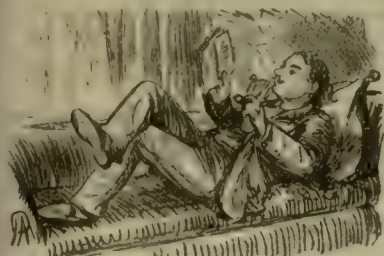
ARMING the Amazons against the Greeks?
That PRIAM SALISBURY tried some few short weeks
Before the present fray. FAWCETTA fair
Had prayed; the question then seemed "in the air,"
And PRIAM proffered then the Franchise-spear,
(A shadowy one, that gave no grounds for fear,
To poor PENTHESILEA.



Now, ah, now
ROLLITUS moves, there's going to be a row,
And lo! the mingled ranks of Greece and Troy
Close 'gainst the Amazons. Her steed, a toy,
A hobby-horse, that any maid may mount,
Is not—just now—of any great account.
Her phantom spear will pierce no stout male mail;
But should ROLLITUS not—(confound him!)—fail,
A female host, well armed, and not on hobbies,
Might prove as dangerous as a batch of Bobbies.
The fair FAWCETTA then must be thrown over;
PENTHESILEA finds no hero-lover
In either host. PRIAM, abroad, is dumb.
Ah, maiden-hosts, man's love for you's a hum.
Each fears you—in the foeman's cohorts thrown,
But neither side desires you in its own!
The false GLADSTONIUS first, he whom you nourish,
A snake in your spare bosoms, dares to flourish
Fresh arms against you; potent, though polite,
He fain would bow you out of the big fight,
Civilly shelve you. "Don't kick up a row,
And—spoil my game! Another day, not now,
There's a dear creature!" CHAMBERLAINIUS, too,
Hard as a nail, and squirmy as a screw,
Sides with the elder hero, just for once;
CHAPLINTUS also, active for the nonce
On the Greek side, makes up the Traitorous Three,
One from each faction! Ah! 'tis sad to see
PENTHESILEA, fierce male foes unite
In keeping female warriors from the fight;
Yet think, look round, and—you may find they're right!

'ARRY ON WHEELS.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Spring's on us at last, and a proper old April we've 'ad, Though the cold snap as copped us at Easter made 'oliday makers feel mad. Rum cove that old Clerk o' the Weather; seems somehow to take a delight In mucking Bank 'Oliday biz; seems as though it was out of sheer spite.



Our 'Arry Laureate.

When we're fast with our nose to the grindstone, in office or factory, or shop, The sun bustiges forth a rare bat, till a feller feels fair on the 'op; But when Easter or Whitsuntide's 'andy, and outings all round is in train,

It is forty to one on a blizzard, or regular buster of rain. It's a orkud old universe, CHARLIE, most things go as crooked as Z. Feelosophers *may* think it out, 'ARRY ain't got the 'eart, or the 'ead; But I 'old the perverse, and permiskus is Nature's fust laws, and no kid. If it isn't a quid and bad 'ealth, it is always good 'ealth and no quid!

'Owsomever it's no use a fretting. I got one good outing—on wheels; For I've took to the bicycle, yus,—and can show a good many my 'eels. You should see me lam into it, CHARLIE, along a smooth bit of, straight road, And if anyone gets better barney and spree out of wheeling, I'm blowed.

Larks fust and larks larst is my motter. Old RICHARDSON's rumbo is rot. Preachy—preachy on 'ealth and fresh hair may be nuts to a sanitry pot; [scenery, and that, But it isn't mere hexercise, CHARLIE, nor yet pooty As 'll put 'ARRY's legs on the pelt. No, yours truly is not sech a flat.

Picktereskeness be jolly well jiggered, and as for good 'ealth, I've no doubt That the treadmill is jolly salubrious, wick that is mere turning about, Upon planks 'stead o' pedals, my pippin. No, wheeling as wheeling's 'ard work, And that, without larks, is a speeches of game as I always did shirk.

I ain't one o' them skinny shanked saps, with a chest 'ollered out, and a 'ump. Wot do records on roads for the 'onour, and faint or go slap off their chump. [big silver mug. You don't ketch me straining my 'eart till it cracks for a No; 'ARRY takes heverythink heasy, and likes to feel coosy and snug.

Wy, I knowed a long lathy-limbed jossar as felt up to champion form, And busted hisself to beat records, and took all the Wheel-World by storm, Went off like candle-snuff, CHARLIE, while stoopin' to lace up 'is boot. Let them go for *that* game as are mind to, here's one as it cert'ly won't soot.

But there's fun in it, CHARLIE, worked proper, you'd 'ardly emagine 'ow much, If you ain't done a rush six a-breast, and skyfoozled some dawdling old Dutch. Women don't like us Wheelers a mossel, espec'hly the doddering old sort As go skeery at row and rumtowzle; but, scrunch it! that makes arf the sport!

'Twas a bit of a bother to learn, and I wobbled tremenjus at fust, Ah! it give me what-for in my jints, and no end of a thundering thust; I felt jest like a snake with skyattica doubling about on the loose, As 'elpless as 'ot calf's-foot jelly, old man, and about as much use.

Now I don't like to look like a juggins, it's wot I can't stand, s'elp my bob; But you know I ain't heavy choked off, dear old pal, when I'm fair on the job. So I spotted a quiet back maybrood, triangle of grass and tall trees, Good roads, and no bobbies, or carts. Oh, I tell yer 'twas "go as yer please."

They call it a "Park," and it's pooty, and quiet as Solaberry Plain, Or a hold City church on a Sunday, old man, when it's welting with rain; Old maids, retired gents, sickly jossers, and studys old stodges live there, And they didn't like me and my squeaker a mossel; but wot did I care.

When they ventured a mild remonstrations, I chucked 'em a smart bit o' lip, With a big D or two—for the ladies—and wosn't they soon on the skip! 'Twos my own 'appy 'unting ground, CHARLIE, until I could fair feel my feet; If you want to try wheels, take the Park; I am sure it'll do you a treat.

I did funk the danger, at fust; but these Safeties don't run yer much risk, And arter six weeks in the Park, I could treadle along pooty brisk; And then came the barney, my bloater! I jined 'arf a dozen prime pals, And I tell you we now are the dread of our parts, and espesh'ly the gals.

No Club, mate, for me; that means money, and rules, sportsman form, and sech muck.

I likes to pick out my own pals, go permiskus, and trust to pot-luck. A rush twelve-a-breast is a gammock, twelve squeakers a going like one; But "rules o' the road" dump you down, chill yer sperrits, and spile all the fun.

The "Charge o' the Light Brigade," CHARLIE? Well, mugs will keep spouting it still;

But wot is it to me and my mates, treadles loose, and a-chargin' down 'ill? Dash, dust-clouds, wheel-whizz, whistles, squeakers, our 'owls, women's shrieks, and men's swears!

Oh, I tell yer it's 'Ades let loose, or all Babel a busting down-stairs.

Quiet slipping along in a line, like a blooming girl's school on the trot, May suit the swell Club-men, my boy, but it isn't my form by a lot. Don't I jest discumfuddle the donas, and bosh the old buffers as prow! Along green country roads at their ease, till they're scared by my squeak, or my owl?

My "alarm" is a caution I tell yer; it sounds like some shrill old macaw, Wot's bin blowed up with dynamite sudden; it gives yer a twist in the jaw, And a pain in the 'ed when you 'ear it. I laugh till I shake in my socks When I turn it on sharp on old gurls and they jump like a Jack-in-the-box.

I give 'em Ta-ra-ra, I tell yer, and Boom-de-ray likewise, dear boy. 'Evn bless 'im as started that song, with that chorus,—a boon and a joy! Wy, the way as the 'werry words worrit respectables jest makes me bust; When you chuck it 'em as you dash by, it riles wus than the row and the dust!

We lap up a rare lot of lotion, old man, in our spins out of town; Pace, dust and chyiike make yer chalky, and don't we just ladle it down? And when I'm full up, and astride, with my shoulder well over the wheel, And my knickerbocks pelting like pistons, I tell yer I make the thing squeal.

My form is chin close on the 'andle, my 'at set well back on my 'ed, And my spine fairly 'umped to it, CHARLIE, and then earn't I paint the town red? They call me "The Camel" for that, and my stomach-capas'ity for "wet." Well, my motter is hease afore helegance. As for the liquor,—you bet!

There's a lot of old mivvies been writing long squeals to the *Times* about hus. They call us "road-tyrants" and rowdies; but, lor! it's all fidgets and fuss. I'd jest like to scrumplicate some on 'em; ain't got no heye for a lark. I know 'em; they squawk if we scrummage, and squirm if we makes a remark.

If I spots pooty gurls when out cycling, I tips 'em the haffable nod; Wy not? If a gent earn't be civil without being scowled at, it's hodd. Ah! and some on 'em tumble, I tell yer, although they may look a mite shy; It is only the stuckuppy sort as consider it rude or fie-fie.

We wos snaking along t'other day, reglar clump of hus—BUGGINS and me, MUNGO 'IGGINS, and BILLY BOLAIR, SAMMY SNIPE, and TOFF JONES, and MICK SHEE;

All the right rorty sort, and no fies; when along comes a gurl on a 'orse. Well, we spread hout, and started our squeakers, and gave 'er a rouser, in course.

'Orse shied, and backed into a 'edge, and it looked so remarkable rum, That we couldn't 'elp doing a larf, though the gurl wos pertikler yum-yum; We wos ready to 'elp, 'owsomever, when hup comes a swell, and he swore, And—would you believe it, old pal?—went for BUGGINS, and give 'im wot for!!!

Nasty sperrit, old man; nothink sportsmanlike, surely, about sech a hact! Them's the sort as complains of hus Cyclists, mere crackpots as ain't got no tact. We all did a guy like greased lightning; you can when you're once on your wheel—

Stout bobbies earn't run down a "Safety," and gurls can do nothink but squeal. That's where Wheelin' gives yer the pull! Still it's heastly to think a fine sport And a smart lot of hathfleets like hus must be kiboshed by mugs of that sort. All boko! dear boy, those *Times* letters! I mean the new barney to carry, As long as the Slops and the Beaks keep their meddlesome mawleys orf

'ARRY.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere). "THANKS! HOW IS IT OMNIBUS MEN ARE SO MUCH CIVILLER THAN I'M TOLD THEY USED TO BE?"
Conductor. "YOU SEE, LADY, THERE'S SO MANY DECAYED ARISTOCRACY TRAVELS BY US NOWADAYS, THAT WE PICKS UP THEIR MANNERS!"

LA JUSTICE POUR RIRE; OR, WHAT IT HAS NEARLY COME TO.

SCENE—Interior of a Foreign Law Court. Numerous officials in attendance performing their various duties in an apprehensive sort of way. Audience small but determined.

Judge (nervously). Now are we really protected from disturbance?
General in Command of Troops. I think so. The Court House is surrounded by an Army Corps, and the Engineers find that the place has not been undermined to at least a distance of a thousand feet.

Judge (somewhat reassured). Well, now I think we may proceed with the trial. Admit the accused.

[The Prisoner is bowed into the dock, and accommodated with a comfortably cushioned arm-chair.

Prisoner. Good morning. (To Judge.) You can resume your hat.

Judge (bowing to the Prisoner). Accused, I am deeply honoured by your courtesy. I trust you have been comfortable in the State apartments that have been recently supplied to you.

Prisoner (firmly). State apartment! Why it was a prison! You know it, *M. le Juge*, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury and Witnesses. (The entire audience shudder apprehensively.) And, what is more, my friends outside know it! They know that I was arrested and thrown into prison. Yes, they know that, and will act accordingly.

Judge (tearfully). I am sure none of us wished to offend you!

Members of the Bar (in a breath). Certainly not!

Prisoner. Well, let the trial proceed. I suppose you don't want any evidence. You have heard what I have said. You know that I regret having caused inconvenience to my innocent victims. They would forgive me for my innocent intentions. I only wished to save everybody by blowing everybody up.

The Court generally. Yes, yes!

Prisoner. Well, I have just done. And now what say the Jury? Where are they?

Foreman of the Jury (white with fear). I am, Sir,—very pleased to see you, Sir,—hope you are well, Sir?

Prisoner (condescendingly). Tol lol. And now what do you say? am I Guilty or Not Guilty?

SONNET ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN.

(After a Celebrated Model.)

COMPOSED AT LONDON BRIDGE TERMINUS, APRIL 18, 1892.

"[One can do nothing with Railways. You cannot write sonnets on the South-Eastern.]—*Mr. Barry Pain, "In the Smoking-Room."*"

EARTH has not anything to show less fair:
 Patient were he of soul who could pass by
 A twenty minutes' wait amidst the cry
 Of churlish clowns who worn cord jackets wear,
 Without one single, solitary swear.
 The low, unmeaning grunt, the needless lie,
 The prompt "next platform" (which is all my eye),
 The choky waiting-room, the smoky air;
 Refreshment-bars where nothing nice they keep,
 Whose sandwich chokes, whose whiskey makes one ill;
 The seatless platforms! Ne'er was gloom so deep!
 The truck toe-crusheth at its own sweet will.
 Great Scott! are pluck and common-sense asleep,
 That the long humbugged Public stands it still?

REDDIE-TURUS SALUTAT.—A good combination of names is to be found in an announcement of a forthcoming Concert at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on the evening of May 11, to be given by Mr. CHARLES REDDIE and Mr. A. TAYLOR. Briefly, it might be announced as "A. TAYLOR'S REDDIE-made Concert." If REDDIE-money only taken at door, will A. TAYLOR give credit? *Solvitur ambulando*—that is, Walk in, and you'll find out. It is to be play-time for Master JEAN GERARDY, "Master G.," who is going to perform on an Erard piano, when, as his REDDIE-witted companion playfully observes, "The youthful pianist will out-Erard ERARD."

"Call you this Backing your Friends?"

(By a Confused Conservative.)

To stave off Change, and check the loud Rad Rough rage,

Conservatism is as shield and fetter meant:

And now brave BALFOUR votes for Female Suffrage;

And RITCHIE tells us he approves of "Betterment"!

O valiant WESTMINSTER, O warlike WEMYSS,

Is this to be the end of all our dreams?

Foreman of the Jury. Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. We will talk it over, Sir—if you don't mind, Sir.

Prisoner. I need not tell you that my friends outside take the greatest possible interest in your proceedings.

Foreman (promptly). Why, yes, Sir! The fact is we have all had anonymous letters daily, saying that we shall be blown out of house and home if we harm you.

Prisoner (laughing). Oh, be under no apprehension. It is merely the circular of my friends. Only a compilation of hints for the guidance of the Gentlemen of the Jury.

Foreman. Just so, Sir. We accepted it in that spirit.

Prisoner. You were wise. Now, Gentlemen, you have surely had time to make up your minds. Do you find me Guilty or Not Guilty?

Foreman (earnestly). Why, Not Guilty, to be sure.

Judge. Release the accused! Sir, you have my congratulations. Pray accept my distinguished consideration.

Prisoner (coldly). You are very good. And now adieu, and off to breakfast with what appetite ye may!

The Entire Court (falling on their knees, and raising their hands in supplication). Mercy, Sir! For pity's sake, mercy!

Ex-Prisoner (fiercely). Mercy! What, after I have been arrested! Mercy! after I have been cast into gaol!

Judge (in tears). They thought they were right. They were, doubtless, wrong, but it was to save the remainder of the row of houses! Can you not consider this a plea for extenuating circumstances?

Ex-Prisoner (sternly). No. It was my business, not theirs. It was I who paid for the dynamite—not they. (Preparing to leave the Court.) Good bye. You may hear from me and from my friends!

Judge (following him to the door). Nay, stay! See us—we kneel to you. (To audience.) Kneel, friends, kneel! (Everybody obeys the direction.) One last appeal! (In a voice broken with emotion.) We all have Mothers!

Ex-Prisoner (thunder-stricken). You all have Mothers! I knew not this. I pardon you! [The audience utter shouts of joy, and the Ex-Prisoner extends his hands towards them in the attitude of benediction. Scene closes in upon this tableau.]

**HESITATION.**

Russian Recruiting Sergeant. ' NOW, MY GAY, GALLANT, BUT IMPECUNIOUS LAD, TAKE THE IMPERIAL ROUBLE TO BUY YOURSELF SOME 'BACCY AND THROW IN YOUR LOT ALONG OF US ! ' '

MR. PUNCH'S ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND VERY FAMILIAR FRIEND FOR THE R.A. SEASON.

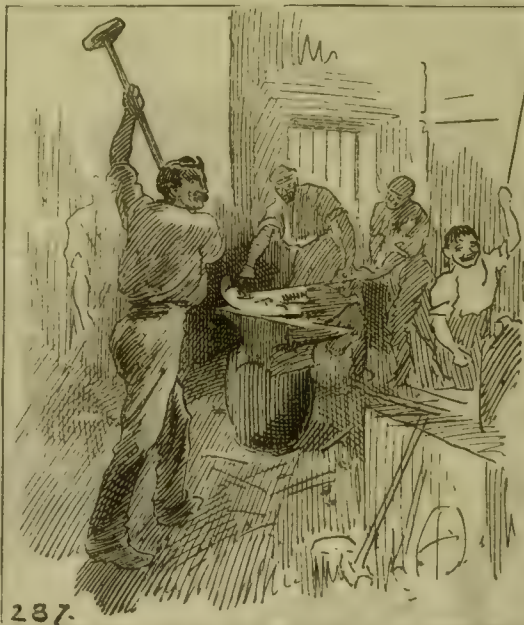


No. 20. Japanese Jenny, the Female Conjuror, privately practising production of glass bowl full of water from nowhere in particular; a subject not unnaturally associated with the name of Waterhouse, A.

No. 16. It is called "*A Toast*." By AGNES E. WALKER. It should be called "*A Toast without a Song*," as it seems to represent an eminent tenor unavoidably prevented by cold, &c., when staying at home, and taking the mixture as before.

No. 19. A musical subject, "*The Open C*." By HENRY MOORE, A.

No. 24. "*Food for Reflection*; or, *A (Looking) Glass too much*." Black Eye'd SUSAN (hiding her black eye) after a row. The person



No. 287. "*Forgers at Work*; or, *Strike while the Iron's hot*." Portrait of the recently elected Associate making a hit immediately on his election. Stan'up, Stanhope Forbes, A. (and "*A. 1*," adds Mr. F.), prepare to receive congratulations!

No. 89. "*Handicapped*; or, *A Scotch Race from this TARTAN Point*." JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

No. 95. Large and Early Something Warrior, pointing to a bald-headed bust, and singing to a maiden, "*Get your Hair Cut*!" RALPH PEACOCK.

No. 97. "*Toe-Toe chez Ta-Ta*; or, *Oh, my poor Foot*!" Must hide it before anyone else sees it." FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.



No. 164. Watts the douche is this? A rainbowshower-bath? by G. F. WATTS, R.A.

No. 83. "*The Coming Sneeze*." Picture of a Lady evidently saying, THOMAS C. S. BENHAM.

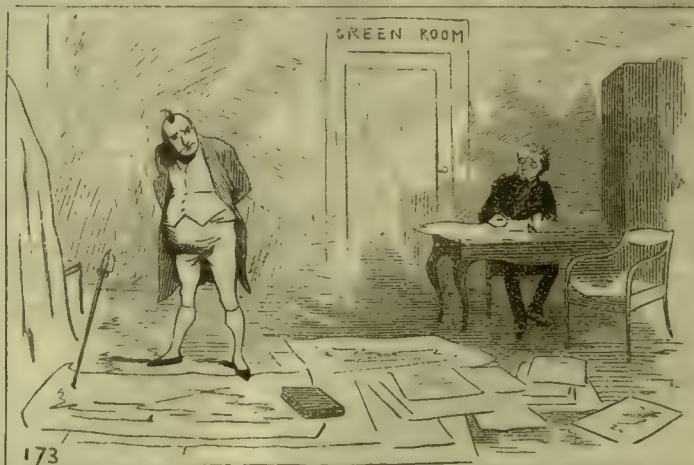


No. 212. "*The Left-out Gauntlet*." "Come as you are, indeed! Nonsense. It's most annoying! Here am I got up most expensively as a Knight in Armour, and I'm blessed if the confounded cuss of a cusstunier hasn't forgotten to send my right gauntlet!" JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

who "calls himself a Gentleman" is 'seen as a retiring person in another mirror. ETTORE TITO.

No. 40. "*Little Bo Peep after Lunch*, supported by a tree. Early intemperance movement. "Let 'm 'lone, they'll come home, leave tails b'ind 'em." JOHN DA COSTA.

No. 56. "*Ben Ledi*." This is a puzzle picture by Mr. JAMES ELLIOT. Of course there is in it, somewhere or other, a portrait of the eminent Italian, BENJAMIN LEDI. Puzzle, to find him.



No. 173. "*A First Rehearsal*." "The celebrated actor, Mr. Gommersal of Astley's Amphitheatre, made up and attired as the Great Napoleon, entered the Manager's room, where the author of the Equestrian Spectacular Melodrama of '*The Battle of Waterloo*' was seated finishing the last Act. 'What do you think of this?' asked Mr. G., triumphantly. 'Not a bit like it,' returned the author, sharply. 'What!' exclaimed the astonished veteran, 'do you mean to say my make-up for Napoleon isn't good? Well I'm—' 'You will be, if you appear like that,' interrupted the author decisively."—Vide Widdicombs' *History of the Battle of Waterloo at Astley's*. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

No. 102. "*Attitude's Everything*; or, *The Affected Lawn Tennis Player*." By FREDERIC A. BRIDGMAN, probably a Lillie Bridge man.

No. 105. "*Dumb as a Drum with a hole in it*." Vide Sam Weller. "Joy! Joy! (G. W.) my task is done!"

No. 107. "*Outside the Pail*; or, *Nell the Dairymaid*." Taken in the act by R. C. CRAWFORD (give him several inches of canvas, and he'll take a NELL) as she was about to put a little water out of the stream into the fresh milk pail.



No. 344. The Reeds' Entertainment. Gallery of Illustration. Interval during change of costume. "Behold these graceful Reeds!" ARTHUR HACKER.

No. 180. *A (Sir Donald) Currie*, admirably done in P. and O. (Paint and Oil) by W. W. OULESS, R.A.

No. 211. "*Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind.*"—*As You Like It*. But we don't like it—we mean, the wind, of course. Oh, so desolate and dreary! We suppose that in order to keep himself warm, Sir JOHN must have been thoroughly wrapped up in his work when he painted this. Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.

No. 228. "*The Great Auk's Egg.*" "Auk-ward moment: is it genuine or not? He bought it at an Auk-tion; it had probably been auk'd about before, genuine or not. There'll be a great auk (!) about it," says H. S. MARKS, R.A.

No. 238. "With a little pig here and a little cow here, Here a sheep and there a sheep and every where a sheep."

Old Song, illustrated by SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

No. 250. "*Ticklish Times; or, the First Small and Early in the Ear.*" "She sat, half-mesmerised, thinking to herself, 'Shall I have many dances this season?' 'You've got a ball in hand,' whispered small and early Eros Minimus. 'Ah,' she returned, dreamily, 'a bawl in the hand is indeed worth a whisper in the ear.'" *From the Greek of Akephalos*. W. ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU.

No. 272. *The Flying Farin Family*. Nothing like bringing 'em up to the acrobatic business quite young. PHIL R. MORRIS, A.

No. 290. "*Sittin' and Satin.*" IRLAM BRIGGS. [N.B.—Mr. P. always delighted to welcome the immortal name of BRIGGS. Years ago, one of JOHN LEECH's boys drew "BRIGGS a 'ang-ing," and here he is,—hung!]

No. 310. First-rate portrait of a Railway Director looking directly at the spectator, and saying, "Of course, I'm the right man in the right place, i.e., on the line." Congratulations to HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.

No. 311. *Popping in on them*, in not quite a friendly way, by Very Much in ERNEST CROFTS, A.

No. 317. "*Strong Op-inions.*" A Political Picture by a Liberal Onionist. CATHERINE M. WOOD.

No. 342. *A Person sitting uprightly*. By BENTLEY.

No. 351. "*Only a Couple of Growlers, and no Hansom!*" By J. T. NETTLESHIP.

No. 373. "*There is a Flower that bloometh.*" The Mayor of AVON,

as he appeared 'avon his likeness (A 1) taken by PHIL R. MORRIS, A.

No. 412. "*Hush a bye, Bibby!*" Capital picture. speaks for itself. "I know that man, he comes from—Liverpool." Brought here by LUKE FILDES, R.A.

No. 440. *Poppylar Error.* "Old Lady (log.)." "Oh, dear! I've eaten one o' them nasty



No. 699. "*Very Like a Whale,*" only it's a buoy not caught yet. C. N. Henry.

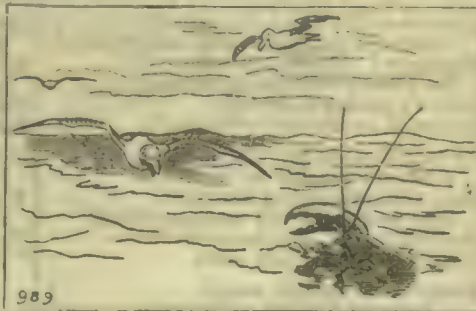


No. 204. "*Three Little Maids from School.*" A wealth of colour. The subject is this:—After an ample school-feast, the girls sat drowsily under an orange-tree, when they were suddenly startled by the appearance of a snake. "Don't be frightened, Betsy Jane," cried Anna Maria, the eldest; "'ee won't 'urt yer, 'ee only comes from the Lowther Harkade." Sir Fred. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.



No. 458. "*Peas and War.*" Club Committee ordering dinner. See corner figure (L. H. of picture) with Cookery Book. The Steward says, "We can't have peas." Mr. J. S. B-l-f-r remonstrates strongly, "What! not have peas? Nonsense!" That's how the row began, and they "gave him everybody; which the limner's name is Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

No. 989. *La Seagull*. Awful fight between a gull and a boiled lobster. Allan J. Hook. [N.B.—Your eye is sure to be caught by this Hook. But the picture must be looked at from our point of view, from the opposite side of the room.]



ARS LONGA.

TALKING "ART" is so "smart" in the first week of May, That is "ART," which you start with a thundering A. Simple "art" must depart; that's an obsolete way. Some think "art" would impart all the work of to-day.

stuck-up poppies, and I do feel so— Oh! I feel my colour is gradually PALIN (W.M.).

No. 502. "*What, no Soap!*" She may appear a trifle cracky, but no one can say that this picture represents her as having gone "clean mad." ANNA BILINSKA.

No. 553. *Margate Sands in Ancient Times*. Cruel conduct of an Ancient Warrior towards a young lady who refused to bathe in the sea. Full of life by E. M. HALE (and Hearty).

No. 575. "*Poor Thing!*" Touching picture of ideal patient in Aesthetic Idiot Asylum. LUCIEN DAVIS.

No. 636. "*A Clever Examiner drawing him out.*" [N.B.—This ought to have been exhibited at A. TOOTH'S Exhibition.] RALPH HEDLEY.

No. 686. *Upper part of Augustus Manns, Esq.* The Artist has, of course, chosen the better part. "MANNS wants but little here below," but he doesn't get anything at all, being cut off, so to speak, in his prime about the second shirt-button. Exactly like him as he was taken before the Artist at "Pettie Sessions."

No. 1041. *Every Dog must have his Dose; or, King Charles's Martyrdom.* FRED HALL.

SCULPTURE.—The descriptions in the Guide are too painful. We prefer not to give any names, but here are specimens:—"Mr. So-and-so, to be executed in bronze"; "The late Thingummy—bust!" These will suffice. Then we have No. 1997. "*All Three going to Bath,*" by GEORGE FRAMPTON; and last, but not by any means least, a very good likeness of our old friend J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., and while we think of it, we'll treat him as a cabman and "take his number, which it's 1941, done by JOHN ADAMS-ACTON, and so, with this piece of sculpture, we conclude our pick of the Pictures with this display of fireworks; that is, with one good bust up! Plaudite et valet!



THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

"THAT'S THE NEW DOCTOR—AND THOSE ARE HIS CHILDREN!"

"HOW UGLY HIS CHILDREN ARE!"

"WELL, NATURALLY! OF COURSE DOCTORS HAVE GOT TO KEEP THE UGLY ONES THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW!"

RECKONING WITHOUT THEIR HOST.

MR. P.C. BULL, loquitur:—

HUMPH! There you go, suspicious lurkers,
From lands less free! I grudge you room
Among my hosts of honest workers.

Had I the settling of your doom,
Your shift were short, and brief your stay.
As 'tis, I'll watch you on your way.

A Land of Liberty! Precisely.

And curs of that advantage take.

But, if you want my tip concisely,—

We hate the wolf and loathe the snake:
And as you seem a blend of both,
To crush you I'd be little loth.

Freedom we love, and, to secure it,

Take rough and smooth with constant mind.

Espionage? We ill endure it,

But Liberty need not be blind.

Sorrow's asylum is our isle;

But we'd not harbour ruffians vile.

To flout that isle foes are not chary,

When of its shelter not in need;

But, when in search of sanctuary,

They fly thereto with wondrous speed.

Asylum? Ay! But learn—in time—

'Tis no Alsatia for foul crime.

Foes dub me sinister, satanic,

A friend of Nihilists and knaves;

Because I will not let mere panic

Rob me of sympathy with slaves.

And hatred of oppressors. Fudge!
Their railings will not make me budge.

I've taken up my stand for freedom,

I'll jackal to no autocrat;

But rogues with hands as red as Edom,

Nihilist snake, Anarchist rat,

I'd crush, and crime's curst league determine.

I have no sympathy with vermin.

Doors open, welcome hospitable

For all, unchallenged, is my style;

But trust not to the fatuous fable

That *Caliban's* free of my isle

With prosperous *Prospero's* free consent.

Such lies mad autocrats invent.

Such for some centuries they've been telling,

Crime, like an asp, I'd gladly crush

Upon the threshold of my dwelling,

But shall not join a purblind rush

Of panic-stricken fools to play

The oppressor's game, for the spy's pay!

But you, foul, furtive desperadoes,

Who, frightened now by those you'd fright,

Would fain slink off among the shadows,

To plot out further deeds of night,

Our isle's immunity you boast!—

You're reckoning without your host.

I'll keep my eye on you; my Juries

I think you'll find it hard to scare;

We worship no Anarchic furies,

For menace are not wont to care,

Here red-caught Crime in vain advances

"Extenuating Circumstances!"

Couplet by a Cynic.

(After reading certain Press Comments on the
Picture Show.)

PHILISTINE Art may stand all critic shocks
Whilst it gives Private Views—of Pretty
Frocks!

THE WORLD ON WHEELS.

MR. STEVENS, the American gentleman who rode round the world on a bicycle, says, "The bicycle is now recognised as a new social force." Possibly. But certain writers to the *Times* on "The Tyranny of the Road," seem to prove that it is also a new *anti-social* force, when it frightens horses and upsets pedestrians. Adapting an old proverb, we may say, "Set a cad on a cycle and he'll ride"—well, all over the road, and likely enough over old ladies into the bargain. Whilst welcoming the latest locomotive development, we must not allow the "new social force" to develop into a new social despotism. To put it pointedly:—

We welcome these new steeds of steel,

(In spite of whistles and of "squealers,")

But cannot have the common weal

Too much disturbed by common "Wheelers"!

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.—After the Presidential orations, the success of the evening was Professor BUTCHER's speech. His audience were delighted at being thus "butchered to make" an artistic "holiday." Prince ARTHUR BALFOUR expressed his regret that "the House of Commons did not possess a Hanging Committee." Hasn't it? Don't we now and again hear of a Member being "suspended" for some considerable time? On such occasions, the whole House is a Hanging Committee. There was one notable omission, and yet for days the air had been charged with the all-absorbing topic. "Odd!" murmured a noble Duke to himself, as, meditating many things, he stood by the much-sounding soda-water. "Odd! a lot of speeches; and yet,—not a word about Orme!"



RECKONING WITHOUT THEIR HOST.

FIRST ANARCHIST. "ENFIN, MON AMI!—VE SHALL NOT BE INTERRUPT IN ZIS FREE ENGLAND!"

BULL A1 (*sotto voce*). "DON'T BE TOO SURF, MOSSOO! YOU'LL FIND NO *EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES* HERE!!"

THE YOUNG GIRL'S COMPANION.

By Mrs. Payley.

III.—THE CHOICE OF A POSE.

ALL young girls should have definite ideas of the impression which they wish to create. The natural girl is always either impolite or impolitic. I am quite willing to allow that a girl who appears artificial is equally detestable. To be unnatural, and to appear natural, is the end at which the young girl should aim. Much, then, will depend on the choice of a pose. It should be suitable; there should be something in your appearance and abilities to support the illusion. I once knew a fat girl, with red hair (the *wrong* red), a good appetite, and chilblains on her fingers; she adopted the romantic pose, and made herself ridiculous; of course, she was quite unable to look the part. If she had done the Capital Housekeeper, or the Cheerfully Philanthropic, she might have married a middle-aged Rector. She threw away her chances by choosing an unsuitable pose. At the same time the reasons for your choice should never be obvious. There was another case, which amused me slightly—a dark girl, with fine eyes. She was originally intended to be a beauty, but she had some accident in her childhood that had crippled her. She had to walk with a stick, and her back was bent. She posed as a man-hater. The part suited her well enough, for she had rather a pretty wit. "But," I said to her, "it is too plainly a case of the fox and the grapes; you hate men because you are a cripple, and can never get a man to love you." She did not take this friendly hint at all nicely; in fact, since then she has never spoken to me again; but what I said to her was quite true. She was right in deciding that she had nothing to do with love; if you ever have to buy yourself a wooden leg, you may as well get a wooden heart at the same time. But her pose was too obvious—ridiculously obvious. She would have done better with something in the way of a religious enthusiasm—something very mystical. It would have been impressive.

In the matter of dress a girl can do very much towards supporting her pose; but she must have the intuitions and perceptions of an artist.

The child-like type requires great care, for the young girl in London is not naturally child-like. There should be a suggestion of untidiness about the hair; the dress should be simple, loose and sashed; nurse a kitten with a blue ribbon round its neck; say that you like chocolate-creams; open your eyes very wide, and suck the tip of one finger occasionally. Let your manner generally vary between the pensive and the mischievous; always ask for explanations, especially of things which cannot possibly be explained in public. Do not attempt this pose unless your figure is *mignon* and your complexion pink. Do not be too realistic; never be sticky or dirty—men do not care for it.

A capital pose for a girl with dark lines under the eyes, is that of "the girl-with-a-past." These lines, which are mostly the result of liver, are commonly accepted as evidence of soul. The dress should be sombre, trailing, and rather distraught: there is a way of arranging a *fichu* which of itself suggests that the heart beneath it is blighted. If you happen to possess a few ornaments which are not too expensive, distribute them among your girl-friends; say, in a repressed voice, that you do not care for such things any more. Let it be known that there is one day in the year which you prefer to spend in complete solitude. Have a special affection for one flower; occasionally allow your emotions to master you when you hear music. The hair-ornament belongs exclusively to the lower middle-classes, but wear one article of jewellery, a souvenir, which either never opens or never comes off. Smile sometimes, of course; but be careful to smile unnaturally. On all festive occasions divide your time between your bedroom and the churchyard.

Both these types demand some personal attractions; if you have no personal attractions, you must fall back upon one of the philanthropic types. The plainer you are, the more rigid will be your philanthropy. Your object will be to disseminate in the homes of the poor some of the luxuries of the rich; and, on returning, to disseminate in the homes of the rich some of the diseases of the poor. Everything about you must be flat; your

hats, hair and heels must be flat; your denials must be particularly flat. Always take your meals in your jacket and a hurry, never with the rest of your family; never have time to eat enough, but always have time to brag about it.

I cannot understand why any girl should object to the assumption of a pose; and yet a girl told me the other day that she preferred to be what she seemed to be. She was an exceptional case; I disbelieved in her protestations that she was perfectly natural, and managed to get some opportunities for observation when she did not know that she was observed. I must own that she was quite truthful; she also managed to get married—suburban happiness and no position—but, as I said, she was exceptional. Personally, I feel sure that I should never have been married if I had seemed to be what I really was. I cannot understand this desire to be natural—it is so affected.

My correspondence this week is not very interesting. In spite of my disclaimer last week, I have been asked several questions which are not connected with Sentiment and Propriety. "BELLADONNA" asks my advice on rather a delicate case; she is almost engaged to a man, A., and her greatest friend is a girl, B. Happening, the other day, to open B.'s Diary by mistake for her own, she discovered that B. is also very much in love with A. What is "BELLADONNA" to do? I think the most honourable course would be to report in her own Diary a statement by A. that he loathes B., and then leave the Diary where B. might mistake it for her own. This is checkmate for B., because she cannot do anything nasty without thereby implying that she has read "BELLADONNA'S" Diary.



HAMLET; OR, KEEPING IT DARK.

SCENE I.—At the Haymarket.—Darkness visible. Out of it come Voices.

First Voice (probably on stage), "Who's there?"

Second V. (probably in auditorium), I can't see. Is it TREE?

Third V. "Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself."

Fourth V. I wish I could unfold the seat to let people pass.

Fifth V. "You come most carefully upon your hour."

Fourth V. Why on earth can't people be more punctual?

First V. "'Tis now struck twelve."

Fourth V. About a dozen people have hit my head scrambling past in the dark.

Third V. "For this relief much thanks."

Fourth V. They seem to have got in at last.

Third V. "'Tis bitter cold."

Fifth V. Oh, EDWIN, dear, I do wish they'd send away the ghost, and turn up the lights.

Third V. "Not a mouse stirring."

[Crash.]

Sixth V. There goes my opera-glass! Deuce of a job to find it.

Third V. "Stand, ho!"

Seventh V. Bless my soul, Ma'am, are you aware that you're standing on my foot?

Third V. "BERNARDO has my place."

Sixth V. Here's someone taken my seat!

First V. "What, is HORATIO there?"

Eighth V. Hallo, dear boy, how are you? Couldn't see you—but now the light's a bit up—(S.c., S.c.).

A CRITERION OF MORALS.—Astutely doing "The Puff Preliminary" in a letter to the papers before the production of *The Fringe of Society* (i.e., *Le Demi-monde* freely adapted), Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM observes that "there is no such class, in any recognisable degree, as the *demi-monde* in England." "Recognisable" is good, very good, it saves the situation, as of course the *demi-monde* is not, on any account, to be recognised. 'Cheery CHARLES evidently belongs to that half of the world which never knows what the other half is doing. If *The Fringe*, as it at first went in to the Licensor, had to be trimmed, CHARLES our Friend might have announced his latest version as re-"adapted from the *Fringe*."

"AILING AND CONVALESCENT,"—ORME. [No others count.]

MR. PUNCH'S AGRICULTURAL NOVEL.

BO AND THE BLACKSHEEP.

A STORY OF THE SEX.

(By THOMAS OF WESSEX, Author of "Guess how a Murder feels," "The Cornet Minor," "The Horse that Cast a Shoe," "One in a Turret," "The Foot of Ethel hurt her," "The Flight of the Bivalve," "Hard on the Gadding Crowd," "A Lay o' Deceivers," &c.)

"I am going to give you," writes the Author of this book, "one of my powerful and fascinating stories of life in modern Wessex. It is well known, of course, that although I often write agricultural novels, I invariably call a spade a spade, and not an agricultural implement. Thus I am led to speak in plain language of women, their misdoings, and their undoings. Unstrained dialect is a speciality. If you want to know the extent of Wessex, consult histories of the Heptarchy with maps."

CHAPTER I.

IN our beautiful Blackmoor or Blakemore Vale, not far from the point where the Melchester Road turns sharply towards Icenhurst on its way to Wintoncester, having on one side the hamlet of Batton, on the other the larger town of Casterbridge, stands the farmhouse wherewith in this narrative we have to deal. There for generations had dwelt the rustic family of the PEEPS, handing down from father to son a well-stocked cow-shed and a tradition of rural virtues which yet excluded not an overgreat affection on the male side for the home-brewed ale and the home-made language in which, as is known, the Wessex peasantry delights. On this winter morning the smoke rose thinly into the still atmosphere, and faded there as though ashamed of bringing a touch of Thermidorean warmth into a degree of temperature not far removed from the zero-mark of the local Fahrenheit. Within, a fire of good Wessex logs crackled cheerily upon the hearth. Old ABRAHAM PEEP sat on one side of the fireplace, his figure yet telling a tale of former vigour. On the other sat POLLY, his wife, an aimless, neutral, slatternly peasant woman, such as in these parts a man may find with the profusion of Wessex blackberries. An empty chair between them spoke with all an empty chair's eloquence of an absent inmate. A butter-churn stood in a corner next to an ancient clock that had ticked away the mortality of many a past and gone PEEP.

CHAPTER II.

"WHERE be BONDUCA?" said ABRAHAM, shifting his body upon his chair so as to bring his wife's faded tints better into view. "Like enough she's met in with that slack-twisted 'hor's bird of a feller, TOM TATTERS. And she'll let the sheep draggle round the hills. My soul, but I'd like to baste 'en for a poor slammick of a chap."

Mrs. PEEP smiled feebly. She had had her troubles. Like other realities, they took on themselves a metaphysical mantle of infallibility, sinking to minor cerebral phenomena for quiet contemplation. She had no notion how they did this. And, it must be added, that they might, had they felt so disposed, have stood as pressing concretions which chafe body and soul—a most disagreeable state of things, peculiar to the miserably passive existence of a Wessex peasant woman.

"BONDUCA went early," she said, adding, with a weak irrelevance. "She mid 'a' had her pick to-day. A mampus o' men have bin after her—fourteen of 'em, all the best lads round about, some of 'em wi' bags and bags of gold to their names, and all wanting BONDUCA to be their lawful wedded wife."

ABRAHAM shifted again. A cunning smile played about the hard lines of his face. "POLLY," he said, bringing his closed fist down upon his knee with a sudden violence, "you pick the richest, and let him carry BONDUCA to the pa'son. Good looks wear badly, and good characters be of no account; but the gold's the thing for us. Why," he continued, meditatively, "the old house could be new thatched, and you and me live like Lords and Ladies, away from the mulch o' the barton, all in silks and satins, wi' golden crowns to our heads, and silver buckles to our feet."

POLLY nodded eagerly. She was a Wessex woman born, and thoroughly understood the pure and unsophisticated nature of the Wessex peasant.

CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE BONDUCA PEEP—little Bo PEEP was the name by which the country-folk all knew her—sat dreaming upon the hill-side, looking out with a premature woman's eyes upon the rich valley that stretched away to the horizon. The rest of the landscape was made up of agricultural scenes and incidents which the slightest knowledge of Wessex novels can fill in amply. There were rows of swedes, legions of dairymen, maidens to milk the lowing cows that grazed soberly upon the rich pasture, farmers speaking rough words of an uncouth dialect, and gentlefolk careless of a milkmaid's honour. But nowhere, as far as the eye could reach, was there a sign of the sheep that Bo had that morning set forth to tend for her parents. Bo had a flexuous and finely-drawn figure not unreminiscent of many a vanished knight and dame, her remote progenitors, whose dust now mouldered in many churchyards. There was about her an amplitude of curve which, joined to a certain luxuriance of moulding, betrayed her sex even to a careless observer. And when she spoke, it was often with a fetishistic utterance in a monotheistic falsetto which almost had the effect of startling her relations into temporary propriety.

CHAPTER IV.

THUS she sat for some time in the suspended attitude of an amiable tiger-cat at pause on the edge of a spring. A rustle behind her caused her to turn her head, and she saw a strange procession advancing over the parched fields where—[Two pages of field-scenery omitted.—Ed.] One by one they toiled along, a far-stretching line of women sharply defined against the sky. All were young, and most of them haughty and full of feminine waywardness. Here and there a coronet sparkled on some noble brow where predestined suffering had set its stamp. But what most distinguished these remarkable processionists in the clear noon of this winter day was that each one carried in her arms an infant. And each one, as she reached the place where the enthralled BONDUCA sat oblivious of her sheep, stopped for a moment and laid the baby down. First came the Duchess of HAMPTONSHIRE followed at an interval by Lady MOTTISFONT and the Marchioness of STONEHENGE. To them succeeded BARBARA of the House of GREBE, Lady ICENWAY and Squire PETRICK's lady. Next followed the Countess of WESSEX, the Honourable LAURA and the Lady PENELOPE. ANNA, Lady BAXBY, brought up the rear.

BONDUCA shuddered at the terrible encounter. Was her young life to be surrounded with infants? She was not a baby-farm after all, and the audition of these squalling nurslings vexed her. What could the matter mean? No answer was given to these questionings. A man's figure, vast and terrible, appeared on the hill's brow, with a cruel look of triumph on his wicked face. It was THOMAS TATTERS. BONDUCA cowered; the noble dames fled shrieking down the valley.

"Bo," said he, "my own sweet Bo, behold the blood-red ray in the spectrum of your young life."

"Say those words quickly," she retorted.

"Certainly," said TATTERS. "Blood-red ray, Broo-red ray, Broo-re-ray, Brooray! Tush!" he broke off, vexed with BONDUCA and his own imperfect tongue-power, "you are fooling me. Beware!"

"I know you, I know you!" was all she could gasp, as she bowed herself submissive before him. "I detest you, and shall therefore marry you. Trample upon me!" And he trampled upon her.

CHAPTER V.

THUS Bo PEEP lost her sheep, leaving these fleecy tail-bearers to come home solitary to the accustomed fold. She did but humble herself before the manifestation of a Wessex necessity.

And Fate, sitting aloft in the careless expanse of ether, rolled her destined chariots thundering along the pre-ordained highways of heaven, crushing a soul here and a life there with the tragic completeness of a steam-roller, granite-smashing, steam-fed, irresistible. And butter was churned with a twang in it, and rustics danced, and sheep that had fed in clover were "blasted," like poor BONDUCA's budding prospects. And, from the calm nonchalance of a Wessex hamlet, another novel was launched into a world of reviews, where the multitude of readers is net as to their external displacements, but as to their subjective experiences [THE END.]



THE NEW GALLERY.

THIS is the place to see the "female form divine" of all shapes and sizes. Walk up, walk up, and look at a few of the young Ladies:—

No. 13. "White Roses." E. J. POYNTER, R.A. Thorns here, evidently, judging by the young woman's look of anguish. And this is the moral POYNTER points.

No. 66. "A War Cloud." A Music-HALLÉ singing "Rule Britannia!" with proper dressings.

No. 18. "Paderewski." Surely it ought to be PATTY REWSKY, with "Miss" before the name. Moral, "Get your hair cut!"

No. 284. "Nightfall in the Dauphinée." "Might fall," it ought to be, and no wonder if she walked about on so dark a night with such a load in her arms!

No. 165. "Che sara sara." A pedestrian match in the Metropolis. In fact, Walker, London. A portrait of Sarah, after she has been let down into the punt, the shock having dislocated her shoulder. She might have kept Col. Neal's clothes round her neck to hide her back.

No. 77. This is the gem of the collection. It is by FRNND KHNPF. Our Head Critic was so overcome by this great work that he went out to get assistance, but unfortunately, in trying to pronounce the painter's name, he dislocated his jaw, and is now in a precarious state. Our Assistant Critic, Deputy Assistant Critic,



"OH, THAT TUNE!"

A Sketch of an Unintentional and Unwilling Imitator of Miss Lottie Collins.

Deputy Assistant Sub-Critic, and a few extra Supernumerary Critics, then went in a body and looked at this young woman's head, apparently taken after an interview with Madame Guillotine. They looked at the head from all sides, and finally stood on their own, but they could not make head or tail of it. Any person giving information as to the meaning, and paying three-pence, will receive a presentation copy of this journal.

There are other portraits of the latest fashion in young Ladies, but those mentioned above are the most remarkable in the New Gallery.

Any Man to Any Woman.

O WOMAN, in our hours of ease, We smile, and say, "Go as you please!" [row, But when there's 'prospect of a You're best out of it anyhow.

THE TWO ARCHERS.—In the P. M. G. of Saturday last, WILLIAM ARCHER, in a signed article, criticises a book on "How to Write a Good Play, by FRANK ARCHER." In expressing his opinion of the book, WILLIAM becomes Frank—unpleasantly Frank.

A Riddle.

WHILE Publishers their fortunes make And wax exceeding fat, The Author still is like a rake. Now, pray account for that.

THE WATER-COLOUR ROOM AT THE ACADEMY.

Oh, what a smell from the kitchen to spur comers
Out of this room, where we think more of ham
Than HORSLEYS, of soup than STONES,
hashes than HERKOMERS,
Mix MILLAIS with mutton, and LEIGHTON with lamb,

Think of salmon and cucumber, stilton and celery,
And not of the drawings at which we should look;
Reminded, when making a tour round this gallery,
But little of "Gaze," and a great deal of "Cook."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 25.—Session resumed to-day after Easter Recess. As TENNYSON somewhere says, Session comes but Members linger. Not forty present when business commenced. "May as well go on," said the SPEAKER, whom everybody glad to see looking brisk and hearty after his holiday. "They'll drop in by-and-by."

So they did, but without evidence of overmastering haste or enthusiasm. Only half-dozen questions on paper; very early got to business in Committee on Indian Councils Bill; supposed to be measure involving closest interests of the great empire that CLIVE helped to make, and SEYMOUR KEAY now looks after. Appearance of House suggestive rather of some local question affecting Isle of Sheppey or Romney Marsh. Below Gangway, on Ministerial side, only MACLEAN present. Member for Oldham a sizeable man, but seemed a little lost in space. Above Gangway RICHARD TEMPLE on guard. Prince

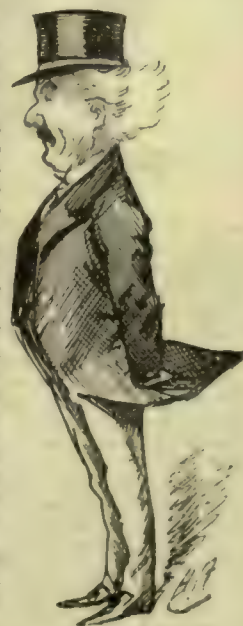
ARTHUR and GEORGE CURZON had Treasury Bench all to themselves. Opportunity for observing how cares of office are beginning to tell on GEORGE. Growing quite staid in manner, the weight of India adding gravity to his looks, sickly his young face o'er with pale cast of thought. Pretty to see him blush to-night when SEYMOUR KEAY made graceful allusion to his genius and statesmanlike conduct of affairs. "Approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY," as he later observed, "is praise indeed."

Only sign of life and movement displayed below and above Gangway opposite. SCHWANN evidently in running for BRADLAUGH's vacant place as Member for India. Fortunate in finding a party brimful of energy, enthusiasm, eloquence, and encyclopedic knowledge—MORTON, SEYMOUR KEAY, SAM SMITH, JULIUS ANNIBAL PICTON, SWIFT MACNEILL, and the CURSE OF CAMBORNE, who has been as far East as the Cape, and therefore knows all about India.

Some Members looking across the waste place behind MACLEAN whilst he was delivering vigorous speech, thought of poor LEWIS PELL, who really knew something about India, and therefore would probably not have spoken had he been here to-night. A kindly, courteous, upright, valiant gentleman, who took a little too seriously the joke House had with him about the Mom-basa business. Everyone recalls his luminous speech on the question, with its graphic description of forced marches "from So-and-so to So-on," dubious flights by night "from Etcetera to So-forth."

PELLY was with us when the House adjourned. In recess he, too, has made a forced march, passing from the ordinary So-on into the unmapped So-forth.

MACLEAN's speech stirred up the dolorous



"So-and-So."

desolate House. Only one other movement. This when SEYMOUR KEAY, in one of several speeches dropped the remark, "I am sure my friends near me will bear me out when I say—" Instant commotion below Gangway. SWIFT MACNEILL on his legs; SCHWANN tumbling over PICTON; CONYBEARE cannoning against MORTON. All animated by desire to take up KEAY and carry him forth. He breathlessly explained that it was merely a figure of speech, and, they reluctantly resuming their seats, he went on to the bitter end.

Business done.—Practically none.

Tuesday.—Amid the pomps and vanities of a wicked world there is something refreshing and reassuring in spectacle of SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE going about his daily business. One would describe him as childlike and bland, only for recollection that combination of harmless endearing epithet has been applied in another connection and might be misunderstood. A pity, for there are no other words that so accurately describe SAGE's manner when, just now, he rose to pose Prince ARTHUR with awkward question about Dissolution. Wanted to know whether, supposing Parliament dissolved between months of September and December in present year, a Bill would be brought in to accelerate Registration? Terms of question being set forth on printed paper, not necessary for the SAGE to recite them. For this he seemed grateful. It relieved him from the pain of appearing to embarrass Prince ARTHUR by a reference to awkward matters. No one could feel acutely hurt at being asked "Question No. 8." So the SAGE, half rising from his seat—so delicate was his forbearance, that he would not impose his full height on the eyesight of the Minister—"begged to ask the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY Question No. 8."

Quite charming Prince ARTHUR's start of surprise when he looked at the paper and saw, as if for the first time, the question addressed to him. Dear me! here was a Member actually wanting to know something about the date of the Dissolution, and what would follow in certain contingencies. As a philosopher, Prince ARTHUR was familiar with the vagaries of the average mind. He could not prevent the SAGE, in his large leisure, untrammelled by no other consideration than that of doing the greatest amount of good to the largest number, indulging in speculations. But for Her Majesty's Ministers, the contingency referred to was so remote and uncertain, that they had not even contemplated taking any steps to meet it.

Then might the SAGE assume that, if the contingency arose, the Government would act in the manner he had suggested?

No; on the whole, Prince ARTHUR, thinking the matter over in full view of the House, concluded the SAGE might hardly draw that deduction from what he had said.

The House, having listened intently to this artless conversation, proceeded to business of the day, which happily included the adoption

of a Resolution engaging the Government to connect with the mainland, by telephone or telegraph, the lighthouses and lightships that twinkle round our stormy coasts. It was CAP'N BIRKBECK who moved this Resolution, seconded from other side in admirable speech by MARJORIBANKS.

Business done.—Excellent.

Wednesday.—Much surprised, strolling down to House this afternoon, to find place in sort of state of siege. Policemen, policemen everywhere, and, as one sadly observed, "not a drop to drink." Haven't seen anything like it since KENEALY used to shake the dewdrops from his mane as he walked through Palace Yard, passing through enthusiastic crowd into House of Commons, perspiring after his efforts in Old Westminster Courts. Later, when BRADLAUGH used to give dear old GOSSET waltzing lessons, pirouetting between Bar and Table, scene was somewhat similar.

"What's the matter, HORSLEY?" I asked, coming across our able and indefatigable Superintendent striding about the Corridor, as NAPOLEON visited the outposts on the eve of Austerlitz.

"It's them Women, Sir," he said. "Perhaps you've heard of them at St. James's Hall last night? Platform stormed; Chairman

driven off at point of bodkin; Reporters' table crumpled up; party of the name of BURROWS seized by the throat and laid on the flat of his back."

"A position, I should say, not peculiarly convenient for oratorical effort. But you seem to have got new men at the various posts?"

"Yes, Sir," said Field-Marshal HORSLEY, lowering his voice to whisper; "we've picked em out. Gone through the Force; mustered all the bald-headed men. They say that at conclusion of argument on Woman's Suffrage in St. James's Hall last night, floor nearly ankle-deep in loose hair. They don't get much off my men," said HORSLEY, proudly.

Very well, I suppose, to take those precautions. Probably they had something to do with the almost disappointing result. Everything passed off as quietly as if subject-matter of Debate had been India, or Vote in Committee of Supply of odd Million or two. Ladies looked up in Cage over SPEAKER'S Chair, with lime-lights playing on placards hung on walls enforcing "Silence!" Cunningly arranged that SAM SMITH should come on early with speech. This lasted full hour, and had marvellously sedative effect. Some stir in Gallery when, later, ASQUITH demolished Bill with merciless logic. Through the iron bars, that in this case make a Cage, there came, as he spoke, a shrill whisper, "So young and so iniquitous!" Prince ARTHUR, dexterously intervening, soothed the angry breast by his chivalrous advocacy of Woman's Rights. As he resumed his seat there floated over the charmed House, coming as it were from heavenly spheres above the SPEAKER'S Chair, a cooing whisper, "What a love of a man!"

Business done.—Woman's Suffrage Bill rejected by 175 Votes against 152.

Friday Night.—Little sparring match between Front Benches. Mr. G. and all his merry men anxious, above all things, to know when Dissolution will dawn? SQUIRE OF MALWOOD starts inquiry. Prince ARTHUR interested, but ignorant. Can't understand why people should always be talking about Dissolution. Here we have best of all Ministries, a sufficient majority, an excellent programme, and barely reached the month of May. Why can't we get on with our work, and cease indulgence in these wild imaginings? Next week, on BLANE'S Motion, there will be opportunity for Mr. G. to explain his Home Rule scheme. Let him contentedly look forward to pasturing on that joy, and not trouble his head about indefinite details like Dissolutions.

This speech the best thing Prince ARTHUR has done since he became Leader.

Business done.—None.

SEASONABLE WEATHER.

THE sunshine is cheerful, I'll call upon STELLA,
The girl I am pledged to, and ask her for tea.
It's a summer-suit day, I can leave my umbrella;
Mother Nature smiles kindly on STELLA and me.
With my silver-topped cane, and my boots (patent leather),
My hat polished smoothly, a gloss on my hair,
Yes, I think I shall charm her, and as to the weather,
I am safe—the barometer points to "Set Fair."

So I'm off—why, what's that? Yes, by Jove, there's a sputter

Of rain on the pavement!—the sunshine retires;
And I wish, oh, I wish that my tongue dared to utter
The thoughts that this changeable weather inspires.
Back, back to my rooms; I am drenched and disgusted;
In thick boots and an ulster I'll tempt it again;
And accoutre be the hour when I foolishly trusted
The barometer's index, which now points to "Rain."

Well, I'll trudge it on foot with umbrella and "bowler,"—
My STELLA thinks more of a man than his dress.
I can buy her some bonbons or gloves to console her.
Though I'm rigged like a navvy, she'll love me no less.
Let the showers pour down, I am dressed to defy them—
Bad luck to the rain, why, it's passing away!
The streets are quite gay with the sunshine to dry them.
Well, there, I give up, and retire for the day!



Cap'n Birkbeck.



"So young and so iniquitous!"

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

No. IX.—THE DUFFER DEER-STALKING.

I AM in favour of Mr. BRYCE's Access to Mountains Bill, and of Crofters who may be ambitious to cultivate the fertile slopes of all the Bens in Scotland. In fact, I am in favour of anything that will, or may, interfere with the tedious toil of Deer-stalking. Mr. BRYCE's Bill, I am afraid, will do no good. People want Access to Mountains when they cannot get it; when once they can, they will stay where the beer is, and not go padding the wet and weary hoof through peat-bogs, over rocks, and along stupid and fatiguing acclivities, rugged with heather. Oh, preserve me from Deer-stalking; it is a sport of which I cherish only the most sombre memories.

They may laugh, and say it was my own fault, all my misfortune on the stalk, but a feeling reader will admit that I have merely been unlucky. My first adventure, or misadventure if you like, was at Cauldkail Castle, Lord GABERLUNZIE's place, which had been rented by a man who made a fortune in patent corkscrews. The house was pretty nearly empty, as everyone had gone south for the Leger, so it fell to my lot to go out under the orders of the head stalker. He was a man of six foot three, he walked like that giant of iron, TALUS his name was, I think, who used to perambulate the shores of Crete, an early mythical coast-guard. HUGH's step on the mountain was like that of the red deer, and he had an eye like the eagle's of his native wastes.

It was not pleasant, marching beside HUGH, and I was often anxious to sit down and admire the scenery, if he would have let me. I had no rifle of my own, but one was lent me, with all the latest improvements, confound them! Well, we staggered through marshes, under a blinding sun, and clambered up cliffs, and sneaked in the beds of burns, and crawled through bogs on our stomachs. My only intervals of repose were when HUGH lay down on his back, and explored the surrounding regions with his field-glass. Even then I was not allowed to smoke, and while I was baked to a blister with the sun, I was wet through with black peat water. Never a deer could we see, or could HUGH see, rather, for I am short-sighted, and cannot tell a stag from a bracken bush.

At last HUGH, who was crawling some yards ahead, in an uninteresting plain, broken by a few low round hillocks, beckoned to me to come on. I writhed up to him, where he lay on the side of one of those mounds, when he put the rifle in my hand, whispering "Shoot!"

"Shoot what?" said I, for my head was not yet above the crest of the hillock. He only made a gesture, and getting my eye-glass above the level, I saw quite a lot of deer, stags, and hinds, within fifty yards of us. They were interested, apparently, in a party of shepherds, walking on a road which crossed the moor at a distance, and had no thoughts to spare for us. "Which am I to shoot?" I whispered.

"The big one, him between the two hinds to the left." I took deadly aim, my heart beating audibly, like a rusty pump in a dry season. My hands were shaking like aspen leaves, but I got the sight on him, under his shoulder, and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened, I pulled the trigger of the second barrel. Nothing occurred. "Ye have the safety-bolts in," whispered HUGH, and he accommodated that portion of the machinery, which I do not understand. Was all this calculated to set a man at his ease? I took aim afresh, pulled the trigger again. Nothing! "Ye're on half-cock," whispered HUGH, adding some remark in Gaelic, which, of course, I did not understand. Was it my fault? It was not my own rifle, I repeat, and the hammers, at half-cock, looked as high as those of my gun, full-cocked.

All this conversation had aroused the attention of the deer. Off they scuttled at full speed, and I sent a couple of bullets vaguely after them, in the direction of a small forest of horns which went

tossing down a glade. I don't think I hit anything, and HUGH, without making any remark, took the rifle and strode off in a new direction. I was nearly dead with fatigue, I was wishing Mr. BRYCE and the British Tourist my share of Access to Mountains, when we reached the crown of a bank above a burn, which commanded a view of an opposite slope. HUGH wriggled up till his eyes were on a level with the crest, and got his long glass out. After some interval of time, he awakened me, to say that if I snored like that, I would not get a shot. Then he showed me, or tried to show me, through the glass, a stag and three hinds, far off to our right. I did not see them, I very seldom see anything that people point out to me, but I thought it wise to humour him, and professed my satisfaction. Was I to shoot at them? No, they were about half a mile off, but, if I waited, they would feed up to us, so we waited, HUGH nudging me at intervals to keep me awake. Meanwhile I was practising aiming at a distant rock, about the place where I expected to get my shot, as HUGH instructed me. I thought the wretched rifle was at half-cock, and I aimed away, very conscientiously, for practice. Presently the rifle went off with a bang, and I saw the dust fly on the stone I had been practising at. It had not been at half-cock, after all; warned by my earlier misfortunes, HUGH had handed the rifle to me cocked. The stag and the hinds were in wild retreat at a considerable distance. I had some difficulty in explaining to HUGH, how this accident had occurred, nor did he seem to share my satisfaction in having hit the stone, at all events.

We began a difficult march homewards, we were about thirteen miles now from Cauldkail Castle. HUGH still, from habit, would sit down and take a view through that glass of his. At last he shut it up, like WELLINGTON at Waterloo, and said, "Maybe ye'll be having a chance yet, Sir." He then began crawling up a slope of heather, I following, like the Prophet's donkey. He reached the top, whence he signalled that there was a shot, and passed the rifle to me, cocked this time. I took it, put my hand down in the heather—felt something cold and slimy, then something astonishingly sharp and painful, and jumped to my feet with a yell! I had been bitten by an adder, that was all! Now, was that my fault? HUGH picked up the rifle, bowled over the stag, and then, with some consideration,

applied ammonia to my finger, and made me swallow all the whiskey we had.

It was a long business, and Dr. MACTAVISH, who was brought from a hamlet about thirty miles away, nearly gave me up. My arm was about three feet in circumference, and I was very ill indeed. I have not tried Deer-stalking again; and, as I said, I wish the British Tourist joy of his Access to Mountains.

EARLY SPRING.

ONCE more the North-east wind
Chills all anew,
And tips the reddened
nose
With colder blue;
Makes blackbirds
hearse as crows,
And poets too.

The town with nipping blasts
How wildly blown:
Around my hapless head
Loose tiles are thrown,
Slates, chimney-pots, and lead
Of weight unknown.

My tile and chimney-pot
Flies through the air.
My eyes are full of dust,
My head is bare,
A state of things that must
Soon make me wear!
When thus in early Spring
My joys are few,
I'll warm myself at home
With "Mountain Dew."
Or fly to Nice, or Rome,
Or Timbuctoo.





A STUDIED INSULT.

Box-Office Keeper at the Imperial Music-Hall (to Farmer Murphy, who is in Town for the Islington Horse Show). "BOX OR TWO STALLS, SIR?"

Murphy. "WHAT THE DEV'L D'YE MANE? D'YE TAKE ME AN' THE MISSUS FOR A PAIR O' PROIZE 'OSSSES! OI'LL HAVE TWO SATES IN THE DHRESS CIRCLE, AND LET 'EM BE AS DHRESSY AS POSSIBLE, MOIND!"

A BIRD OF PREY.

THE Laureate, seeking Love's last law,
Finds "Nature red in tooth and claw
With ravin"; fierce and ruthless.
But Woman? Bard who so should sing
Of her, the sweet soft-bosomed thing,
Would be tabooed as truthless.

Yet what is this she-creature, plumed
And poised in air? Iris-illumed,
She gleams in borrowed glory,
A portent of modernity,
Out-marvelling strangest phantasy
That chequered classic story.

Fair-locked and winged. So HESIOD drew
The legendary Harpy crew,
The "Spoilers" of old fable;
Maidens, yet monsters, woman-faced,
With iron hearts that had disgraced
The slaughterer of ABEL.

Chimæra dire! The Sirens three,
Ulysses shunned were such as she,
Though robed in simpler raiment.
Is there no modern Nemesis
To deal out to such ghouls as this
Just destiny's repayment?

O modish Moloch of the air!
The eagle swooping from his lair
On bird-world's lesser creatures,
Is spoiler less intent to slay
Than this unsparing Bird of Prey,
With Woman's form and features.

Woman? We know her slavish thrall
To the strange away despotical
Of that strong figment, Fashion;
But is there nought in *this* to move
The being born for grace and love
To shamed rebellious passion?

'Tis a she-shape by Mode arrayed!
The dove that coos in verdant shade,
The lark that shrills in ether,
The humming-bird with jewelled wings,—
Ten thousand tiny songful things
Have lent her plume and feather.

They die in hordes that she may fly,
A glittering horror, through the sky.
Their voices, hushed in anguish,
Find no soft echoes in her ears,
Or the vile trade in pangs and fears
Her whims support would languish.

What cares she that those wings were torn
From shuddering things, of plumage shorn
To make *her* plumes imposing?
That when—for *her*—bird-mothers die,
Their broods in long-drawn agony
Their eyes—for *her*—are closing?

What cares she that the woods, bereft
Of feathered denizens, are left
To swarming insect scourges?
On Woman's heart, when once made hard
By Fashion, Pity's gentlest bard
Love's plea all vainly urges.

A Harpy, she, a Bird of Prey,
Who on her slaughtering skyey way,
Beak-striketh and claw-clutcheth.
But Ladies who own not her sway,
Will you not lift white hands to stay
The shameless slaughter which to-day
Your sex's honour toucheth?

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

(As Sir James Crichton Browne seems prophetically to see them.)

WOMAN's world's a stage,
And modern women will be ill-cast players;
They'll have new exits and strange entrances,
And one She will play many mannish parts,
And these her Seven Ages. First the infant
"Grinding" and "sapping" in its mother's
arms,

And then the pinched High-School girl, with
packed satchel,
And worn anæmic face, creeping like cripple
Short-sightedly to school. Then the "free-
lover,"

Mouthing out IBSEN, or some cynic ballad
Made against matrimony. Then a spouter,
Full of long words and windy; a wire-puller,
Jealous of office, fond of platform-posing,
Seeking that bubble She-enfranchisement
E'en with abusive mouth. Then County-
Councillor,

Her meagre bosom shrunk and harshly lined,
Full of "land-laws" and "unearned in-
crement":

Or playing M.P. part. The sixth age shifts
Into the withered sour She-pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and "Gamp" at side,
Her azure hose, well-darned, a world too wide
For her shrunk shanks; her once sweet
woman's voice,

Verjuiced to Virgin-vinegarishness,
Grates harshly in its sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange new-fangled history,
Is sheer unwomanliness, mere sex-negation—
Sans love, sans charm, sans grace, sans every-
thing.



A BIRD OF PREY.

[Despite the laudable endeavours of "The Society for the Protection of Birds," the harpy Fashion appears still, and even increasingly, to make endless holocausts of small fowl for the furnishing forth of "feather trimmings" for the fair sex. We are told that to obtain the delicate and beautiful spiral plume called the "Osprey," the old birds "are killed off in scores, while employed in feeding their young, who are left to starve to death in their nests by hundreds. Their dying cries are described as "heart-rending." But they evidently do not rend the hearts of our fashionable

ladies, or induce them to rend their much-beplumed garments. Thirty thousand black partridges have been killed in certain Indian provinces in a few days' time to supply the European demand for their skins. One dealer in London is said to have received, as a single consignment, 32,000 dead humming-birds, 80,000 aquatic birds, and 800,000 pairs of wings. We are told too that often "after the birds are shot down, the wings are wrenched off during life, and the mangled bird is left to die slowly of wounds, thirst, and starvation."]

ART IN THE CITY.

(A Sketch in the Corporation Gallery at the Guildhall.)

The Gallery is crowded, and there is the peculiar buzz in the air that denotes popular interest and curiosity. The majority of the visitors are of the feminine sex, and appear to have come up from semi-detached villas in the less fashionable suburbs; but there is also a sprinkling of smart and Superior Persons, prosperous City Merchants, who regard pictures with respect, as a paying investment, young Commercial Men, whose feeling for Art is not precisely passionate, but who have turned in to pass the time, and because the Exhibition is gratuitous, earnest Youths with long hair, soft hats, and caped ulsters, &c., &c.

BEFORE DELAROCHE'S "DROWNED MARTYR."

First Villa Resident (appreciatively). Such a death-like expression, isn't it?

Second Ditto, Ditto. Yes, indeed! And how beautifully her halo's done!

Third Ditto, Ditto. Will those two men on the bank be the executioners, should you think?

Fourth Ditto, Ditto (doubtfully). It says in the Catalogue that they're two Christians.

An Intelligent Child. Then why don't they jump in and pull her out, Mother?

[The Child is reproved.] A Languid Young Lady. Is that intended for Ophelia?

[The rest regard her with shocked disapproval, mingled with pity, before passing on.]

BEFORE HOLL'S "FATHERLESS FAMILY."

First Matter-of-Fact Person. They're just come back from the funeral, I expect.

Second Ditto, Ditto. I shouldn't wonder. (Feels bound to show that she too can be observant.) Yes, they're all in mourning—even the servant. Do you see the black ribbon in her cap? I do like that.

An Irrelevant Person. It's just a little melancholy, though, don't you think?—which reminds me—how much did you say that jet trimming was a yard—nine pence three-farthings?

Her Friend. Nine pence halfpenny at the shop in St. Paul's Churchyard. The child has her frock open at the top behind, you see—evidently a poor family!

The I. P. Yes, and the workbasket with the reels of cotton and all. (Looking suddenly down.) Don't you call this a handsome carpet?

A Frivolous Frenchman (fresh from 'The Casual Ward' and 'The Martyr' to his companion). Tenez, mon cher, encore des choses gaies!

[He passes on with a shrug.]

A Good Young Man with a train of three Maiden Aunts in tow (halting them before a picture of SIR J. NOEL PATON'S). Now you ought to look at this one.

[They inspect it with docility. It represents a Knight in Armour riding through a forest and surrounded by seductive Wood-nymphs.]

First Maiden Aunt. Is that a guitar one of those girls is playing, or what?

Second Ditto, Ditto. A mandolin more likely; it looks like mother-o'-pearl—is it supposed to be King ARTHUR, and are they fairies or angels, ROBERT?

The G. Y. M. (a little at sea himself). "Oskold and the Ellé-maids," the title is.

Third Aunt. Scolding the Elements! Who's scolding them, ROBERT?

Robert (in her ear). "Oskold and the Ellé-maids!" it's a Scandinavian legend, Aunt TABITHA.

Aunt Tabitha (severely). Then it's a pity they can't find better subjects to paint, in my opinion! (They move on to Mr. PETTIE'S "Musician.") Dear me, that young man looks dreadfully poorly, to be sure!

Robert (loudly). He's not poorly, Aunt; he's a Musician—he's supposed to be (quoting from Catalogue) "thinking out a composition, imagining an orchestral effect, with the occasional help of an organ."

First Aunt. I see the organ plain enough—but where's the orchestral effect?

Robert. Well, you wouldn't see that, you know, he only imagines it. Second Aunt. Oh, yes, I see. Subject to delusions, poor man! I thought he looked as if he wanted someone to look after him.

First Loyal Old Lady (reading from Catalogue). "No. 35. 'Lent by Her Majesty the QUEEN.'"

Second Ditto, Ditto. Lent by HER MAJESTY, my dear! Oh, I don't want to miss that—which is it—where?

[She prepares herself to regard it with a special and reverent interest.]

AMONG THE PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS.

Matter-of-Fact Person (to her Irrelevant Friend). Here's a Millais, you see. Ophelia drowning herself.

The Irrelevant Friend (who doesn't approve of suicide). Yes, dear, very peculiar—but I don't quite like it, I must say. Do you remember whether I told SARAH to put out the fiddle-pattern forks and the best cruetstand before I came away? Dear Mr. HOMERON is coming in to supper to-night, and I want everything to be nice for him.

The Good Young Man. There's Ophelia again, you see. (Searches for an appropriate remark.) She—ah—evidently understood the art of natation.

First Aunt. She looks almost too comfortable in the water, I think. Her mouth's open, as if she was singing.

Second Aunt (extenuatingly). Yes—but those wild roses are very naturally done—and so are her teeth.

A Discriminating Person. I like it all but the figure.

A Well-Informed Person. There's the "Dream of Dante," d'ye see? No mistaking the figure of DANTE. Here he is, down below, having his dream—that's the dream in that cloud—and up above you get the dream done life-size—queer sort of idea, isn't it?

A Ponderous Person (finding himself in front of "The Vale of Rest"). Ha!—what are those two Nuns up to?

His Companion. Digging their own graves, I think.

The Pond. P. (with a supreme mental effort). Oh, Cremation, eh?

[Goss out, conceiving that he has sacrificed at the shrine of Art sufficiently for one afternoon.]

Young Discount (to Young TURN-OVER—before "Claudio and Isabella"). Something out of SHAKESPEARE here, you see.

Young Turnover. Yairss. (Giving Claudio a perfunctory attention.) Wants his hair raking, don't he? Not much in my line, this sort of subject.

Young Disc. Nor yet mine—takes too much time making it out, y'know. This ain't bad—"Venetian Washerwomen"—is that the way they get up linen over there?

Young Turn. (who has "done" Italy) Pretty much. (By way of excuse for them.) They're very al fresco out in those parts, y'know. Here's a Market-place in Italy, next to it. Yes, that's just like they are. They bring out all those old umbrellas and stalls and baskets twice a-week, and clear 'em all off again next day, so that you'd hardly know they'd been there!

Young Disc. (intelligently). I see. After Yarmouth style.

Young Turn. Well, something that way—only rather different style, y'know.

BEFORE "THE HUGENOT."

An Appreciative Lady. Ah! yes, it is wonderfully painted! Isn't it lovely the way that figured silk is done? You can hardly tell it isn't real, and the plush coat he's wearing; such an exquisite shade of violet, and the ivy-leaves, and the nasturtiums and the old red



"Earnest youths with long hair."

brick; yes, it's very beautiful—and yet, do you know, (meditatively) I almost think it's prettier in the engravings!

BEFORE THE BURNE-JONESES.

A Fiancé. This is the "Wheel of Fortune," EMILY, you see. (Reads.) "Sad, but inexorable, the fateful figure turns the wheel. The sceptred King, once uppermost, is now beneath his Slave. . . while beneath the King is seen the laurelled head of the Poet."

His Fiancée (who would be charming if she would not try—against Nature—to be funny). It's a kind of giddy-go-round then, I suppose; or is it BURNE-JONES's idea of a revolution—don't you see—revolving?

Fiancé (who makes a practice—even already—of discouraging these sallies). It's only an allegorical way of representing that the Slave's turn has come to triumph.

Fiancée. Well, I don't see that he has much to triumph about—he's tied on like the rest of them, and it must be just as uncomfortable on the top of that wheel as the bottom.

[*Her Fiancé recognises that allegory is thrown away upon her, and proposes to take her into the Hall and show her Gog and Magog.*

A Niece (to an Impenetrable Relative—whom she plants, like a heavy piece of ordnance, in front of a particular canvas). There, Aunt, what do you think of that now?

The Aunt (after solemnly staring at it with a conscientious effort to take it in). Well, my dear, I must say it—it's very 'ighly varnished.

[*She is taken home as hopeless.*

COURT CARDS.

A SPLENDID hand is just now held by Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH, Sole Lessee and Manager of the Court Theatre. Full of trumps, honours and odd tricks. A perfect entertainment in three pieces. You pay your money and you take your choice. You can come in at 8'15 and see *The New Sub*, by SEYMOUR HICKS 'Brayvo, 'icks' and may your success be Hickstraordinary!) or at 9'15 for W. S. GILBERT's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*, or at 10 for *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, which, as I remarked long ago on seeing it for the first time, might last for ever if only judiciously refreshed, say once in every three months, and on this plan it might continue until it should be played in 1992 by the great-great-grandchildren of the members of the present company.

There is one charming line in the bill—a bill which, on account of its colour, must be "taken as red"—not to be missed by visitors. It comes immediately after the cast of *The New Sub*; it is this,—*"The Uniforms by Messrs. Nathan, Coventry Street."* It has a line all to itself, which is, most appropriately, "a thin red line." Now the officers in the programme are given as belonging to the "shire Regiment," i.e., Blankshire Regiment, but as they are all wearing the Nathan uniform, why not describe them as officers of



TWO TRUMPS.

Brandon Thomas plays the King. Gertrude Queen-and-Kingston.

the Nathanshire Regiment? Perhaps such a title might be more suggestive of Sheriff's Officers than of those belonging to Her Majesty's Army; yet, as these gallant *Dramatis Personæ* are avowedly wearing NATHAN'S uniform (which may they never, never disgrace!) why should they not bear the proud title of "The First Royal Coventry Street Costumiers"? Let those most concerned see to it: our advice is gratis, and, at that price, valuable. 9'15. *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*. Excellent piece of genuine

fun. If Mr. W. S. GILBERT could be induced to add to it, I am sure it would stand an extension of ten minutes to allow *Hamlet* to return and have a grand combat with the King, and then for all the characters to be poisoned by mistake, and so to end happily.

To everyone who does not look upon SHAKESPEARE'S work as "Holy Writ," the question must have occurred, why did the Divine WILLIAMS put his excellent rules and regulations for play-actors into the mouth of a noble amateur addressing distinguished members of "the Profession"? Imagine some royal or noble personage telling HENRY IRVING how to play *Cardinal Wolsey*, or instructing Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON in painting, or telling J. L. TOOLE how to "get his laughs"! Probably actor and artist would listen in courtier-like silence to the illustrious lecturer, just as SHAKESPEARE makes his players behave when *Hamlet* is favouring them with his views on the histrionic



An Awful Moment of Suspense. Milles May, Christine, Ellaline, and Decima implore Lord Arthur Grosvenor not to throw up the part. He cannot refuse them; il n'ose pas.

art. In Mr. GILBERT's skit the leading Player makes a neat retort, and completely shuts up *Hamlet*,—who, being mad, deserves to be "shut up,"—much to the delight of King and Court. But, the question remains, why did SHAKESPEARE ever put this speech to the players in *Hamlet's* mouth? My theory is, that he did not want BURBAGE to play the part, but couldn't help himself, and so, out of pure revenge, he introduced this speech in which he makes BURBAGE himself condemn all his own faults. Later on the *Queen* describes *Hamlet* as "fat and scant of breath," which certainly was not the author's ideal Prince of Denmark; and this is evidently interpolated as "a nasty one" for BURBAGE. At the Court Theatre the skit is capably played all round, though I confess I should have preferred seeing *Hamlet* made up as a sort of fat and flabby *Chadband* puffing and wheezing,—an expression, by the way, that suggests another excellent performer in this part, namely, Mr. HERMANN WHEEZIN', who might be induced to appear after a lot of "puffin'."

Finally, *A Pantomime Rehearsal* is still about the very funniest thing to be seen in any London Theatre at the present time. The ladies are, all of them, as the old gentleman in *Pink Dominoes* used to say, "Pretty dears!" They dance charmingly, especially Miss ELLALINE TERRIS and Miss DECIMA MOORE, whose two duets and character-dances are things of joy for ever. The representative of *Jack Deedes*, Barrister-at-Law and Gifted Author, is LITTLE and good, and the services of Mr. DRAYCOTT as the Lime-Light Comedian are invaluable. WEEDON GROSSMITH and BRANDON THOMAS are better than ever: their duet is immense, but their combat is too short. Why not introduce a *Corsican Brothers* duel? The music, by Mr. EDWARD JONES, is thoroughly appropriate and very catching. By the way, one of the songs most encored goes with the exquisitely sensible and touching refrain of "Diddle doddle diddle chip chop cho choorial li lay," which was enormously popular about thirty years ago when it was sung at EVANS'S by SAM COWELL, and by CHARLES YOUNG as *Dido* on the stage of the St. James's Theatre. Odd this! The air has been a bit altered, but I thought that comic songs once out of date were dead and done for. The success of this is proof to the contrary. Will "Ta-ra-ra-boom" achieve a second success in 1992? Perhaps. A capital entertainment, which has caught on at the Court, says

THE HUMBLE B. IN BOX.



DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

She. "No, DON'T SIT THERE, MR. SPLOSHER—THAT'S MY UGLY SIDE!"
He (wishing to please). "WELL—A—REALLY—I DON'T SEE ANY DIFFERENCE!"

"NOT AT HOME!"

(A Duologue on a Doorstep.)

SCENE—The G. O. M.'s front door. Two expectant callers, EIGHT-HOURS BILL and Miss SARAH SUFFRAGE, in sore disappointment and some disgust, interloctute:—

Mr. Bill (sardonically). You too? Ah! he ain't no respecter of pussons, he ain't!

Miss Sarah (tartly). Well, this tries the temper of even a Suffrage she-saint.

I did think,—but there, you cannot trust Men—even Grand Old Ones!

Mr. Bill. Trust? Them as do trust Party Leaders are gen'rally sold ones.

It don't a mite matter which side.

Miss Sarah. Well, as far as I see, The other side shows the most signs, BILL, of favouring Me!

I'm sure Mister BALFOUR was awfully civil and nice.

Mr. Bill. You won't trust Prince ARTHUR too far, if you'll take my advice.

Miss Sarah. Well, no,—but I should like to pay out—the other. Ah, drat him! I'd comb his scant wool, the old fox, could I only get at him.

I'd pamphlet the wily old word-spinner.

Mr. Bill. Ah! I've no doubt; But wot can we do when his flunkey assures us he's out?

Miss Sarah. We're out, anyhow.

Mr. Bill. Ah! you see you ain't never got in.

But me, his old pardner and pal! It's a shame, and a sin!

He's throwed lots of cold water of late. I am blowed if I likes

His wobbleyified views about Payment of Members, and Strikes.

And then that Hoon bizness! Longrigmarole—cheered by the Tories!

I fear it's all lkybod now with our G. O. M.'s glories.

Miss Suffrage. I never quite liked him—at heart. Mrs. FAWCETT, she warned me.

Mr. Bill. Well, now, I did love him! You see, he so buttered and yarned me; And now—he won't see me! O WILLYUM, I can't understand it.

Miss Suffrage. I've asked him politely this time. P'raps next time I'll demand it.

Unsex me? Aha! I am willing to wager Stonehenge

To a pebble, when canvassing's wanted, I'll have my revenge!

Through "London Up to Date." With pride, I own I have a goody time, For still it seems the golden prime Of graphic GEORGE AUGUSTUS.

But many another since my youth! The streets of Babylon hath trod, With a statistic measuring-rod, Or philanthropic gauge. In sooth There was GEORGE SIMS, there is CHARLES BOOTH.

We now search out the Social Truth; A goody plan, in the old time Foreshadowed in the golden prime Of worthy HENRY MAYHEW.

Now London Labour, London Poor, Occupy pen and pencil more Than Pictures in the Passing Show Of the Immense Metropolis. And few have knowledge such as his, (The great Q.C., the worthy Beak!) Of modern Babylon, high and low; And so shall I with interest seek These pages, full of interest, "Round London, Down East, and Up West."

True picture of the present time, Drawn for us by the pencil prime Of good MONTAGU WILLIAMS!

Mr. Bill. And though he seems cocksure the Gen'l Election he'll win, Maybe if he's out to me always, he may not get in! [Exeunt. *Grand Old Voice (within).* Look nasty! Now have I done wisely this time—on reflection? One must be so careful—"in view of the General Election!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF (COCKNEY) "ARABIAN" DAYS AND NIGHTS.

[Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C., is about to publish, in the pages of *Household Words*, a series of descriptive articles, embodying his more than Wellesborough "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of London, and entitled "Round London, Down East, Up West."]

WHEN the breeze of romance in my youth blew free,

"A Welcome Guest" I was wont to see.

It was a right good time with me, [time.

A joyful, book-devouring Far about London I was borne,

From night to night, from morn to morn;

From Street to Park, from Tower to Dock.

I was conveyed "Twice Round the Clock."

True Sala-ite was I and sworn, [prime

For it was in the golden Of graphic GEORGE AUGUSTUS:

And now I find me reveling through

A magazine of saffron hue, Called "Sala's Journal,"

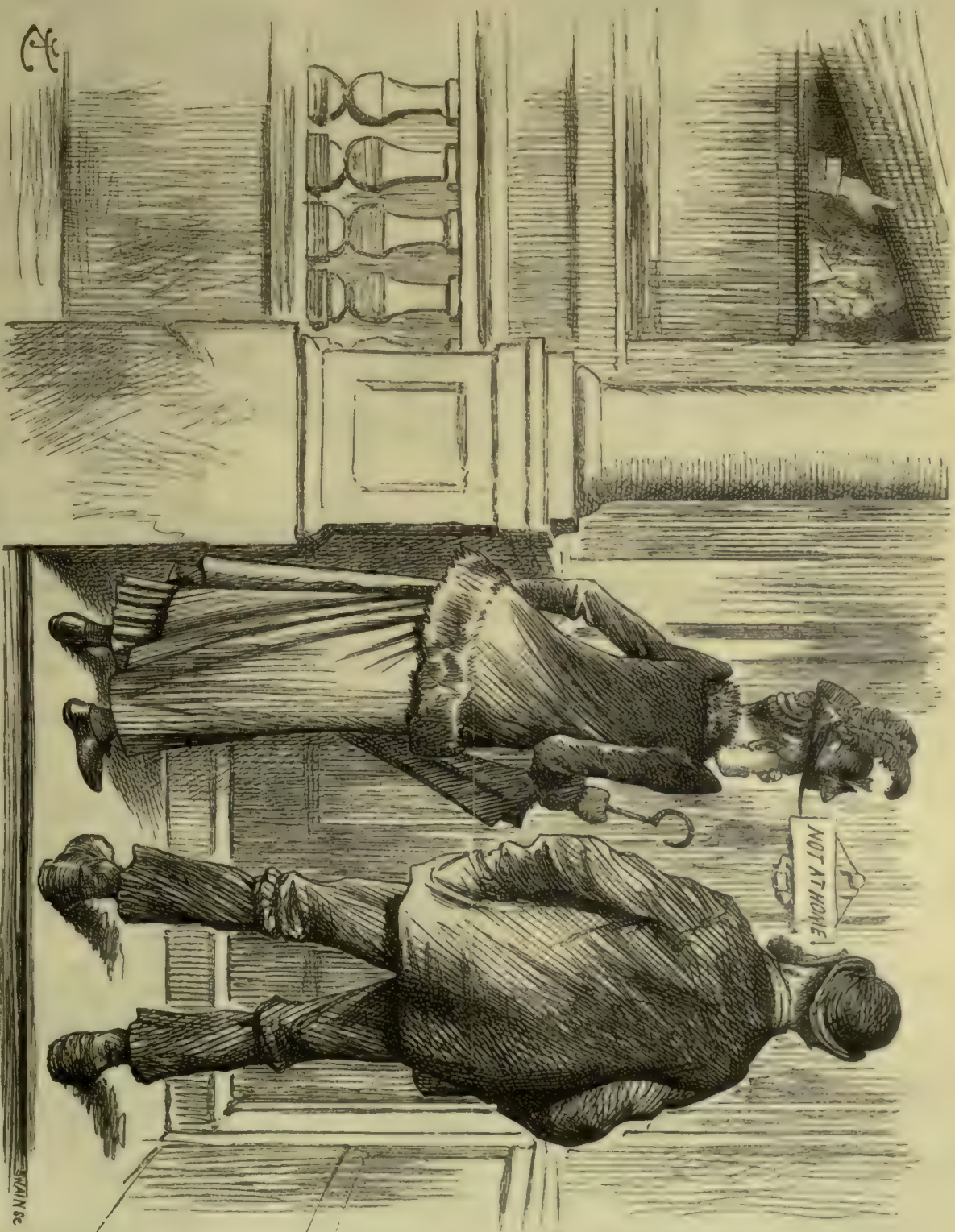
and I swim Once more in London's

rushing tide, Piloted as of old by him

Through "London Up to Date." With pride,

I own I have a goody time,

For still it seems the golden prime Of graphic GEORGE AUGUSTUS.



"NOT AT HOME."

MISS SARAH SUFFRAGE (*indignantly*). "OH! 'OUT' IS HE!"

EIGHT-HOURS BILL (*angrily*). "YUS!—AND HE WON'T GET 'IN,' IF I CAN HELP IT!"

[Mr. GRADSTONE has lately published an unsympathetic Pamphlet on "Female Suffrage," and has declined to receive a Deputation on the "Eight Hours Day" question.]



AN OVER-EXTENDED FRANCHISE.

(The Radical Grocer has just been elected County Councillor.)

My Lady (to her pet protégée). "PRAY WHOM DID YOUR HUSBAND VOTE FOR?"

Martha Stubbs. "I DON'T KNOW, MY LADY."

My Lady. "BUT SURELY YOUR HUSBAND TOLD YOU?"

Martha Stubbs. "HE DOESN'T KNOW HIMSELF, MY LADY. HE'S SUCH A POOR IGNORANT CREATURE!"

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

WRITING of the brilliant Boanerges of the Liberal Party, the *Times* says:—"Sir WILLIAM is the strongest stimulant known to the Gladstonian wire-pullers, and his appearance is always an indication that the vital energies of the patient are low. It is well understood that his proper place is by his own fireside, and that his true function is to evolve epigrams and construct original systems of finance in that calm retreat. . . . But whenever they feel particularly downcast and unhappy, they break in upon his fecund meditations, and get him to fire off a roys-tering speech."

This affectionate and admiring tribute from the Thunderer to its old favourite contributor "HISTORICUS," is worthy of celebrating in deathless verse. How well a dithyramb on the subject would go to a certain popular tune! As thus:—

NO. VIII.—GET YOUR HARCOURT!

AIR—"Get your Hair Cut!"

'TWOULD serve them right if never I came
From my own fireside again!
The way the "Thunderer" cuts me up
Is vixenish—as vain.
I was born an Opportunist,
In a general sort of way,
But it's really very impertinent
For the *Times* to grin and say:—

Chorus.

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

Oh! whenever I'm on spout,

You can hear the Tories shout,

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!
To cheer you when your spirits are down!"

I started in the Buffo line.

When things seem getting slack,

I'm to the front, with lots of go.

My critics may cry "Quack!"

But quacking's not confined to me.

I do extremely well,

And the more "I give them physio," why

The more they squirm and yell—

Chorus.

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

But they know my sparkling spout—

Will help to turn them out.

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

But I'll meet them when their sun goes down.

To play the great "HISTORICUS" part,

I years ago appeared.

The Thunderer's stage then knew my art,

But now that pitch is queered!

They swear that I apostatised

To follow W. G.

And patter about "Parnellite juice,"

And holloa after me—

BURNING WORDS.

(From a Working Man.)

"How many of you men would contribute to a Working Men's Fund the shilling you put on *Orme*, who, by the way, I am sorry to see was not poisoned to death."—*Mr. John Burns in the Park.*

LOOK 'ere, JOHN, you stow it; you're nuts on the spoutin' ;

I don't mind a man as can 'oller a bit;

And if shillings are goin', I'd back you for shoutin'.

Though your game's an Aunt Sally, all miss and no 'it.

But the blusterin' chap as keeps naggin' the boys on

To fight and get beat all for nothing's an ass.

And I'm certain o' this, that the wust kind o' poison

Is the stuff as you fellers 'ave lots of—that's gas!

What's *Orme* done to you? 'E can't 'elp a cove bettin'.

To get at 'im for that is a trifle too warm.

And poisonin' racers ain't my kind o' vettin'.

I likes a good 'orse, so 'ere's 'ealth to old *Orme*.

Take a bolus yourself, it might stop you from roarin' ;

There's nothin' like tryin' these games on yourself!

And I'll throw BENNY TILLET and one or two more in,

Just to lay the whole lot o' you up on the shelf.

BEN TILLET talks big of a mind that's a sewer ;

Well, 'e knows what it is, for I'll lay 'e's bin there.

And you'd make a 'orse into cat'smeat on skewer.

My eye, but just ain't you a nice-spoken pair!

I ain't goin' to foller you two like a shadder,

Your 'eads is a darned sight too swelled up with brag.

If you don't want to bust and go pop like a bladder,

Why you'd best take my tip—put 'em both in a bag.

So ta-ta, JOHN. I ain't the least wish to offend you,

But plain words to fellers like you is the best.

If they'd give me my way, why I'd jolly soon end you,

Beard, blather and all; you're no more than a pest.

I can fight and take knocks, and I'll stand by my folk,

Sir,

I'll 'elp them as 'elps me with whatever I earns ;

But I've this for your pipe, if you're wantin' a smoke,

Sir,—

I ain't one for poison, nor yet for JOHN BURNS!

"MURDER IN JEST."—Is it not an extraordinary plea on behalf of a person under sentence of death for murder, that, like IBSEN's heroine, "she had never been able to take life in earnest?" Surely it should be added that "when she took somebody else's life she did take it very much in earnest."

Chorus.

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

But, with quip, and jibe, and flout,
I completely put them out. [COURT!]

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!
But I beat them, and their sun goes down!"

They try all sorts of "counters" to

My slogging strokes—in vain.

The "Thunderer" slates me every day,

But still I slog again.

Old W. G. in 'Ninety-Three

May form a Cabinet;

Then his first thought will be of Me,

And all will cry (you bet!)—

Chorus.

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

Whoever may stand out,

Malwood's Squire must join, no doubt.

Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

And I'll mock them when their sun goes down!

To the Grand Old Tory.

(By the Wife of a Dissenting Cambrian Workman.)

O WILLIAM, you have managed to offend
The Workmen, and the Women, and the
Welsh.

Beware, or you'll discover ere the end,
That the three W.'s the great one can
squelch!



ENCOURAGING, VERY!

Cockney Art-Teacher (newly arrived and nervous—after a long silence). "IF YOU SHOULD SEE A CHANCE O' DROBIN' ANYTHING CORRECTLY—DO SO!!"

[Collapse of expectant Student.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 2.—"Would that midnight or Closure would come!" murmured Prince ARTHUR just now, looking wearily up at clock.

It is only eleven; still another hour; hard even for trained nerves. For more than six hours been discussing Scotch Equivalent Grant. CLARK's musical voice has floated through the House by the half hour.

"A bagpipe with bronchitis nothing to it," says FARQUHARSON, curling himself up with delight as he hears sounds that remind him of his mountain home. HUNTER has relentlessly pursued the unhappy LORD-ADVOCATE, and CALDWELL has thoroughly enjoyed himself. His life, it will be remembered, was temporarily blighted by action of ROBERTSON when he was Lord-Advocate. Got up, following CALDWELL in debate, and dismissed a subject in a quarter of an hour's speech without reference to oration hour-and-half long with which CALDWELL had delighted House. Don't remember what the subject was, but never forget CALDWELL's seething indignation, his righteous anger, his withering wrath. ROBERTSON smiled in affected disre-

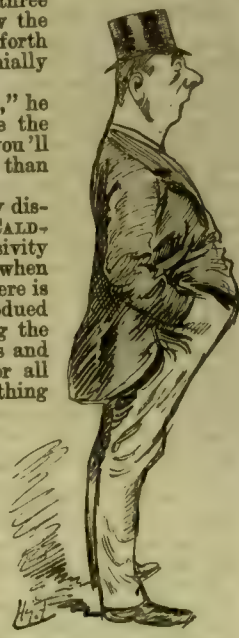


"Curling himself up with delight."

afternoon from two o'clock to seven. LORD-ADVOCATE visibly growing leaner in body, greyer in face. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's usually genial temperament souring, as will be observed from remarks quoted above. J. B. BALFOUR looking in from Edinburgh professes thoroughly to enjoy the business. But then he's fresh to it. Pretty large attendance of Members, but reserve themselves solely for Division. When bell rings three hundred odd come trooping in to follow the Whips into either lobby; then troop forth again. Long JOHN O'CONNOR beams genially down on scene.

"Glad you're having this for a change," he says. "You grumble when we Irish take the floor. Now the Scotch will oblige. Hope you'll like Caledonian and CALDWELL better than Home Rule and Erin G O'BRIEN."

"Yes, I do," I boldly answered. Only distraught between conflicting charms of CALDWELL and SINCLAIR. There is a cold massivity about SINCLAIR, a pointedness of profile, when he declares "the Nose have it." But there is a loftiness about CALDWELL's tone, a subdued fire in his manner when he is discussing the difference between a rate of ten shillings and one of twelve, a withering indignation for all that is false or truculent (in short, anything connected with the office of Lord-Advocate) that strangely moves the listener. The very mystery of his ordinary bearing weaves a spell of enchantment around him. For days and weeks he will sit silent, watchful, with his eye on the paralysed Scotch Law Officers. Then, suddenly, as in this debate on the Equivalent Grant, he comes to the front, and pours forth an apparently inexhaustible flood of argumentative oratory, delivered with exhilarating animation. "Give me Peebles for pleasure," said the loyal



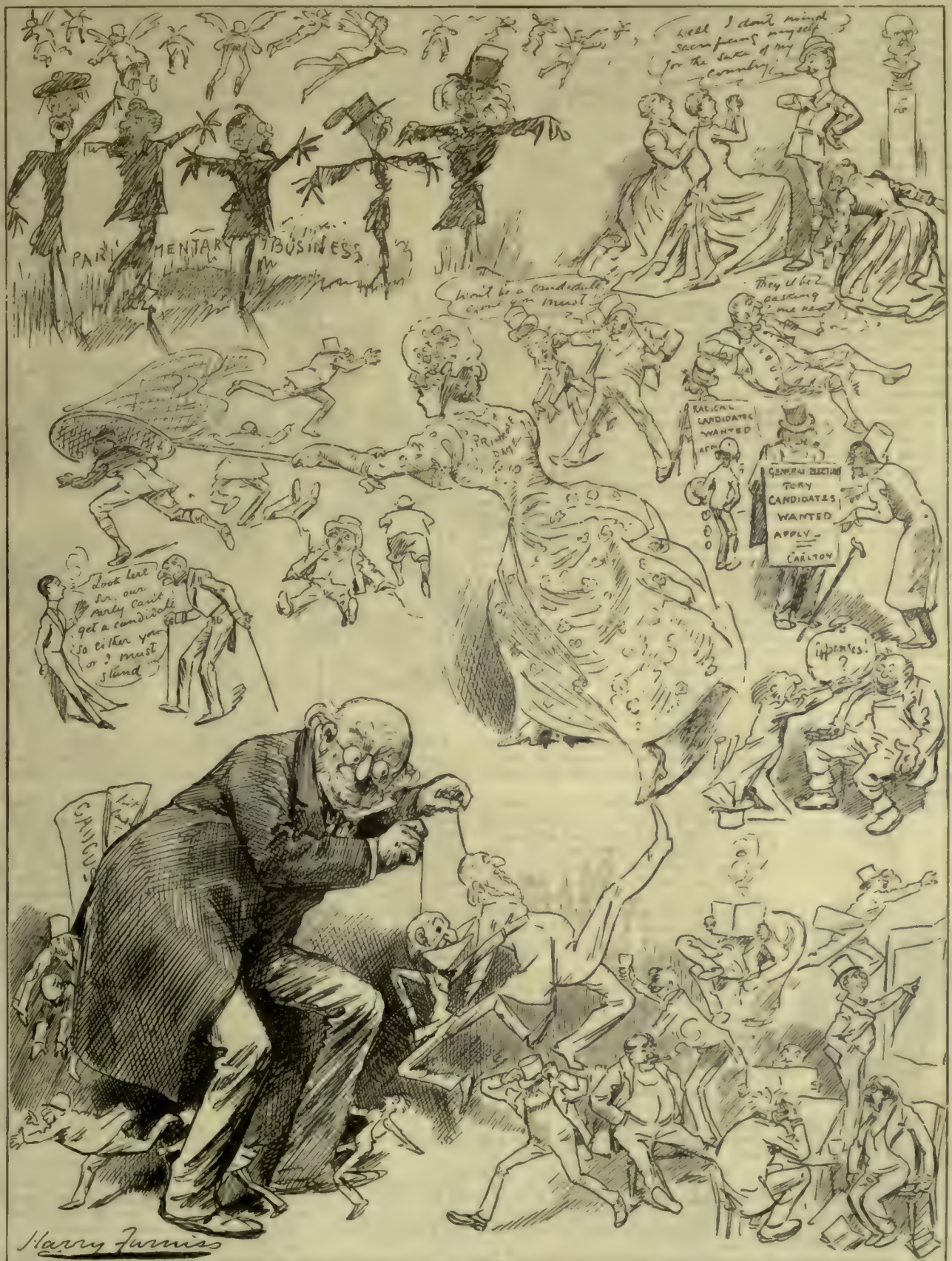
"The Nose have it"

gard; but very soon after he found it convenient to withdraw from the focus of CALDWELL's eye, and take refuge on the Scotch Bench. As for CALDWELL, he withdrew his support from Ministers, tore up his ticket of membership as a Unionist, and returned to the Gladstonian fold. A tragic story which SCOTT might have worked up into three volumes had he been alive. He is not, but CALDWELL is, and so are we—at least partially after this six hours' talk round rates in Scotland, whether at ten shillings per head or twelve shillings. At half past eleven human nature could stand it no longer; progress reported although there still remained half-an-hour available time.

Business done.—Scotch Members avenged Culoden.

Tuesday.—"Rather a mean thing for MAJORIBANKS to bolt in this way, don't you think?" said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, walking out of House when SINCLAIR showed signs of following CALDWELL. "Says he has some County Council meeting in Scotland. Went off by train last night; promised to be back on Thursday. We'll see. When he made that arrangement he thought Scotch Bill would be through to-night; but it won't. Will certainly go over to Thursday. So Master MAJORIBANKS will find himself caught when he comes back. Meanwhile he's escaped to-day and some hours of last night, which is something. As for me, I've stuck to my post, and will very probably die at it. Go in and listen to SINCLAIR, dear boy, following CALDWELL, succeeded by ESSELMONT, with CLARK in reserve. I think you'll enjoy yourself."

So I did; thoroughly pleasant afternoon from two o'clock to seven. LORD-ADVOCATE visibly growing leaner in body, greyer in face. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's usually genial temperament souring, as will be observed from remarks quoted above. J. B. BALFOUR looking in from Edinburgh professes thoroughly to enjoy the business. But then he's fresh to it. Pretty large attendance of Members, but reserve themselves solely for Division. When bell rings three hundred odd come trooping in to follow the Whips into either lobby; then troop forth again. Long JOHN O'CONNOR beams genially down on scene.



CANDIDATE CATCHING.

Lowlander home from a fortnight's jaunt in Paris. "Give me CALDWELL for persuasive argument," says PLUNKET, himself a born orator who has missed scarcely five minutes of this two days' debate.

Curious how influence of the hour permeates and dominates everything, even to the distant Lake Ny'assa. Question asked when House met as to how things were going on there under Commissioner JOHNSTON. No one at all surprised when, in reply, LOWTHER referred to the "two powerful Chiefs, JUMBE and MCPONDA." Should like to hear the views of the last gentleman on the Scotch Equivalent Grant, its application to secondary education in Scotland, and the probable ultimate destination of the £25,000 allotted to parochial boards.

Business done.—More of the Scotch Equivalent Grant.

Wednesday.—May Day passed off quietly enough; but you can't have air charged with electricity, and your back-cellar filled with dynamite, without danger of explosion. Burst to-day in unlooked-for place, in unexpected circumstances. HALDANE brought in Bill providing that ratepayers should share with Duke of WESTMINSTER and other great land-owners benefit of unearned increment. Prospect alluring, but debate not exhilarating. House nearly empty; ASQUITH delivering able but not exciting speech in favour of Bill. Just sort of time and circumstances when, in another place, Judge might be expected to fall asleep on Bench. Citizen ROBERT GALNIGAD BONTINE CUNINGHAM GRAHAM, sitting on Bench behind ASQUITH, listening like the rest of us to his well-ordered argument. The Citizen a little tired with Sunday's peregrination. Been walking about all day with stout stick in hand, and blood-red handkerchief in pocket, ready for any emergency. At favourable moment blood-red handkerchief would flash forth, tied on to stick with timely twine, and there's your flag! Republic proclaimed; Citizen GRAHAM first President, under title GALNIGAD I., and before Secretary-of-State MATTHEWS quite knew where he was, he would be viewing the scene from an elevated position pendant in Trafalgar Square.

Chance had not come; GRAHAM still plain Citizen, in House of Commons listening to commonplace proposals about unearned increment. This evidently wouldn't do. Suddenly jumped up; shook fist at back of ASQUITH's unoffending head, and, *à propos de bottes*, "wanted to know about the swindling companies and their shareholders."

ASQUITH really hadn't been saying anything about them; turning round beheld Citizen GRAHAM glaring upon him, throwing about his arms as if he were semaphore signalling to the rear-guard of Republican Army.

"Order! Order!" cried SPEAKER, sternly.

"Oh, you can suspend me if you like," said Citizen GRAHAM, airily, as if it were no hanging matter. Members angrily joined in cry of "Order! Order!" SPEAKER promptly "named" the Citizen—not with his full list of names, for time was pressing.

"Name away!" roared the Citizen, whom nothing could disconcert. HOME SECRETARY having no fear of the lamp-post before his eyes, formally moved that the Citizen be suspended. GRAHAM snapped his fingers at HOME SECRETARY. "Suspend away!" he shouted.

Members looked on aghast. ROWLANDS standing at the Bar, conscious of his hair slowly uplifting. Belonged to the advanced guard himself; but this going little too far. LUBBOCK, sitting near Citizen, strategically attempted to change the conversation. "Did you ever," he said, blandly, "notice how the queen bee, when she is—"

"Hair slowly uplifting."

"Oh, you bee—" said the Citizen, roughly shaking off the gentle Bee-master.

SAM SMITH shudderingly covered his face with his hands. "I'm

so afraid," he whispered, "of the old A-dam coming out." And it did, Citizen GRAHAM himself immediately after going out, stopping at the Bar to shuffle through a few steps of the Carmagnole, and trumpet defiance on his blood-red handkerchief.

After this, a mere flash of lightning through the low clouds of a dull afternoon, ASQUITH went on with his speech, debate proceeded as if nothing had happened, and HALDANE'S Bill thrown out by 223 Votes against 148. *Business done.*—Citizen GRAHAM suspended.



Effect of a great big D in the House.

Friday.—House met to-day as it did yesterday and day before to discuss Bills and Motions. But all the talk really turns upon date of Dissolution, and what is likely to happen after a General Election. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD serenely confident in the future.

"Yes," I said to him to-night, "it must be a great comfort to you to reflect that when you come into office you will not have to beat about for a programme. You've got your Newcastle platform, and I suppose a Liberal Ministry will stand upon that."

"You remind me, dear TOBY," said the Squire, with a far-away look, "of a story COLERIDGE brought home from his memorable visit to the United States. On his way down to Chicago he went out on the platform of the car to breathe the air and look at the scenery. 'Come off that,' said the Conductor, following him, 'you can't stand on the platform.' 'My good man,' said JOHN DUKE—you know his silver voice and his bland manner—'what is a platform for, if not to stand on?' 'Platforms,' said the Conductor, sententiously, 'are not made to stand on, they are made to get in on.'"

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

On the Row among the Romancers.

TRUST me, scribes who fight and
jeer, [us bent,
From yon blue heavens above
DICKENS and THACKERAY and
SCOTT [gent.
Smile at the grumbling Yankee!

Howe'er it be, it seems to
me
A Novel needs but to be good;
Romancer's more than Realist,
And True Love's course than
too much "Blood"!

Too CONSCIENTIOUS.—"As a protest against gambling in connection with Orme," Mr. W. JOHNSTON, M.P., refused to attend a meeting at the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S "for the prevention of the demoralisation of the uncivilised heathen races." Does Mr. W. J. include the Derby among the "heathen races" in connection with Orme?

QUITE APPROPRIATE.—"Acorse," says ROBERT, "it's the rite thing as that the Orse Show at Hisington should be honnerd with the pressence of the LORD MARE."

MORE THAN SATISFIED!

(With Mr. Punch's apologies to the Daily Telegraph's "Academic Enthusiast.")

"SHE-Pantaloon? seedy? Now, do we look like it?"

The speaker was a tall, robust maiden with fair hair; on her knee was an edition (without notes) of the *Anabasis of Xenophon*, and by her side was *Liddell and Scott's Lexicon*, in which she had just been tracking an exceptionally difficult—but, let me hasten to add, a perfectly regular—Greek verb to its lair. There were a considerable number of roseate specimens of English womanhood in the library of Girnam College, where, with some natural diffidence, I had ventured to put the rather delicate question to which I received the above reply.

For I had been much troubled in my soul about Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE's recent deliverances with regard to the injurious physical effect of the Higher Education upon women, and, as a devoted—if hitherto unappreciated—admirer of the Fair Sex, I felt I had a theoretical interest in the question, and was bound to verify Dr. BROWNE's views. The most obvious way of satisfying my anxiety was to go to Girnam myself and ask the lady students what *they* thought about it, and so I did.

"I quite agree," I said, mildly, as I unwound my comforter, "that your course of studies seems to suit you remarkably well. Quite a bevy of female admirable CRICHT—"

The effect was immediate; an unmistakable rush of lexicons—or were they Tod-hunters?—hurled around my devoted head from the fair hands of disturbed and ruffled girlhood.

"Pray don't mention that person again!" said my fair-haired interlocutor, and I thought I wouldn't.

"Well, but," I began, with heroic daring, as I laid aside my respirator, "as to weak chests now?"

I was interrupted by a paroxysm of coughing, which I tried to explain, as my young friends thumped my back with unnecessary zeal, was, owing to my having imprudently ventured out without my chest-protector. As soon as I was able, I feebly hazarded the suggestion that, for growing girls, the habit of stooping over their books seemed calculated to induce weakness in the lungs—but their roars of merriment at the idea instantly convinced me that any uneasiness on this score was entirely superfluous.

"You certainly all look remarkably well," I observed, genially, "particularly sunburnt and brow—"

Here there was a roar of quite another kind. I endeavoured to protest, as I got behind an arm-chair and dodged a Differential Calculus and a large glass inkstand, that I hadn't meant to allude to the obnoxious Physician at all, but had merely intended to convey my hearty admir—

"I know what you're going to say!" interrupted the fair-haired girl, vivaciously. "And you had better not."

As she spoke, she raised me from my seat by the coat-collar with no apparent effort, and deposited me on the top of a tall bookcase, from which I found myself compelled to prosecute my inquiries.

"Nature has been very bountiful to you—very much so, I am sure," I murmured, blinking amiably down upon them through the spectacles I wear to correct a slight tendency to strabismus. "Still, don't you—er—find that your eyes—"

I got no further; I thought some of them would have died!

"How about the effect of learning on your looks, now?" I next inquired. "Is it true that classical and mathematical pursuits are apt to exercise a disfiguring effect? Not that, with such blooming faces as I see around me—er—if you will allow me to say so—"

But they wouldn't; on the contrary, I was given to understand, somewhat plainly, that compliments were perhaps ill-advised in that gathering.

"Are you—hem—fond of athletics?" was the question I put next from my lofty perch. "Do you go in for games at all, now?"

"Of course we do!" said the fair-haired girl, affording a practical demonstration of the fact by taking me down and proceeding with her lively companions to engage in the old classical game of *pila* or *σφαίρις*, the recreation in which Ulysses long ago found Nausicaa engaged with her maidens. On this occasion, however, I represented the *pila*, or ball, and although, in justice to their accuracy of eye and hand, I am bound to admit that I was seldom allowed to

touch the ground as I sped swiftly from one to the other, still I felt considerable relief when, on my urgent protestations that I was fully convinced of their proficiency in this amusement, they were prevailed upon to bring this pastime to a close.

"We are breaking the rule of silence in this room," said the fair-haired one. "And you do ask such a lot of questions! But, as you seem curious about our athletic pursuits, come and I will try to show you."

I crawled after my guide without a word, inwardly reflecting that I was sorry I had spoken, and heartily cursing (though without pronouncing it aloud) the very name of that eminent Physician, Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE. She took me first of all to a field where a bevy of maidens were engaged in a game of hockey.

"We are keen on hockey," said my guide, and, as she spoke, a girl, flushed and radiant, caught me across the most sensitive part of the shin with a hockey-stick. No need to ask *her* if she felt well. I limped away, and, in another part of the field, saw a comely and robust maiden practising drop-kicks, utterly regardless of the fact that I was looking on. I received the football in the pit of my stomach, and the name of CRICHTON BROWNE died on my lips.

My guide smiled as she saw that I had taken in the scene that was being enacted under my very nose.

"Do you play cricket?" she asked, with something like pity in her eyes. I did not—but I was by this time in such condign fear of this young Amazon that I was really afraid to admit my total ignorance of the sport. She made me wicket-keep for her, *without* pads, for an entire hour, at the end of which I readily assented to an invitation for further exploration.

We went through endless passages to an endless gymnasium, and every now and then I came across an Indian club or a dumb-bell, wielded by energetic female athletes. I should have liked to ask them whether they felt well, but I realised—only just in time—that the question would have been an impertinence.

"Are you getting satisfied?" said my unwearied guide, with another of her smiles, "or, do you still think we are a puny misshapen race?"

"Quite satisfied!" I replied, faintly, as I endeavoured to unclothe a rapidly discolouring eye, "in fact, I begin to discredit that alarmist cry—"

Before I could complete the sentence, I found myself executing an involuntary parabola over some adjacent parallel bars. My young friend's brows had contracted into a frown, although she waited politely for me to pick myself up.

"I thought we agreed not to mention that name!" she said, coldly.

I felt that any attempt to explain my innocence would be received with quiet scorn. "I—I should like to ask you just one thing more," I said, desperately, as I lay on my back, "I am really entirely converted—quite ashamed. I do hope you won't think me—er—inquisitive—but I have been so often told—it has been so constantly asserted—" I found myself bungling horribly in my desire not to offend.

"Pray go on," she said, "we try to be simple and sincere, and we are always ready to satisfy an intelligent inquirer."

"Well," I said, desperately, "people do say that you all wear—er—blue stockings. But I am sure," I added quickly, "that it is not true..."

It was too late. When the friend who had smuggled me into the building came to my rescue, he asked me, rather noisily, "if I was feeling well?" I replied that I was not, and that I did not think I ever should again. And I never have.

TRUE MODESTY.

[A West-end hosier advertises suits of Pyjamas in his window as "the latest styles in slumber-wear."]

ALL hail, O hosier; deem me not absurd
That I should thank thee for so apt a word.
'Tis thus that Modesty our language trims;
Where men say "legs" she softly whispers "limbs."
And, while they fume and rage in angry pother,
Stills the big D—and substitutes a "bother."
Speaks not of "trousers"—that were sin and shame;
"Continuations" is the gentler name.
Turns "shirts" to "shifts," and, blushing like the rose,
Converts the lowly stocking into "hose."
Thus thou, my hosier, profferest me a pair
Of these, the latest style of slumber-wear.



"I received the football in the pit of my stomach."



Everett Hopkins

"AWEARY! AWEARY!"

Miss Certainage (who has been studying Schopenhauer, and has come to the conclusion that there is nothing but sorrow in life, sadly). "Ah, MAJOR, I'M SURE I SHALL DIE YOUNG!"

Ethel. "OH NO, AUNT DEAR, I'M CERTAIN YOU WON'T!"

THE GENERAL'S LITTLE FUND.

(See "Times," May 11.)

Oh where, oh where is my little wee fund?
Oh where, oh where can it be? long;
With the pence out short and the pounds out
Oh where, oh where can it be?



I've travelled about with my little wee fund—
It used to pay for me;
But now it's gone I'm lorn and lone;
Oh where, oh where can it be?

I want to stump through Switzerland;
On the 24th proximo,
To Germany, Sweden, Norway, and
To Denmark I want to go;
I've held out my hat to every flat,
And begged over land and sea,
Humanity dunned, but I have no fund—
Oh where, oh where can it be?

If ever you see a stray bawbee
Whenever, wherever you roam,
Oh, tell him the woe that troubles me so,
And say that it keeps me at home.
I may mention that what you do, like a shot
Must be done to be useful to me;
At once send a cheque to save us from wreck,
Or the Army will go to the D!

MR. PUNCH

TO

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

On the happy occasion of the Jubilee of that
excellent Journal, May 14, 1892.

FROM Forty-Two to Ninety-Two!
A full half-century of story!
And now, our Century's end in view,
May's back once more in vernal glory,
And with it brings your Jubilee,
(Punch came to his one year before you!)
"Many Returns," Ma'am, may you see,
And honoured be the hour that bore you!

Good faith! it scarcely seems so long
To us old boys, who can remember
The tale, the picture, and the song
We pored o'er by the wintry ember;

And how our young and eager eyes
Were kept from childhood's easy slumbers
By the awakening ecstasies
Of cheery coloured Christmas Numbers.

We loved great GILBERT, Glorious JOHN!—
Sir JOHN to-day, good knight, fine painter!
Our eyes dwelt lingeringly upon
His work, by which all else showed fainter.
His dashing pencil "go" could give
To simplest scene; a wondrous gift 'tis!
How his bold line could make things live
In those far Forties and old Fifties!

And humorous "PHIZ" and spectral READ,
Made us alternate smile and shiver.
Ah! ghosts, Ma'am, then were ghosts indeed,
Born of the brain and not the liver.
You shared our LEMON and our LEECH;
Our Brooks for you ran bright and sunny.
May you live long, to limn and teach.
Be graphic, genial, sage, and funny!

We like you well, we owe you much,
True record, blent with critic strictures,
And culture of the artist touch
Through half a century of pictures.
We wish you many gay returns [plumper
Of this May day! You're brighter,
Than then; and Punch, who envy spurns,
Drinks your Good Health, Ma'am, in a
bumper!

"ORME! SWEET ORME!"—Orme is still
off solid food, and is kept alive entirely by
Porter. It is the opinion of the best informed
that "Porter with a head on" will pull him
through. Smoking is not permitted in the
stable, but there is evidence of there being
several "strong backers" about.



MR. PUNCH CONGRATULATES MADAME ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS ON ATTAINING
HER JUBILEE AND BEING YOUNGER THAN EVER.

MEMS. OF THEATRES, &c., COMMISSION.

MR. JOHN HARE, Lessee of the Garrick Theatre, in his evidence before the Theatres and Music Halls Committee, described himself, according to the *Times* Report, as having "been for about thirty years an actor, and for fifteen years a manager." This gives him forty-five years of professional life, and saying, for example, that he commenced his career as an actor at twenty, then his own computation brings him up to sixty-five. If this be so, then Mr. JOHN HARE, with his elastic step, his twinkling eye, his clear enunciation, and his energetic style, is the youngest sexagenarian to be met with on or off the stage; and it is probable that when he reaches the Gladstonian age he will be more sprightly than even the Grand One himself.

In answer to a question put by Viscount ERRINGTON, Mr. EDWARD TERRY gave it as his opinion that "if officers"—he was speaking of the army not the police—"were prouder of their uniforms, and did not take the earliest opportunity of divesting themselves of them, the uniform would be more respected." He ought to have put it, "would be uniformly more respected." But how about the man inside the uniform? But why should a soldier wear his uniform when off duty any more than a policeman when off duty, or any more than a barrister should wear his wig, bands, and gown, when not practising in the Courts? There is one person who should always wear a distinctive uniform, and that is a Clergyman, who is never off duty. Perhaps this is already provided for by the Act of Uniformity.

Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, after expressing his opinion that Mr. IRVING had been "seeing visions,"—which of course is quite an Irvingite characteristic,—proposed to put everything right everywhere, and be the Universal Legislator and Official Representative of Everybody. Salary not so much an object as a comfortable home, a recognised official position, and "No Fees." (The Commission still sitting may perhaps dissolve itself, and appoint the last witness as Sole Theatrical and Music Hall Commissioner, with no power to add to his number.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 9.—House dealt with just now after manner of Horticultural Exhibition at Earl's Court. Laid out as three acres, through which JESSE COLLINGS might be expected to lead the cow. But, as SQUIRE OF MALWOOD (a great authority on stock matters) says, the esteemed quadruped is dead, abandoned by its protector at time of disruption of Liberal Party. Exists now only in the form of carcass, to be found rather in butchers' shops than on quiet pastures. Pity, this. Difficult to imagine any better arrangement for what theatrical people call "properties" than the cow—probably with a blue ribbon round its neck—led through three acres of green meadow by JESSE COLLINGS, in clean smock-frock, with a crook in his hand.

Dr. CLARK says they don't drive cattle with crooks. But that's a detail. CLARK sure to contradict in any case.

Things very quiet to-night; quite pastoral. Only one outburst; that arose when FOSTER accused CHAMBERLAIN of saying the thing that is not. CHAMBERLAIN hotly rose, and appealed to Chairman to say whether the Doctor-Baronet was in order. COURTNEY said, since he was asked, he must say he thought not. So FOSTER changed the prescription. CHAPLIN much gratified at this speedy close of rupture that threatened progress with Bill. Presided over discussion with urbanity that was irresistible.

"Reminds me," said WILFRED LAWSON, looking across at Right Hon. Gentleman seated on Treasury Bench, with deeply-bayed shirt-front, and head closely bent over copy of Bill, "of a motherly hen gathering its brood under its wings, and trying to make things comfortable all round. Sometimes, when one of the brood grows a trifle importunate, the motherly expression on the expansive face sharpens, and the chicken is pecked at. But, on the whole, little to disturb the serenity of the coop."

Never before thought of CHAPLIN as an old hen. But, really, with the place permeated with agricultural and farm-yard associations, LAWSON's idea not so far out of it as it might appear to the domestic circle at Blankney Hall.

At half-past eleven those Scotchmen came up again. Upset the henroost, devoured what was left of the cow, dug up the verdurous three acres, and till two o'clock in the morning harried the Commis-

sioners under the Scotch University Act. *Business done.*—In Committee on the Small Holdings Bill.

Tuesday.—Don't know what we shall do when WIGGIN leaves us, as he threatens to do after Dissolution. Not much here just now, but sometimes his face seen in House or Lobbies, piercing surrounding gloom like what SWIFT MACNEILL distantly alludes to as "the orb of day." Only WIGGIN could have thought of the little *divertissement* that for a few moments raised depressed spirits of House this afternoon. Resumed at morning Sitting (so called because it takes place in the afternoon) discussion of Small Holdings Bill. SEALE-HAYNE,—whose reputation as a humorist still lingers a tradition in the playing fields at Eton, but whose subsequent political career has subdued his vivacity,—moved Amendment. Something about compensation for cow-sheds. COBB airily addressed the Committee; and CHAPLIN whispered a few confidential remarks across Table.

Curious how this "eminent authority," as the MARKISS calls quite another personage, has lost his voice since Bill got into Committee. Seems so awestruck by enormity of his responsibility, not inclined to raise his voice above whisper. Effort to catch purport of his remarks completed depression under which Committee sinking. Went out to vote as if they were conducting CHAPLIN to a too early funeral. Then it was that an idea dawned on the mind of the wanton WIGGIN.

"I'll show 'em sport, Toby, dear boy," he said to me in passing. "I'll give their spirits a leg up!"

Forgotten about this in passing through Division Lobby; coming back startled by angry roar. COURTNEY on his feet solemnly shouting "Order, Order!" like minute-gun at sea. Nothing came of this; excitement increased; COURTNEY crying "Order, Order!" in sterner voice. Looked about for explanation, and lo! there was the waggish WIGGIN with his hat cocked well on one side of his head, waddling down the floor of the House past the Chair. You may do almost anything in the House of Commons but walk about with your hat on, and here was WIGGIN, not only doing it, but persisting in the offence, smiling back innocently on the increasing circle of Members roaring at him, and COURTNEY, with increasing stridency, shouting "Order!" behind his back. Having got nearly to the Bar, the wily WIGGIN, affecting to wonder what all the row was about, turned round and found himself pierced through and through with the flaming eye of outraged Chairman. Pretty to see how, all of a sudden, it seemed to flash upon him that he was the culprit, and that it was his hat at which Members, like so many WILLIAM TELLS, were persistently firing. The sunset face flushed deeper still; with quick movement the wayward WIGGIN removed his offending hat, and, bowing apologetically to the Chair, went forth with quickened pace.

Excellent! done; took in the whole House, including Chairman. But WIGGIN's benevolent intention secured, and, if only temporarily, spirits of House jubilantly rose. *Business done.*—In Committee on Small Holdings.

Wednesday.—Municipal Corporations Act, 1882 (Amendment) Bill first Order of Day. Doesn't seem to promise anything exciting; Debate, however, not gone far before discovery made that it hides a deep design. Wouldn't think, looking at FORWOOD as he sits at remote end of Treasury Bench, that he had anything to do with Hecuba, or Hecuba



"Order! Order!"



The Doctor-Baronet.



"No Forwooder!"

with him. Only suspicious thing about him is, his extreme desire to keep out of sight. When SPEAKER took Chair he was standing at Bar surveying House, and wondering when it would be made. As soon as MATTINSON rose to move Second Reading of Bill, FORWOOD, so to speak, went backward, and planted himself well in shadow of SPEAKER'S Chair.

Turns out in course of interesting Debate that, though the speech on moving Second Reading is the voice of MATTINSON, the Bill is the Bill of FORWOOD, whose interest in the political affairs of Liverpool is said to be extensive and peculiar. NEVILLE puts it in another way. "Whenever," he said, "any political manipulation is afoot in Liverpool, be sure the Secretary to the Admiralty will not be far away."

At first, FORWOOD affected indifference to proceedings. "His Bill! s'elp him, never seen it before. 'L'pool.' What's that?" But as Debate went forward, and gentlemen opposite insisted on dragging him in, he finally yielded, and taking off coat, "went for" other side. Rev. SAM SMITH interposed with charming story about a gentleman whom Liverpool Tories had appointed Chairman of Watch Committee, "he being solicitor to the two largest publicans in Liverpool." That didn't at first sight seem much to point, supposing even the united cubit measurement of the worthy tradesmen exceeded twelve feet. But Reverend SAM went on to explain what he meant was that, "between them, they owned about 120 public-houses." Curious movement in Strangers' Gallery as of involuntary smacking of many lips. FORWOOD said this (which he daintily alluded to as "an allegation") had been denied. SAM, couching the retort in clerical language, said in effect, "You're another!" whereupon Ministerialists roared, "Oh! oh!" and FORWOOD, now thoroughly roused, proceeded to show that SAMUEL and his Liberal allies were the real Gerrymanders, and that he, FORWOOD, was the spotless advocate of the true interests of the Working-Man.

House began to look askance on S. S. Never suspected him of being a man of that kind. Glad when painful discussion came to end. Bill read Second Time; but jubilation of promoters suddenly chilled by TIM HEALY, of whom no one was thinking at the moment, stepping in and adroitly putting spoke in wheel of Bill, by moving to refer it to Select Committee; which, being translated, means it will get no Forwooder this Session.

Business done.—TIM HEALY puts FORWOOD'S clock back.

Friday.—EDWARD WATKIN home from honeymooning trip. Pleased to find his Bill giving the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway direct access to London passed all its stages in the Commons.

"It's a new way to London, good TOBY," he said, when I congratulated him on the double event. "Some gentlemen who paint in St. John's Wood objected on what I believe are called æsthetical grounds. But there are several big towns between here and Sheffield wanted the short cut, and I determined they should have it. Things looked bad last Session, and perhaps some fellows would have given up. I have a little way of never giving up, and it's astonishing how far it'll carry you. We're not through the Lords yet,—though, as you say, we are through their cricket-ground. But you'll see, before twelve months are over, I'll bring a train straight from Sheffield into our own station in London, and if you only live a little longer, you shall come with me on the first trip from Charing Cross to Paris under the Channel Tunnel. Everything, TOBY, *cher ami*, comes to the man who won't wait."

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill practically through Committee.

TRAMWAYS.

(From the Newspapers of the Future.)

April 2, 1894.—The County Council at yesterday's meeting discussed the proposed new Tramway from Westminster Bridge to the Round Pond, through the Abbey, St. James's Park and Rotten Row. Deputations from all the artistic and archaeological Societies presented petitions against it, but the Council refused to read them. Deputations from the Institute of Architects and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings also attended to give their views on the partial demolition of the Abbey, but they quarrelled so much amongst themselves that it was necessary to eject them, in order to prevent a free fight in the Council Chamber. Three Labour Candidates were then received, the Council standing respectfully, and stated that at least twenty-seven persons residing in Southwark would



"WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW."

The Minister. "WELL, JANET, HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR NEW DOCTOR, DR. ELIZABETH SQUILLS?"

Janet. "WELL, SIR, ONLY PRETTY WELL. YE SEE, SIR, DR. ELIZABETH ISN'T SO LEDDYLIKE AS SOME OF OUR AIN MEN DOCTORS!"

benefit by the direct route to Kensington Gardens. It was at once resolved that the Tramway should be made.

May 2, 1901.—Yesterday an immense Demonstration of Working-Men was held in Hyde Park to protest against the extension of the Tramways. Mr. JOHN SCALDS presided, and observed in his speech, "What is the good of taking the Working-Man from his own door to a park, if there is no park at the other end, only asphalt and tram-lines and some stumps of trees cut down? What is the good of taking him to Westminster Abbey, if Poets' Corner has been made into a tramcar-shed? Besides, now the Working-Man is so much richer, and pays no rates or taxes, he does not want trams. They are only fit for the miserable Middle Class, and who cares about them?" This was greeted with loud shouts of, "Down with the Council!" and the vast assemblage marched with threatening cries and gestures towards the recently completed County Council Offices. Our readers are aware that this sumptuous building, which cost over two millions, occupies the site where St. Paul's Cathedral formerly stood. It was found, however, that the Council had suddenly adjourned, and that all the officials had fled. The workmen accordingly entered, and, having voted Mr. SCALDS to the chair, unanimously resolved that all the Tramways should be removed and the Parks replanted and returned. It was decided that nothing could be done to replace the Cathedral or the Abbey, but it was resolved that the following inscription should be placed on the ruins at Westminster:—"To the lasting disgrace of the English Nation, this Building, together with the other beautiful and interesting parts of London, was ruined, for the sake of some impossible and imbecile schemes, by an assemblage of the most Despicable Dolts that ever lived."

MIXED.—Under the heading "A Tragio Affair," it was recently stated in a paragraph, how "a Lady had been shot by a discharged Servant." It would have been better if the Servant, on being discharged, had gone off and injured nobody.



"This Way to London!"



IN DIFFICULTIES.

Effie (who can't make her sum come right). "OH, I DO WISH I WAS A RABBIT SO!"
Maud. "WHAT FOR, DARLING?" *Effie. "PAPA SAYS THEY MULTIPLY SO QUICKLY!"*

THE OTHER "WESTMINSTER STABLE."

Noble Owner (watching the Favourite out for exercise). Ah! don't look so bad, ARTHUR, after his spin!
They are asking all round if he'll run, if he'll win.
They would like much to know, I've no manner of doubt.
Why, there isn't a Bookie, a Tipster, or Tout, Not to mention an Owner, or Trainer, or Vet, But desires the straight tip—which I wish they may get!
If they knew he'd been "nobbled," they'd greatly rejoice;
Then they'd back other cracks—Dissolution for choice—

With a confident mind. "Nobbled!" Ah! were they able
To get at his groom, or sneak into his stable, How gladly some of them would give him a dose!

That's right, ARTHUR; watch him, my lad, and—keep close!

Trainer. Ay, ay, Sir! They will not get much out of me, Sir!

A still tongue to Tipsters and Touts is a teaser. They're awfully curious about t'other horse; Dissolution, you know. Try to pump me.

Noble Owner. Of course!
Very natural, you know. I should be, in their case.

If they knew that this nag couldn't win the big race,

Or was not meant to run, then their course would be clear.

[Espies Stranger approaching. Hillo! Not too near, ARTHUR! (Aside.)

Whom have we here?
Polite Stranger (insinuatingly). Beg pardon, my Lord! A bit out of my track.

Missed my way. But—ahem!—is that really the "crack"?

Why, he looks cherry ripe—at a distance. I've heard

All sorts of reports—gossips are so absurd! But—would you mind telling me—has the

Great Horse
Been really—got at? Entre nous, mind!—

Noble Owner (drily). Of course!
Dissolution's shy backers would much like to know.

But—tell them who sent you to ask—it's no go!
[Exit, leaving Polite Stranger planté là.]

A LAY SERMON.

(Suggested by certain recent manifestations of the Nonconformist conscience.)

Thou shalt not steal! That's a command Which grips us with an iron hand; And "he who prigs what isn't his 'n, When he is cotched shall go to prison!" So runs the Cockney doggerel, clear If ungrammatical, austere, With not a saving clause to qualify Its rigid Spartan rule, or mollify Theft's Nemesis. Thou shalt not steal! At least,—ahem!—well, all must feel That property in thoughts and phrases, The verbal filagree that raises Flat fustian into "oratory," And makes the pulpit place of glory, Such property is not so easy To settle, and a conscience queasy O'er picking pockets, oft remains Quite unperturbed while—picking brains! A Sermon is not minted coin; It you may borrow, buy, purloin, In part or wholly, and yet preach it As your own work. Who'll dare impeach it, This innocent transaction? Not Your "brethren," save, perchance, some hot And ultra-honest (which means "rancorous") Parsonic rival. "How cantankerous!" The reverend Assembly shouts. It mocks at scruples, flames at doubts, Hints at the stern objector's animus, In the prig's praises is unanimous. Oh, Happy Cleric Land, where unity Breeds such unquestioning community Of property—in Sermons! True it Strikes some as queer; but they all do it, If one may trust advertisement, And an Assembly's calm content At what to the Lay mind seems robbery. Steal? Nay! But do not raise a bobbery, If hard-up preachers glean their shelves And take the credit to themselves. How wise, how good, how kind, how just! And how the poor Lay mind must trust Those who so skilfully reveal The meaning of "Thou shalt not Steal!"

*"REGRETS AND GREAVES."—But for a recent trial, who of the outside public would even have guessed that the unromantic and quite Bozzian name of "Mr. and Mrs. TILKINS" meant the clever musician, Mr. IVAN CARYLL and the charming and accomplished actress and soprano, Miss GERALDINE ULMAR? The TILKINS are to be congratulated on their winning the recent action of *Tilkins v. Greaves* with the award of one thousand pounds damage, which is the price the transmitter of scandal to the *New York World* has had to pay for his industry.*



THE OTHER "WESTMINSTER STABLE."

POLITE STRANGER. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR; WOULD YOU KINDLY INFORM ME IF HE'S BEEN—'GOT AT'?"
NOBLE OWNER. "H'M!—AH!—WOULDN'T THE BACKBENS OF DISSOLUTION LIKE TO KNOW!"

OUR COOKERY-BOOKERY.

MOST Cookery-Books are bosh. I have read them all—from the *Apudypous* of FRANCATELLIDES (1904 B.C.) to the *Ayer Akberi*; or *Million Recipes of RUNG JUNG JELLYBAG*, compiled in Sanskrit, Pali, Singali, Urdu, Hindustani, Bengali, and the Marowsky language, for the "Kitchens measureless to man" (see COALBRIDGE), of the Golden Dome of Kubla Khan; from Mrs. GLASSE to Dr. KITCHENER; from UDE to ALEX-ANDRE DUMAS; from CARÈME to Mrs. MARKHAM (who is said to have adopted the pseudonym of "RUNDELL" for her culinary mistress-piece); and from Miss ACTON (who was also the distinguished authoress of *Austen Fryers, Pies and Prejudice, Sense and Salt-cellars, &c.*) to SOYER. The only modern culinary manual which (with one exception) is worth anything is by Mrs. DE SALIS, whose name has a happy affinity to that of The Only Trustworthy Authority as a Cookery-Bookerist, and whose immortal contributions to mageiristic lore are appearing weekly in *Sal*—(Here the M.S. is firmly scored out by the Editorial blue pencil; but, faintly legible, is, "circulation, 2,599,862.") From this "Golden Treasury" of gormandising I have been permitted to cull a few recipes. Here are two or three for scholastic bed-room suppers. The first will be invaluable in Seminaries for Young Ladies:—

Saucissons en Petite Toilette.—Purchase your sausages on the al, and keep them carefully in your glove-box, or your handkerchief case till wanted. Prick them all over with a hair-pin before cooking. Sprinkle them lightly with violet powder, and fry in cold cream (bear's grease will do as well) on the back of your handglass over the bed-room candle. If the glass gets broken, say it was the housemaid, or the cat did it. Turn with the curling-tongs. When done to a rich golden brown, put your sausages on a neatly folded copy of *S*—(Editorial blue pencil again), and serve hot. Thin bread and butter, plum-cake or shortbread may accompany this appetising dish, and a partially ripe apple munched between each sausage will certainly give it a zest; but it would perhaps be as well not to eat too many chocolate creams afterwards.

Soufflé de Fromage de Hollande.—This is a very favourite dish for the dormitory in Young Gentlemen's schools. Procure, on credit, a fine Dutch cheese, keep it carefully in your play-box or in your desk; but don't let your white mice get at it. Before cooking in the dormitory, you and your young friends can have a nice game of ball with the merry Dutchman, only refrain from trying his relative hardness or softness by hammering the head of Mugs, the stupidest boy in the school, with it. Now cut up your cheese into small dice and carefully toast them on a triangular piece of slate, which you will cause "Gyr Minor" to hold over a spirit-lamp. When, as the slate grows hotter, "Gyr Minor" will probably howl, box his ears smartly, and the cheese will thus become a "*soufflé*," or rather "*soufflet*." Serve à la main chaude, but I must indignantly protest against the practice of some youths of eating peppermint drops with this "*plat*." A bath bun is much better. Beverage, gingerbeer or a little ginger wine.

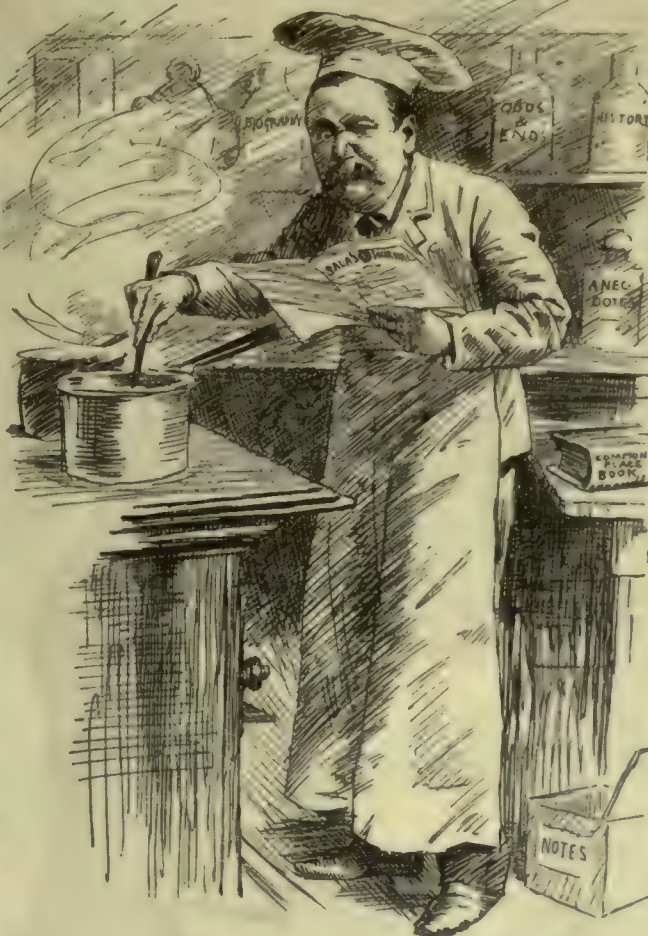
Tournedos à la Busby.—It is a very astonishing thing that I never could persuade school-boys that this is a most succulent, scholastic supper-dish, exceptionally briak and pungent in its flavour. Perhaps their aversion to it is based on the fact that the *tournedos* is usually served very hot indeed towards the conclusion of the repast by the Rev. Principal. It is accompanied by a brown sauce made of a bouquet de bouquet full of buds and marinated in mild pickle.

Curried Rabbit.—Proceed to Ostend and procure a rabbit; honestly if possible, but procure it. Pinch its scut or bite its ears, and when it exclaims, "Miauw!" it is not a genuine rabbit, but a

grimalkin in disguise. Some cats are very deceitful at heart. Bring your rabbit home, and then send to the nearest livery stables and borrow a curry-comb, then proceed to curry your rabbit. If Bunny resists, hit him over the head with the comb. He will possibly run away to rejoin his brethren at Ostend, or in New South Wales; but at all events you will have the curry-comb. One can be good and happy without returning the things you borrow. See my "Essay on Books, Cartes-de-visite, and Umbrellas," in the next

number of *Sala's J*—(Editorial blue-pencil again.)

Potage à la Jambe de Bois (Wooden-leg Soup).—Procure a fine fresh wooden-leg, one from Chelsea is the best. Wash it carefully in six waters, blanch it, and trim neatly. Lay it at the bottom of a large pot, into which place eight pounds of the under-cut of prime beef, half a Bayonne ham, two young chickens, and a sweetbread. To these add leeks, chervil, carrots, turnips, fifty heads of asparagus, a few truffles, a large cow-cabbage, a pint of French beans, a peck of very young peas, a tomato cut in slices, some potatoes, and a couple of bananas. Pour in three gallons of water, and boil furiously till your soup is reduced to about a pint and a-half. As it boils, add, drop by drop, a bottle of JULES MUMM'S Extra Dry, and a gill of Scotch whiskey; then take out your wooden leg, which wipe carefully and serve separately with a neat frill, which can be easily cut from the cover of *Sala's Jo*—(Editorial blue pencil again), round the top. The soup itself is best served in a silver tureen, or in a Dresden china punch-bowl. The above obviously is intended neither for school-boys nor school-girls, nor is it meant for the tables of the wealthy and luxurious. It is emphatically a Peer Man's Dish, otherwise it would never have found a place in the cookery column of that essentially popular periodical, *Sala's Journal*. Hurrah! the Editor has gone out to "chop," and there was no blue pencil to mar the last touching allusions. N.B.—Circulation, eight millions, nine hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and sixty-one and a-half. Guaranteed by five firms of Magna Chartered Accountants. OLD ARTFUL.



THE NEW LEARNING.

MR. STUART RENDEL, having stated at Llanfair-Caereinion that "a day with Mr. GLADSTONE was a whole liberal education," the London School Board has at last decided to alter the present system completely. After many days' deliberation, it has been arranged to hire the Albert Palace and Mr. GLADSTONE for a week. It is estimated that during six days, all the children now in the London schools can, in detachments, be squeezed into the building and spend a day there with the Right Honourable Gentleman. Seats will be provided on the platform for the Members of the Board, as this instruction would be a great benefit to many of them. At the end of the six days the present work of the Board will be finished, and it will adjourn for ten years, when another week in the society of the Grand Old Educator will again suffice for the needs of the rising generation. The numerous Board Schools will therefore become useless, but it is not proposed to demolish them, as experience has shown that they are sure to fall down of their own accord before long. The sumptuous offices of the Board will be converted into a Home for Destitute Schoolmasters.

We have reason to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE, after fulfilling his engagement at the Albert Palace, will make a tour in the provinces, and later on will have classes for journalists and other literary men, whose style, in many cases, would be vastly improved by two minutes, or even less, in the same room with him.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A DIRGE.

(Adapted from Thomas Hood.)

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old.
But something ails it now: the place is curst."
"Hart-Leap Well," by Wordsworth.

I.

A RESIDENCE for Tory, Whig or Rad,
Where yet none had abiding habitation;
A House—but darkened by the influence sad
Of slow disintegration.
O'er all there hung a shadow
and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit
daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in
the ear,
The place is Haunted!

There speech grew wild and
rankly as the weed,
GRAHAM with TANNER waged
competitive trials,
And vulgar bores of Billings-
gattish breed
Voided spleen's venomous vials.
But gay or gloomy, fluent or
infirm,
None heeded their dull draws,
of hours' duration.
The House was clearly in for a
long term

Of desolate stagnation.
The SPEAKER yawned upon his
Chair, he found
It tiring work, a placid brow to
furrow,
To sit out speeches arguing
round and round,
From County or from Borough.
The Members, like wild rabbits,
scudded through
The lobbies, took their seats,
lounged, yawned—and
vanished.

The Whips like spectres wan-
dered; well they knew
All discipline was banished.
The blatant bore,—the faddist,
and the fool,
Were listened to with an indif-
ferent tameness.

The windbag of the new Hiber-
nian school

Railed on with shocking
sameness.

The moping M.P. motionless
and stiff,

Who, on his bench sat silently
and stilly,

Gawped with round eyes and
pendulous lips, as if

He had been stricken silly:
No cheery sound, except when far
away

Came echoes of 'cute LABBY's
cynic laughter,

Which, sick of Dumbleborough's
chattering jay,

His listeners rambled after.

But Echo's self tires of a GRAHAM's
tongue,

Rot blent with rudeness gentlest nymph can't
pardon.

Why e'en the G. O. M. his grey head hung,
And wished he were at Hawarden.

Like vine unpruned, SEXTON's exuberant
speech

Sprawled o'er the question with the which
he'd grapple;

PICTON prosed on,—the style in which men
preach

In a dissenting chapel.

Prince ARTHUR twined one lank leg t'other
round, [ladies;
Drooping a long chin like BURNE-JONES's
And HARCOURT, sickening of the strident
Wished CONYBEARE in Hades. [sound,
For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of imminent doom the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The House is Haunted!

II.

Oh, very gloomy is this House of Woe,
Where yawns are numerous while Big Ben is
knelling.

In Eighty-Six's curious Party tangle,
Who for the votes which helped him head
the poll

In vain again may angle.
The GRAHAMS and the CALDWELLS may look
bold,

So may the CONYBEARES, and COBBS and
TANNERS;

But the next House quite other men may
hold,

And (let's hope) other manners.
They'd like to know when this will close its
door

Upon each moribund and mournful Member,
And who will stand upon the
House's floor

After, say, next November.
That's why the M.P.'s sit in
silent doubt,

Why spirits flag, and cheeks are
pale and livid,

And why the DISSOLUTION SPOOK
stands out

So ominously vivid. [appeal
Some key to the result of the
They yearn for vainly, all their
nerves a-quiver;

The presence of the Shadow they
all feel,

And sit, and brood, and shiver.
There is a sombre rumour in the
air, [atrocious;

The shadow of a Presence dim,
No human creature can be
festive there,

Even the most ferocious.
An Omen in the place there
seems to be,

Both sides with spectral per-
turbation covering.

The straining eyeballs are pre-
pared to see

The Apparition hovering.
With doubt, with fear, their
features are o'ercast;

SALISBURY at Covent Garden
might have spoken,

But, save for Rumour's whispers
on the blast,

The silence is unbroken.
And over all there hangs a cloud
of fear, [daunted,

The Spook of Dissolution all has
And says as plain as whisper in
the ear,

The House is Haunted!



SOCIAL PROBLEMS NOT HAPPILY SOLVED.

Husband. "OH, SIR JOHN, SO GLAD YOU HAVE CALLED!—AND SO
KIND OF LADY DASHWOOD TO HAVE ASKED US TO HER PARTY!—BUT
WE ARE QUITE IN A FIX WHEN TO COME, BECAUSE THE CARD SAYS
'EARLY AND LATE.'"

Sir John. "OH, I THINK I CAN TELL YOU. SEND YOUR WIFE VERY
EARLY INDEED, AND YOU CAN COME AS LATE AS YOU LIKE!"

Husband (who does not quite see it). "THANKS! THANKS! VERY MANY
THANKS!"

It is not on the Session dull and slow,
These pale M.P.'s are dwelling.
Oh, very, very dreary is the gloom,
But M.P.'s heed not HEALY's elocution;
Each one is wondering what may be his doom
After the Dissolution!

That House of Woe must soon be closed to all
Who linger now therein with tedium mortal,
And of those lingerers a proportion small
Again may pass its portal.

There's many a one who o'er its threshold
stole

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"UPON what principle," one
of my Baronites writes, "do
people collecting a number of
short stories for publication in
one volume, select that which
shall give the book its title?"
Of course I know, but shan't
say; am not here to answer
conundrums. After interval of
chilling silence, my Baronite
continues, "Lady LINDSAY has
brought together ten stories
which A. & C. BLACK publish in
a comely volume. She calls it

A Philosopher's Window, that being the title
of the first in the procession. I have looked
through the *Philosopher's Window*, and don't
see much, except perhaps a reminiscence of
A Christmas Carol. There are others, far
better, notably 'Miss Dairsie's Diary.' This
is a gem of simple narrative, set in charming
Scottish scenery, which Lady LINDSAY evi-
dently knows and loves. There is much else
that is good. 'The Story of a Railway Jour-
ney,' and 'Poor Miss Brackenthorne,' for
example. All are set in a minor key, but it
is simple, natural music." B. DE B.-W.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S COMPANION.

(By Mrs. Payley.)

NO. IV.—THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

ANY woman, my dear young girls, can marry any man she likes, provided that she is careful about two points. She must let him know that she would accept a proposal from him, but she must never let him know that she has let him know. The encouragement must be very strong but very delicate. To let him know that you would marry him is to appeal to his vanity, and this appeal never fails; but to let him know that you have given him the information is to appeal to his pity, and this appeal never succeeds. Besides, you awake his disgust. Half the art of the woman of the world consists in doing disgusting things delicately. Be delicate, be indirect, avoid simplicity, and there is hardly any limit to your choice of a husband.



I need say nothing about detrimental people. The conflict between a daughter and her parents on this point—so popular in fiction—very rarely takes place. It is well understood. You may fall in love with the detrimental person, and you may let him fall in love with you. But at present we are talking about marriage.

Never marry a man with the artistic temperament. By the artistic temperament one means morbid tastes, uncertain temper and excessive vanity. It may be witty at dinner; it must be snappish at breakfast. It never has any money. In its dress it is dirty and picturesque, unless under the pressure of an occasion. It flirts well, but marries badly. I have described, of course, rather a pronounced case of artistic temperament. But it is hardly safe to marry any man who appreciates things artistic, because, as a rule, he only does it in order that people may appreciate his

appreciation; and after a time that becomes wearisome.

Do not marry an imperial man. The young girl of seventeen believes in strength; by this she means a large chin and a persistent neglect of herself. She adores that kind of thing, and she will marry it if she is not warned. It is not good to fall in love with Restrained Force, and afterwards find that you have married Apathy.

The man whom you marry must, of course, have an income; he should have a better social position than you have any right to expect. You know all that—it is a commonplace. But also he must be perfectly even. In everything he should remind you constantly of most other men. Everything in him and about him should be uniform. Even his sins should be so monotonous that it is impossible to call them romantic. Avoid the romantic. Shun supreme moments. Chocolate-creams are very well, but as a daily food dry toast is better. Seek for the man who has the qualities of dry toast—a hard exterior manner, and an interior temperament that is at once soft and insipid. The man that I describe is amenable to flattery, even as dry toast is amenable to butter. You can guide him. And, as he never varies, you can calculate upon him. Marry the dry-toast man. He is easy to obtain. There are hundreds of him in Piccadilly. None of them wants to marry, and all of them will. He gives no trouble. He will go to the Club when he wants to talk, and to the theatre when he wants to be amused. He will come to you when he wants absolutely nothing; and in you—if you are the well-bred English girl that I am supposing—he will assuredly find it. And so you will both be contented.

Do not think that I am, for one moment, depreciating sentiment. I worship it; I am a sentimentalist myself. But everything has its place, and sentiment of this kind belongs to young unmarried life—to the period when you are engaged, or when you ought to be engaged. The young man whom I have described—the crisp, perfect, insipid, dry-toast man—would only be bored by a wife who wanted to be on sentimental terms with him. I remember a case in point. A young girl, whom I knew intimately, married a man who was, as a husband, perfect. They lived happily enough for three or four years; she had a couple of children, a beautiful house, everything that could be desired. And then the trouble came. She had been

reading trashy novels, I suppose; at any rate, she fell in love with her own husband. She went in daily dread that he would find it out. I argued with her, reasoned with her, entreated her to give up such ruinous folly. It was of no use. She wrote him letters—three sheets, crossed and underlined. I warned her that sooner or later he would read one of them. He did; and he never forgave her. That happy home is all broken up now—simply because that woman could not remember that there is a time for sentiment and a time for propriety, and that marriage is the time for propriety. The passions are all very well until you are married; but the fashions will last you all your life.

I have no more to say on the choice of a husband. It is quite the simplest thing that a young girl has to learn,—you must find a quite colourless person, and flatter him a little; his vanity will do the rest. And when you are married to him, you will find him much easier to tolerate than a man who has any strong characteristic. Do not get into the habit of thinking marriage important; it is only important in so far as it affects externals; it need not touch the interior of your life.

I have received several letters. ELLA has had poetry sent to her by her fiancé, and wishes to know if this would justify her in breaking the engagement. I think not. She can never be quite certain that it is the man's own make; and, besides, plenty of men are like that during the engagement period, but never suffer from it afterwards. The other letters must be answered privately.

"THE DEADLY CIGARETTE."

HAVE you heard the Yankee threat to suppress the Cigarette?

Ten dollars tax per thousand—as the French would say, *par mille*—Is the scheme proposed, forsooth, to protect the Yankee youth From poisons just discovered in his *papier pur fil*!

Such things might well have been in staring emerald green,

Or even in the paler tint that's christened

"*Eau-de-Nil*,"

But it simply makes one sick to imagine arsenic

Is lurking in the spotless white of *papier pur fil*!

Strange the smoking French survive! Surely none should be alive;

Fair France should be one mighty *morgue* from Biarritz to Lille,

If there's also phosphorus, bringing deadly loss for us,

In Hygiene's new victim, luckless *papier pur fil*.

Yet some Frenchmen live to tell they are feeling pretty well;

From dozing *Concierge* at home to marching *Garde Mobile*,

You might safely bet your boots that, with loud derisive hoots, They'd scout the thought of poison in their *papier pur fil*.

Then how foolish to conclude that, because they hurt the dude, Smoking all day in the country, half the night as well *en ville*, After dinner Cigarettes, two or three, mean paying debts Of nature, or mean going mad, from *papier pur fil*!



VANS DE LUXE.

SIR,—I am going to start a Caravan! It's all the go now, and nothing like it for fresh air and seeing out-of-the-way country places. What's the good of *Hamlet* with all the hamlets left out, eh? We shall sleep in bunks, and have six horses to pull us up any *Bunker's Hill* we may come to. I intend doing the thing in style, like the Duke of NEWCASTLE and Dr. GORDON STABLES. No gipsying for yours truly! I've been calculating how many people I shall want, and I don't think I can get on comfortably without all the following (they'll be my following, d'ye see?):—

1. Head Driver; 2. Understudy for Driver; 3. Butler; 4. Footman; 5. Veterinary Surgeon; 6. Carpenter (if wheel comes off, &c.); 7. Handy working Orator (to explain to people that we're not a Political Van; 8. Electrician (in case horses go lame, and we have to use electricity); 9, 10, 11. Female Servants.

The Servants will have to occupy a separate van, of course. They'll be in the van and in the rear at the same time! I'll let your readers know how we get on. At present we haven't even got off.

Yours jauntily,

THE HIGHWAY-MAN (*pro team*).

VENICE RESERVED.

(A Sketch from a Numbered Stall at Olympia.)

ON the Stage, the Scene represents "A Public Place before the Arsenal," where a number of artisans are apparently busily engaged in making horse-shoes on cold anvils in preparation for the launch of "The Adriatica." On extreme R. enter Antonio, who expresses commercial embarrassment by going through a sort of dumb-bell exercise on a bridge. On extreme L. enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Antonio, who observe, with mild surprise, that there are several other persons present, and proceed to point out objects of local interest to one another with the officious amiability of persons in the foreground of hotel advertisements. (Here a Small Boy in a box, who has an impression he is going to see a Pantomime, inquires audibly "when the Clown Part will begin?" and has to be answered and consoled.) Bassanio perceives Antonio afar off, and advances towards him with stately deliberation, throwing out signals with one arm at intervals; Antonio goes to meet him; they shake each other by both hands with affectionate cordiality, and then turn their backs on one another, as though, on reflection, they found they had less to say than they had imagined. Presently Bassanio recollects why he wanted to see Antonio so particularly, and, by describing a circle in the air, and pointing from the electric lights above to the balcony stalls in front, and tapping his belt, puts Antonio at once in possession of his chronic impecuniosity, his passion for Portia, and his need for a small temporary loan. Antonio curls up his fists, raises them to the level of his ears, and then pretends to take his heart out of his doublet and throw it at Bassanio, who fields it with graceful dexterity, instantly comprehending with Italian intuition that his friend is, like himself, rather pressed for ready money, but is prepared to back a bill for any amount. Shylock passes that way, and is introduced by Antonio as a gentleman in the city who is in the habit of making advances on personal security without inquiry. Shylock extracts imaginary ink from his chest, and writes with one hand on the palm of the other, and cringingly produces a paper-knife—whereupon the transaction is complete, and the parties, becoming aware that a Grand Triumphal Procession is waiting to come in, and that they are likely to be in the way, tactfully suggest to one another the propriety of retiring. After the Procession, Valentina, "the lovely daughter of the proud Visconti," embarks on a barge with her maidens to meet her betrothed.

(In the Stalls, a Lady with a Catalogue, who hasn't been here before, mistakes this proceeding for "The Launch of the Adriatica," but is set right by a friend who has, and is consequently able to inform her that Valentina is Portia on her way to plead against Shylock.)

A mimic battle takes place on a bridge—i.e., rival factions shake their fists with prudent defiance over one another's shoulders. (An Old Lady in the Balcony, who has been watching this desperate encounter, finds that she has missed a very important Scene between Shylock and Jessica at the other end of the stage, and remorsefully resolves to be more observant in future, as the Scene changes to "Portia's Palatial Home.") Portia enters (the Lady in the Stalls, who has been here before, tells her companion that Portia's dress was "lovely when it was clean"), and greets her guests by extending both arms and inviting them to inspect the palms of her hands, thereby intimating that the abundance of canopied recesses, and the absence of any furniture to sit down upon, is due to the fact that the apartment has been recently cleared for a parlour game. The company express a well-bred gratification by bowing. Enter the Prince of Morocco (who is of course identified by various Spectators in the Stalls without Catalogues as "Othello," or "the Duke of Thingumbob—you know the chap I mean"), followed by his retinue; he kisses Portia's hand, as she explains to him, the Prince of Arragon, and Bassanio, the rules of the game in three simple gestures. They reply, by dourishes, that they have frequently played it at home, and promise faithfully not to cheat. The three caskets are brought in and placed on a table; the Prince of Morocco is the first player, and walks towards them very slowly, stopping at every

ten paces and signalling to Portia that he is all right so far, and that she is not to be at all uneasy on his account. On coming in sight of the caskets, he pauses and turns to the audience, as if it had only just occurred to him that the odds were two to one against him, and he must be careful. Presently he jerks his right arm above his head and strikes his forehead, to indicate a happy thought, rushes at the golden casket, opens it, and slams the lid disgustedly. After which he signals to Portia that it is not such an amusing game as he thought, and he doesn't mean to play any more, beckons to his retinue and goes off, throwing his cloak over his shoulder with a gesture of manly and not unnatural annoyance. The Prince of Arragon tries the silver casket next, with similar unsuccess. Then Bassanio—with an elaborate pretence of uncertainty, considering he can hardly have helped witnessing the proceedings—advances to the caskets, in front of which he performs a little mental calculation, finally arriving at the conclusion that, as the portrait is not in the gold and silver boxes, it may not improbably be in the leaden one. He actually does find it there, and exhibits it to Portia with extreme astonishment, as if it was quite the last thing he expected. Then

he advances to meet her, comparing her frequently with the picture, and expressing his approval of it as a likeness, and his determination to be taken by the same artist. Mutual satisfaction, interrupted by the arrival of a gondola with a letter from Antonio. To read it and impart its contents and the entire history of the bond to Portia, by a semicircular sweep of the arm and sounding his chest, takes Bassanio exactly two seconds and a half, after which he departs in the gondola, and the scene changes to the Piazzetta, where a variety of exciting events—including the Trial, a Musical Ballet, and a Call to Arms—take place, culminating in the embarkation of Venetian soldiers to recapture Chioggia, in three highly ornamental but slightly unseaworthy barges, as the Curtain falls on Act I.

Interval of Fifteen Minutes, spent by some of the lady spectators in speculation whether the dark and light patches on the blue curtains are due to design or the action of damp. After which the Fortress of Chioggia is disclosed, with a bivouac of the Genoese garrison. A bevy of well-meaning maidens enter with fruit and vegetables for the military, but, on the discovery that their wares are properties, and too firmly glued to the baskets to be detached, they retire in confusion. A small sail is seen behind the battlements; the soldiers poke at it with halberds until it retreats, whereupon, soldier-like, they dance. The sail returns with a still smaller one; red fire is burnt under the walls, which so demoralises the Genoese soldiery that they all tumble down with precaution, and the Venetians burst in and stand over them in attitudes as the scene changes to an Island near Venice and a Grand Aquatic Procession. (Here intelligent Spectators in the Stalls identify the first four pairs of gondolas,—which are draped

"Signals to Portia that it is not such an amusing game as he thought."

respectively in icicles, pale green, rose-colour, and saffron,—as typifying the Seasons; another pair come in draped in violet, which they find some difficulty in satisfactorily accounting for. When two more appear hung with white and gold with a harp and palette at the bows, they grow doubtful, and the entrance of the two last couples, which carry shrines and images, reduces them to hopeless mystification. The Small Boy wishes to know whether anybody will be upset in the water, and being told that this is not a feature in the entertainment, conceives a poor opinion of the capacity of Medieval Venice for lighthearted revelry.)

Terrace near Portia's Palace, Portia, Bassanio and the Doge discovered enjoying a pasteboard banquet.

(A Lady in the Stalls "wonders whether it is correct to represent Portia as knowing a Doge so intimately as all that," and doubts whether it is in Shakspeare.)

The supper-table is removed, and the proceedings terminate by a Grand Al Fresco Carnival. Ladies of the ballet dance bewitchingly, while soldiers play at Bo-Peep behind enormous red hoops. Finally the entire strength of the ballet link arms in one immense line, and simultaneously execute a wonderful chromatic kick, upon which the blue draperies descend amidst prolonged and thoroughly well-deserved applause from a delighted audience.



THE (POLITICAL) LADY-CRICKETERS.

(A Colloquy near the Nets.)

[At the meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation the following "operative mandatory resolution" was carried:—"That in pursuance of the resolution passed in May 1890, the Council now instructs the Executive Committee that they shall promote the enfranchisement of women, including the local and parliamentary votes for all women, who possess any of the legal qualifications enabling them to vote, among the other Liberal reforms now before the Country, whilst not making it a test question at the approaching Election."]

SCENE—"At the Nets" on the St. Stephen's Cricket Ground. "The Champion" has been practising in the interval, prior to playing in the Great Match of the Season, "Unionists v. Home-Rulers." Various admiring Volunteers of both sexes have been "scouting" for him.

First Admiring Bystander. By Jove, that was a slashing hit! What powder he puts into it, eh? At his age too!

Second A. B. Oh, the Grand Old 'Un's in great form this season. Like 'tother W. G., who's just back from the Antipodes and, at forty-four, can knock up his sixty-three in sixty-five minutes. There he goes again, clean over all the "scouts"!

First A. B. Oh! he gives 'em plenty to do, "in the country." Keeps 'em on the shift, eh?

Second A. B. Bless you, yes. Why a hit like that, run out, would be worth seven to his side—in a match!

First A. B. (knowingly). Ah, but I notice that in a match these tremendous swipes don't always come off, don'tcher know. I've seen some tremendous sloggers at the nets make a wonderful poor show when between wickets with a watchful "field" round 'em.

Second A. B. (with candour). Ah, quite so, of course. Everyone must have noticed that. With a demon bowler in front of yer sending 'em down like hundred-tonners, and a blarneyed cat of a wicket-keeper on the grab just at your back, not to mention a pouncer at point, it puzzles the best of them to get 'em away, though "in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility," practising at the nets, to wit, with only the ground-bowler and a few scouts fielding, they may punish 'em properly.

First A. B. Ah, well, one must allow that the Champion plays the game right away all the time.

Second A. B. Yes. Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his

infinite variety. Wonderful, all the same, what perversely bad hits he will persist in making, at times. Does things now and again you'd think a school-girl with a bat would be ashamed of.

First A. B. Ah, by the way, what do you think of these here new-fangled Lady-Cricketers?

Second A. B. (significantly). Ask the Old 'Un what he thinks of 'em.

First A. B. Ah! can't abide 'em, can he? And yet he likes the Ladies to look on and applaud, and even to field for him at times.

Second A. B. Yes; the Ladies have been good friends of his, and now he'd bar them from the legitimate game. I fancy it's put their backs up a bit, eh?

First A. B. You bet! And it do seem rayther ongrateful like, don't it now? Though as far as that goes I don't believe Cricket's a game for the petticoats.

Second A. B. Nor me neither. But bless yer they gets their foot in in everything now; tennis, and golf, and rowing and cetera. And if you let 'em in at all, for your own pleasure, I don't quite see how you're going to draw the line arbitrary like just where it suits you, as the Grand Old Slogger seems to fancy.

First A. B. No; and, if you ask me, I say they won't stand it, even from him. "No," says they, "fair's fair," they says. "All very well to treat us like volunteer scouts at a country game, or at the nets, returning the balls whilst you slog and show off. But when we want to put on the gloves and pads, and take a hand at the bat in a businesslike way, you boggle, and hint that it's degrading, unsexing, and all that stuff."

Second A. B. Ah, that won't wash. If it unsexes 'em to bat, it unsexes 'em to scout. And if the old cricketing gang didn't want the Ladies between wickets, why, they shouldn't have let 'em into the field, I say. Strikes me Lady CARLISLE 'll show 'em a thing or two. That "operative mandatory resolution" of hers means mischief—after the next big match anyhow. "Ladies wait, and wait a bit more, wait in truth till the



GRACE-LESS!

Nursery Governess. "Now, ETHEL, SAY YOUR GRACE, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!"

Ethel. "SHAN'T!"

Nursery Governess. "OH, ETHEL! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S VERY NAUGHTY NOT TO BE THANKFUL, AND FOR SUCH A NICE PUDDING TOO?"

Ethel. "I WOULD BE THANKFUL, BUT"—(much distressed)—"I CAN'T FINISH IT!"

day after to-morrow." Yes; but they won't wait for ever.

First A. B. Not they. Why, look yonder! There's one of 'em in full fig. Lady-Cricketer from cap to shoes—short skirt, knickers, belt, blouse, gloves, and all the rest of it. D'ye think that sort means volunteer scouting only? Not a bit of it. Mean playing the game, Sir, and having regular teams of their own.

Second A. B. Look at her! She's a speaking to the Grand Old Champion himself!



THE POLITICAL LADY-CRICKETERS.

Lady Cricketer. "A TEAM OF OUR OWN? I SHOULD THINK SO! IF WE'RE GOOD ENOUGH TO SCOUT FOR YOU, WHY SHOULDN'T WE TAKE A TURN AT THE BAT!"

First A. B. Giving him a bit of her mind, you bet. What's that she's saying?
Second A. B. Why, that she admires his style immensely, and doesn't want to spoil his game; but that, after the next great All England Match, if not sooner, they mean to have a team of their own, and go in for the game all round! *First A. B.* Ah, what did I say?

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

No. X.—THE DUFFER ON THE TURF.

"A HORSE for a protection is a deceitful thing," as the Scotch translator of KING DAVID has it, and I entirely agree with him. I rather wish to be protected from a horse, than expect any succour from a creature so large, muscular and irrational. Far from being "courageous," as his friends say, the horse (I am not speaking of the war-horse) is afraid of almost everything, that is why I am afraid of him. He is a most nervous animal, and I am a nervous rider. He is afraid of a bicycle or a wheel-barrow, which do not alarm the most timid bipeds, and when he is afraid he shies, and when he shies I no longer remain. Irrational he is, or he would not let people ride him, however, I never met a horse that would let me do so. It is with the horse as an instrument of gambling that I am concerned. In that sense I have "backed" him, in no other sense to any satisfactory result. With all his four legs he stumbles more than one does with only a pair, an extraordinary proof of his want of harmony with his environment.

I was beguiled on to the Turf by winning a small family sweepstakes—£3 in fact. A sporting cousin told me that I had better "put it on *Cauliflower*," who was the favourite for The City and Suburban. He put it on *Cauliflower* for me, and we won, so that a career of easy opulence seemed open. Then I took to backing horses, a brief madness. I read all the sporting papers, and came to the conclusion that the prophets are naught. If you look at their vaticinations, you will find that they all select their winners out of the first four favourites. Anybody could do that. Now the first four favourites do not by any means always win, and, when they do, how short are the odds you get—hardly worth mentioning! Horses occasionally win with odds of forty to one against them, *these* are the animals of which I was in search, not the hackneyed favourites of the Press and the Public. This, I think you will find, is usually the attitude of the Duffer, who, in my time, was known, I cannot say why, as the "Juggins." I liked to bring a little romance into my speculations. Often I have backed a horse for his name, for something curious, or literary, or classical about his name. *Xanthus*, or *Podargus*, or *Philetus*, or *Lampusa* has often carried my investment to an inconspicuous position in the rack. Another plan of mine, which I believe every Duffer adopts, was backing my dreams—those horses of air. About the time of the Derby one always reads about lucky persons who backed a dream. But one does not read about the unlucky persons who take the same precaution. Several millions of people in this country read, talk, and think about nothing but race-horses. When the Socialists have their way, may I advise them to keep up Government or communal racing studs and stables? What the betting is to be done in, if there is no money (which is contemplated as I understand), is not obvious. But the people will insist on having races, and what is a race without a bet? However, these considerations wander from the subject in hand. With a fourth of the population thinking about horses, a large proportion must dream about horses. Out of these dreams, perhaps one in one hundred and fifty thousand comes true, and about that dream we read in the papers. We don't read about the other dreams, such as mine were, for I have dreamed of winning numbers, winning colours, winning horses, but my dreams came all through the Ivory Gate, and my money followed them.



"Yet here I was finally unsuccessful."

I don't pretend to be a judge of a horse; except for their colour they all seem pretty much alike to me. Nor did I haunt race-courses much, people there are often very unrefined, and the Ring is extremely noisy and confusing. Once I heard a man offering to lay considerable odds against the Field, and I offered in a shy and hesitating manner, to accept them. He asked me what horse I backed? I said none in particular, the Field at large, all of them, for really the odds seemed very remarkable. But he did not accede to my wishes, and continued to shout in rather a discourteous manner. Once, too, when I had won some money, I lost it all on the way back, at a simple sort of game of cards, not nearly so complex and difficult as whist. One need only to say which of three cards, in the dealer's hand, was the card one had chosen. Yet here I was finally unsuccessful, though fortunate at first, and I am led to suppose that some kind of sleight of hand had been employed; or, perhaps, that the card of my choice had in some manner been smuggled away. However, once on a racecourse I saw a horse which I fancied on his merits. He looked very tall and strong, and was of a pretty colour, also he had a nice tail. He was hardly mentioned in the betting, and I got "on" at seventy to one, very reasonable odds. I backed him then, and he won, with great apparent ease, for his jockey actually seemed to be holding him in, rather than spurring him in the regrettable way which you sometimes see. But when I went to look for the person with whom I had made my bet, I was unable to find him anywhere, and I have never met him since. He had about him ten pounds, the amount of my bet, which he had insisted on receiving as a deposit, "not necessarily for publication," he said, "but as a guarantee of good faith." Race-courses are crowded, confusing places, and I doubt not, that so scrupulous a man was also looking for me. But we have never met. If this meets his eye, probably he will send a cheque for £700 to the office of *Mr. Punch*. I have often regretted the circumstance, as it was my most fortunate coup on the Turf, and above all, reflected credit on my judgment of a horse.

Conversing afterwards with a friend on this event, I expressed surprise that my horse had not been a favourite, considering his agreeable exterior.

"Why, you Juggins," he answered, "*Rumtifo* was a moral—everybody knew that; but everybody knew he wasn't meant; he was

being kept for the Polehampton Stakes. He only won because he got the better of little BOTHERBY, his jockey, who couldn't hold him on the spot—the little idiot!"

I do not quite understand this explanation. Poor *Rumtifo* was "moral," like the "moral mare" mentioned by ARISTOTLE in the *Ethics*. He did his best to win, and he did win; what else can you ask for in a horse?

There is, apparently, more in horse-racing than meets the eye. I am not addicted to remembering much about the "previous performances" of horses, as some men are, who will tell you that *Cynic* was third in the Kelso Hunt Cup for last year, and that you ought to keep an eye on him for the Ayrshire Handicap. But I have remarked that horses are not like men; they do not always run almost equally well, though the conditions of the race seem similar. No doubt this is owing to the nervousness of the animal, who may be discouraged by the noise, the smell of bad tobacco, and so forth.

I have given up Racing. That was after last year's Ascot meeting. I was staying at a country house, some days before, and somehow I lost my betting-book. It is really extraordinary how things do get

lost. Perhaps I left it in a railway carriage. Afterwards I tried to put my bets, as far as I could remember them, down on a large sheet of paper, and I think I got it very nearly right. But I left the paper lying about in the library in a very interesting first edition of *Plotinus*, I believe, and either the housemaid burned it, or my host threw it into the waste-paper basket. At all events, it was lost, and I have no head for figures, and things got mixed somehow. The book-maker's recollection of the circumstances was not the same as mine. But I began quite a fresh book, on imaginative principles, on the course. I had not a good Ascot. And as Racing gives me a headache, and I seldom meet any people on the Turf who are at all interested in the same things as myself, I have given it up for good. They say I am a good deal regretted by the King. It is always pleasant to remember having made a favourable impression.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday, May 16.—Sound the trumpets, Beat the drums! All hail to Sir DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS, the most successful Knight of the Season! A brilliant audience in a brilliant house lighted by thousands of additional electric lights, acclaimed with rapture the awakening of Opera. *Philémon et Baucis* began it, a work by GOUNOD (which is not intended for swearing) of great sweetness and light; and this was followed by PIETRO MASCAGNI'S *Cavalleria Rusticana*, "Rustic Chivalry," which might be epigrammatically described as a "Clod-hoppera." *Philémon et Baucis* is charming. M. MONTARIOL was a capital *Philémon*, and Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSSEN as *Baucis*, a sort of classical Little Bo-peep, received a hearty welcome on her return to the Covent Garden House and Home. M. PLANÇON was the thoroughly French *Jupin*, and M. CASTELMARY an amiable *Vulcan*; both most accomplished Divines. Altogether, a perfect quartette. The graceful *intermezzo* only escaped an *encore* because the knowing ones among the gods and groundlings felt that too much enthusiasm at first might do serious damage to the subsequent reception of the great *intermezzo* of the evening. All on *qui vive* for great *intermezzo*. Anticipations of event heard in the lobbies. Anxiety depicted on some countenances, but most features looking happy and hopeful. The members of what was once known as "the Organising Committee" nod encouragingly to one another as they pass to and fro; the officials and *habitués* exchange greetings without any expression of opinion. Sir DRURIOLANUS does not issue forth until the right moment, when he can shut up his opera-glass with a click, and give the word to Field-Marshal MANCINELLI to lead his men to the attack. For the present, "Wait" is the *mot d'ordre*, "and this," quoth a jig-maker, "is the only weight in the entire entertainment."

Up goes the Curtain, and those who remember the *Cavalleria* as it was put on "in another place," to use parliamentary language, see at the first glance that this representation is going to be quite another pair of shoes. The stage management is admirable: not a second without movement, and every movement with a motive—musical or dramatic, or both. Madame CALVÉ'S *Santuzza* is operatically and histrionically—but especially the latter—a triumph; and "this is the verdict of us all." GIULIA RAVOGLI makes a great part of *Lola*; the many-talented little Mlle. BAUERMEISTER'S *Lucia* is not quite up to her own *Marta* in *Faust*. As for the men, the singing and the acting of Signor DE LUCIA as *Turiddu* (ye gods! what a name!), and of Mons. DUFICHÉ as *Alfo* cannot be surpassed.

But—stop—the tremendous row (a quarrel quite representative of Whitechapel in Italy, and suggesting to some of us what Signor Coster CHEVALIER might do if this Opera were Londonised) between *Turiddu-de-Lucia* and *Santuzza-Calvé* is over, the latter has denounced her former lover, there is thunder in the air—the atmosphere is heavy with fate—and the stage is clear. Then comes the *inter-*

mezzo, foreboding ill, presaging tragedy,—magnificent! And as MANCINELLI bows from his seat, acknowledges the thunder of applause—this was the thunder in the atmosphere—and pulls his forces together again to repeat and emphasize the triumph—DRURIOLANUS shuts up his lorgnette, beams on the world around, and murmurs to himself, "Waterloo is won!" Decides thereupon to give the same performance on Thursday, and does so, with repetition of triumph.

Now one word as to a picturesque detail. The action takes place on Easter Sunday, not on Palm Sunday; but Archbishop DRURIOLANUS has issued a pastoral melody dispensing his flock from the usual custom, and allowing them to have the palms distributed on Easter Sunday, for the sake of the show. "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*,"—and well does each one of the Chorus deserve his or her palm. And do not those in front who are nervous as to splitting their glove-seams, also bare their palms to applaud this Opera? Why certainly. Truly, Sir DRURIOLANUS ARCHIEPISCOPUS DISPENSATOR, well hast thou inaugurated the palmy days of this Opera Season.

Friday.—*Faust* selected because alliteration in *Faust* and *Friday*. A trifle, but as DRURIOLANUS says, "The world is governed by trifles." Wise saw this, with practical modern instance. VAN DYCK looking

like a Rembrandt, a Faust-rate *Faust*, and Miss EMMA EAMES a charming *Marguerite*. Mons. PLANÇON'S *Mephistopheles à la Française*. Mons. CESTÉ good as *Valentine*. *A propos of Valentine* and his soldiers, why do the army and their friends who come to welcome them, invariably turn their backs on the triumphal procession, taking no sort of interest in it whatever? Also, why is that banner persistently and purposelessly waved during the whole of the great Soldiers' Chorus? Is this the reason why nowadays the ever-popular Soldiers' Chorus is seldom *encored*? As this monotonous action on the part of the Bannerman (not CAMPBELL of that ilk, but the ensign-bearing supernumerary) suggests "flagging interest," hadn't it better be abolished altogether?

Saturday.—Great excitement in outer Hall. Everybody buzzing about. What has happened? Has dynamite been found? Has some eminent vocalist "gone up to see," and can't come down again in time? Sir DRURIOLANUS is present, explaining matters to the critics, and repeating explanation in various tongues to eager foreign inquirers. The sentinels eye the moving scene with determination and bayonets fixed. At a word from Sir DRURIOLANUS, they will give an extra charge, and rout the crowd. "What is it all about?" asks little PETERKIN. Sir DRURIOLANUS can tell him. Madame CALVÉ is indisposed, and *L'Amico Fritz* cannot be performed. So GLUCK'S *Orfeo* is substituted in a happy-g-lucky sort of way. The two RAVOGLI are excellent, and Box and Stall are satisfied.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Mrs. HENNIKER," my Baronite writes, "dedicates to her brother, Lord HOUGHTON, her first essay in fiction, on the ground that he will be the most kindly critic. *Bid me Good-bye* (BENTLEY) does not stand in need of the adventitious aid of fraternal kindness to recommend it to the reader. The story of woman's sacrifice to a sense of duty has been told before; but Mrs. HENNIKER endows her version with a charm of simplicity under which, here and there, glows the fire of passion. Moreover, she writes excellent English, which ladies who make books do sometimes. It is a pity the story is so sad. Colonel St. Aubyn might just as well have married *Mary Giffard*, and lived ever after in that charming Breton Royal which Mrs. HENNIKER doubtless sketches from life. If she had insisted on his being a cripple for life, her dictum could not have been disputed. But there ought to have been a union between *William* and *Mary*."

WHY are the Obstructives like last Season's Walnuts?—Because they are troublesome to PEEL.



The Good and Great Archbishop Druriolanus Coventgardenus giving his Chorus Flock permission to use Palms on Easter Sunday. Quite "the palmy days" of the Opera.



VOLO EPISCOPARI.

Festive Middy. "I SAY, GUV'NOR! I THINK YOU MUST RATHER LIKE BEING BISHOP HERE!"

His Lordship. "WELL, MY BOY I HOPE I DO! BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?"

Festive Middy. "OH, I'VE JUST BEEN TAKING A WALK THROUGH THE CITY, AND—I SAY!—THERE IS AN UNCOMMONLY GOOD-LOOKING LOT O' GIRLS ABOUT, AND NO MISTAKE!"

TO LORD SALISBURY.

(By a Perturbed Tory.)

"We trust that the present Administration will not commit the blunder of attempting to 'gain favour with this or that section of the constituencies, by indulging in loose talk on economical questions.'"—*The Standard.*

To thump the Drum Ecclesiastic

Was very likely mere parade;

But oh, why make yourself seem plastic

To the fanatics of Fair Trade?

Of course a warning's no "incitement";

You only said, in tones of thunder,

The valiant Ulstermen to fight meant,

And on your soul you didn't wonder.

Encouragement in *that*? Go to!

Did shouting SAUNDERSON so take it?

(Still it did raise a hullabaloo.

It's settling now, DON'T re-awake it!)

No; civil war is far—and fudge!

But why the dickens make suggestions

That England is inclined to budge

An inch on Economic Questions?

Let HOWARD VINCENT, if he likes,

Talk "Fair Trade" rustian; no one listens.

But *you*?—best keep to slating Strikes.

You bet the eye of HARCOURT glistens,

And GLADSTONE reading with a grin,

Says, "Now I have him on the hip!"

This will not do, if we're to win.

Of course, dear Lord, 'twas but a slip,

But then you do make such a lot;

Explaining them away gets wearying.

You seem as though—of course, 'tis rot!—

Our Free Trade system you were querying.

That cock won't fight; Protection's dead,
Don't trot its ghost out. Just ask GOS-
CHEN!

That Silver Conference, too! *His* head
Must have gone woolly, I've a notion.

Fire us with militant suggestions;

Your loyal followers they embolden,

But upon Economic Questions

Remember Silence is so golden!

REPORTED DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BROAD GAUGE.—It has been "converted," and in this sense our old friend, The Broad Gauge, with its easy-going ways, is defunct for ever. Is the conversion for the better? From "broad" to "narrow" is not, ordinarily speaking, beneficial to the individual or to society. And as applied to lines that fall in such pleasant places as do those of the Great Western, will the change to "narrow" result in the same breadth of view which the passengers have hitherto enjoyed? Will the ideas of the management and direction of the G. W. R. change from "broad" to "narrow"? We see it mentioned that the "cross sleepers" have been disturbed and re-laid (enough to make them crosser than ever; the ceremony should have been accompanied by a band playing selections from "*The Sleeper Awakened*"), and that "an inner row of chairs" is already fixed. But chairs are not so comfortable for sleepers as the good old-fashioned broad-gauge-G.-W.-R. first-class seat, in which, after you had lunched, you could repose from Swindon to Exeter. However, we all know the safety of choosing the "narrow"

in preference to the "broad" way in life, and so, no doubt, the spiritually-minded Directors of the G. W. R. have acted with the best intentions and upon the most unanimous resolutions. Yet "intentions" or "resolutions" are more compatible with the "broad" than the "narrow" way.

Lord Bramwell.

BORN 1808. DIED 1892.

ALAS! The Busy "B" is dead,

No more we'll hear him buzz a-wing,

Nor picture with a smiling dread

The pungent terrors of his sting.

As *Io's* gaddy was this "B"

To Sentiment and to Pretence.

Oh, Property! Ah, Liberty!

Fallen in your supreme defence!

Gone is the friend that in a phrase

The "Common Sense" of things could settle.

That with a stroke could slay a craze,

And folly lash with flail of nettle.

Who now will thunder in the *Times*

Against the Socialistic Rad's tone?

Who'll flout the cant and check the crimes

Of him, the all-surviving GLADSTONE?

MILITARY TOURNAMENT at Islington successful as ever. All the glory of war, as Mr. JORROCKS observed in his lecture, with one-half per cent. of its danger. Under command of Major TULLY. For seats, apply per Tully-phone.



“UNDER WHICH THIMBLE?”

ON MY LADY'S POODLE.



I wonder, wonder, at a loss
To justify such wayward snarling—
It makes her very, very cross
My poor opinion of her darling;

I WONDER what on earth it is
That makes me think my lady's poodle
(Her minion smug of solemn phiz.)
The pink and pattern of a noodle:
Its eyes are deep; their look, serene;
Its lips are sensitive and smiling;
But oh! the gross effect, I ween,
Is, passing measure, dull and riling.

It is not that its looks are crisp;
Your humble servant's hair is crisper,
It is not that its accents lisp;
I, too, affect a stammered whisper:
Nor that a gorgeous bow it wears
And struts with particoloured bib
on;

I like these macaronic airs;
I'm very fond of rainbow ribbon.
Nor can it be—of this I'm sure—
Because she pampers all its wishes
And tempts her peevish epicure
With dainty meats in dainty dishes.
To tell the truth, while I'm her guest,
My little wants and whims she
studies;

If "Beau" 's a rival, I protest
No jealous tincture in my blood is.

The cause (should pride the cause withhold,
She bodes and I deserve a scrimmage,)
The cause is this—she calls, I'm told,
The little brute my "Living image!"

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My dear friend, Lady HARRIET ENTOUCAS, said to me, the other day at Kempton, when I told her to have a sovereign on *Conifer*:—"My dear Lady GAY, your tips are so marvellous that I really wonder you don't write to the papers!" Being struck with the idea, my thoughts naturally flew to you—not only as the most gallant Editor of my acquaintance, but also as probably the only one hitherto unrepresented with a regular Turf Correspondent.

It is, therefore, with true feminine confidence that I place my services at your disposal, and, my information being of the most unreliable description (derived invariably from the owners), I feel sure that those of your readers who follow my tips will have no cause to regret their temerity, as, being like all women, nothing if not original, I intend to tip, not the probable *winner*, but the probable *last* horse in important races!

As I invariably attend all the fashionable meetings and most of the unfashionable (incognito of course the latter), it can be left to me to decide which horse was last—thus reducing the matter to a *certainly*—distinctly an object to be gained in making a bet—whatever *men* may say to the contrary.

An ancestor of mine (the poet of the name)—having transmitted to me a spark of his genius—I propose to give my selections in verse—select verse in fact, and will now in concluding my letter, give my tip for the probable last horse in the Derby—(which, by the way, happens in this case to be a mare—I repeat—I am nothing if not original!)—and, before doing so, I should like to express my sympathy with the Duke of WESTMINSTER and JOHN PORTER, who have indeed had an Orme-ful of trouble with the unfortunate erstwhile Derby Favourite, which would undoubtedly have been my selection had he not been scratched! Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

"THE TIP."

The Baron boldly said, "Je vais
Renvoyer cette dépêche:
'À Monsieur FRY of London Town.
Un livre sur *La Flèche*!'"

HYDE PARK CORNER.

(MAY, 1892.)

My hansom here completely stuck;
No chance to catch my train, worse luck!
I sit and wonder:
Why should the roads be up in May?
Who muddles matters in this way,
With bungling blunder?

What use to make a shapeless space,
Where rambling roadways interlace,
And, in the Season,
To close just what was meant to save
This block, because they want to pave?
What is the reason?

By Jove, it's like some years ago,
The traffic stopping in a row
In Piccadilly!
The Vestry does not care a pin
For all the muddle that we're in;
They're much too silly.

Perhaps they'd say they meant it well.
I do not know. All I can tell
Is that I'm raving.
I'd send that Vestry down below,
Where all such good intentions go,
To make more paving!

FAIR TRADERS.

LADY friend of my wife's wants us to "try her tea"! Seems she's started (with two other Ladies) as Firm of Tea Merchants in City. What are we coming to? Or rather, what are male Tea Merchants coming to? Mr. Registrar BROUGHAM, most likely. In incautious moment—as I was out—wife promised to give her an order for a couple of pounds of her "best Ceylon Mixture."

Tried it. Never tasted such vile stuff! Wife agrees, and asks me to call at the Firm's Offices and see if they haven't got anything with more Ceylon and less Mixture in it. Don't much like the job. How can one blow up a woman whom one will have to meet in one's own drawing-room, calling?

Have looked in. Must say that Tea-dealeress is better than her tea. Really quite an attractive person. The three of them gave

me afternoon tea in a little sanctum behind the shop, and chatted *most* pleasantly. My wife's friend the head of Firm. Said the Ceylon Mixture was a mistake—really intended for kitchen use—but as they've only just started business, their stocks have got jumbled together. She hoped—quite penitently—that I would "overlook the error." What *could* I say? What I *did* was to order a whole box of their "Incomparable Congou," at four shillings a pound.

Wife (when I tell her of this) seems surprised. Says "she won't send *me* shopping again." But can one call this cosy—this tea-cosy—social visit to three accomplished women by the vulgar term "shopping"?

Wife incautiously mentions that she is "out of Coffee." Gives me an excuse to call on Firm again, and see if they sell Coffee too. Yes, they do. Head of Firm more fascinating than ever. Asks me "if I would mind, as a very great favour, mentioning her tea to all my City friends? She *knows* I have great influence in the City." Says this with winning smile. Query—is not *Mincing Lane* rather an appropriate locality for Lady Tea-dealers?

Later. Wife has forbidden my ever going to Mincing Lane again! Says the box of "Incomparable Congou" was mere "dust." So are my hopes!

A DENTIST'S WAITING-ROOM.

CLASPING tight my jaw, I staggered,
Pale and haggard,
To this room,
Where were fellow-martyrs sitting
In befitting,
Solemn gloom;
Whilst they turned, with air dejected,
Books collected
To amuse,
Graphics, or accumulated
Illustrated
London News.
How they glared! No fellow-feeling
O'er them stealing,
Made them kind;
"Touch of nature" that is dental
Makes no mental
Kin, I find.
There I sat, the numbers growing
Less, each going
To his fate—
What a dismal occupation!
My elation
Was not great—



Heard the butler call each saddened,
Toothache-maddened
Victim's name;
Watched them wincing as they strode out:
I should no doubt
Look the same.
Then, when me he had to take in,
"Mr. Aikin!"
Made me quail;
O'er the after vivisection
Recollection
Draws a veil!

FROM THE SHADES.

(At the Sign of the "Castor and Pollux.")

DEAR MISTER PUNCH,—Look at 'ere! This is not one of your penny papers—there was none on 'em in my time—ups and says, says it:—"The travelling expenses from America of Mr. JACKSON, who is coming to England to fight Mr. SLAVIN for the Championship of the World, are reckoned at no less than £150."

Wy, wot a delikit plarnt, wot a blooming herotic, this "Mister" JACKSON (oh, the pooty perliteneess of it!) must be! Saloon passage and fust-class fare, I persoom, for the likes of 'im. Isters and champagne, no doubt, and liquor brandy, and six-penny smokes! A poor old pug like me wos glad of a steak and inguns, and a 'arf ounce o' shag, with a penny clay. And as to "travelling hexpenses"—I wonder wot the Noble Captings of our day would 'ave said to the accounts laid afore your "National Sporting Club!" £2000 for the Purse, and £150 for Mister JACKSON's travelling hexpenses!!! Oh, I say! Pugs is a-looking up! And yet I'm told some o' your cockered-up fly-flappers can't 'it a 'ole in a pound o' butter, or stand a straight nose-ender without turning faint! Evidently funkling and faking pays a jolly sight better than 'onesty and 'ard 'itting.

Well, well, *Mister Punch*, I'm hout of it now, thanksbe. And I ain't sure as I could shape myself 'andy to the Slugger SULLIVAN and JEM SMITH kind o' caper. The "resources o' science" is so remarkable different from what they wos in my days, and include so many new-fangled barnies as we won't hup to. These 'ere pugilistic horchids, so to speak, wants deliket 'andling in the Ring, as well as hout on it, and a fair 'ammering from a 'onest bunch o' fives might spile the pooty look of 'em for their fust-class Saloons, Privet Boxes, and Swell Clubs. But you can tell Mister JACKSON, Eskvire, an cetrer, an cetrer, an cetrer (put it all in, please, Sir, as I want to be per-lite), that in my day I'd a bin only too 'appy to fight 'im to a finish (which mightn't ha' bin in five minutes, either, unless he wanted it so), for—his Travelling Hexpenses!!!

Yours to kommand,

THE CHICKEN.

Singular Plurality!

O SHAW-LEFEVRE, was it but fatality,
Or could it be because the subjects bore 'em,
That, when you wished to argue on plurality,
About one Member came to form a quorum?
No doubt the others meant this to denote
That when you speak you like "One Man,
One Vote."

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, A PROPOS OF HER TROUBLE WITH HER ADVERSE CRITICS.—Grieve no more!



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE ONE WHO PAINTS THE PRETTY "KISS-MAMMY" PICTURES) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Tommy. "IT'S A LITTLE GIRL, FAST ASLEEP, WITH HER DOLL IN HER ARMS!"

Jimmy. "YES; AND WHEN SHE WAKES UP, WON'T SHE BE FRIGHTENED AT THAT GREAT BIG BIRD!"

ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

THESE hapless homes of middle class,

Can they escape annihilation

When come, in place of trees and grass,

A filthy goods-yard and a station?

If such seclusion sheltered Peers,

Their wealth and influence might save it;

No speculator ever fears

Artists or writers such as crave it;

Or if it housed the WORKING MAN,

Would Lords or Commons dare eject him?

Picture the clamour if you can!

His vote, his demagogues, protect him.

But you, who only use your brains—

The people's voice, the noble's money,

Not yours—why save you from the trains?

For quiet, do you say? How funny!

Perhaps you think, because in May

The talk is all of Art and beauty,

The Commons also think that way;

Not so, they have a higher duty.

If only speculators shout,

And millionaires take up the story,

They thrust all Art and Nature out,

For Trade is England's greatest glory.

Then, if a careless House some day

Permit the Channel Tunnel boring,

Think how this railway line would pay;

If you had shares you'd cease deploring.

Think of the cotton-laden trains

Direct from Manchester to Asia!

Think of the Sheffield Railway's gains,

Not of your lilac or acacia!

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

To introduce in a monument to a great writer a presentment of one of his most popular characters, as Mr. F. EDWIN ELWELL has done in his bronze statue of "Charles Dickens and 'Little Nell,'" is decidedly a pretty notion. "The child," looking up into the face of the great creative genius, who loved this offspring of his sympathetic fancy better than did all her other admirers, is a pathetic figure, and gives to the monument a more human and less coldly mortuary aspect than, unhappily, is usual in such work. It is a "touch of Nature" that makes even the adjunct of the mausoleum akin to the quick world of the living and loving. The vivid valiant genius, who so detested and denounced the superfluous horrors with which we surround death and the tomb, would cordially have approved it, little as was his love for monumental effigies, or care for the fame that is dependent on them.

VERY "FRENCH BEFORE BREAKFAST."—It was reported in the *Times* that a M. ROULEZ fought four duels

between nine and ten on Wednesday morning, severely wounded his four adversaries, and then, after this morning's pleasure, went about his business, that is his ordinary business, as if nothing particular had happened. To this accomplished swordsman the series of combats had been merely like taking a little gentle exercise "*pour faire Rouler le sang*." The combatants, as it turns out, appear to have been like *Falstaff's* "men in buckram."

THE LIMB AND THE LAW.—"To whom does an amputated limb belong?" queries the *Standard* (*à propos* of the case of the boy HOUSLEY, whose father demanded that the arm cut off in the Infirmary should be given up to him). The answer is clear. An amputated limb belongs to *no body*!

In Defence of the Great Paradoxist.

HE may not be "earnest," he may not be "smart,"

You may say, if you please, he's unable to sing; [art,]

But, oh, you *must* own he's a "work of A beautiful untrue thing!"

ASPIRATIONS.—A Music-hall Manager told the Parliamentary Committee sitting on Theatres and Places of Entertainment, that he did not believe in Art with a capital A. Perhaps he believed in Art with a capital H?



THE ROYAL PARLIAMENTARY TOURNAMENT; OR, THE SESSION ENDS IN SMOKE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 16.—This looked forward to in advance as grand field-night. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD been preparing onslaught on JOKIM's last Budget. Should have come off days ago, but Squire had other engagements in the country. Nothing to equal Prince ARTHUR's accommodating spirit. If the Squire not ready to demolish Budget, say, on Thursday, well, it shall be put off till Monday, or even later if that day not convenient. JOKIM doesn't mind; accustomed to have his Budgets torn up, and the little pieces returned to him postage unpaid; would feel lonely if Budget went through an uninterrupted course. Arranged accordingly that to-night the great onslaught shall be delivered. The Squire judiciously spent interval since Friday amidst quiet glades of Malwood.



Waiting!

with figures; mellifluous with millions, throbbing with thousands. The Squire is in peculiar degree dependent for success upon mood of his audience. In crowded House, Members cheering, laughing, or, if you please, jeering and howling, the Squire improves with every five minutes of his Speech. To-night House not a quarter full; those present depressed with consciousness that no real fight meant; Mr. G. sat it out with some intervals of suspicious quietude. HENRY FOWLER also faithful found; sitting with folded arms

waiting for the time when a new Chancellor of the Exchequer shall find opening made for him on a newly-arranged Treasury Bench.

Only JOKIM really listened; nervous, restless, murmuring comment, muttering contradiction, clutching at himself with strange gestures reminiscent of hereditary instinct to rend his garments in moments of tribulation. That was something in recompense for the meditations of yesterday morning. But as one swallow does not make a summer, neither does one Minister, however unhappy under criticism, make an audience. JOKIM followed with a speech scrupulously measured as to length by that of the Squire's; through the dead unhappy night the rain of talk fell on the roof, and everyone was glad when midnight, slowly coming, struck.

Business done.—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

Tuesday.—Small Holdings Bill through Committee. Last clause added amid buzz of admiration from a not too full House.

HAMLEY looked on in rapt admiration.

JESSE COLLINGS rose up and called CHAPLIN blessed.

"Not at all," said CHAPLIN, blushing; "as my friend TOOLE says from the deck of the Houseboat, anyone could do it."

"The fact is, Toby," CHAPLIN whispered to me a little later, as we sat on the Terrace sharing a bottle of gingerbeer imbibed through a couple of straws, "I've really done a clever thing, only those fellows don't quite see it. Here we've been for a week pegging away at this Bill, bargaining and bickering. Sometimes I've yielded a trifle to the Opposition; sometimes I haven't. But it's pretty much all the same in the end. The Act will look very well in the Statute Book, and I hope will help us at the General Election. But as far as practical use goes, I have sometimes laughed when I look round the Committee and see Members seriously discussing the thing. Just before the Bill was printed, Prince ARTHUR asked me when I proposed the Act should come into operation. 'When are you going to have the General Election?' I asked, by way of reply. Prince ARTHUR said he couldn't exactly tell at the moment. 'Very well,' I said; 'let us put it this way. If you're going to dissolve at the end of June, the Act may as well come into operation as soon as it receives Royal Assent. But if you postpone Election over Autumn, better fix date for Act coming into force on the first of January.' 'What d'you mean?' asked ARTHUR. 'I mean just this. If this Bill's to help us at the General Election, we mustn't give time for people to find it out.' 'Um!' said ARTHUR, and he can put a good deal of meaning into the observation."

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—Admiral JEREMIAH FIELD pacing quarter-deck, uttering lamentations over collapse of the Eastbourne stand against the Salvationists. Bill amending Eastbourne Improvement Act up for Third Reading. JEREMIAH had proposed to introduce Clause enabling inhabitants of town to protect themselves against the Sabbath incursions of a mob in red waistcoats and poke bonnets, with drums, trumpets also, and shawms. Evidently no use; so the Admiral lowered his topsails, pulled taut his lee scuppers, and sheered off. "We're living in flabby times," he complained to sympathetic House.

He heaved one sigh, then he heave-to, and Bill read Third Time.

Truth of Admiral's remark about living in flabby times proved through rest of Sitting. "Don't," said GEORGE TREVELYAN, yesterday, speaking about RUSSELL's Amendment on Plurality of Vote Bill—"don't drag this ghost of a dead red-herring across the path." Only the imagination of genius could conjure up this terrible vision. Realised it to-night when Irish Local Government Bill took the floor, and asked to be read a Second Time. Thought it was as dead as a herring, red or otherwise; but here's its ghost filling House with gloom. Promise of several days' cheerful conversation. SEXTON promptly turned on flood of everlasting talk, hopelessly swamping place to begin with. Here's a Bill no one believes Government seriously intend to proceed with; still feel bound, having introduced it, to take Second Reading. Must show it's not quite so ridiculous as it seemed when, three months ago, Prince ARTHUR introduced it, and House laughed it off premises. Sensible course suggested at close of Sitting by WILFRID LAWSON. "Scandalous waste of time," he said; "the sooner we finish Debate the better."

SEXTON full of scorn for the hapless measure. Looked it all over, and behold! there is no good thing in it. Might have said this in ten minutes, or at most, quarter of an hour. But temptation to straddle irresistible; discoursed for full hour and half; talked clean out of Peers' Gallery FIFE and Earl SPENCER, who had innocently looked in. MADDEN, not to be outdone, talked for another hour and half; out of a possible seven hours' debate three appropriated by two speakers. Quite Maddening. Afterwards, RATHBONE, JOHNSTON (of Ballykilbeg), WEBB, COGHILL, BLANE, and AMBROSE.

A weary world, my masters!

Business done.—None.

Friday.—Morning Sitting for further discussion of Local Government Bill. Only four Members spoke, each Member at terrible length. At this rate quite clear, if every Member is to have his say—and why shouldn't he?—House must sit into August before even Second Reading stage of Bill is disposed of. Should have been Evening Sitting, but things rapidly approaching collapse. Members in state of coma. Couldn't get forty together; and as soon as SPEAKER took chair Counted Out.

Business done.—None.



Admiral Jeremiah Field.



"In rapt admiration!"

LOST LUGGAGE.

(Or the Experiences of a "Vacuus Viator.")

At the Douane, Ostend.—Just off *Princesse Henriette*; passengers hovering about excitedly with bunches of keys, waiting for their luggage to be brought ashore. Why can't they take things quietly—like me? I don't worry. Saw my portmanteau and bag labelled at Victoria. Sure to turn up in due time. Some men when they travel insist on taking hand-bags into the carriage with them—foolish, when they might have them put in the van and get rid of all responsibility. The *douaniers* are examining the luggage—don't see mine—as yet. It's all right, of course. People who are going on to Brussels and Antwerp at once would naturally have their luggage brought out first. Don't see the good of rushing about like that myself. I shall stay the night here—put up at one of the hotels on the Digue, dine, and get through the evening pleasantly at the Kursaal—sure to be something going on. Then I can go comfortably on by a mid-day train to-morrow. Meanwhile my luggage still tarries. If I was a nervous man—luckily I'm not. Come—that's the bag at all events, with everything I shall want for the night... Annoying. Some other fellow's bag... No more luggage being brought out. Getting anxious—at least, just a shade uneasy. Perhaps if I asked somebody—Accost a Belgian porter; he wants my baggage ticket. They never gave me any ticket. It *did* occur to me (in the train) that I had always had my luggage registered on going abroad before, but I supposed they knew best, and didn't worry. I came away to get a rest and avoid worry, and I *won't* worry... The Porter and I have gone on board to hunt for the things. They aren't *there*. Left behind at Dover probably. Wire for them at once. No idea how difficult it was to describe luggage vividly and yet economically till I tried. However, it will be sent on by the next boat, and arrive some time in the evening, so it's of no consequence. Now for the Hotel. Ask for the bus for the *Continental*. The *Continental* is not open yet. Very well, the *Hôtel de la Plage*, then. Closed! All the hotels facing the sea *are*, it seems. Sympathetic Porter recommends one in the town, and promises to come and tell me as soon as the luggage turns up.

At the Hotel.—Find, on getting out of the omnibus, that the Hotel is being painted; entrances blocked by ladders and pails. Squeeze past, and am received in the hall by the Proprietress and a German Waiter. "Certainly they can give me a room—my baggage shall be taken up immed—" Here I have to explain that this is impracticable, as my baggage has unfortunately been left behind. Think I see a change in their manner at this. A stranger who comes abroad with nothing but a stick and an umbrella cannot expect to inspire confidence, I suppose. I remark to the Waiter that the luggage is sure to follow me by the next boat, but it strikes even myself that I do not bring this out with quite a sincere ring. Not at all the manner of a man who possesses a real portmanteau. I order dinner—the kind of dinner, I feel, that a man who did not intend to pay for it *would* order. I detect this impression in the Waiter's eye. If he dared, I know he would suggest tea and a boiled egg as more seemly under the circumstances.

On the Digue.—Thought, it being holiday time, that there would be more gaiety; but Ostend just now perhaps a little lacking in liveliness—hotels, villas, and even the Kursaal all closely boarded up with lead-coloured shutters. Only other person on Promenade a fisher-boy scooping over the tiles in *sabots*. I come to a glazed shelter, and find the seats choked with drifting sand, and protected with barbed wire. This depresses me. I did not want to sit down—but the barbed wire *does* seem needlessly unkind. Walk along the sand-dunes; must pass the time somehow till dinner, and the arrival of my luggage. Wonder whether it really *was* labelled "Ostend." Suppose the porter thought I said "Rochester"... in that case—I will not worry about it like this. I will go back and see the town.

I have; it is like a good many other foreign towns. I am melancholy. I can't dismiss that miserable luggage from my mind. To be alone in a foreign land, without so much as a clean sock, is a distressing position for a sensitive person. If I could only succeed

in seeing a humorous element in it, it would be *something*—but I can't. It is too forlorn to be at all funny. And there is still an hour and a half to get through before dinner!

I have dined—in a small room, with a stove, a carved buffet, and a portrait of the King of the BELGIANS; but my spirits are still low. German Waiter dubious about me; reserving his opinion for the present. He comes in with a touch of new deference in his manner. "Please, a man from de shdation for you." I go out—to find the sympathetic Porter. My baggage has arrived? It has; it is at the Douane, waiting for me. I am saved! I tell the Waiter, without elation, but with what, I trust, is a calm dignity—the dignity of a man who has been misunderstood, but would scorn to resent it.

At the Station.—I have accompanied the Porter to the Terminus. Such a pleasant helpful fellow, so intelligent! The Ostend streets much less dull at night. Feel relieved, in charity with all the world, now that my prodigal portmanteau is safely reclaimed. Porter takes me into a large luggage-room. Don't see my things just at first. "Your baggage—*ere!*" says the Porter, proudly, and points out a little drab valise with shiny black leather covers and brass studs—the kind of thing a man goes a journey with in a French Melodrama! He is quite hurt when I repudiate it indignantly; he tries to convince me that it is mine—the fool! There is no other baggage of any sort, and mine can't possibly arrive now before to-morrow afternoon, if then. Nothing for it but to go back, luggageless, to the Hotel—and face that confounded Waiter.

Walk about the streets. Somehow I don't feel quite up to going back to the Hotel just yet. The shops, which are small and rather dimly lighted, depress me. There is no theatre, nor *café chantant* open apparently. If there were, I haven't the heart for them to-night. Hear music from a small *estaminet* in a back street; female voice, with fine Cockney accent, is singing "Oh, dem Golden Slippers!" Wonder where my slippers are!

In my Bedroom.—I have had to come back at last, and get it over with the Waiter. If he felt *any* surprise, I think it was to see me back at all. I have had to ask him if he could get me some sleeping-things to pass the night in. And a piece of soap. Humiliating, but unavoidable. He promised, but he has not brought them. Probably this last request has done for me, and he is now communicating with the police...

A tap at my door. "Please, de tings!" says the Waiter. I have wronged him. He has brought me *such* a nightgown! Never saw anything in the least like it before. It has flowers embroidered all down the front and round the cuffs, and on every button something is worked in tiny blue letters, which, on inspection, turns out to be

"Good-night." I don't quite know why, but, in my present state, I find this strangely consoling, and even touching—like a benediction. After all, he *must* believe in me, or he would hardly confide his purple and fine linen to me like this. Go to bed gorgeous, and dream that my portmanteau, bag, and self-respect are all restored to me by the afternoon boat... There must be something in dreams, for, oddly enough, this is exactly what *does* happen.

Next morning, at breakfast, I am handed a mysterious and, at first sight, rather alarming telegram from the Station-master at Dover. "Your bones will be sent on next boat." Suspect the word in the original was "*boxes*." But they may call them what they like, so long as I get them back again.

"THE Campaign against the Jebus. Gallant Advances of the British." Dear old Mrs. RAM wants to know "who is commanding the British forces in the campaign against the Jebus" (which she spells "Gibus")? Mr. Punch is glad to inform his estimable correspondent that the principal officers commanding in the Gibus Campaign are Generals WIDE-AWAKE, BILLICOCK, JIMCROW, POTT, and BELTOFFER. Their strategical movements are worthy of the First Nap.

CONSIDERATE.—Arrangements are to be made for all Standing Committees in future to sit at certain hours. "For this relief, much thanks," as WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, M.P., observed.



"Please, de tings!"



RECIPROCAL.

Sporting Gentleman. "WELL, SIR, I'M VERY PLEASED TO HAVE MADE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, AND HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF HEARING A CHURCHMAN'S VIEWS ON THE QUESTION OF TITHES. OF COURSE, AS A COUNTRY LANDOWNER, I'M INTERESTED IN CHURCH MATTERS, AND——"

The Parson. 'QUITE SO—DELIGHTED, I'M SURE. ER—BY THE BYE, COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT'S WON TO-DAY?'"

THE BURIAL OF THE "BROAD-GAUGE."

MAY 23, 1892.

["Drivers of Broad-Gauge Engines wandering disconsolately about with their engine-lamps in their hands; followed by their firemen with pick and shovel over their shoulder, waiting in anxious expectation of the time when that new-fangled machine, a narrow-gauge engine, should come down a day or two after."—*Times' Special at Plymouth on Death of Broad Gauge.*]

Not a whistle was heard, not a brass bell-note,
As his corse o'er his fire-box had hurried;
Not a fog-signal wailed from a husky throat
O'er the grave where our "Broad-Gauge"
we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our pickaxes turning,
By the danger-signal's ruddy light,
And our oil-lamps dimly burning.

No useless tears, though we loved him well!
Long years to his fire-box had bound us.
We fancied we glimpsed the great shade of
BRUNEL

In sad sympathy hovering round us.

Few and gruff were the words we said,
But we thought, with a natural sorrow,
Of the Narrow-Gauge foe of the Loco. just
dead,

We should have to attend on the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his big broad bed,
And piled the brown earth o'er his funnel,
How his foe o'er the Great-Western metals
would tread,
Shrieking triumph through cutting and
tunnel.

Lightly they'll talk of him now he is gone,
For the cheap "Narrow Gauge" has out-
stayed him,

Yet BULL might have found, had he let it go
on,

That BRUNEL's Big Idea would have paid
him!

But the battle is ended, our task is done;

After forty years' fight he's retiring."

This hour sees thy triumph, O STEPHENSON;

Old "Broad Gauge" no more will need
firing.

The "Dutchman" must now be "divided in
two"!

Well, well, they shan't mangle or mess you!
Accept the last words of friends faithful, if
few:—

"Good-bye, poor old Broad-Gauge, God
bless you!" †

Slowly and sadly we laid him down.

He has filled a great chapter in story.

We sang not a dirge—we raised not a stone,

But we left the "Broad Gauge" to his
glory!

* The Royal Commission appointed to inquire
into the uniformity of railway gauges, presented
their report to Parliament on May 30, 1846.

† Words found written on one of the G.-W. rails.

TO A DEAR YOUNG FEMININE FRIEND, WHO
SPELT "WAGON" AS "WAGGON."

Bad spelling? Oh dear no! So tender, she
Wished that the cart should have an extra
"gee."

KILLING NO MURDER.

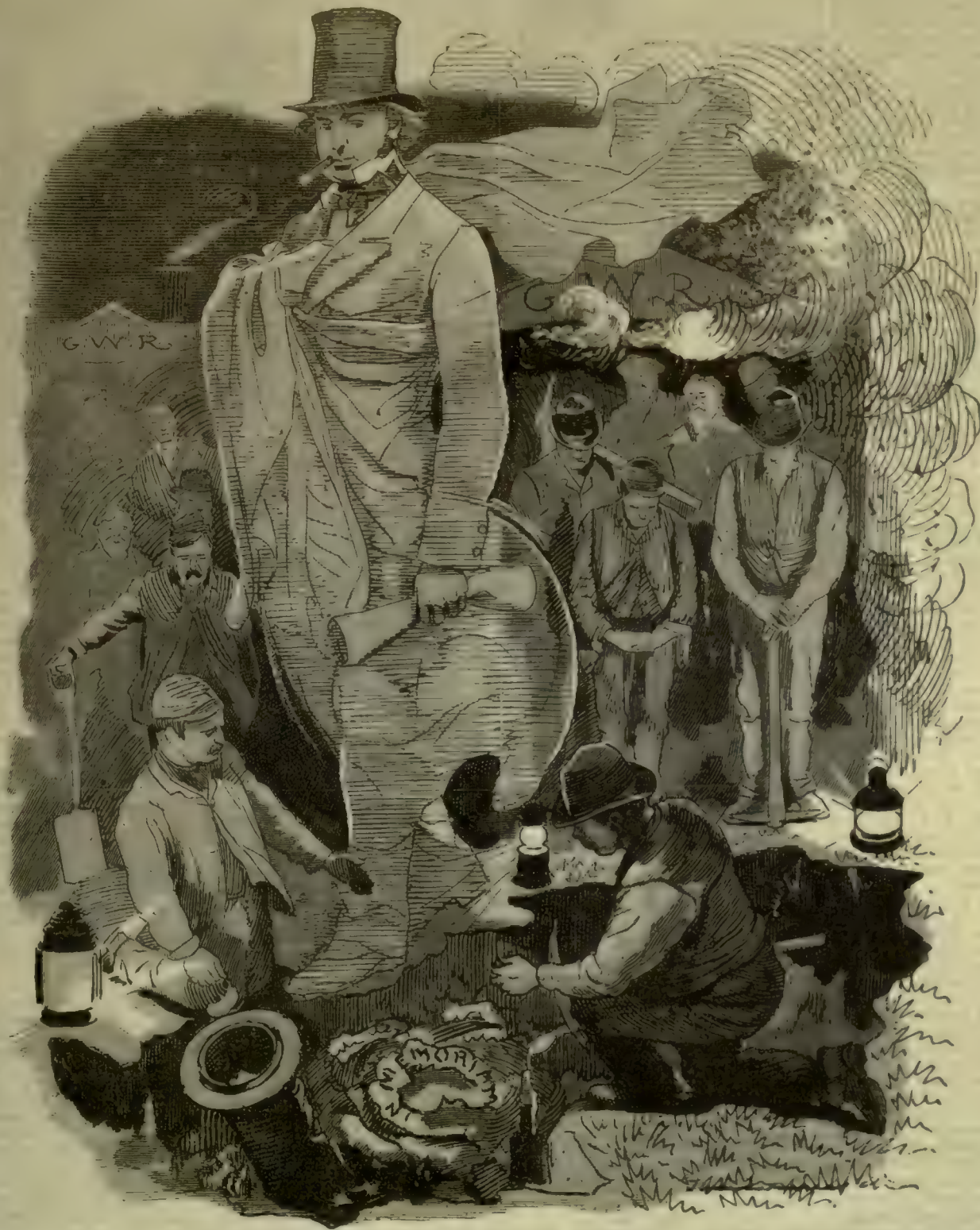
(To the Editor of "Punch.")

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just been reading with a great deal of surprise "*The Life and Letters of Charles Samuel Keene*, by GEORGE SOMES LAYARD." Seeing the name of one of your colleagues as the first line of the "Index," I turned to page 74 and looked him out. I found him mentioned in an account given by Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN of the *Punch* Dinner, which Mr. GEORGE SOMES LAYARD had extracted from *Black and White*, no doubt to assist in making up his book. The following is the quotation:—"The Editor, as I have said, presides; should he be unavoidably absent, another writer—usually, nowadays, Mr. ARTHUR A'BECKETT—takes his place, the duty never falling to an artist." Then, to show how thoroughly Mr. GEORGE SOMES LAYARD is up to date, he adds to the name of Mr. ARTHUR A'BECKETT (after the fashion of Mr. *Punch* in the drama disposing of the clown or the beadle), "since dead." Now Mr. ARTHUR A'BECKETT is not dead, but very much alive. Do you not think, Sir, it would be better were gentlemen who write about yourself and your colleagues, to verify their facts before they attempt to give obituary notices, even if they be as brief as the one in question?

Yours, truly,

MORE GAY THAN GRAVE.

NEW AND APPROPRIATE NAME FOR
MODERN PUGILISM.—The "Nobble" Art.



THE BURIAL OF THE "BROAD-GAUGE."

STUDIES IN THE NEW POETRY.

THE world is of course aware by this time that a New Poetry has arisen and has asserted itself by the mouths of many loud-voiced "boomers." It has been *Mr. Punch's* good fortune to secure several specimens of this new product, not through the intervention of middle men, but from the manufacturers themselves. He proposes to publish them for the benefit and enlightenment of his readers. But first a word of warning. There are perhaps some who believe that a poem should not only express high and noble thoughts, or recount great deeds, but that it should do so in verse that is musical, cadenced, rhythmical, instinct with grace, and reserved rather than boisterous. If any such there be, let them know at once that they are hopelessly old-fashioned. The New Poetry in its highest expression banishes form, regularity and rhythm, and treats rhyme with unexampled barbarity. Here and there, it is true, rhymes get paired off quite happily in the conventional manner, but directly afterwards you may come upon a poor weak little rhyme who will cry in vain for his mate through half a dozen interloping lines. Indeed, cases have been known of rhymes that have been left on a sort of desert island of a verse, and have never been fetched away. And sometimes when the lines have got chopped very short, the rhymes have tumbled overboard altogether. That is really what is meant by "impressionism" in poetry carried to its highest excellence. There are, of course, other forms of the New Poetry. There is the "blustering, hob-nailed" variety which clatters up and down with immense noise, elbows you here, and kicks you there, and if it finds a pardonable weakness strolling about in the middle of the street, immediately knocks it down and tramples upon it. Then too there is the "coarse, but manly" kind which swears by the great god, Jingo, and keeps a large stock of spread eagles always ready to swoop and tear without the least provocation.

However, *Mr. Punch* may as well let his specimens speak for themselves. Here, then, is No. I.—A GRAVESEND GREGORIAN.

By W. E. H-N-L-Y. (Con Brio.)

Deep in a murky hole,
Cavernous, untransparent, fetid, dank,
The demiurgus of the servants' hall,
The scuttle-bearing buttons, boon and blank
And grimy loads his evening load of coals,
Filled with respect for the cook's and butler's rank.



QUITE UNANSWERABLE.

Ethel. "MAMMY DEAR! WHY DO YOU POWDER YOUR FACE, AND WHY DOES THOMAS POWDER HIS HAIR? I DON'T DO EITHER!"

Lo, the round cook half fills the hot retreat,
Her kitchen, where the odours of the meat,
The cabbage and sweets all merge as in a
pall,

The stale unsavoury remnants of the feast.
Here, with abounding confluences of onion,
Whose vastitudes of perfume tear the soul
In wish of the not unpotatoed stew,
They float and fade and flutter like morning
dew.

And all the copper pots and pans in line,
A burnished army of bright utensils, shine;
And the stern butler heedless of his bunion
Looks happy, and the tabby-cat of the house
Forgets the elusive, but recurrent mouse
And purrs and dreams;

And in his corner the black-beetle seems
A plumed Black Prince arrayed in gleaming
mail; [pale,
Whereat the shrinking scullery-maid grows
And flies for succour to THOMAS of the calves,
Who, doing nought by halves,
Circles a gallant arm about her waist,
And takes unflinching the cheek-slap of the
chaste

And giggling fair, nor
counts his labour lost.
Then, beer, beer, beer.
Spume-headed, bitter,
golden like the gold
Buried by outlashed pi-
rates tempest-tossed,
Red-capped, immitigable,
over-bold
With blood and rapine,
spreaders of fire and
fear.
The kitchen table
Is figured with the an-
cient, circular stains
Of the pint-pot's bot-
tom; beer is all the go.
And every soul in the
servants' hall is able
To drink his pint or hers
until they grow
Glorious with golden beer,
and count as gains
The glowing draughts
that presage morning
pains.

EPISCOPACY IN DAN-
GER.—*Mr. Punch* con-
gratulates Dr. PEROWNE,
Bishop of Worcester, on
his narrow fire-escape
some days ago, when his
lawn sleeves (a costume
more appropriate for a
garden-party than a pul-
pit) caught fire. It was
extinguished by a bold
Churchwarden. Infuture
let Churchwardens be pre-
pared with hose whenever
a prelate runs any chance
of ignition from his own
"burning eloquence."
If *Mr. Punch's* advice as
above is acted upon, a
Bishop if "put out" may
probably mutter, "Darn
your hose." But this can
be easily explained away.

BETTER AND BETTER.—
The Report last week
about Sir ARTHUR SULLI-
VAN was that "he hopes
to go to the country
shortly." So do our po-
litical parties. Sir AR-
THUR cannot restrain him-
self from writing new and

original music at a rapid pace. This, is a
consequence of his having taken so many
composing draughts.

"OUR BOOKING OFFICE."—Not open this
week, as the Baron has been making a book.
Interesting subject, "On the Derby and
Oaks." Being in sporting mood, the Baron
adopts as his motto King SOLOMON's words
of wisdom, out of his (King SOLOMON's) own
mines of golden treasures,—"And of book-
making there is no end." He substitutes
"book-making" for "making of books,"
and with the poetic CAMPBELL (HERBERT of
that ilk) he sings, "it makes no difference."

AFTER THE EVENT.—Last Sunday week
was the one day in the year when ancient Joe
Millers were permissible. It was "Chestnut
Sunday." We didn't like to mention it before.

THE Royal General Theatrical Fund
Dinner, held last Thursday, will be remem-
bered in the annals of the Stage as "ALEX-
ANDER'S Feast."

HORACE IN LONDON.—TO A COQUETTE. (AD PYRRHAM.)

WHAT stripling, flowered and scent-bedewed,
Now courts thee in what solitude?



My "dripping weeds" are doffed; and I
Sit "landed," like my wine, and "dry;"
What "weeds" survive I smoke, and rub
My hands in harbour at my Club!

For whom dost
thou in order set
Thy tresses' au-
reole, Coquette.

"Neat, but not
gaudy"?—Soon
Despond
(Too soon!) at
flouted faith and
fond,
Soon tempests hal-
cyon tides above
Shall wreck this
raw recruit of
Love;

Who counts for
gold each tinsel
whim,
And hopes thee
always all for
him,
And trusts thee,
smiling, spite of
doom
And traitorous
breezes! Hap-
less, whom

Thy glamour holds
untried. For me,
I've dared enough
that fitful sea;
Its "breach of
promise" grim
hath curst
Both purse and
person with its
worst.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—*L'Amico Fritz* at last! Better late than never. A Dramatic Operatic Idyl. "Nothing in it," as *Sir Charles Coldstream* observes, except the music, the singing, and the acting of Signor DE LUCIA as *Fritz* Our Friend, of M. DUFRICHE as the *Rabbi*

of Mlle. GIULIA RAVOGLI as *Boy Beppe*, of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Caterina*, and of Madame CALVÉ as *Suzel*. Not an indifferent performer or singer among them, and not an individual in the audience indifferent to their performance. *Cherry-Tree Duet*, between *Suzel* and *Fritz*, great hit. Admirably sung and acted, and vociferously encored. Nay, they would have had it three times if they could, but though *Sir DRURIOLANUS* sets his face against encores, allowing not too much encore but just encore enough, he, as an astute Manager, cannot see why persons who have paid to hear a thing only once should hear it three times for the same money. No; if they like it so much that they want it again, and must have it, and won't be happy till they get it, then let them encore their own performance of paying for their seats, and come and hear their favourite *morceaux* over and over again as often as they

like to pay. He will grant one encore, no more. *Sir DRURIOLANUS* is right. Do we insist on Mr. IRVING giving us "To be or not to be," or any other soliloquy, all over again, simply because he has done it once so well? Do we ask Mr. J. L. TOOLE to repeat his author's good jokes—or his own when

his author has failed him? No; we applaud to the echo, we laugh till, as Mr. CHEVALIER says, "we thort we should ha' died," but we don't encore the comic jokes, telling situations, or serious soliloquies as rendered by our accomplished histrions.

Were a collection of pictures made of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER in different characters, it would, for interest and variety, become a formidable rival of the CHARLES MATHEWS series now in the possession of the Garrick Club. To-night she is the busy, bustling *Caterina*, *Friend Fritz's* housekeeper, who, as she has to provide all the food for their breakfast, and set it on the table, might be distinguished as *Catering Caterina*. No one now cares to see an Opera without Mlle. BAUERMEISTER in it, whether she appear as a dashing lady of the Court, probably in a riding-habit, or as a middle-class German housekeeper, or as Cupid God of Love, or as *Juliet's* ancient nurse, or as an impudent waiting-maid, or as an unhappy mother, or as,—well,—any number of characters that I cannot now recall, but all done excellently well. Never have I heard of her being either "sick or sorry." Some few seasons ago I drew public attention to this most useful and ornamental *artiste*, and now I am glad to see that here and there a critic has awoken to the fact of her existence, and has done her tardy justice. Long may the Bauer-meistersinger be able to give her valuable assistance, without which no Covent Garden Opera Company could possibly be perfect.



Bob-Cherry Duet.

As to *L'Amico Fritz*, I should suggest that it be played in one Scene and two Acts. That this one Scene should be the Exterior of *Cherry-Tree Farm* (which should be *Fritz's*, not the *Rabbi's*) and that instead of lowering the Curtain, the *intermezzo*—not I venture to opine equal to the marvellous *intermezzo* in *Cavalleria Rusticana*—should be played. *L'Amico* is certain of an encore, and this will give the singers a rest. It could then commence at nine—a more convenient hour to those who would like to hear every note of it, than 8.15, and it would be over by eleven sharp. A nod is as good as a wink to *Sir DRURIOLANUS*, but all the same, Heaven forefend I should be guilty of either indiscretion in the Imperial Operatorial presence. Thus much at present.

Friday.—"It's the smiles of its AUGUSTUS and the heat of its July"—adapted quotation from "Old Song." "I cannot sing the old song"—except under a sense of the deepest and most unpardonable provocation; and when I do!—*Cave canem, ruat calum!* I bring down the house as Madame DELILAH'S SAMSON did. To-night *Manon* is indeed warmly welcomed. "A nice Opera," says a young lady, fanning herself. "I wish it were an iced Opera," groans WAGSTAFF, re-issuing one of his earliest side-splitters. M. VAN DYCK strong as the weak *Des Grieux*, but Madame MRAYNA apparently not strong enough. "What made author-chap think of calling her *Manon*?" asks languid person in Stalls. WAGSTAFF, revived after an iced B.-and-S., is equal to the occasion. "Such a bad lot, you know—regular man-catcher; hooked a man on, then, when he was done with, hooked another man on. Reason for name evident, see?" The *Cavalleria Rusticana* is the favourite for Derby Night. All right up to now, *Sir DRURIOLANUS*.

TENNER SONG FOR DERBY DAY.—"He's got it on!"



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE SMALL AND SUSCEPTIBLE ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Miss Binks. "PRAY, MR. TITMOUSE, WHY DO YOU ALWAYS DRAW SUCH IMMENSELY TALL WOMEN?"

Our Artist. "WELL, MISS BINKS, I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE I'M SUCH A TINY LITTLE MAN MYSELF. CONTRAST, YOU SEE!"

Miss Binks. "AH, YES, CONTRAST! THAT IS HOW WE TINY LITTLE WOMEN ALWAYS ATTRACT ALL THE FINE TALL MEN! THAT'S HOW WE SCORE!"

Our Artist. "EXACTLY. I ONLY WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D ATTRACT THAT VERY FINE TALL MAN AWAY FROM MISS JONES—THEN I MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE, PERHAPS!"

A VERY "DARK HORSE."

[“The Country knows . . . what it is we desire to do. What the Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. GLADSTONE) desires to do no human being knows. If we have done our part, as we have done, to clear the issues, all we can ask him is to do his part, to lay before the electorate of this country in the same plain, unmistakable outline, the policy which he desires to see adopted.”—*Mr. Balfour on Second Reading of Irish Local Government Bill.*]

SCENE—*The Paddock, before the Great Race. Rising Young Jockey, ARTHUR BALFOUR, mounted on the Crack Irish Horse. Enter Grand Old Jockey, at the moment minus a mount.*

Grand Old Jockey (aside). Humph! Don't look so bad, now, despite the dead set

That against him we've made since his very first running, Do they mean him to win after all? Artful set,

That Stable! It strikes me they've been playing cunning. One wouldn't have backed him, first off, for a bob.

His owner concerning him scarcely seemed caring.

Eugh! No one supposed he was fair "on the job";

A mere trial-horse, simply "out for an airing."

When he first stripped in public he looked such a screw,

He was hailed with a general chorus of laughter;

Young BAL seemed abashed at the general yabboo!

And poch-pooed his new mount! What the doose is he after?

I'm bound to admit the Horse looks pretty fit,

And the boy sits him well, and as though he meant trying.

I say, this won't do! I must bounce him a bit.

Most awkward, you know, if his "slug" takes to flying!

Rising Young Jockey (aside). Hillo! There's Old WILLIAM! He's

out on the scot.

The artful Old Hand! Hope he'll like what he looks on!

He slated this nag as a peacocky brute,

Whose utter collapse they've been building their books on.

How now, my spry veteran? Only a boy

On a three-legged crock? Well, I own you are older,

And watching your riding's a thing to enjoy;

There isn't a Jock who is defter and bolder;

Your power, authority, eloquence—yes,

For your gift of the gab is a caution—are splendid;

But—the youngster may teach you a lesson, I guess,

As to judgment of pace ere the contest is ended. [again!]

Grand Old Jockey (aloud). Well, ARTHUR my lad, in the saddle

Is that your crack mount?

Rising Young Jockey. The identical one, WILL.

Grand Old Jockey. Dear, dear, what a pity! It quite gives me pain

To see you so wasted.

Rising Young Jockey. That's only your fun, WILL. [points.

Grand Old Jockey. Nay, nay, not at all! Don't think much of his

He's not bred like a true-blood, nor built like a winner.

Not well put together, so coarse in his joints,

In fact—only fit for a hunting-pack's dinner!

Rising Young Jockey (laughing). Oh! "Cat's-meat!" is your cry,

is it, WILLIAM? Well, well!

We shall see about that when the winning-post's handy. [tell

Grand Old Jockey. You won't, my brave boy; that a novice could

You'll be left in the ruck at the end, my young dandy. [yet—

Rising Young Jockey. Perhaps! Still the pencilers haven't,—as

Quite knocked the nag out with their furious fever

Of hot opposition. Some cool ones still bet

On his chance of a win.

Grand Old Jockey (contemptuously). Ah, you're wonderful clever.

But we have got one in our Stable, my lad,

Who can—just lick his head off!

Rising Young Jockey (drily). Now have you indeed, WILL?

I fancy I've heard that before. Very glad

That your lot are in luck; and I hope you'll succeed, WILL,

But bless me! yours seems such a very Dark Horse!

Oh! there, don't fire up so! Your word I won't doubt, WILL.

You say so, and one must believe you, of course;

But—*isn't* it time that you brought the nag out, WILL?



A VERY "DARK HORSE."

OLD JOCKEY. "DON'T THINK MUCH OF HIS POINTS! WE'VE ONE IN OUR STABLE CAN LICK HIS HEAD OFF!"

YOUNG JOCKEY. "HAVE YOU? THEN WHY DON'T YOU BRING HIM OUT?"

HISTORY AS SHE IS
PLAYED!

Questioner. Why should M. V. SARDOU be called the Historian of the French Revolution?

Answerer. Because in *Thermidor* he has given an entirely new version of the "Reign of Terror."

Q. Was the "Reign of Terror" very terrible?

A. Not very. At the Opéra Comique it had its comic side.

Q. How was that?

A. For instance, *les trico-teuses* were represented by comely, albeit plump maidens, who seemed more inclined to dance round a Maypole than haunt a scaffold.

Q. Were ROBESPIERRE, ST. JUST, and the rest, cruel and vindictive?

A. I should say not; and I found my conclusion on the fact that they engaged an actor given to practical joking as an officer of the Public Security.

Q. From this, do you take it that ROBESPIERRE must have had a subtle sense of humour?

A. I do; and the impression is strengthened by his order for a general slaughter of Ursuline Nuns.

Q. Why should he order such a massacre?

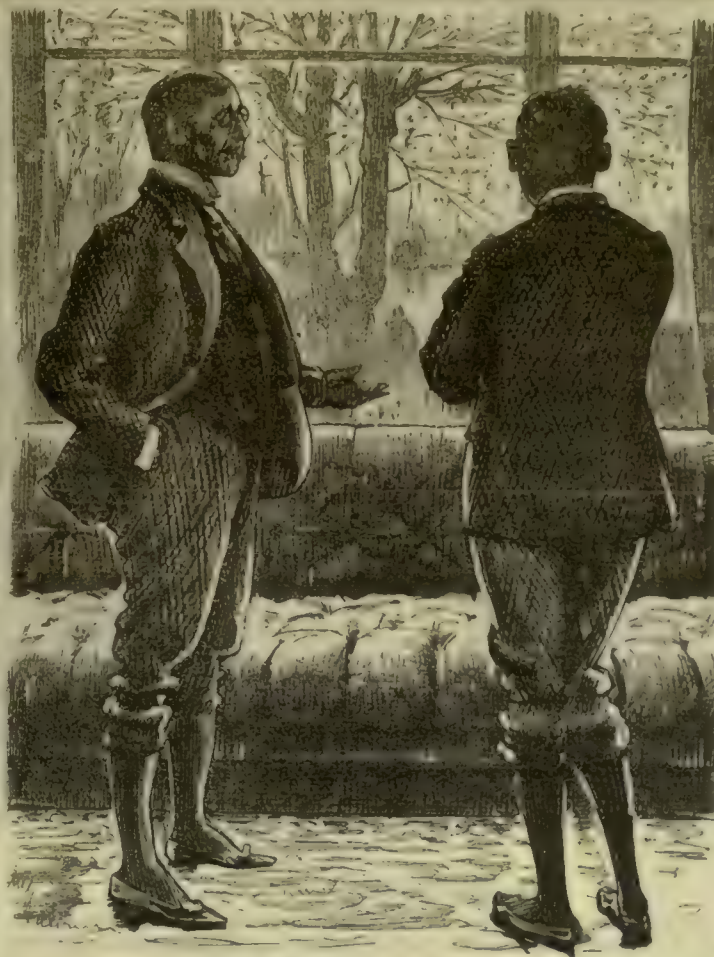
A. To catch the heroine of *Thermidor*, a lady who had taken the vows under the impression that her lover had been killed by the enemy.

Q. Had her lover been killed?

A. Certainly not; he had preferred to surrender.

Q. Can you give me any idea of the component part of a revolutionary crowd?

A. At the Opéra Comique, a revolutionary crowd seems



NATURE V. ART.

Aesthetic Friend. "YES, THIS ROOM'S RATHER NICE, ALL BUT THE WINDOW, WITH THESE LARGE BLANK PANES OF PLATE-GLASS! I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE SOME SORT OF PATTERN ON THEM—LITTLE SQUARES OR LOZENGES OR ARABESQUES—"

Philistine. "WELL, BUT THOSE LOVELY CHERRY BLOSSOMS, AND THE LAKE, AND THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN, AND THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSETS, AND THE PURPLE CLOUDS—ISN'T THAT PATTERN ENOUGH!"

to consist of a number of mournful loungers, who have nothing to do save to take a languid interest in the fate of a tearful maiden, and a few *gens d'armes* a little uncertain about their parade-ground.

Q. How do the mournful loungers express their interest in the fate of the tearful maiden?

A. By pointing her out one to another, and when she is ordered off to execution removing their hats, and fixing their attention on something concealed behind the scenes.

Q. What is your present idea of the Reign of Terror?

A. My present idea of the Reign of Terror is, that it was the mildest thing imaginable. In my opinion, not even a child in arms would have been frightened at it.

Q. Do you not consider M. MAYER deserving of honour?

A. Certainly I do. For has he not removed (with the assistance of M. SARDOU and the Opéra Comique) several fond illusions of my youth?

THE MORNING OF THE DERRY.—*Hamlet* considering whether he shall go to Epsom for the great race or not, soliloquises, "Der-be or not Der-be, that is the question." [N.B.—As to the other lines, go as you please. "The rest is silence."]

"MARRIED AND SINGLE" should be played by Lady-Cricketers. No single young person under seventeen should be permitted an innings, as any two sweet sixteens would be "not out," and there would be no chance for the other side. Match-makers are only interested in the Single.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For the first time have I seen myself in print!—and I must say I think it very becoming—and so nice and cool too this hot weather! You are indeed a sweet creature for adopting my idea so readily—and I really must say that if these obstinate Members of Parliament who oppose Women's Suffrage would only alter their views, it would be much better for the Country—or worse—I don't know which!

Sir MINTING BLOUNDELL, whose criticism on my contribution to your well-written journal I invited, complimented me on my style, and suggested that when giving my selections it might be as well to refer to the "Home Trials" of the horses mentioned—but I venture to disagree with him! Goodness knows we all have home trials enough! (Lord ARTHUR and I frequently do not speak for a week unless someone is present)—but I do not think these things should be made public, and besides, it is an unwritten law amongst "smart" people to avoid subjects that "chafe"—which sounds like an

anachronism—whatever that means! Having an opportunity of a "last word" on the Derby, I should like to say that, although my confidence in my last week's selection, *La Flèche*, is unshaken, I wish to have a second "arrow" to my bow in *Llanthony*—of whom

a very keen judge of racing (Lord BOURNEMOUTH to wit) has formed the opinion that—in his own words—"he will be on the premises"! The premises in question being Epsom Downs, there will undoubtedly be room for him without his filling an unnecessarily prominent position, so I will couple *Llanthony* with *La Flèche* to supply the probable last in the Derby.

Meanwhile, I must say a word or two about the Ladies' Race at Epsom on Friday next. There is absolutely no knowing what will start for the Oaks nowadays until the numbers go up—and no Turf Prophet will venture a selection until the morning of the race—and this is where the perspicuity of an Editor like yourself, *Mr. Punch*, scores a distinct hit—for such a paltry consideration as "knowing nothing about it" is not likely to daunt a woman who takes as her motto the well-known line from SHAKESPEARE: "Thus Angels rush where Cowards fear to tread!"—so herewith I confidently append my verse selection for the last Mare in the Oaks!

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

THE TIP.

'Tis the voice of the Sluggard, I hear him complain,
You have waked me too soon—an unpleasant surprise!
In an hour or so later pray call me again,
When, if feeling refreshed, I will straightway "Arise!"

QUITE IN KEEPING.—The Earl of DYSART has left the ranks of the Liberal Unionists and become a Gladstonian Home-Ruler. "What more natural?" asked one of his former Unionist friends. "Of course he's dysarted us!"





A MISUNDERSTANDING.

He. "OH, IF I'D ONLY BEEN A 'BEAR'!"

She. "IF YOU HAD BEEN, YOU COULDN'T GROWL WORSE THAN YOU DO!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 23.—REDMOND, Junior, said really funny thing just now. Rising to take part in resumed Debate on Irish Local Government Bill, he announced in loud angry tone that it would be waste of time to discuss a Bill the Government evidently did not intend to press through this Session, and he for one would be no party to such a farce. Then he went on to talk for half an hour.

Debate on the whole something better than last week's contribution.

O'BRIEN delivered himself of glowing denunciation full of felicitous phrases, all got through in half an hour. CHAMBERLAIN followed; has not yet got over startling novelty of his interposition in Debate being welcomed by loud cheers from Conservatives; thinks of old Aston-Park days, when the cheering was, as WEBSTER (not Attorney-General) says, "on the other boot." Now, when JOSEPH gets up to demolish his Brethren sitting near, Conservatives opposite settle themselves down with the peculiar rustling motion with which a congregation in crowded church or chapel arrange themselves to listen to a favourite preacher. Pretty to watch them as CHAMBERLAIN goes forward with his speech, delighting them with surprise to find how much better is their position than they thought when it was recommended or extolled from their own side. JOSEPH not nearly so acrimonious to-night as sometimes. Still, as usual, his speech chiefly directed to his former Brethren who sit attentive, thinking occasionally with regret of the fatal shallowness of the pit, and the absence of arrangement for hermetically

sealing it. If only— But that is another story. COURTNEY at end of Bench is thinking of still another, which has the rare charm of being true. It befel at a quiet dinner where JOSEPH, finding himself in contiguity with Chairman of Committees, took opportunity of rebuking him for his alleged laxity in repressing disorder.

"I should like to know," he asked, "whether, supposing I were to fire a pistol across the House, you would call it a breach of order."

"I don't think, CHAMBERLAIN," said Prince ARTHUR, who was sitting at the other side of the table, "that if you were going to fire a pistol in the Commons, you would point it across the House." TIM HEALY just back from Dublin, where he's been appearing in his favourite character of pacificator; followed CHAMBERLAIN, and later came SAUNDERSON. But even he suffered from prevailing tone of dulness, and WILFRID LAWSON, fast asleep in the corner by Cross Benches, did not miss much. *Business done.*— More talk on Local Government Bill.

Tuesday.—If anyone looking on at House of Commons at three o'clock this afternoon had predicted that within an hour it would be teeming with life, brimming over with human interest, he would have been looked upon with cold suspicion. NOLAN had taken the floor, and was understood to be expressing his deliberate opinion on merits of Irish Local Government Bill. He was certainly saying something, but what it might be no man could tell. LYON PLAYFAIR, who is up in all kinds of statistics, tells me 120 words per minute is the average utterance of articulate speech. NOLAN was doing his 300, and sometimes exceeded that rate. Not a comma in a column of it. A humming-top on the subject would have been precisely as instructive and convincing. Some twenty Members sat there fascinated by the performance. It was not delivered in a



"Joe!"



The Fighting Colonel.



THE GLADSTONIAN BAGMAN.

["I regard myself as a commercial traveller."—*Speech by Sir William Harcourt at Bristol, May 11, 1892.*]

monotone, in which case one could have slept. NOLAN was evidently arguing in incisive manner, shirking no obstacle, avoiding no point in the Bill, or any hit made by previous speaker. His voice rose and fell with convincing modulation. He seemed to be always dropping into an aside, which led him into another, that opened a sort of Clapham Junction of converging points. One after the other, the Colonel, with full steam up, ran along; when he reached terminus of siding, racing back at sixty miles an hour; and so up and down another. Only guessed this from modulation of his voice and the intelligent nodding of the head with which he compelled the attention of ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND. For just over half an hour he kept up this pace, and, saving a trot for the avenue, fell back into his seat gasping for breath, having concluded a sentence nine hundred words long worked off in three minutes by the astonished clock.

An interval of T. W. RUSSELL, with one of his adroitly-argued, lucidly-arranged speeches. Then Mr. G. and transformation scene. House filled up as if by magic. In ten minutes not a seat vacant on floor: Members running into Side Gallery, nimbly hopping over Benches, to get on front line so as to watch as well as hear the last and the greatest of the old Parliamentarians. As suddenly and swiftly as the House had filled, the limp lay figure of the Debate throbbed with life. Scene of the kind witnessed only once or twice in Session. Six hundred pair of eyes all turned eagerly upon figure standing at Table, denouncing with uplifted arm, and voice ringing with indignation, the iniquities of the MARKISS, safely absent, and of his nephew, Prince ARTHUR, serenely present.

A great speech; an achievement which, if it stood alone, sufficient to make a reputation. And yet, when result of Division announced, it was found that majority of an iniquitous Government had run up to 92!

Everyone delighted to hear the interesting news from 27, St. James's Place, which gives an heir to the Spencer Earldom, and has spread a feeling of joy and contentment throughout Althorpe and Mid-Northamptonshire. The latest news, brought down just now by MAJORIBANKS, is "BOBBY is doing as well as can be expected." *Business done.*—Irish Local Government Bill read Second Time, by 339 votes against 247.

Wednesday.—Hail! Sir HENRY WIGGIN, Bart, M.P.; B.B.K., as ARTHUR ORTON called himself when resident in the wilds of Australia, and explained that the style imported Baronet of the British



"T. W."

Kingdom. Now we know what was the meaning of that foray upon the House the other day, when, with the Chairman in the Chair, and Committee fully constituted, the waggish WIGGIN walked adown the House, with his hat cocked on one side of his head, in defiance of Parliamentary etiquette. The Birthday Gazette was even then being drafted, and to-day the wanton WIGGIN is Sir HENRY, Baronet of the United Kingdom. Not a more popular announcement in the list. An honest, kindly, shrewd WIGGIN it is, with a face whose genial smile all people, warming under it, instinctively return.

Business done.—WIGGIN made B.B.K.

Thursday.—Quite a long time reaching Vote on Account; two hours taken for discussion of Birmingham Water Bill; Gentlemen in Radical camp much exercised about size of fish in streams annexed for purposes of Birmingham water supply. CHAMBERLAIN, who has charge of Bill, says he never caught one longer than two inches. DILLWYN protests that fishing in same waters he rarely caught one less than a pound weight. Evidently a mistake somewhere. House perplexed, finally passed Bill through Committee.

Then Rev. SAM SMITH wants to know more about Polynesian Labour Traffic. The NOBLE BARON who has charge of Colonial



OVERHEARD AT EARL'S COURT.

Old Buffer. "UGH! I'M TIRED TO DEATH OF BEING HUNTED! BLESSED IF I'LL RUN AWAY FROM THOSE BLANK CARTRIDGES AGAIN!"

Broncho. "YES, YOU BET! AND I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO QUIT BUCKING. IT'S PERFECTLY SICKENING HAVING TO DO IT FROM YEAR'S END TO YEAR'S END!"

affairs in Commons, whilst controverting all his statements, says "everyone must admit that the Hon. Member has spoken from his heart." "Which," NOVAR says, "it reminds me of the couplet Joe Gargery meant to put on the tombstone of his lamented father, 'Whatsum'er the failings on his part, Remember, reader, he were that good in his hart.'"

At length in Committee of Supply; Vote on Account moved; Mr. G. on his feet wanting to know you know; doesn't once mention the Dissolution; but puts it to Prince ARTHUR whether, really, the time hasn't come when House should learn something with respect to intentions of Government touching finance, their principal Bills, and, in short, "so far foreshadowing the probable termination of the Session?"

Wouldn't on any account hurry him; any day he likes will do; only getting time something should be said. Prince ARTHUR, gratefully acknowledging Mr. G.'s kind way of putting it, agreed with his view. Some day he will tell us something; to-day he will say nothing. A pretty bit of by-play; excellently done by both leading Gentlemen; perfectly understood by laughing House.



The Noble Baron.

Business done.—Shadow of Dissolution gathering close.

Friday.—I see TAY PAX, in the interesting Sunday journal he admirably edits, reproaches me because, in this particular page of history, "MR. SEXTON," he says, "is derided constantly and shamefully." *Anglicæ:* Occasionally when, in a faithful record of Parliamentary events, SEXTON's part in the proceedings must needs be noticed, it is gently hinted that among his many admirable qualities terseness of diction is not prominent. In fact he has been sometimes alluded to by the playful prefix WINDBAG. If TAY PAX had been content to administer reproof, it would have been well. But he goes on to discuss SEXTON's parliamentary style, and comes to this conclusion:—"MR. SEXTON's one fault as a speaker is that he does not proportion his observations sufficiently at certain stages in his speeches; and that preparation sometimes has the effect of tempting him to over-elaboration." If TAY PAX likes to put it that way, no one can object. Only, space in this journal being more valuable, the same thing is said in a single word.

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill sent on to the Lords.

A DAY AT ANTWERP.

(By the "Vacuus Viator.")

In the Place Verte.—"The traveller," according to *Badeker*, "should at once direct his steps to the Cathedral." Not going to be bullied by *Badeker*! Shall assert my independence by directing steps somewhere else first. Carillon tinkling fitfully up in tower. Like an elderly ghost with failing memory, trying to play every tune she ever knew all at once on a cracked old spinnet. Fancy I detect fragment of "*The Heavens are Telling*," tripped up by the "*Old Hundredth*," and falling over "*Haydn's Surprise*." Ghost tries back, and just as she seems about to arrive at something definite—suddenly gives it up as hopeless. To Church of St. Paulus, to see the Calvary. Small but highly intelligent Belgian Boy, who speaks English, insists on volunteering services. (Why aren't our street-boys taught French and German in Board Schools?—make all the difference to foreigners in London.) Boy takes me up avenue of heroic-sized scriptural statues, introduces me to "Moise," "Dahvit mit de 'arp," and others. Kind of him—but I wish he would go. Offer him twopence. Boy declines with indignation. Young Belgium evidently high-minded and sensitive. He informs me that, in a certain church he refers to as "Sin Yack," there are "RUBENS' peecture—moch fine," and plainly proposes to conduct me thither. Mustn't hurt his feelings again—so accept. Boy clumps on ahead, down alleys, and through back-streets, and round corners, looking round severely at intervals to see that I am not giving him the slip. Nice friendly little fellow—but despot. Don't seem to be much nearer; "Sin Yack" evidently a saint of retiring disposition... At last. Boy points him out triumphantly. Thank him, with apologies for taking him so much out of his way. Boy demands two francs. Hint, as delicately as possible, that I consider this estimate of the value of his time and society somewhat high. Boy peremptory. Give him fifty centimes. Boy abusive; follows me with uncomplimentary remarks. I can not go about Antwerp all day with a hostile boy harassing my rear like this! So undignified. However, shall find sanctuary with "Sin Yack." Every door closed. Boy at a distance—chuckling, I am afraid. Shall walk on—not hurrying, but briskly. Boy gone at last—thank goodness!—with Parthian-yelp of "Rosbif!"

In the Cathedral.—Being shown round by Sacristan, in company with two respectable young Britons. "You shée dot oltarbiece, gentlemen," says Sacristan, "paint by RUBENS, in seexteen day, for seexteen hondert florin." Whereupon both Britons make a kind of "cluck" with their tongues. "Dat vos von hondert florin efery day he vas paint," explains the Sacristan. Britons do this division sum in their heads, check it as correct, and evidently feel increased respect for RUBENS as capable—for an artist—of driving a good bargain. "RUBENS baint him ven he vas seexteen," which younger Briton considers "very creditable to him, too!" They inspect the High Altar, with more clucks, and inform one another, with the air of Protestants who are above prejudice, that it's a marvellous piece o' work, though, mind yer! Sacristan points out holes underneath choir-stalls. "De organ is blay over dere, and de mooshique he com out hier troo de oles, so all be beoples vas vonder vere de schounds com from!" First Briton remarks to me that "That's a rum start, and no mistake." I agree that it is a rum start. I shall find myself clucking presently, I know! "Haf you sceen yed de bortraits of GLATSTONE and Lort BAGONSFELDT?" Sacristan asks us "... 'No?' then I show you." He leads us up to the final of one of the stalls, which is carved in the figure of a monk. "Is not dat de Ole Grandt Man himself?" he asks, triumphantly. Second Briton agrees "It's a wonderful likeness, really." His Companion admits "They've got old GLADSTONE there to a 't"—but adds that "come to that, it might do for either of 'em." "Lort BAGONSFELDT" is opposite, but, as Sacristan observes, would be more like "if dey only vas gif him a leedle gurl on de vorehead." Next we are taken to the Retro-Choir and shown the "moch gorgeous and peaceful bainting in de ole Cathedralre. Schtand yust hier, Gentelmena, now you see him. Beoples say, 'Oh, yais, ve know, yust a marble-garvings—a baw releff!' I dell you, nodings of de kindt. All so flat as a biece of vite baper—com close op. Vat you tink? Vonderful, hey?" Britons deeply impressed by this and

other wonders, and inform Sacristan that their own Cathedrals "ain't in it." "Look at the value of the things they've got 'ere, you know," they say to me, clucking, and then depart, after asking Sacristan the nearest way to the Zoo.

At Table d'hôte.—Fellow-countrymen to the fore; both my immediate neighbours English, but neither shows any inclination to converse. Rather glad of it; afternoon of Museums and Galleries instructive—but exhausting. Usual Chatty Clergyman at end of table, talking Guide-book intelligently; wife next him, ruminating in silence and dismally contemplating artificial plant in a plated pot in front of her. It is a depressing object—but why look at it? Horror of two Sportsmen opposite on being offered snipe. "Snipe now—Great Scott!" they exclaim, "And ain't they high too?" One helps himself to some, with a sense that being on the Continent makes all the difference. But even his courage fails on being offered stewed apricots with it. Close by a couple of Americans; a dry middle-aged man, and a talkative young fellow who informs him he was at Harvard. Elder man listens to him with a grim and wooden forbearance. "Ez fur languages," the younger man is saying. "I'd undertake to learn any language inside of six months. F'r instance,

I got up Trigonometry in two. You'll tell me that ain't a language, and that's so, but take Latin now, I'd learn Latin—to write and speak—in a year. Italian I'd learn in a fortnight—with constant study, you understand. Then there's German. Well, I can't read German—not in their German text, I can't, and I don't speak it with fluency, but I can ask my way in it, and order anything I want, and I reckon that's about as much as a man requires to know of any language. Will you take a glass of wine out of my bottle? I've another coming along." Elder man declines stiffly, on plea that he is almost a teetotaler. "Well, maybe you're wise," says the Harvard man, "but I've discovered a thing that'll put you all right in the morning when you've eaten or drunk more'n's good for you overnight. I'll tell you what that thing is. It's just persy—plain ordinary simple persy. You eat a bunch o' fresh persy first thing you get up, and it don't matter what you've taken, you'll feel just as bright!" Elder man, who has been cutting up his chicken into very small pieces, looks up and says solemnly, "You may consider yourself vurry fortunate in being able to correct the errors you allude to by a means which is at once so efficacious and so innocent." After which he subsides into his salad. Harvard man shut up.

In the Pumoir.—Two drearily undecided men trying to make up their minds where to go next. Shall they stay at Antwerp for a day or two, or go over to Brussels, or go back to Calais and stay there, or what? "Calais is on their way home, anyhow," says one, and the other, without attempting to deny this, thinks "there may be more to see at Brussels." "Not more than there is here," says his friend: "all these places much about the same." "Well," says the first, yawning, "shall we stay where we are?" "Just as you please," says the other. "No; but what would you rather do?" "... Me? oh, I'm entirely in your hands!" First man, who has had Green Chartreuse with his coffee and seems

snappish, annoyed at this, and says, "it's dam nonsense going on like that." "Oh," says the second, "then you leave it to me—is that it?" "Haven't I been saying so all along!" growls the other. Second Undecided Man silent for a time, evidently forcing himself to come to a decision of some sort. At last he looks up with relief. "Well," he says, very slowly, "what do you think about it?" Whereupon they begin all over again. This indecision is catching—leave them.

In the Street.—about 11:30 P.M.—Back from Variety Theatre. Hotel doors closed. Have rung several times—no result at present. Curious impression that I shall be hauled up before a Dean or somebody for this to-morrow and fined or gated. Wish they'd let me in—chilly out here. Is there a night-porter? If not—awkward. Carillon again from Cathedral tower. Ghost has managed to recollect a whole tune at last, picking it out with one finger. Seem to have heard it before—what the Dickens is it? Recognise it as the "Mandolinata in E." Remember the Voxes Family dancing to it long ago in the Drury Lane Pantomime. Not exactly the tune one would expect to meet in a Cathedral... Unbolting behind doors. Nervous feeling. Half inclined to assure Porter penitently that this shall not occur again. Wish him good-night instead—pleasantly. Porter grunts—unpleasantly. Depressing to be grunted at the last thing at night. To bed, chastened.



"Rosbif!"

THE MOAN OF THE MUSIC-HALL MUSE.

[It is hinted that the vogue of the tremendously successful but tyrannously ubiquitous "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!" is beginning, at last, to wane.]

She museth upon "the Boom that waneeth every day," and wondering what she shall "star" with next, breaketh forth into "amiliat strains":—

AIR—"What will you do, Love?"

WHAT shall I do now? My song was going

Like a tide flowing, all Booms beyond;
What shall I do, though, when critics hide it.

And cads deride it who're now so fond?
"Ta-ra-ra" chiding, "Boom-de-ay" deriding!—

Nought is abiding—that's sadly true!
I'll pray for another Sensation Notion.
With deep emotion—that's what I'll do!

(Gazes mournfully at her unstrung harp, and, smitten by another reminiscence, sings plaintively):—

AIR—"The harp that once through Tara-ra's Halls."

The harp that once through Music Halls
Sheer maddening rapture shed,
Now hangs as mute on willow-walls
As though that Boom were dead.
So dims the pride of former days,
So fame's fine thrill is o'er,
And throngs who once yelled high with praise,
Now find the Boom a bore.

No more to toffs and totties bright
Thy tones, "Ta-ra-ra" swell.
The gloom that hailed my turn to-night
Sad tales of "staleness" tell.
The Chorus now will seldom wake,
The old mad cheers who gives?
And LOTTIE some new ground must break
To prove that still she lives.

What would you do, now, if home returning,

With anger burning at the fickle crew,
You found the prospect of another Boom,
To dispel your gloom—ah! what would you do?

Why then by Ta-Ra, I'd bless the morrow
And banish sorrow, and raise my "screw."
I'd re-string this Harp hung no more on the willow,
And with tears my pillow no more bedew.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE—DISCOVERED!

SCENE—A Borough. TIME—Within measurable distance of the General Election.
Enter BROWN and JONES.

Brown. Well, JONES, I am glad to hear that you purpose standing for Parliament. You are a first-class man, and the House will be all the better for having your assistance.

Jones. You are mistaken, my dear BROWN. I did intend to stand for Parliament, but since the Archbishop has published his letter, I have determined to retire from the contest.

Brown. What nonsense! Why I, as you know, have been in the House for years, and I assure you I have never met a more suitable man for the place. Why, my dear JONES, you are absolutely cut out for Parliament—absolutely cut out for it!

Jones (sadly). I wish I could think so. But alas, no, after the Archbishop's letter, I must, I will give it up.

Brown. Have you not made the question of the Criminal Code your own?

Jones. Yes, but I must admit (and I make the admission with shame) that years ago at school I was rightly accused of stealing apples.

Brown. And was the accusation believed—were you punished?

Jones (struggling with his emotion). Alas! it was, and I received (from the Bench) a severe reprimand! It brings the red blood into my cheeks—a severe reprimand!

Brown. Then you know all about the Libel Acts,—you are up in a slander?

Jones (bitterly). And should I not be? Do you not know that I was once fined ten shillings and costs for saying that a drunken cook was intoxicated!

Brown. Surely there was not much harm in that?

Jones. It was immoral to call the cook intoxicated, and the Archbishop says, "that persons previously condemned on grounds of immorality of all kinds are not proper legislators." Under the circumstances I have detailed, I should not be a proper legislator!

Brown. But look at me! Here am I living a free life, doing exactly what I please, and deserving the censure of the Bench five times a week! I will undertake to say that you are three times as good a fellow as I am; yet I am as certain of my seat as possible.

Jones (sadly). But there is a gulf between us—the gulf that divides not-entirely-conscious innocence and half-imaginary vice. You are safe, and I am not.

Brown. I don't see why! Why am I safe? Or rather let me mend the question—why do you think your chance of being elected so small?

Jones. Because, my dear BROWN, I have been found out!

[Scene closes in upon conventional virtue perfunctorily triumphant.]

A BLIZZARD FROM THE NORTH.

["The plea of the existence of such custom, or habit, or practice of copying as is set up can no more be supported when challenged than the highwayman's plea of the custom of Hounslow Heath."—Justice North's Judgment in the Copyright Action "Walter v. Steinkopf."]

So "Stand and deliver!" will not quite do
In the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two;
And if you are caught on the Queen's highway,

With a something for which you've omitted to
No use to try putting in—under your breath—
The plea of the custom of Hounslow Heath!

Thanks to the Times and to Justice NORTH!
The highway—of News—may be clearer henceforth

Of robber daring and footpad sly.
To stop a coach, or to fake a cly,
Boldly to lift or astutely sneak,
Will expose a prig to the bobby's tweak,
And he shall not shelter himself beneath
The plea of the custom of Hounslow Heath.

Autolycus now must buy his wares,
And not with his neighbours go (gratis) shares.
"Thou shalt not steal—not even brains,"
Says Justice NORTH, and his rule remains.
Thanks to the Justice, thanks to the Times!
Plain new definitions of ancient crimes
Are needful now when robbers unsheath
The old plea of the custom of Hounslow Heath!

OUR SAL VOLATILE; OR, A WRICGLER SARPINT OF OLD NILE.

CLÉOPÂTRE, quittant la Seine,
Ici tu viens en souveraine,
Where "Britons never will be slaves,"
And "BRITANNIA rules the waves."
(Ritournelle égoïste et vaine!)





THE GRAND OLD GEORGIE PORGIE.

GEORGIE-PORGIE, GRAND BUT SLY,
KISSED THE GIRLS TO RAISE A CRY;

WHEN THE GIRLS CAME OUT TO PLAY,
GEORGIE-PORGIE RAN AWAY!

DEFINITION OF "STUFF AND NONSENSE."—A Junior urging a ridiculous plea.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.—Hugo in future is to be remembered as "Victor Hugo."

OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—GOUNOD's *Roméo et Juliette*. *Les deux frères* ("Brothers of Corse"), JEAN and EDOUARD, excellent respectively as *Roméo* and *Friar Laurent*. EDWARD looked the reverend, kind-hearted, but eccentric herbalist to the life, singing splendidly. But Brother JOHN, in black wig, black moustache, and with pallid face, look so unhealthy a *Roméo* that his appearance must have first excited *Juliet's* pity, which we all know is akin to love. My



Hot Weather. The Friar proposes cider—"cupping" as a remedy. Dance of Joy in consequence.

advice to JOHNNIE DE RESZKÉ is to "lighten the part," and "do it on his head,"—which, being summed up, means flaxen-haired wig and light moustache. *Juliette Eames* charming. *Nurse Bawermeister* too young. *Tybalt Montariol*, when killed, must not lie "toes up" too close to Curtain. Friendly members of Capulet faction rescued his legs, otherwise these members must have suffered. M. DUFRICHE, as *Mercutio*, mistaken for EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ. Subsequent appearance of the real Simon Pure as The Friar only com-



Vaults on both sides.

plicated matters, but death of *Mercutio* settles it. The survivor is EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ. Mr. ALEC MARSH, late of English Comic Opera, appears as the *Duke of Verona*, and everyone admires his Grace.

Tuesday.—*Orfeo*. Everyone talking of to-morrow's Derby. Bets "taken and Ori—" eo.

Wednesday.—*Derby Day Night*—celebrated by performance of *Philémon* and *Cavalleria*. Both favourites. But in honour of the winner *Hugo*, the Opera ought to have been the *Hugo-nots*.

Thursday.—*Lohengrin*. *Rentrée* of Madame NORDICA as *Elsa*, who couldn't be bettered by anybody Elser. *Lohengrin* is "The Johnnie of the Opera," i.e., JOHNNIE DE RESZKÉ. First-rate: no longer does he appear in dark hair as in *Roméo*; but as a Knight light, suitable to the time of year.

Friday.—*Il Vascello Fantasma*, which is the *Flying Dutchman*

with MAGGIE MACINTYRE Mac-in-tirely restored to us as the charming *Senta*—quite an Eighty-per-*Senta*—of attraction. Awful appearance of Phantom Ship! Evidently straight from Dead Sea. Racing conversation in all parts of house. "Ancient Mariners," or "Old Epsom Salts," talking about *Flying Dutchman's* year, 1849. **Saturday.**—Progress reported generally. MELBA very good. Miss EAMES being absent, we miss EAMES. House counted out by midnight. DRURIOLANUS satisfied with Derby Week.

THE WELSHERS AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

WE've ad the Welshers ere, and did they injy themselves? Didn't they jest! And wasn't they all jest perlite to us Waiters, as all true gents allus is, and didn't they amost about themselves hoarse when the LORD MARE got up to perpose the fust Toast! But not qwith, oh no, not by no means, or they woodn't have bin abel to sing what they calls their Nashnal Hanthem so bewtifully that they made the werry tears cum into my old eyes! One on 'em kindly told me as they calls it, "Him glad to find Ada," which means, "The Land of my Fathers"! and a werry nice name too, tho I don't quite see why they should leave out their pore Mothers, but it's the ushal way of the world, out of site out of mind! but they makes up for it by calling the Land of their Fathers, their Mother country, so it comes all rite in the end.

The same kind Gent told me he oped they would sing their favrit song, "Ah, hide her nose!" commonly called "Poor MARY ANN!" so I should think indeed.

I didn't see, in looking down the long list of Gests, no gent by the name of TAFFY, at which I was summit serprized.

I heard a gent interdoosed as the Edditer of "the General Gimrig," which I takes to be a Raddicle Paper. I didn't at all no afore what a wonderfooll harrystokratic place little Wales is. Why we had about a duzen Nobbelmen inolewding a reel Dook, and as if that wosn't rayther a staggerer, we had no less than four reel Bishops with Harchdeecuns to match, about thirty Members of Parlemtent, and quite a brood of Welch Mares.

I suttenly thort as I had had a werry fair sampel of Welch enthusyasm and Welch loyalty when I herd them fine in singin our Nashnal Anthem; but lor it was nothin to their recepshun of the LORD MARE when he giv 'em the Toast of the hevening, "Wales!" Why they sprung to their feet, Bishops, and Harchdeecuns, and Dook, and Nobbelmen, and M.P.'s and all, and shouted and cheerd and emtied their glasses, and then gave three such cheers as made the hold All ring again! Which I wished as the Prinse of WALES was there to heer 'em.

BROWN and me had our nice quiet larf together at the ushal bit of fun. When sum werry ellerkent gent was a makin a speech as was rayther too long for them as wanted to heer the lovely Welch mewic, they began for to hammer on the table with our bewtiful silver spoons and reel out glasses, meaning to say, "That's about enuff," but the pore delewded Horrator thort it meant, "Keep it up, my boy; it's splendid!" So he kep it up till two of our best glasses was broke, and then he kindly sat down looking the werry pictur of happiness. It remiuded me of a similar little delushun as we practises early in the year. "Waiter," says sum hungry Gent, "bring me sum more Whitebait," and I takes him sum more Sprats, and he is quite content! As our Grate Poet says, "Where ignorance makes you 'appy, remane as you are"! Upon the whole, I ventures to think as the Welch Nashnal Bankwet, given by Lord Mare EVANS, was about the most successfual as I have ewer assisted at during my menny years of such pleasant xperiences. I finishes by saying, I should werry much like to see a reel Irish Lord Mare try his hand in the same Nashnal way.

ROBERT.

A TIP-TOP TIPSTER.

[In some spirited verses that appeared in the *Sportsman*, on the morning of Derby Day, Mr. JOHN TREW-HAY, alone amongst the propheta, selected *Sir Hugo* as the winner.]

YE Gods, what a Prophet! We thought 'twas his fun,
For the horse that he picked stood at fifty to one,
And we all felt inclined in our pride to say, "You go
To Bath and be blowed!" when he plumped for *Sir Hugo*.
But henceforth we shall know, though the bookies may laugh,
That this HAY means a harvest, and cannot mean chaff.
Though it lies on the turf, there's no sportsman can rue
That he trusted such HAY when he knew it was TREW!

"RESIGNATION OF AN ALDERMAN."—He had had two basins of Turtle. He asked for yet another. "All gone, Sir; Turtle off!" was the Waiter's answer. The Alderman said not a word; he smiled a sickly smile. There was no help for it, or "no helping of it," as he truthfully put it. He would do his best with the remainder of the menu. The resignation of the Alderman was indeed a sight to touch the heart even of ROBERT the City Waiter.

BRER FOX AND OLE MAN CROW.

(A Fable somewhat in the fashion of "Uncle Remus," but with applications nearer home.)

OLE Man Crow he wuz settin' on der rail,
 Brer Fox he up en he sez, sezee,
 "Dis yer 's a sight dat yo' otter see!"
 En he show him der tip of his (Ulster) tail.
 "Eve'y gent otter have a lick at dis yer.
 So's ter know w'at's w'at; en yer needn't fear!"
 "Oho! Oho!"
 Sez Ole Man Crow.
 "But der Irish butter I've a notion dat I know!"
 Brer Fox he boast, and Brer Fox he bounce,
 But Ole Man Crow heft his weight to an ounce.
 "W'at, tote me round der Orange-grove?"
 Sez Ole Man Crow, sezee;
 "Tooby sho dat's kyind, but I radder not rove
 Wer der oranges are flyin' kinder free;
 Wer One-eyed RILEY en Slipshot SAM
 Sorter lam one ernudder ker-blunk, ker-blam!
 Tree stan' high, but honey mighty sweet—
 Watch dem bees wid stingers on der feet!
 Make a bow ter de Buzzard, en den ter de Crow,
 Takes a limber-toe'd gemman for ter jump Jim Crow!"
 Den Brer Fox snortle en Brer Fox frown.
 Sezee, "You're settin dar sorter keerless-like," sezee.



"But yer better come down,
 Der is foes a broozin' roun'
 W'at will give yer wus den butter in der North Countree.
 You'll get mixed wid der Tar-Baby ef inter der North yo' pitch,
 For der North ain't gwinter cave in, radder die in der las' ditch!"
 Den Ole Man Crow up en sez, sezee,
 "You been runnin' roun' a long time, en a-sussin' atter me;
 But I speek you done come to de end er de row.
 You wun't frighten me not wuth a cent," sez Ole Man Crow.
 "I ain't gwine nowhere akasely; I'll be busy near dis rail.
 You wun't tempt me wid de butter—or der powder—on yo' tail.
 Good-bye, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
 For dis is de way de worril goes;
 Some goes up en some goes down.
 You'll get ter de bottom all safe en soun'!
 I'll watch yo' 'strategy' wid int'rest, now en den,
 En—well, I'll try ter look, des as frightened as I ken!"

THE House of Lords Committee of Privileges decided that Captain FORESTER's action in the Barnard Peerage case was a Vane attempt. "The chance," said the *Times*, "of such a prize as Raby Castle, with £60,000 a-year, is likely to tempt a man to think his arguments and claims are better than they really are." Raby Castle on the brain would soon become a sort of Rabies.

HAMLET IN HALF AN HOUR.

(Prepared for the Halls in compliance with the suggestions of Mr. Plunket's Committee.)

SCENE—An open space outside Elsinore. View of the Palace and the Battlements. HAMLET discovered talking to the Ghost.

Ham. And is it really within thy power to show me illustrations to the story that has so much interested me?

Ghost. It is! Behold!

[He waves his bâton and a rock becomes transparent, displaying a tableau of the play-scene in "Hamlet."]

Ham. Ah, how well do I remember the occasion! It was after I had met thee, and thou hadst told me the sad story of thy decease by my Uncle. And then I contrived this device to catch the conscience of the King! Thou art sleeping calmly, and a cloaked figure is pouring poison—real poison—into thy ear! and look, the King is greatly disturbed! Ah, how it all comes back to me! (The rock resumes its normal condition.) And canst thou show me more?

Ghost. Ay, and I will! Behold!

[He waves his bâton, and another rock discovers a tableau representing the Burial of OPHELIA.]

Ham. (deeply interested). Why, these must be the maimed rites that were all that was given to my poor lost love—the lady I desired to visit a nunnery—to OPHELIA. And see there are the comic Grave-diggers. Show me more! Show me more!

[The vision fades away like its predecessor.]

Ghost. I would, did not the decision of statute law limit the time. And now I must away. But mind, my son—six principal characters, and no more! Thou wilt remember!

Ham. Ay, marry; and yes, I will! (The Ghost disappears.) And so I have to meet LAERTES at a fencing-bout. I will!

Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, OSRIC, and Court.

King. HAMLET, all hail! I wish thee joy! May'st thou be the victor at to-day's trial of skill!

Ghost (heard from below). Remember! Six principal characters. He and thou and I are three. Three! Six, and no more!

Hamlet (aside). Peace, perturbed spirit!

Laertes (approaching). My good Lord, I wish thee well, for I do love thee.

Ghost (from below). Four! Remember—Four! Six, and no more! and mind the time goes apace. Ten minutes of the thirty gone!

Hamlet (aside). Peace, perturbed spirit! (Aloud.) The foils!

Osric (approaching). My Lord, the weapons!

Ghost (as before). He maketh five! Beware! Six, and no more!

Ham. (aside). Rest, perturbed spirit! (Aloud.) I will take this one!

[HAMLET and LAERTES take the foils and salute.]

King. Now will I drink to HAMLET after the first bout. OSRIC, be ready to give him a cup when he is tired! Mind me well. (Aside.) The cup of which HAMLET shall drink contains poison. Ha! ha! ha! A time will come! I triumph!

[HAMLET and LAERTES fence and drop their foils.]

Osric.—Let me return them, good Sirs!

[He gives the weapons in such a fashion that they are exchanged.]

King. Now will I drink to HAMLET. Give him the other cup.

Ham. Nay, your pardon, Sir. I am fat and scant of breath, but I will crush a cup with thee, later!

Queen. Give me the cup. I will drink to thee, HAMLET! [Drinks.]

Ghost (as before). I hear the well-remembered voice of thy mother, boy! That makes SIX. The limit's reached!

Ham. (aside). Rest, perturbed spirit! (Aloud.) And now, good LAERTES, I am at thy service. [They fight. HAMLET is wounded.]

Osric. A hit, a hit, a palpable hit!

Ham. (annoyed). I am hurt, and by thee!

[Fights fiercely and wounds LAERTES.]

Queen. Oh! I am poisoned!

[Dies.]

Ham. What, treachery! Ah, thou brute!

[Rushes up and kills King with his foil.]

Laertes. I am dying! Forgive me, HAMLET. It was the doing of the King.

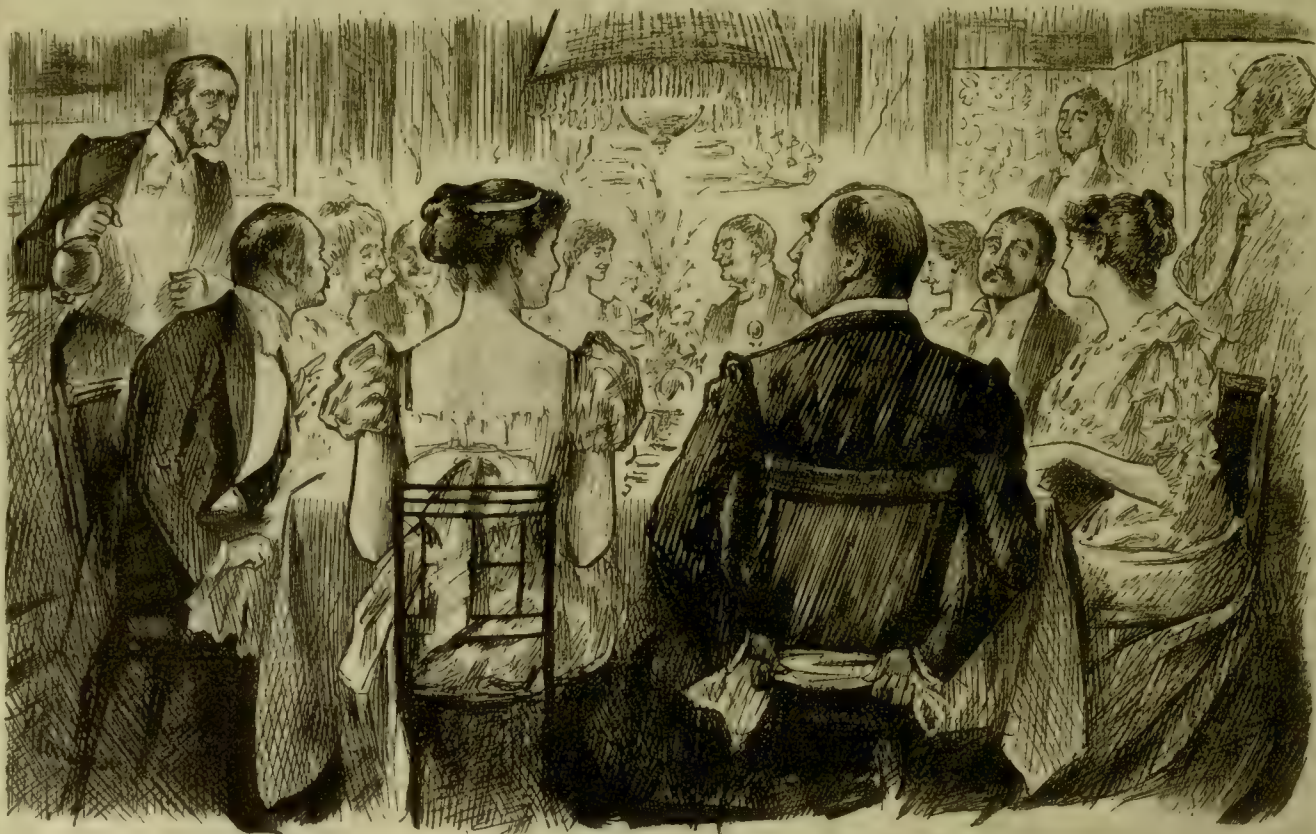
[Dies.]

Ghost (as before). Twenty and nine minutes have expired! The time is all but up!

Ham. (aside, with difficulty). Rest, perturbed spirit! Farewell, farewell, a long farewell to all my—

Ghost (as before). Ring down! The time is up!

(Quick Curtain.)



A GENTLE EGOTIST.

The Brilliant Jones (who likes an appreciative audience—to his Hostess). "OH, THERE!—IT'S NO USE—I GIVE IT UP! CONVERSATION'S IMPOSSIBLE, WHEN PEOPLE WILL TALK!"

"INNINGS DECLARED CLOSED."

SCENE—Grounds of the St. Stephen's C.C. SALISBURY (Captain) and BALFOUR (Champion Bat) at Wickets. The latter has just despatched the ball to the boundary for "another four," eliciting "applause all round the ring," as the (Cricket) saying is.

Captain. Well hit, my dear ARTHUR!

Champion Bat (modestly).

Ah! bit of a fluke.

Captain. Come, come! Cricket swagger may merit rebuke,

But take your fair kudos: don't run yourself down.

Wicket-Keeper (aside). Bah! that's his old trick. At the ball he will frown,

And fumble the bat as though funk, or don't care,
Filled his soul; but when slogging's the game he's all there.

Mere posing, not playing the game,—yet he scores!

I wonder how WILL likes the ring's frantic roars

At their flashy young favourite?

Bowler (aside).

Humph! he lays on!

I did hope, with that ball, that his wicket was gone.

'Twas a curly one, one of my regular old sort.

Good batting and bowling, that's true Cricket sport,

As CLARKE, Grand Old Trundler, declared was the case

When he bowled and PILCH batted.

Champion Bat (aside).

Just twig HARCOURT's face!

Thought he'd had me ere now. Can't you hear his "How's that?"—

If I gave him a chance?

Captain.

He's a fine slogging bat,

But behind the sticks—humph! Well, let's see, lad, your

score

Wants but eight of the "century." Ninety-two more

Towards your "average," ARTHUR! The Cricketer's Bard

Will be rhyming your doings!

Champion Bat.

An awful "reward"!

But shall we play on?

Captain (thoughtfully).

Well, now, what do you think?

From fighting it out to the end I don't shrink,

But time's running short; we stand well for a win:

They say that their eager desire's to go in.

Perhaps if they got their desire they'd be posed.

Suppose we declare that our innings is closed?

[Left considering it.]

"PROBABLE STARTERS."

THE Gentleman who sits on a pin with its business-end uppermost.

The Follower "not Allowed," on Missus making a quite unexpected appearance in the Kitchen.

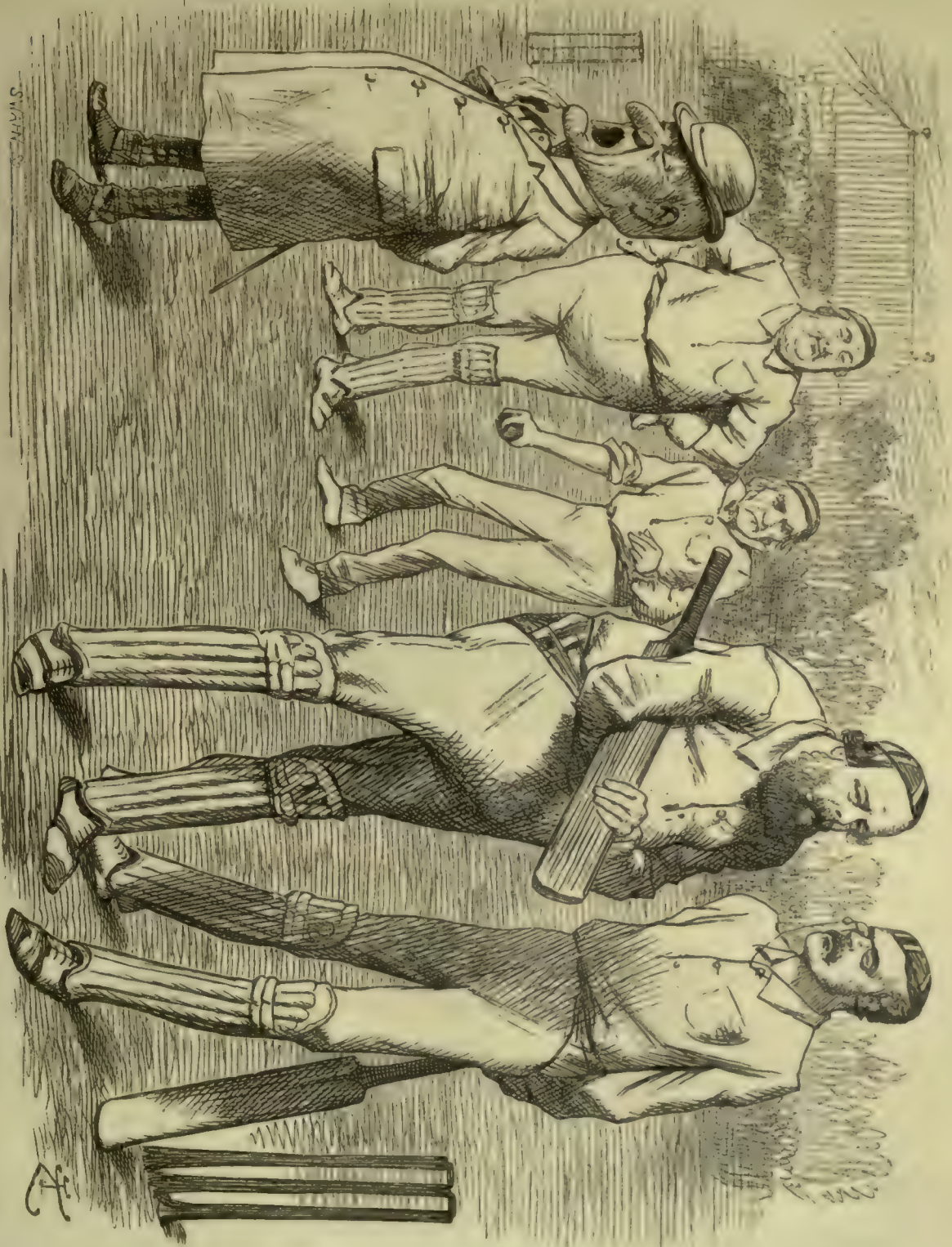
Clerk, who having written to say that he is unable to attend to business as he is laid up with symptoms of influenza, comes face to face with the Senior Partner on the river at Bolton Lock.

LOTHARIO on his knees to his dearest friend's Wife. Enter Husband.

"TEXTUEL."—MR. TOOLE was horrified at overhearing portions of a conversation between two Gentlemen who were evidently provincial Managers, one of whom was saying, "Yes, I agree with you. We have settled to re-open our pits at a reduction of ten per cent." "I beg pardon, Gentlemen," anxiously put in the Comedian, who had just returned from the race-course, having been tooled down to Epsom and back on a drag; "but I am going on tour, and if the price of admission to the pit is to be so largely reduced—" Then they explained to him that they were Wenham Coal-owners. MR. J. L. TOOLE was immensely relieved, and immediately invited his two acquaintances to partake of refreshment on board the Houseboat now moored off King William Street, Charing Cross.

"TE DUCIE," &c.—Old Pupils who were at "Balston's," are requested by Lord DUCIE to hurry up with their subscriptions to Memorial in Eton College Chapel. A Ducie'd good idea.

CLEAR CASE OF SUPERSTITION.—MR. GLADSTONE trusting to "SHIPTON'S" Prophecies.



“INNINGS CLOSED.”

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR B. “DON’T YOU THINK IT’S TIME TO DECLARE THIS INNINGS CLOSED?”

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

NO. XI.—THE DUFFER IN LOVE.

MRS. McDUFFER never greatly admired the lady with whom this confession is concerned. She denies that CECILIA BRAND was pretty, and when I do not answer (for where is the use of argument in such a case?), she remarks that I am too short-sighted to know whether a woman is pretty or not. This appears to myself to be an injudicious assertion, and the flank of my opponent might be turned if it were worth while. But it is not worth while. A Duffer I may be, but not such a duffer as to reason with a woman. If you score a point (and how many times one sees an opening in the fair one's harness), a woman is angry, or cries, or both, and there is no repartee to that *ultima ratio*.

I maintain, then, that CECILIA was pretty, and very pretty; pleasant, and very pleasant. No doubt she keeps those qualities yet. I do not believe in the syllogism by which a man persuades himself that he was a fool, that a girl becomes quite another person, and usually very stout and stupid, because she has preferred someone else to himself. No, if we met to-morrow—But Fortune forbid that we should meet to-morrow, or any other day! I have no relics of CECILIA. I had some,—an old glove, a lash of a riding-switch, and other trifles. I kept them in the secret drawer of a bureau, and in my absence that bureau was traded away for a new æsthetic article, relics and all, of course. Perhaps some minor poet bought the piece of furniture, and found the things, and wrote a poem on them. That is what makes me uncomfortable. If CECILIA sees the poem in one of the Magazines, and remembers the incidents which the souvenirs recall, she will certainly not be pleased with me, whether she fancies that I wrote the poem, or that I forgot all about the treasures, and traded their receptacle away. Life is really very complicated.

I met CECILIA at a house in the country. We sat next each other at dinner. I found her charming. We had the same taste in novels,—she knew Miss AUSTEN almost off by heart, and, like me, she was very fond of field sports. I flattered myself that she did not find my company uncongenial. In the evening there was a little dance: I don't dance, or at least, it was some time since I had danced, not, in fact since they used to make me take dancing lessons at school. How I hated it! However, this time I thought it seemed very easy and pleasant, though the floor was extremely polished and slippery, dangerously so. CECILIA, of course, was my partner. You know how they describe waltzing in novels, the ecstacy of it, the wild impassioned delight. Consult GUY LIVINGSTONE and OUIDA. Well, it was not at all like that.

I do not exactly remember what occurred. We started, there was a buzz, I think there was a collision. I became extremely dizzy. . . . When I recovered my senses, it was not to find the dark grey eyes of CECILIA bending over me with an expression of anxiety. No, she was not there. I went to bed: I know there was a great contusion on my elbow.

Next morning, it was winter, everyone was going to skate. Now I could not skate. At school, when there was a skating holiday, I always passed it beside the fire, which I had all to myself, roasting apples, and reading *Iranhoe*. These were among my happiest hours. However, I did not tell CECILIA that I could not skate. I pretended (it seemed safe) to be desperately fond of hunting, and to despise skating. Besides I had work, literary work, I told CECILIA, an article on Miss AUSTEN. This pleased her, but nobody accepted the article. In fact, I was bent on secretly learning to skate. I sent to town for a pair of "Aomes," for I knew I never could manage all the straps and buckles of the ordinary modern skate. I knew of a pond where nobody came, and thither, under cover of night, I

smuggled a bed-room chair. They say that pushing a chair in front of you is a good way to learn. My terror was extreme; it would be awkward to be caught, at a friend's house, stealing a bed-room chair. That I ventured this risk shows how fond of CECILIA I was. I reached the pond safely, and hid the chair in a dry ditch. Next day, when presumed to be engaged on literary labours, I sneaked back, sat down on my chair, and tried to put on the skates. It always seemed so easy when one saw an expert do it, like Mercury donning his winged shoon, and sailing over the ice. But my hands grew blue as I struggled with the key and the nuts, till I became certain that my boots were in fault.

There was no help for it, I hid my chair in its ditch, and returned, to take the village cobbler into my confidence. He, good man, rose to the situation, and pointed out what I had surmised to be the case, viz., that the heels of my boots were too long to allow the chisel-edged flange to be adjusted by the lever, and admit at the same time of the other end of the heel being gripped by the cramps,—but he promised to whittle away part of the heel, and send the skates home

without delay: and he was as good as his word.

This time I took the precaution of fitting them on in my room. I walked about in them, and was happy. Next day I got to work again: gingerly I brought my chair into action, but I was wholly unprepared for the extreme slipperiness of the ice, even though forewarned to some extent by the painful experiences of Mr. Winkle. I had read that the skater "is very highly favoured when contending with the great enemy of motion, viz., friction," a proposition which I found to be perfectly true. My legs developed separatist tendencies, and started on independent orbits. Often I found myself sitting down in a position affected by acrobats, but unusual in Society. As for the chair, it would rear and plunge like a horse, or escape across the ice, where I had to crawl to it on my knees. It was while thus engaged that I heard a sound of female voices, and, lo! there were CECILIA and two other girls, who had heard of this pond in the wood, and come to try it. I presented a singular spectacle, kneeling before a bed-room chair in the middle of a lonely pond. They laughed, a lover should never be ridiculous, but how could I help it! I thought it best to be frank, indeed, what excuse could I make, what explanation could I offer? In the evening I told CECILIA that I had undergone all this for her sake; that,



"It was while thus engaged that I heard a sound of female voices."

expert in other pastimes (except dancing), I had hoped to make myself more worthy of "figuring" in her society. But, as a matter of fact, I never got so far as figures.

Next day there was a thaw, and soon I had an opportunity of riding with CECILIA. It was "The Last Ride Together," as in Mr. BROWNING. I don't like to speak about it. When we got off the road on to the turf my horse began to kick and plunge. I have read that it is not right, but I did what I always do, I held on by the pummel. Would you not hold on by the carpet, in an earthquake. It felt like a young and lively earthquake. We came home soon, CECILIA leading my horse. People staying in the house met us.

I did not propose to CECILIA. I thought, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "It is four to one she'll none of me." Nay, the odds were probably even longer. Ah, CECILIA, if these lines meet thine eyes, thou wilt know that one heart still is true. In another life, less begirt by material difficulties, we may meet amongst the asphodel, where there is no opportunity for the display of mere mechanical accomplishments. Till then, *au revoir*!

APPROPRIATE.—At Nancy, the Maire pledged the Czech gymnasts, in a goblet of Pommery. Their chief, returning thanks in French, with a strong Bohemian accent, remarked that he took this as a great compliment to his own nationality, the champagne being "*très Czech*."



TROP DE ZÈLE.

(An Aristocratic Tip.)

The New Companion (fresh from Girtham College). "YES, LADY JANE, I SAW HER, WITH HER HABITUAL HYPOCRISY HOLDING OUT HER HAND TO HIM AS HE WAS HARANGUING AT HIS HOTEL—"

Lady Jane. "GOOD GRACIOUS, CHILD, DON'T THINK IN YOUR H'S SO CAREFULLY AS ALL THAT! PEOPLE WILL THINK YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER DROPPED 'EM, AND THAT YOU'RE TRYIN' TO PICK 'EM UP!"

[And People wouldn't be very far wrong.]

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Of my two selections to supply the last Horse in the Derby—one—*La Flèche*, so far forgot what was due to my prophetic utterances as to finish second—and indeed, very nearly win! However, as such reprehensible conduct was mainly owing to the absurd wish of her jockey, BARRETT, to be first, my readers will see that no blame attaches to me—as the mare would doubtless not have hurried so much had she been left to her own devices—(the sex notoriously dislikes hurry)—it being a well-known fact that she would make a race with a donkey!—though why donkey races should be spoken of with such contempt, I don't know, for I once rode one with Lord ARTHUR on Hampstead Heath—(it was during our engagement, when people will do foolish things; we had been "slumming," and he was disguised in "pearlies," whilst I was gowned "à la 'ARRETT")—and I assure you our Donkeys went very fast. However—this is a digression—as the man said when he walked over the cliff, so let us "noch einmal zu unser schafen," as the German proverb runs. Although disappointed in the behaviour of *La Flèche*, my second string *Llanthony* maintained my reputation for correct tips, by running last, as I said he would!—It is true that some papers report him as having finished seventh and *El Diablo* last; but as he did not win, he might just as well have been last as seventh—and as I am sure my friend Lord ELTHAM will not mind the placings being reversed—I therefore place *Llanthony* last—and those of my readers who took my advice and backed him, will have every reason to congratulate themselves when they draw their money!

With regard to the winner, *Sir Hugo*, whose success was a general surprise to all except myself—(surprise is bad form)—I can only follow the example of all other writers on turf matters in declaring that, "he always had my good word, and was in fact my winter favourite,

as anyone can see who will take the trouble to glance through my earlier advices!"—these will be difficult to find, as they were only conveyed in private letters which will not be published until my biography is written later on!—(very much, I hope). Still, had I pursued the ordinary course of trying to tip the Winner, *Sir Hugo* would undoubtedly have been my sole selection—a fact which should not fail to weigh with my followers—and I have followers in plenty, as Lord ARTHUR knows!

Having done the whole of Epsom week, I shall be glad of a rest to get ready for Ascot—(four new gowns to try on)—and besides there are some smart parties to attend next week, so Doncaster will not be blessed with my sweet presence. However, I have a friend there on the Press who can be trusted. So, in concluding this letter with my selection for the last horse in the Manchester Cup, I am able to recommend it very strongly, as my friend will do the placing; and as I am not there, no collusion can be suspected!

I must just mention that among the shows provided on Epsom Downs for the entertainment of the multitude, was one which I should like to see done away with, namely, the so-called "glove contests"—which to my mind are not calculated to advance "England's greatness" nor are they pleasing to look on at. The "abolition of Slavin(g)" is undoubtedly a fine thing, but is hardly perhaps an unmixed blessing when it makes heroes of Dusky Warriors!

I hear from my friend Major CLEMENT that we are going to have a most successful Ascot in spite of the regrettable absence of Royalty; indeed he could have let all the Boxes twice over—and as I shall be staying there all the week with my friends the Baron and Baroness LUTHER VON MONTAG, I hope to collect some valuable information for my betting readers.

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

THE TIP.

To ride the first horse in the Manchester Cup

Is a thing for which jockeys might quarrel!

But if modest young WOODBURN should have the "leg up,"

He's content to be last on "*Balmoral*."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 30.—House met to-day, with pretty assumption of things being just as usual. SPEAKER in Chair; Mace on Table; paper loaded with questions; House even moderately full. Mr. G. not present, but SQUIRE OF MALWOOD makes up for that, and all other deficiencies. Quite radiant in white waistcoat and summer pants; wish he would crown the effect by wearing white hat; draws the line at that. "People are apt to forget," he says, "that my father was a dignitary of the Church. It is well sometimes to hint at the circumstance, and it would be impossible to do it from under the brim of a white hat." The item scarcely needed to complete joviality of Squire's appearance and bearing; looks like the best man at a wedding-party. "That's just what I am, TOBY," he said; "Mr. G. is going to the country to wed [the majority at the polls, and I'm the best man.]"

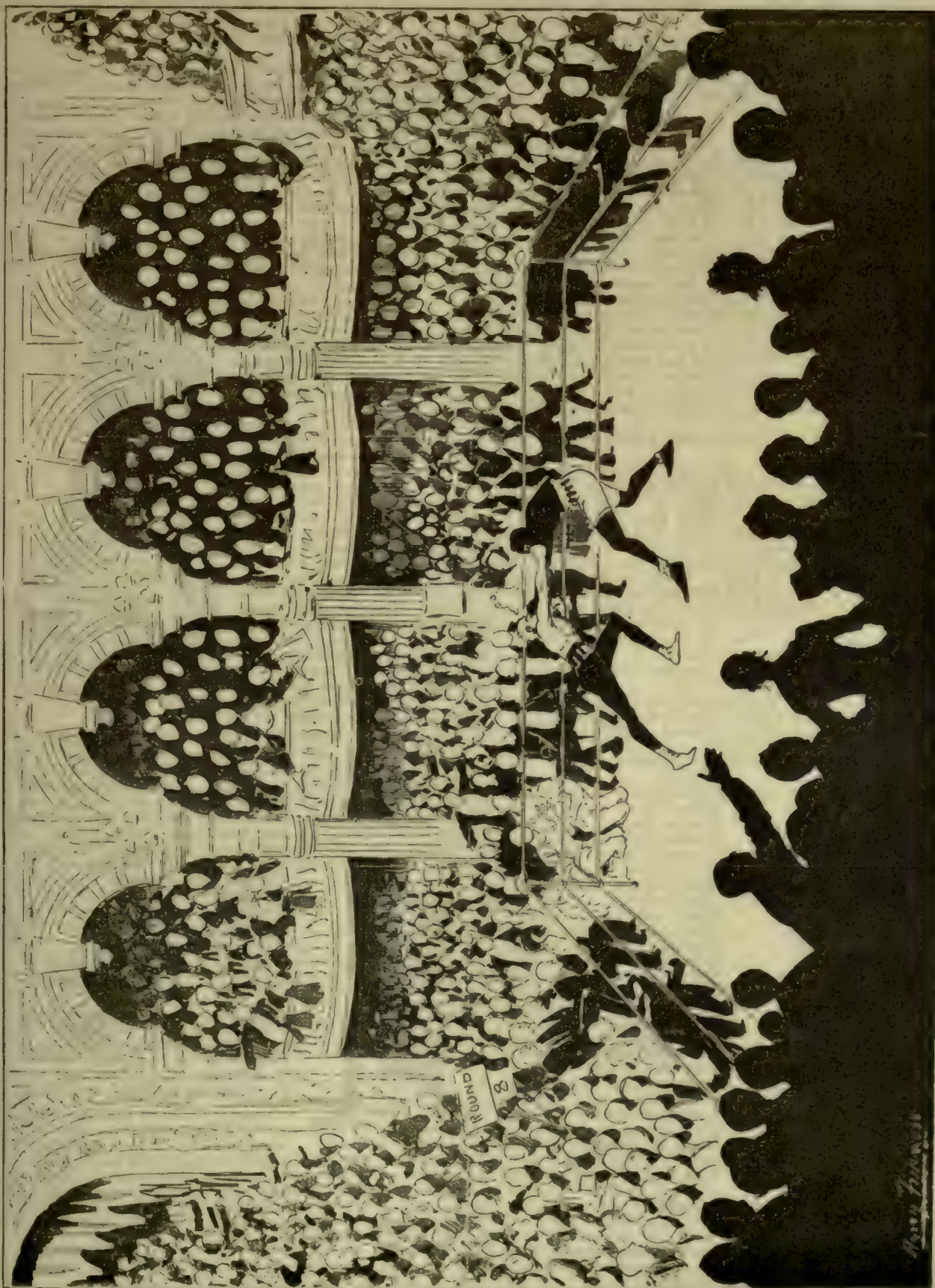
Meanwhile, farce of [there being nothing particular in the wind admirably kept up. Odd to see how even mention of that blessed word Dissolution is avoided. Even when, last Thursday, Mr. G. and Prince ARTHUR practically settled the matter, the word not uttered. Mr. G. hinted at possibility of ARTHUR's sometime, in some convenient circumstances, making a statement as to the business of the Session; the Prince, adopting the phraseology, said he would do so. Since then the same precaution been observed.

"It's not a new idea," Prince ARTHUR said just now, when I commented on the peculiarity. "When a man is sick unto death, people don't mention in his presence the particular form of disease that is carrying him off. Neither do we openly talk of Dissolution in a Parliament whose days are numbered."

SEXTON finally got off his speech on Irish Education Bill, though under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Might have delivered it before Easter, when Bill was reached one evening at eleven o'clock. SEXTON thought the hour inconvenient and the audience inadequate for the oration; insisted upon postponing it. Must be delivered



Truculent Tim.



THE GREAT CONTEST. BLACK AND WHITE AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB, MONDAY, MAY 30, 1892.

At the earnest request of the President, Mr. Punch will not disclose the personality of the spectators.

Henry Thorne

to-night or never; so worked it off, speaking for an hour in almost empty and sadly inattentive House. TIM HEALY, not to lose an opportunity that might be final, joined in debate. Audience being chiefly composed of JACKSON, TIM took opportunity of genially observing, *à propos* of the Bill, that if he had to spend his time on a desert island with either a Chief Secretary or an Irish peasant, he would prefer the peasant. "I'm glad of that," said JACKSON; "it would be lonely for the one that was left. Within a week the population would certainly be reduced by one-half. Whether the survivor would be TIM or the other one, would depend upon circumstances." *Business done.*—Irish Education Bill read Second Time.

Tuesday.—ELCHO's speech to-day, in supporting WILFRID LAWSON's Motion against Adjournment over Derby Day, most excellent fooling. A dangerous thing to play practical jokes with House; only a person of ELCHO's supreme coolness would have faced the fearful odds. A desperate man having done so, might, by swerving however slightly to left or right, have made mistake, and been angrily dropped on by watchful House. GRICE-HUTCHINSON had some experience of this in his truncated speech. Commenced at length to be funny in usual ante-Derby Day fashion; beginning to draw picture of his leading WILFRID LAWSON by hand over Epsom Downs. Members opposite snorted disapproval; GRICE-HUTCHINSON abruptly shut up; like the unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower, his carefully-prepared joke unfinished must remain. With this awful warning, ELCHO rose unperturbed and unabashed. Was a success from first moment; SPEAKER artlessly contributed to it; GEDGE had something to say; been popping up whenever opening occurred; here again competing with ELCHO; which should be preferred?

"Does the noble Lord," said SPEAKER, with bland sarcasm, "rise to second the Amendment?"

Now the Amendment was WILFRID LAWSON's, and met with direct negative proposal to adjourn over Derby Day. Last time question to the fore ELCHO had moved the Adjournment. To suppose he was now going to back up WILFRID LAWSON in opposing it was an exquisite jape, worthy of the Chair. But ELCHO capped it. "Yes, Sir," he gravely answered.

This was a flash of humour everyone could see. The crowded House, wearied with what had gone before, positively jumped at it. But it was a kind of joke that had to be lived up to. Could ELCHO do it? Would he spoil it by going too far, or would he shrink affrighted from the position audaciously assumed? He did just the right thing, in tone, manner, and matter, affording the House the merriest moments ever enjoyed on a death-bed. It seemed so good that it was idle to expect anything better to follow. But something there was. It was the Division, in which ELCHO, walking up to the Table by side of WILFRID LAWSON, acted as co-teller whilst the figures were announced that abolished the Derby Day holiday in the House of Commons. ELCHO had had his jest, and the Opposition had his estate.

Business done.—Motion for Derby Day negatived by 158 Votes against 144.

Wednesday.—Spent quite cheerful Derby Day in Commons.



"6 to 4." (t. and o.)

mons has taken to me kindly; but toward what may be the close of a Parliamentary career, the tribute of this honest Verger is, I will admit, soothing."

House met shortly after twelve; when I say House, I mean the SPEAKER and me. "Dearly beloved TOBY," said the SPEAKER, "it seems we're to have the place to ourselves."

But presently HOWELL arrived, and GEDGE, terribly afraid that he should miss prayers. "I suppose my opportunities will not be extended. Stockport doesn't seem to care to have me in the new Parliament, and I'm not aware of any competition for my hand among other constituencies. So I mean to make the most of what time is left. I fancy they'll at least miss me at St. Margaret's. Proudest moment in my life, TOBY, when the other Sunday, I overheard one of the Vergers saying to another, 'Man and boy I've been in this 'ere church for forty year, but I never heard a Amen carry so far as Muster GEDGE pitches his.' It's something to be appreciated, TOBY. Can't say that House of Com-

(12'25.)—GEDGE moves Count; bells ring; SQUIRE of MALWOOD strolls in with the pleased expression of a man who might be at the Derby, but isn't; HORACE DAVY and some others; all told only 13. "If you'll excuse me, Gentlemen," said the SPEAKER, "I'll retire; look in again little later."

(1 P.M.)—SPEAKER back in Chair; ATTORNEY-GENERAL moves Count; bells ring as before; SQUIRE of MALWOOD again comes in; no deception; wasn't lurking about with intent to show up in House, then rush off to catch half-past twelve train for Epsom. Heads counted; only 19 present; must have forty or no House. "Look here, Gentlemen," said the SPEAKER, "this won't do. The Chair is not to be trifled with. I shall again retire, and won't come back till four o'clock, or till I am assured there are forty Members present."

SPEAKER gathered up skirts and strode forth. Three hours before House can be Counted Out. What's to be done in the time? ELLIOT LEES determines to make a book; 6 to 4 no House (t. and o.); HENRY FOWLER wouldn't bet; but ROBY put something on, and ALBERT ROLLIT staked a fiver.

(4 P.M.)—SPEAKER back again; House much fuller now; ELLIOT LEES looking anxious; made a nice book if he can only pull it off. But arrival of half a dozen Members would upset everything. ROBY and ALBERT ROLLIT rushing about corridors trying to bring men in; LEES KNOWLES moves Count; more ringing of bells; ROLLIT and ROBY, on picket-duty to last moment, nearly locked out; SPEAKER counts; finds only 35. "The House will now adjourn" says the SPEAKER. "Don't see why we should have met at all," says ROBY, snappishly. "I do," says ELLIOT LEES, making his little collection. "I've had a pleasant and profitable afternoon."

Business done.—House not made.

Friday.—House met at two o'clock; might have sat till seven; but at five minutes to five gently broke up. Won't be back till Thursday. "Not much of a holiday," said Viscount GRIMSTONE, formerly of the Herts Militia; "better make the most of it;" and he set off at the rate of five miles an hour.

Business done.—Adjourned for the Whitsun Recess.



THE VIGOROUS VICAR.—Dr. MILLS of Coventry, to which place his bitterest enemies cannot relegate him as he is already there, acts up to his name, as a Member of the Church Militant, with pluck and



perseverance, whether right or wrong it is not for *amicus curie* to say. But, it may be asked, is this action for the rates, on the part of the Vicar, a Vicar's first-Rate Act or not? Some parishioners suspend payment; we suspend judgment.

VERY NATURAL ERROR.—A gentleman who up till now has been a quiet sort of man, with nothing suggestive of the "P. R." about him, sent to excuse himself from appearing at our old friend Mrs. RAM's dinner-party, because as he wrote to her nephew, who read the letter aloud, "I am off to see Woodhall Spa." "What!" she exclaimed, "Prize-fighting beginning again! And isn't Mr. WOODHALL, or WOODALL, a Member of Parliament? He ought to know better. Where are the police?"

"IT WILL WASH!"—"Abolition of the House of Peers!" No, stop—spell it with an "a," and make it "Pears,"—now a Company Limited. Going along in first-rate style. The Pears' Soap Christmas Book, illustrated, is to be a new edition of "His Soaps Fables." Next form of advertisement—"Very good morning! Just bought Pears' Soap Shares."

FRENCH PLAYS IN LONDON.—The old saying applies, "They do these things better in France." London prefers to go to Paris for its French plays; but when two rivals, a BERNHARDT and a COQUELIN, come over to London, Londoners give the lady a chance of making her charming voice heard, but the clever French actor has, literally, to "shut up."

ROYAL DECISION.—When the QUEEN goes from Balmoral to Mar Lodge, Her Majesty takes a Deesided course.

THE COURIER OF THE HAGUE.

(By the "Vacuus Viator.")

He is an elderly amiable little Dutchman in a soft felt hat; his name is BOSCH, and he is taking me about. Why I engaged him I don't quite know—unless from a general sense of helplessness in Holland, and a craving for any kind of companionship. Now I have got him, I feel rather more helpless than ever—a sort of composite of *Sandford* and *Merton*, with a didactic, but frequently incomprehensible *Dutch Barlow*. My *Sandford* half would like to exhibit an intelligent curiosity, but is generally suppressed by *Merton*, who has a morbid horror of useful information. Not that BOSCH is remarkably erudite, but nevertheless he contrives to reduce me to a state of imbecility, which I catch myself noting with a pained surprise. There is a statue in the Plein, and the *Sandford* element in me finds a satisfaction in recognising it aloud as WILLIAM the Silent. It is—but, as my *Merton* part thinks, a fellow *would* be a fool if he didn't recognise

WILLIAM after a few hours in Holland—his images, in one form or another, are tolerably numerous. Still, BOSCH is gratified. "Yass, dot is ole VOLLIAM," he says, approvingly, as to a precocious infant just beginning to take notice. "Loker," he says, "you see dot Apoteek?" He indicates a chemist's shop opposite, with nothing remarkable about it externally, except a Turk's head with his tongue out over the door. "Yes, I, speaking for *Sandford* and *Merton*, see it—has it some historical interest—did VOLLIAM get medicine there, or what?" "Woll, dis mornin dare vas two sairvans dere, and de von cot two blades out of de odder's haid, and afderwards he go opstairs and vas hang himself mit a pedboat." BOSCH evidently rather proud of this as illustrating the liveliness of The Hague. "Was he mad?" "Yass, he vas mard, mit a vife and seeks childrens." "No, but was he out of his senses?" "I tink it vas oud of Omsterdam he vas com," says BOSCH. "But how did it happen?" "Wol-sare, de broprietor vas die, and leaf de successor de business, and he dells him in von mons he will go, because he nod egamin to be a Chiminal—so he do it, and dey dake him to de hospital, and I tink he vas die too by now!" adds BOSCH, cheerfully. Very sad affair evidently—but a little complicated. *Sandford* would like to get to the bottom of it, but *Merton* convinced there is no bottom. So, between us, subject allowed to drop. *Sandford* (now in the ascendant again) notices, as the clever boy, inscription on house-front, "Hier woonden GROEN VAN PRINSTERER, 1838-76." "I suppose that means VAN PRINSTERER lived here, BOSCH?" "Yass, dot vas it." "And who was he?" "He vas—wol, he vos a Member of de Barliaments." "Was he celebrated?" "Celebrated? oh, yass!" "What did he do?" (I think *Merton* gets this in.) "Do?" says BOSCH, quite indignantly, "he nefer do *nodings*!" BOSCH takes me into the Fishmarket, when he directs my attention to a couple of very sooty live storks, who are pecking about at the refuse. "Dose birts are shorks; hier dey vas oblige to keep always two shorks for de arms of de Haag. Ven de yong shorks porn, de old vons vas kill." *Sandford* shocked—*Merton* sceptical. "Keel dem? Oh, yass, do anytings mit dem ven dey vas old," says BOSCH, and adds:—"Ve haf de preference mit de shorks, eh?" What is he driving at? "Yass—ven es vas old, ve vas nod kill." This reminds BOSCH—*Barlow*-like—of an anecdote. "Dere vas a vrent to me," he begins, "he com and say to me, 'BOSCH, I am god's shout and my bark is so dick, I can go no more on my larks—vat vas I do?' To him I say, 'Wol, I dell you vat I do mit you—I dake you at de booshair to be cot op; I tink you vas make vary goot shdeak-meat!'" Wonder whether this is a typical sample of BOSCH's *badinage*. "What did he say to that, BOSCH?" "Oh, he vas vair moch loff, a-course!" says BOSCH, with the natural complacency of a successful humorist.

We go into the Old Prison, and see some horrible implements of torture, which seem to exhilarate BOSCH. "Loker!" he says, "Dis vas a pinition" (BOSCH for "punishment") "mit a can. Dey lie de man down and vasten his foots, and efery dime he vas shdrook mit de can, he jump op and hit his vorehaid. . . . Hier dey lie down de beoples on de back, and pull dis shdring queeck, and all dese tings go roundt, and preak deir bones. Ven de pinition vas feenish you vas det." He shows where the Water-torture was practised. "Nottice'ow de vater vas vork a'ole in de tile," he chuckles. "I tink de tile vas vary hardt det, eh?" Then he points out a pole

with a spiked prong. "Tief-catcher—put 'em in de tief's nack—and ged 'im!" Before a grim-looking cauldron he halts appreciatively. "You know vat dat vas for?" he says. "Dat vas for de blade-foot; put 'em in dere, yass, and light de vire onderneat." No idea what "blade-foot" may be, but from the relish in BOSCH's tone, evidently something very unpleasant, so don't press him for explanations. We go upstairs, and see some dark and very mouldy dungeons, which BOSCH is most anxious that I should enter. Make him go in *first*, for the surroundings seem to have excited his sense of the humorous to such a degree, that he might be unable to resist looking me in, and leaving me, if I gave him a chance.

Outside at last, thank goodness! The Groote Kerk, according to BOSCH, "is not vort de see," so we don't see it. *Sandford* has a sneaking impression that I ought to go in, but *Merton* glad to be let off. We go to see the pictures at the Mauritshuis instead. BOSCH exchanges greetings with the attendants in Dutch. "Got another of 'em in tow, you see—and collar-work, I can tell you!" would be a free translation, I suspect, of his remarks. Must say that, in a Picture-gallery, BOSCH is a superfluous luxury. He *does* take my ignorance just a trifle too much for granted. He *might* give me credit for knowing the story of ADAM and EVE, at all events! "De Saipan gif EVA de opple, an' EVA she gif him to ADAM," BOSCH carefully informs me, before a "*Paradise*," by RUBENS and BRUEGHEL. This rouses my *Merton* half to inquire what ADAM did with it. "Oh, he end him too!" says BOSCH in perfect good faith. I do wish, too, he wouldn't lead me up to PAUL POTTER's "*Bull*," and ask me enthusiastically if it isn't "real meat." I shouldn't mind it so much if there were not several English people about, without couriers—but there *are*. My only revenge is (as *Merton*) to carefully pick out the unsigned canvases and ask BOSCH who painted them; whereupon, BOSCH endeavours furtively to make out the label on the frames, and then informs me in desperation, "it was 'School,'—yass, he baint him!" BOSCH kindly explains the subject of every picture in detail. He tells me a DROOCHSLOOT represents a "balsham pedder." I suppose I look bewildered, for he adds—"open air tance mit a village." "Hier dey vas haf a tipute; dis man say de ham vas more value as de cheese—dere is de cheese, and dere is the ham." "Hier is an old man dot marry a yong vife, and two tevils com in, and de old man he ron away." "Hier he dress him in voman, and de vife is vrighten." "Hier is JAN STEEN himself as a medicine, and he veel de yong voman's polse and say dere is nodings de madder, and de modder ask him to trink a glass of vine." "Hier is de beach at Skavening—now dey puild houses on de dunes—bot de beach is schdill dere." Such are BOSCH's valuable and instructive comments, to which, as representing *Sandford* and *Merton*, I listen with depressed docility. All the same, can't help coming to the conclusion that Art is not BOSCH's strong point. Shall come here again—alone. We go on to the Municipal Museum, where he shows me what he considers the treasures of the collection—a glass goblet, engraved "mit dails of tobaggio pipes," and the pipes themselves; a painting of a rose "mit ade beoples faces in de leafs;" and a drawing of "two pirts mit only von foots."

Outside again. BOSCH shows me a house. "Loker. In dot house leef an oldt lady all mit herself and ade sairvans. She com from Friesland, yassir." Really, I think BOSCH is going to be interesting—at last. There is a sly twinkle in his eye, denoting some story of a scandalous but infinitely humorous nature. "Well, BOSCH, go on—what about the old lady?" I ask, eagerly, as *Merton*. "Wol, Sir," says BOSCH, "she nefer go noveres." That's all! "A devilish interesting story, *Sump*, indeed!" to quote Mr. Wagg.

But, as BOSCH frequently reminds me, "It vas pedder, you see, as a schendlemans like you go apout mit me; I dell you tings dot vas nod in de guide-books." Which I am not in a position to deny.

BY ONE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.—"It is a curious fact," wrote the Recording Angel, a very superior sort of person to "the Printer's Devil," on the *Daily Telegraph*, "that in Greater London last week the births registered were just one more than twice the number of deaths. Thus grows the population in this great Babylon." Very appropriate, in this instance, is the title of "Great Baby-lon." If you put it down an "e," my Lord, and spell it "berths," then these are by no means in proportion to the unemployed youth in search of them.



"Some story of a scandalous but infinitely humorous nature."

DISSOLUTION—(AS THE ENEMY OF THE LONDON SEASON).



THERE was a sound of revelry by day,
And England's Capital had gathered then,
Her Beauty and her Masherdom, and gay
Spring's sun shone o'er smart women and
swell men;
A thousand shops shone showily; and when

MAY came to Mayfair, FLORA to Pall-Mall,
Shrewd eyes winked hope to eyes which
winked again,
And maids heard sounds as of the marriage-
bell.
But hush! hark! a harsh sound strikes like
a sudden knell!

Did ye not hear it? Is it howling wind?
The tram-car rattling o'er the stony street?
The groans of M.P.'s wearily confined —
To the dull House when night and morning
meet,
Dragged to Divisions drear with dawdling feet?

No, hark! that heavy sound breaks
in once more,
The street, the hall its echoes now
repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than
before!

Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the
Elections' opening roar!

'Tis in our midst—that figure
draped and dim,
Whose mocking music makes us
all afraid.

"Death as the Foe!" Can it
indeed be *Him*?

Duller, more dirge-like tune was
never played

On strings more spirit-chilling.
Feet are stayed

Though in mid-waltz, and laugh-
ter, though at height,

Hushes, and maidens modishly
arrayed

For matrimonial conquest, shrink
with fright;

And Fashion palsied sits, and
Shopdom takes to flight.

Ah! then and there are hurrying
to and fro

And gathering tears, and pout-
ings of distress,

And cheeks all pale, which some
short hours ago

Glowed with the deep delights of
Dance and Dress;

And there are sudden partings,
such as press

The hope from Spoons of promise,
meaning sighs

Which ne'er may be repeated;
who can guess

If ever more shall meet those
mutual eyes,

When Dissolution snaps the
Season's tenderest ties?

And there is scuttling in hot
haste: the steed,

The Coaching Meet, the Opera's
latest star,

The Row, the River, the Vitellian
feed,—

All the munitions of the Social
War,

Seem fruitless now, when peal on
peal afar

And near, the beat of the great Party Drum
Rouses M.P.'s to platform joust and jar,

While tongue-tied dullards scarcely dare be
dumb,

When the Whips whisper "Go!" Wire-
pullers clamour "Come!"

"Too bad! Too bad! The Influenza chilled,
Court-mourning marred, the Season's earliest
prime,

And now, just as with hope young breasts are
filled,

When young leaves still are verdant on the
lime,

When diners-out are having a good time,
When Epsom's o'er and Ascot is at hand;

To cut all short, is scarcely less than crime.
Confusion on that wrangling party-band

Whose Dissolution deals the doldrums round
the land!

Ah! wild and high those Phantom-fiddlings
rise!

All jocund June with palsying terror thrills;
Fashion sits frozen dead with staring eyes.

How that dread dirge the ambient Summerfills
Savage and shrill! Smart frocks, soft snowy
frills,

Long trains which dancing Beauty deftly
steers,

Through waltzes wild or devious quadrilles,—



THE DARWINIAN THEORY—VARIATION FROM ENVIRONMENT.

"KNOCKED 'EM IN THE OLD KENT ROAD!"

"ATTRACTED ALL EYES AT CHURCH PARADE."

All vanish; bosoms white, beset with fears;
Beat flight as that fell strain falls harsh
on Beauty's cars.

And June yet waves above them her green
leaves,

Dewy with Springtide's night-drops as they
pass,

Grieving,—if aught that's modish ever
grieves,—

Over the unreturning chance. Alas!
Their hopes are all out down ere falls the grass.

That with corn-harvest might have seen full
blow.

See how foiled Shopdom flies, a huddled mass
Of disappointment, hurrying from the foe,

Who all their Season's prospects shatters,
and lays low.

Last month beheld them full of lusty life,
Beauty, and Wealth, and Pleasure, proudly
gay;

This music brings the signal-sound of strife,
This month the marshalling to arms. Away!

Party's magnificently sham array
The muster of Mode's mob will soon have
rent.

Play on, O Phantom, ominously play!
Death as the Foe! They fly before thee, blent,

Maid, Matron, Masher, Mime, in general
discontent!

ADVICE GRATIS.

DEBT.—"SIMPLE SIMON" writes: "A man owes me money which he cannot pay. He lives in furnished lodgings, and has given me a Bill of Sale on the furniture. Is this sufficient security? He also offers to insure his life for £200 if I will advance him £100, which will be the cost of the first premium, which he says is always heavy. I am disposed to close with this offer. Am I prudent?" Prudent is hardly the word to describe you. We should not in your position make the advance mentioned. A retreat would be much better tactics. We fancy, from your description, that your friend would do well as a Company Promoter.

STOCK-DEALING TRANSACTIONS. — "Will you advise me under the following circumstances?" asks "CHEERFUL SOUL," on a post-card. "I placed £50 with an Outside Broker as a speculation for the rise in Cashville and Toothpeka First Preference. Yesterday I received a note to say I had lost my money, as 'cover had run off.' On repairing to the Broker's Office, I was surprised to find it apparently deserted. What is my remedy?" — We should imagine that the Broker had "run off" too. Your remedy is—not to speculate again. "Flutters" lead to the Gutters.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

Married Vicar. "WELL, MY BISHOP WAS VERY PARTICULAR WITH ME. AMONG OTHER THINGS, HE ASKED ME, BEFORE PRESENTING ME, WHETHER MY WIFE WAS A LADY!"

His Curate (reflectively). "I CAN QUITE UNDERSTAND THAT!"

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

(A Conversation—Purely Imaginary.)

SCENE—Pall Mall. Present, SECRETARY OF STATE and Military Adviser.

Mil. A. I want to know your ideas about the Autumn Manœuvres. Are we to have any this year?

Sec. of S. (with a melancholy smile). That depends upon circumstances not entirely under my control.

Mil. A. Oh, yes; I know. But Governments may come and Governments may go, but the State flows on for ever. Whatever you commence they will have to carry out.

Sec. of S. Can we have these Manœuvres without expense?

Mil. A. Well, scarcely. For instance, there is the ammunition.

Sec. of S. Oh, we can get over that! Every soldier, when he is supposed to fire, can say, "Bang!" or words to that effect. We might add the direction to the new Provisional Drill-Book.

Mil. A. (drily). Yes, you might; and it would prove about as useful as the other regulations in that remarkable volume! Well, suppose the difficulty of ammunition surmounted, what next?

Sec. of S. Well, I suppose we shall have to spend some money on the farmers for rights of way and the rest of it?

Mil. A. I suppose so, if you want the troops to move over an unfamiliar country.

Sec. of S. But I am not sure I do. Why shouldn't they learn how to defend Aldershot? Then it would cost nothing. What next?

Mil. A. Well, there will be the Commissariat expenses.

Sec. of S. Suppose food costs the same in most places. Besides, isn't TOMMY ATKINS supposed to purchase his own victuals?

Mil. A. Yes, theoretically I suppose he is; but practically he—
Sec. of S. Oh, bother practice! Of course he must, somehow; he must pay for the Commissariat out of his own pocket.

Mil. A. Well, then there is the question of transport. Of course, many regiments have their own waggons and carts, but for a special occasion I think it would be advisable if—

Sec. of S. (interrupting). What nonsense! Why, of course we will make them all walk. It will do them a world of good!

Mil. A. Well, as we want to bring some from Scotland, it will distinctly be a long walk—a very long walk indeed!

Sec. of S. (heartily). So much the better—so much the better!

Mil. A. (sarcastically). I fancy you will have to pay a large bill in shoe-leather!

Sec. of S. (aghast). So we shall! Oh, bother the Manœuvres just now! The fact is, I have to think of other things!

[Scene closes in upon Secretary thinking of other things.]

STUDIES IN THE NEW POETRY.

No. II.

MR. PUNCH's first example of the New Poetry was, it may be remembered, in the rhymed, irregular style. It is not a difficult style. The lines may be long or short; some may groan under an accumulation of words, while others consist of merely two or three—a most unfair distribution. The style of the following specimen (also by Mr. H-NL-Y) is, however, even easier to manage. There are no rhymes and very few restrictions. The lines are very short, and a few words, therefore, go a very long way, which is always a consideration, even if you don't happen to be paid by the column. This style is very fierce and bloodthirsty and terrible. Timid people are, therefore, advised, for the sake of their nerves, not to read any farther.

THE SONG OF THE POKER.



The Poker,
Clanging.
I am the Poker the straight and
the strong,
Prone in the fire-grate,
Black at the nether end,
Knobby and nebulous.

Fashioned for fight
In the Pit Acherontic:
Many have grappled me,
Poised me and thrust me
Into the glowing,
The flashing and furious
Heart of the fire.
Raked with me, prized with me,
Till on a sudden
Besparked and encircled
With Welsh or with Wallsend,
Shattering, battering
They drew me away.
Others in rivalry,
Thinking to better
The previous performance,
Seized me again;
Pushed with a leverage
Hard on the haft of me,
Till with the shocks
Sank the red fire,

Shivered and sank
Subdued into blackness.
That is my Toil;
I am the Poker.

Oh, and the burglar's head
Often hath felt me,
Hard, undesirable
Cracker of craniums.
I have drunk of the blood,
The red blood, the life-blood
Of the wife of the drunkard.
Hoh! then, the glory,
The joyous, ineffable
Cup of fulfilment,
When the policeman,
Tall with a bull's-eye,
Took me and shook me,
Produced me in evidence,
There in the dim
Unappeasable grisliness
Of the Police-Court.
Women to shrink at me,
Men to be cursed with me,
Bloodstained, contemptuous,
Laid on the table.
I am the Minister,
Azrael's Minister.
I am the Poker.



VENUS (ANNO DOMINI 1892) RISES FROM THE SEA!!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—Great German Night. Third Part of the Festival Play for Four Nights by RICHARD WAGNER, with (thank goodness just to lighten it) an English translation by the Messrs. CORDER.

"Sursum Corder!" A light and airy work as everyone knows is *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, or *The Nibelung's Ring*, requiring all the power of lungs to get the true ring out of the work. Hard work for singers, more so for orchestra, and most so for audience. As for the "Ring," there are a lot of animals in the Opera, but no horse, so the Circus entertainment is not complete until *Brünnhilde* shall appear in the next part of the tetralogy, with her highly-trained steed. Odd! Throughout two long (and, ahem! somewhat weary, eh?) Acts, not a female singer visible on stage (though one sings "like a bird" off it,—that is, quite appropriately, "at the wings"), and not until the Third Act, does *Erda* the witch "rise from below," and



Scenes in the Ring. Sir Alvary Siegfried, with Nothing on, as Master of "the Ring," gives a Special Entertainment.

we all saw her and 'Erd'er. Then, later on, appears *Brünnhilde*, asleep, "in a complete suit of gleaming plate-armour, with helmet on her head and long shield over her body," a style of free-and-easy costume which, as everyone knows, is highly conducive to sleeping in perfect comfort. No wonder *Siegfried* mistakes her for a man-in-armour out of the Lord Mayor's Show, and exclaims,

"Ha, a Warrior, sure!
I scan with wonder his form!"

(I was scanning with wonder the verses,—but *passons*!)—he continues:—

"His haughty head
Is pressed by the helm!"

This at first sight looks nautical; and therefore his next question is, "Can I speak to the man at the wheel?" He decides that, as the sleeping warrior "heaveth his breast," and "is heavily breathing," it will be a humane act to give him a little air.—[which is done in the orchestra whatever air there is].—and then *Siegfried* asks himself if it won't be as well, or "better, to open his byrnie?" Those among the audience who have been carefully reading the translation up to this point, here look up and closely watch *Siegfried's* proceedings, being evidently uncertain as to what "his byrnie" may be. Some clever person in Stalls observes that up to now, he has always thought that "byrnie" was the affectionate diminutive for a mountain 'byrne' in Scotland." Which clever person had evidently much to learn. However the effect of the operation for "byrnie" (which ought to have been performed by Dr. BYRNIE YEO, ever ready to rescue a fellow-creature in distress) is to show that the supposed Knight is a Lady. Whereupon *Siegfried* with "surprise and astonishment starts back" exclaiming:—

"This is no man! Burning enchantment"—he meant "Byrnie-ing"—"charges my heart;"—(what charge does a heart make in these circumstances?)—"fiery awe falls on my eyesight;" (bad symptoms these!)—"My senses stagger and away,"—So he swaggers and stays.

It is some time before he can pull himself together, and then the "Bewitched Maiden" awakes and addresses him bewitchingly. This causes him to be taken with a fit of "exalted rapture," while the lady, on her part, cannot help being "deeply stirred."

After a mad wooing, she laughs in a "wild transport of passion," calls him a "high-minded boy," likewise "a blossoming hero," also "a babe of prowess;" all which epithets, styles and titles, are in quite the vein of *Falstaff* addressing *Prince Hal*. Then, in return, *Siegfried* can hit on no better compliment than to style her "a Sun" and "a Star." Having thus exhausted their joint-stock of complimentary endearments, they throw themselves into each other's arms. On which situation the Curtain discreetly falls.

All very fine and large, of course. Orchestra splendid. *Siegfried* and *Brünnhilde* recalled four times. Everybody, including Mr. MAHLER the Conductor, and Sir AUGUSTUS WAGNERENSIS, called before Curtain. Madame ROSA SUCHER had her evening all to herself, to go wherever she liked, as she had only to drop in at the Opera at 11 P.M., don her armour in which to appear before the public at midnight, sing a few solos, join in a duet, and be off the stage again by 12.30 A.M. punctually.

The English translation will repay perusal. There are in it some really choice morsels. This subject must be considered at the earliest opportunity.

The Singing Dragon is delightful throughout, and his death as tragic as anything in *Pyramis* and *Thisbe* as played by *Bottom the Weaver & Co., Limited*.

Saturday.—Production of the Illustrious ISIDORE DE LARA'S *Light of Asia*. So the operatic day, that is Saturde-ay, finishes with generally-expressed opinion that this Opera is a

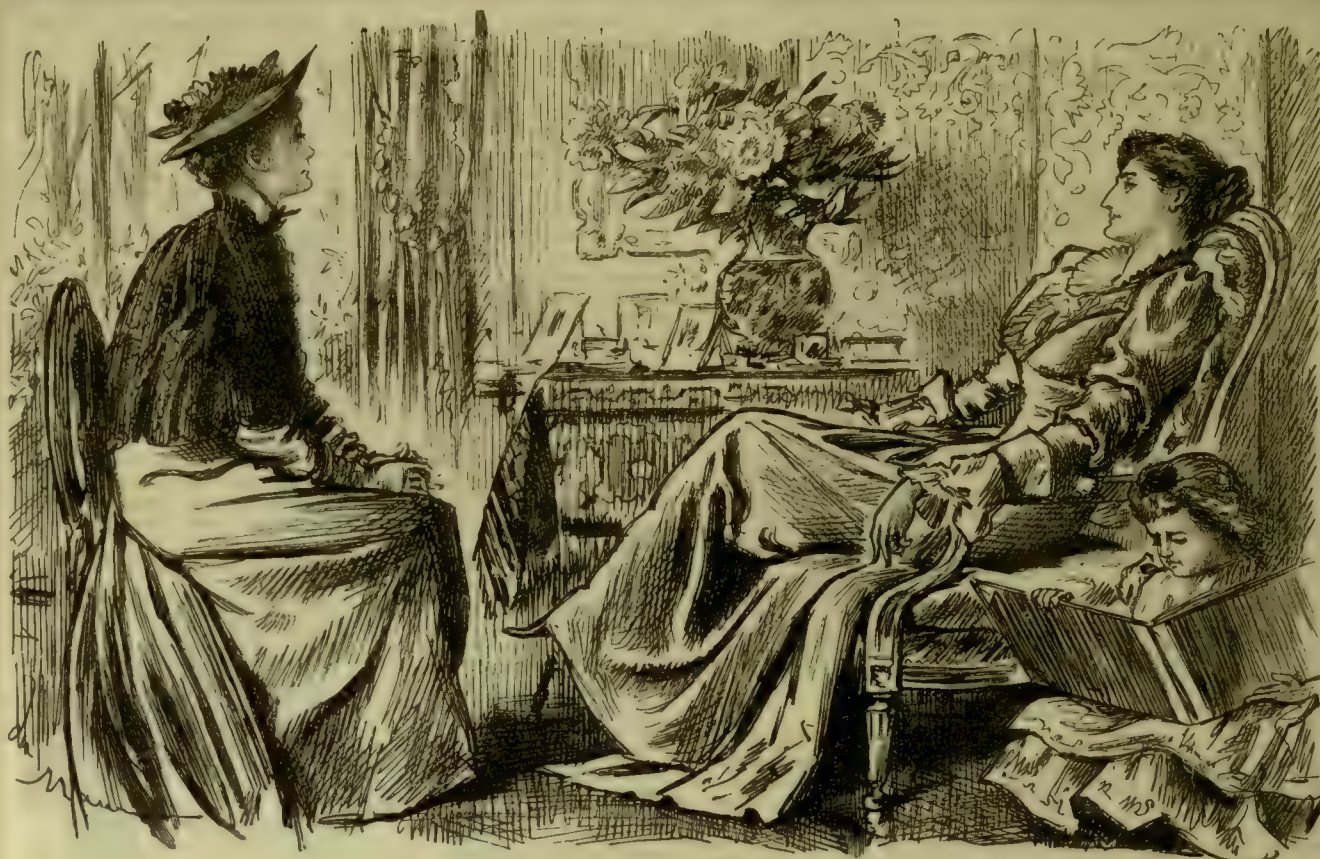
"DE-LA-RA-Boom-de-ay!"

Everything scenically and stage-managerially that could be done to make *The Light of Asia* brilliant, Sir DRURIOLANUS has done; but, after a first hearing, it strikes me that, regarded as a work for the stage, it is a mere *Night-light of Asia*, which, like *Macbeth's* "brief candle," will go "out," and "then be heard no more." If, however, it be relegated to the concert-hall, as a Cantata, *The Light of Asia* may appear lighter than it does on the boards of Covent Garden, where, intended to be a dramatic Opera, it only recalls to me the title of one of RUDYARD KIPLING's stories, viz., *The Light that Failed*.

A SUTTON THOUGHT.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN can now allude to Lord ROSEBURY as "a Sutton person of his acquaintance."



Sir Druriolanus Wagneren is offering the Tea-tray-logy to his Patrons.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Unfashionable Mother. "WHAT A SWEET CHILD! HOW OLD IS SHE?"

Fashionable Mother. "WELL, REALLY, IF YOU ARE GOING TO ASK THAT SORT OF QUESTION, I'D BETTER SEND FOR THE NURSE!"

AN OLD SONG REVIVED.

(As sung by the Champion Ulster "Comique," Colonel S-and-rs-n, to the old tune of "De Grooves de Pool," written by "honest Dick Millikin.")

WHILLALOO! If they droive us to foighting,
'Tis ourselves who will lead 'em a dance,
Till, loike the Cork bhoys, they 're deloighting,
Back again to their homes to advance!

No longer in beating such rebels
We 'll take than in baiting a bull.
How they 'll squake, in effeminate trebles,
When Ulster's battalions are full!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

We trate 'em as loving relations?
We trust to the "Union of Hearts"?
We heed the Grand Old One's orations?
We play the Minority's parts?
We bow to the yoke of TIM HEALY?
We stoop to the Papisthry rule?
Faix! them who imagine it really
Must fancy that "Orange" spells "fool."
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

We consint to a sham House o' Commons
Established on ould College Green?
They fancy we 're Radical rum 'uns!
Allaygiance we owe to our QUEEN!
But we 're fly to their thraitorous dodges;
Our loyalty's edge would they dull?
Fwit! We 'll pour like a flood from our
Lodges,
And crack every "National" skull!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

We 're all friends of Law and of Order,
But would they wrench us from the Crown?

We 'll soon be a-singing "Boyne Water,"
And marching to "Croppies, lie down!"
'Tis we have the Men and the Money,
We don't want to foight, we 're quite cool.
But, by Jingo, our foes will look funny,
When Ulster turns out 'gin Home Rule!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

To-day in our myriads we muster.
Friendly warning is all that we mean.
About SOLLY's "incitement" Rads fluster;
We 're thrus to the Crown and the QUEEN;
But Ulster no "patriot" shall sever,
And Ulster no "Papish" shall school.
Whillaloo! Here's the Union for ever,
And into the Boyne wid Home Rule!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

Ooh! Here's to Dutch WILLIAM the Pious!
And here's to VICTORIA the Good!
If they think we won't foight, let 'em try us!
They mook at an Orangeman's mood,
But once set the Green 'gainst the Yellow,
(Wid no one our coat-tails to pull.)
And I pity the patriots who bellow
(Like bhoys in a bog) for Home Rule!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

Come, all loyal props of the nation,
Come fill up a bumper all round!
Drink success to our great federation;
With Brummy Joe's blessing 'tis crowned.
He says we are heroes, right stingo,
He vows W. G. 's an old fool.
No, we don't want to fight, but, by Jingo
Whin we do—it's all up wid Home Rule!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!
[Left "bombinating."]

A BACHELOR'S GROWL.

OH, the beautiful women, the women of
ancient days,

The ripe and the red, who are done and
dead,

With never a word of praise;

The rich, round SALLIES and SUSANS, the
POLLIES and JOANS and PRUES,

Who guarded their fame, and saw no
shame

In walking in low-heeled shoes.

They never shrieked on a platform; they
never desired a vote;

They sat in a row and liked things slow,

While they knitted or patched a coat.

They lived with nothing of Latin, and a jolly
sight less of Greek,

And made up their books, and changed
their cooks

On an average once a week.

They never ventured in hansoms, nor climbed
to the topmost 'bus,

Nor talked with a twang in the latest slang;

They left these fashions to us.

But, ah, she was sweet and pleasant, though
possibly not well-read,

The excellent wife who cheered your life,
And vanished at ten to bed.

And it's oh the pity, the pity that time should
ever annul

The wearers of skirts who mended shirts,
And never thought nurseries dull.

For everything's topsy-turvy now, the men
are bedded at ten,

While the women sit up, and smoke and sup
In the Club of the Chickless Hen.



ULSTER CONVENTION

SWAIN &c

AN OLD SONG REVIVED.

COLONEL S-ND-RS-N (*the Irish "Lion Comique"*) sings—

} "WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT,
BUT, BY JINGO, IF WE DO,—"

THE USEFUL CRICKETER.

(A Candid Veteran's Confession.)

I AM rather a "pootlesome" bat—
I seldom, indeed, make a run;
But I'm rather the gainer by that,
For it's bad to work hard in the sun.

As a "field" I am not worth a jot,
And no one expects me to be;
My run is an adipose trot,
My "chances" I never can see.

I am never invited to bowl, [slight,
And though, p'raps, this seems like a
In the depths of my innermost soul
I've a notion the Captain is right.



In short, I may freely admit
I am not what you'd call a great
oatch;
But yet my initials are writ
In the book against every
match!

For although—ay, and there is
the rub—
I am forty and running to fat,
I have made it all right with the
Club,
By presenting an Average Bat!

PRIVATE REFLECTIONS OF THE PUBLIC ORATOR AT CAMBRIDGE.

(As recorded by Mr. Punch's Patent Phonograph.)

DEADLY business, this Latin joking. One speech is bad enough, but fifteen are absolutely crushing. Still it must be done. Shade of CICERO, befriend me! Here goes:—

"What on earth can I say about the DUKE OF EDINBURGH? Mustn't offend these blessed Royalties. Am told they never take kindly to jokes. Let me see, he served on the *Euryalus* (query? ought I to bring in *Nisus*). Travelled a great deal—*multorum vidit et urbes*. *Mem.* Work this up. By the way, ALFRED's his name. Bring in ALFRED and the cakes. ALFRED thrashed Danes. PRINCE OF WALES married a Dane. To be worked up. Sailor-Prince: *mem.* *O navis referent*, etc. See also VIRGIL's description of storm. Prince plays fiddle. Might say that VIRGIL was poet *quem vicina Cremona Mantua genuit*. Did this, years ago, for old JOACHIM, but can use it again. Never mind the *vs nimum misera vicina Cremona*. Prince won't know about that. What's the best Latin for Admiral? Daughter betrothed to Crown PRINCE OF ROUMANIA. Can get in Roman legionaries. Ripping!!

NORTHBROOK's fairly easy. Oxford man. Mustn't mention he only got Second Class. Never mind, India will pull me through. Conquests of ALEXANDER, and all that sort of thing. Must look up RUDYARD KIPLING for latest tips. Dusky brothers (Query, *sub-fusci fratres*?) good Academical joke this; sure to fetch the VICE-CHANCELLOR. Pity the CHANCELLOR's so poor in Latin.

CRANBROOK next. Bother all these brooks! He's a Viscount (*Vice-Comes DE CRANBROOK*). Lord President of Council; looks after education. That'll do it. Who's this fool that has sent a post-card asking me to say something about *Educatio libera*? *Num est tuus servus canis ut hanc rem faciat*?

HENRY JAMES. Dearme! No University education. Must refer to CICERO as a barrister. *Solicitor Generalis* doesn't sound right somehow. Refused to be Lord Chancellor. *Mem.* Get good joking Latin for Woolsack. Factory and Workshops Act must see me through.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Hard nut to crack. Can't say I like him myself. *Birminghamie decus; civium consensu ter*—What the dickens is Mayor in Latin? Did anybody make screws in ancient Rome? *Mem.* Work up orchids and eyeglass. *Una cum Cancellario nostro seni grandi restitit*. Absolutely no literary distinction. Still, he's got a son who was a Cambridge man. Must get in a sly dig at OSCAR BROWNING and East Worcestershire. Something about old-age pensions. Bah, I hate the job!

JOHN MORLEY. Humph! Delicate ground. Home Rule's got to be skimmed over. Only consistent Home-Ruler of the lot (*sibi constat*). Books by the dozen (*lucidus ordo*, etc.). French Revolution (*res novæ*). Ardent reformer (*res renovanda radicatus*). Ought to drag in *impiger, iracundus, inezorabilis acer*. Better not, on second thoughts.

That's enough for one morning. Polish off the rest to-morrow. *Mem.* WEBSTER won two miles against Oxford (*duo millia passuum; Ozoniensibus triumphatus*, and a few japes about Isthmian games. Must fetch them). Remember to give ROSE one or two for himself over his Latin grammar. Mostly wrong. He'd better stick to making reels of cotton. BEELEY and the others can wait.

MR. HARDUP lately came into a large fortune, and changed his name to SKATTERKASH. He has started a coach, and drives four duns. "The duns used always to be after me," says he; "now I've got 'em before me. It's a pleasant reminder of unpleasant times."

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

(In the Summer Evenings, after Eight.)

As they are, always.—Closed. Within, a solitary policeman, moping. Without, the jaded citizens, gasping on a dusty road, and gazing through the iron railings at the cool groves within. A mile away, or nearer, some military bands (paid by whom?—no matter—ultimately by tax-payers, who don't get much for their money), bored to death for lack of work, and any number of charitable institutions spending half their funds in advertising for more.

As they might be, sometimes.—Open. At the gate energetic policemen taking the shillings of eager citizens who crowd in to sit and smoke in the cool groves, lighted by inexpensive Chinese lanterns, and to listen to the music of the military bands, now alert, cheerful and occupied. Scattered through the cool groves a few energetic, but unobtrusive, policemen, seeing that everyone behaves as quietly as at the Fisheries or the Healtheries. And (the next morning) any number of charitable institutions receiving the shillings thus virtuously and profitably spent.

SYLLOGISMS OF THE STUMP.

(Selected—and condensed—from recent Platform "Arguments.")

THERE is no principle, no precedent, no reason why, if the majority desire anything, a Legislative sanction should not be given to their decision.

The majority in Ireland desire Home Rule.

Therefore, it would be an outrage to the minority to give Legislative sanction to that desire.

The influence of Women in politics must be elevating and refining.

That influence can be most effectively and legitimately exercised by and through possession of the Electoral Franchise.

Therefore it would unsex and degrade women to give them the Parliamentary vote.

It is useless to receive a deputation (say, upon Eight Hours' Day legislation) unless you "mean business" in that matter.

I do not mean business in that matter—at present.

Therefore I shall be delighted to receive the deputation.

Liberal Legislation is bad for the country.

The present Government has successfully accomplished more Liberal Legislation than any of its predecessors.

Therefore the country should vote for the present Government.

The Gladstone Government of 1880 made many serious mistakes.

I was a leading Member of that Government.

Therefore you cannot go wrong in following me now.

Mr. C. made a slashing attack on Lord R., and addressed to him certain awkward questions and posing arguments to which he is bound to attempt an answer.

Lord R. made a dashing rejoinder to Mr. C., and devoted the whole of his speech to answering Mr. C.'s questions and arguments.

Therefore Lord R. showed bad taste and temper, and wasted his own time and the public's.

I have altered my opinion of many men since 1885.

Many men have altered their opinion of me since that same date.

Therefore they are either fickle fools or idolatrous items.

I followed my Leader until 1881.

Some follow him still.

Therefore either they don't know what they do, or don't mean what they say.

If any logical-minded reader should object that these so-called syllogisms are not really syllogisms at all, we should agree with him. But then they are not only the brief and formal expression of long-winded so-called arguments, which are not really arguments at all, but which, veiled in floods of verbiage, are duly presented to the public, from platform and Press, as though they really were so. *Moral*:—The clear analysis of stump-oratory generally takes the form of a *reductio ad absurdum*.



Going to the Country with a Cry.

MUTUAL ADVERTISEMENT BY THE COURT JESTER.—At the Shaftesbury Theatre is announced *A Play in Little*. At the Court they might announce a *LITTLE* in a Play. [N.B.—For explanation see Cast under Clock.] Just now, very little in any play.



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Mistress (to applicant for situation, who has been dismissed from her last place). "So YOU'VE JUST LEFT! DIDN'T YOUR SITUATION SUIT YOU?"

Martha. "OH YES, 'M. SITUATION SUITED ME VERY WELL. IT WAS ME, MUM, AS DIDN'T SUIT THE SITUATION!"

FROM A LAHORE PAPER.—"Punch," the writer ought to have said "*Mr. Punch*,"—"possesses a battery of guns, and maintains a standing army of 1,200 men." Quite correct. Wonderful how they get the news out there. The guns fire a hundred jokes per minute; all killing ones. The standing army do the thing well, and will stand anything (well-iced) to all friends within reasonable limits, under command of *Mr. Punch*, President.

VERY NATURAL.—MRS. BROWN POTTER, tired of playing a Hero, is now coming out as a Heroine before the Chaffdsbury Theatre is shut up.

Rod and River is the title of a useful book about fly-fishing (it only needs "fly-leaves" for notes to make it perfect), written by a Major bearing the appropriate name of FISHER. One note he might append for the benefit of intending Etonians, that those who, not having "passed" their swimming examination, venture to go on the "river," are in danger of the "rod."

MRS. RAM was told that Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is a giant in intellect. She said, "I don't know much about intellect, but he must be a very big giant to carry an orchard in his buttonhole."

ODONT.!

(An Ode to the Modern Flora.)

Oh, Flora, fair Goddess of Flowers, skies brighten, the gardens are glowing,
And lo! 'tis the season of Flower Shows,
When everything seems "All-a-blowing!"
And what the dickens you've been up to
with the dictionary, I'm dashed if
there's any possibility of knowing.

Talk about "Volapück." Why, it isn't a circumstance compared with the floral goddess's crack-jaw.

I've been trying to read the account of a Flower Show to my wife. Now, at patter-songs I've a slick tongue and slack jaw.

I can do "*John Wellington Wells*" pretty patly; but to read through a horticultural article

Would give an alligator instantaneous tetanus; and of meaning the words seem to have no particle.

I should like to be introduced, in its Bornean home, to the glorious plant called *Ceslo Dyana*.

But fancy a footman having to announce Madame SPATHOGLOTTIS KIMBALLIANA!

Odont. Uro-Skinneri sounds like something medical and epidermic, but then we're informed that its sepals and petals

Are "reticulated in tender brown and broad rosy-mauve," which immediately sends one "off the metals."

The Masdevallias may be a respectable family, though I should not care to marry into it.

But "the hybrid M. Mundyana representing M. Veitchii x M. Ignea" (though "a wonderfully glowing orange" by all accounts), sounds so exceedingly mixed and mongrel that I'd certainly eschew it.

"A noble Catt: *Gigas*" sounds rather aristocratic; "Catt: *Jacomb*," I suppose, is a sort of a relative;

But Od. *Citrosium*, sounds awfully odd, and is not my notion of a reassuring appellative.

And what are you to make of Odont. crisp. *Sanderæ*, which, whomever "*Sanderæ*" may be, I don't want to "crisp" him:

"A sport of nature unequalled" they call him, and no doubt his name is, for I can neither clearly articulate, stutter or lisp him.

I've not a doubt that, whoever he is, he is probably liked and considered by some a gem.

Cyp. *Chamberlainianum* has a political sound, and has a strong savour of a floral Brummagem.

And then comes "Odont. vex. *Bleui splendissimum*," which sounds like an appeal for "*Two Lovely Blue Eyes*."

But if it means something entirely different, I shall hear it without the smallest surprise.

In fact, looking further, I find, it's "an artificial hybrid from Odont. *vexillarium* x Odont. *Roezlii*." That's a staggerer.

But Dend. *phalanopsis Schroderæ Dellense* is a still bigger horticultural swaggerer.

O. *Coradenei*! likewise O. *Crispum*! I only wish that your Godmother, Flora,

Would insist upon shorter and more intelligible names for her modern offspring. By bright Aurora,

I can't go on worshipping at your floral shrine if the ritual is polyglot gibberish, and what's more, I won't, Ma'am.
In the word (queerly spelt) of which you seem very fond, I earnestly say, Flower Goddess, Odont. Ma'am!!!



THE RACE FOR THE COUNTRY. WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.
(By Our Americanized Artist.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Thursday, June 9.—The great strength of the Liberal Party lies in its illimitable resources of Leadership. When in ordinary times



"Standing at Bar."

Mr. G. is away, there is either the SQUIRE of MALWOOD or JOHN MORLEY to take his place. Now, in these last days of dying Parliament, the Squire follows Mr. G.'s leadership even to extent of stopping away from House. JOHN MORLEY been here for short while to-night, but as soon as he saw House comfortably in Committee he, too, departed. Seemed as if Opposition, thus deserted, would stagger blindly on till it fell in some ditch. At critical moment BOBBY SPENCER quietly appeared on scene; naturally and irresistibly dropped into seat of Mr. G. on otherwise almost empty front Bench. No sounding of drums or braying of trumpets. BOBBY quietly walks up, brushing past ATHERLY JONES standing at the Bar, and takes his proper place. Effect upon House instant and soothing. Prince ARTHUR looks up relieved. No one more interested in presence of strong hand on the rein of Opposition than is the Leader of the House. Business immediately settles down to even and rapid pace. It is generally understood that BOBBY is desirous that the Government shall have every assistance given them in disposing of the remaining business. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS shows himself a little restive. Here is a great opportunity fleeting past; vote after vote put from Chair agreed to almost as rapidly as it can be recited. After half-a-dozen have been galloped through, ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS moves uneasily in his seat. Anxiously watches the youthful figure seated on front Bench. Bang goes another Million. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS can sit it no longer; jumps up and wants to know something. BOBBY, half-turning, regards him with grave eyes.



"Question! Question!"

Speaks no word, but ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS knows what is passing through his mind; his fluent speech falters; presently he sits down, shrivelled up, as it were, under the reproachful glance of the new Leader. Thus the hours pass, and the votes too, till by midnight all the money is voted for the Navy, and whole blocks of Civil Service Estimates have been passed.

Business done.—Supply voted with both hands.

Friday.—Army Estimates on in Committee of Supply. Gather from general conversation that things are awful. FRASER, V.C., says they are going to the dogs. WALTER BARTHELOT "going," as he sometimes asks permission to do, "one step farther," says they've gone. STANHOPE evidently expecting an assault on his Department, brought in with him a stout stick. When JULIUS 'AN-NIBAL PICTON got up just now, and gave a brief résumé of the operations in which his great ancestor defeated FLAMINIUS and SERVILIUS at the Lake of Thrasymenus; pretty to see how STANHOPE almost involuntarily made a pass at him with the stick.

"Question! Question!" cried STUART WORTLEY, from behind the SPEAKER'S chair.

"This is the question," retorted J. A. P., "or it is at least leading me up to it. I am about, Mr. COURTNEY, to show how, supposing the War Office at Carthage had been managed on the same principles as those which govern the conduct of the Right Hon. Gentleman, my illustrious ancestor, instead of routing the enemy, would have fled from the face of FLAMINIUS, scuttled off before SERVILIUS, and would never have lived to vanquish VARRO at Cannæ."

"You rather had STANHOPE there," said POLTALLOCH meeting J. A. P. in the Lobby afterwards, and shouting down at him a few words of hearty encouragement.

Business done.—Another gallop through the Votes.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Phantom Lodge, Ascot.

HERE I am once more at Ascot—beloved of Women and Milliners! Ascot, I mean, not myself, as I'm thankful to say women don't like me—Milliners don't count as women, of course, being so very liberal-minded; and that's the advantage of being "somebody," and having a figure—you can get all your gowns on the condition of telling every-one (in strict confidence) who "built" them! I had a most fatiguing day yesterday, as, after arriving, I had to show the Baroness all my Ascot "confections," and I made the poor dear quite jealous, which, of course, vexed me, as she is quite my dearest friend! I was much gratified to see my protest against these "glove contests" so admirably and cleverly "seconded" (I'm afraid that's a fighting expression) by one of your wonderful Artists in Black-and-White (black and blue it might have well been on this occasion)—though, by the way, he must have been present himself, or he wouldn't have seen how ashamed of his own face every man was! We shall have the dear wretches wearing veils next, I suppose!



On every hand I hear great complaints of the "moderate lot" our English Three-year-olds have turned out; and the Vicomte DE FOSSE-TERRE (a descendant of the historical QUEEN OF NAVARRE) quite upset our dinner-party last night by claiming immense superiority for the French horses of the same age—why should this be?—I don't consider the French ahead of us in politeness, so why should they be so in breeding? However, the fact remains, that no English Horse will run in the French Derby this year!

Lord STONEHENGE tells me we may expect the "Dissolution" very shortly, and I'm sure the poor Members must be glad of it, for this weather makes one long to dissolve—though I must say it seems to me an absurd time to choose, as it will stop the Season and upset everybody's arrangements! These things will be better managed when we get a "House of Peeresses" at the head of affairs—and that is only a question of time, I feel sure!

But now to glance at the Ascot Programme—it is such a lengthy and important one, that a mere glance will be quite sufficient for me, whereas a man would study the thing for a week and then know nothing about it! I will just mention a few horses that my readers will do well to "keep their eye on," that is if they can—for really at Ascot one does not pay much attention to the races—and in conclusion I will give my "one-horse selection" for the last in the Gold Cup. The expression "one-horsed" is, I believe, generally used contemptuously, but it must serve till I find time to think out another, which is impossible at present, as the luncheon-gong has just sounded, and I have visions of a lobster-salad and iced Hook-Cup! And now to prophesy? On the "Queen's Birthday" a "Sprightly" "Buccaneer" gave an "Order" to attack "Harfleur," captured the town, and at the end of the "Comedy" paid the "Bill!"

Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

GOLD CUP TIP.

The bloom on the leaf of a first-rate cigar
Is expressed by the trade as "Flor Fina,"
But the sight, to a racing-man, finer by far
Is the bloom of the mare "Caterina!"

GOOD NEWS!!—"Apprehended Great Cyclone!" So ran the heading of a paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph* last Friday. We trust this turbulent person once apprehended, will be sentenced and imprisoned.

"VERSAILLES" IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

(Or, the New Ballet at the Empire, as it appears through Mr. Punch's Pince-nez.)

TABLEAU I.—The Park at Versailles. "Gardeners," according to the "Argument" supplied with programmes, "are seen busily preparing for the arrival of King Louis the Fourteenth and his Court." If tickling the gravel gently with brooms, and depositing one petal a-piece in large baskets is "busily preparing," they are. The Gardeners, feeling that they have done a very fair afternoon's work, dance a *farandole* in *sabots*, after which Ladies and Cavaliers arrive and prepare to dance too; the Cavaliers select their partners by chasing them on tiptoes, the Ladies run backwards, and coolly slap their favourites' faces with bouquets. Here, according to Argument, "refreshments are served by Pages." Don't see any; these particular Pages seem to have been out. Dance follows: the *Vicomte Raoul de Bragelonne* arrives, but stands apart, taking no part in the dance, and looking melancholy. Fancy he is wishing he had learnt dancing in his boyhood, or else waiting for the refreshments to be served. On referring to Argument, however, discover that "his mind is occupied by thoughts of *Louise de Lavallière*, who was betrothed to him in her childhood." Stupid not to see this for oneself. So obvious. Enter *Louise*. Think *Raoul* informs her in pantomime that one of the bows on her dress has "come undone;" she rewards him for this act of politeness by taking the bow off and pinning it on his breast. *Raoul* not satisfied, pleads for another, to put on his hat. *Louise* refuses, can't ruin her new frock like that for him. Find I'm wrong again. Argument says, "he implores her to fulfil the wish of his own and their parents' hearts by naming the nuptial day. *Louise* is confused, and bids him wait." He retires brokenhearted, in search of the refreshments, and the Cavaliers, with whom a very little dancing on gravel and a warm afternoon goes a long way, retire with him. The ladies, left alone, "now freely express their opinions on the merits of their late companions," which seems natural enough. *Louise* dissents; doesn't see anything particularly rude in their conduct, "Cavaliers are like that—they will rush off for refreshments alone after every dance and leave their partners." At least, that's how I understood her. Missed the point again. Argument informs me she has been answering, "abruptly that the Sun (meaning the King) absorbs her whole soul, and that she has no thoughts to bestow on mere planets." She said all that in a shake of the head and two shrugs, so "abruptly" is quite the right word. Other ladies annoyed with her, and show it by walking past and wagging their fingers in her face, which appears to depress *Louise* considerably. Then they go out, after the Cavaliers, or the refreshments. Meanwhile *Louis the Fourteenth* has entered at the back and overheard all. He knows what the shake and shrugs meant, and smiles and nods knowingly to himself. "Oh, I am an irresistible Monarch, I am!" he seems to be saying. "I'll follow this up." So he struts down with a fixed smile on his face, like the impudent young dog he is, and pats his chest passionately at her. *Louise* startled. "Don't go away," says *Louise* in pantomime. "I say, there's an arbour in that shrubbery,—let's go and sit in it—do!" *Louise* undecided; tries to excuse herself. "Earwiggy? not a bit of it!" *Louis* assures her (he wouldn't be so confident about it if he had seen his Gardeners at work); "come along!" *Louise* still timid; suggests spiders. *Louis* vows that no spider shall harm her while he lives to protect her, and draws her gently towards the shrubbery; he does this several times, but on each occasion her dread of insects returns, and she recoils shrinking. The King puts his arms round her to give her courage, and at this instant, *Raoul de Bragelonne* returns, sees the back of someone embracing the maiden who was betrothed to him in childhood, draws his sword—and recognises his Sovereign. "Whew!" his expression says plainly enough. "Now I have put my foot in it nicely!" He takes off his hat and apologises profusely; but *Louise* is indignant. What's the use of being a *Roi Soleil* if you can't ask a lady of your Court to sit in an arbour without being interrupted like this? He swells visibly, and intimates that he will pay *Raoul* out for this in various highly unpleasant ways. *Louise* kneels to him for pardon. *Louis* subsides gradually, but still shows the whites of his eyes; finally he tells *Raoul* to be off. *Raoul* is submissive—only wants to know where he's to go to. *Louis* points to Heaven, evidently regal politeness

forbids him to indicate any other place. *Raoul* goes off perplexed, and no wonder. Then, as the Argument explains, "a trumpet-call is heard," and *Louise* "bewildered," perhaps because it is the signal to go and dress for dinner, escapes to the palace; and *Louis*, feeling that the arbour is only a question of time, follows. Then Musketeers come off duty and get up an assault-at-arms, until their careful captain, afraid that they will hurt themselves with those nasty swords, orders them to stop, and the First Tableau is over.

TABLEAU II.—Rich hangings have fallen close to the footlights, to represent an "Ante-room in the Palace." Attendants bring on two dressing-tables. Enter the two principal danseuses, who are about to dress for the Grand Ballet, when *Lulli*, the Composer, and *Prévot*, the *Maître de danse du Roi*, come in and very inconsiderately propose a rehearsal, which of course must be an undress rehearsal—then and there. This not unnaturally puts both the ladies out of temper; they object to the ballet-skirts supplied by the Management as skimpy, and one of them throws up her part, which almost reduces *Lulli* to tears. The other undertakes it at a moment's notice, whereupon the first lady tries to scratch her eyes out, and then has a fit of hysterics. Both ladies have hysterics. A bell rings and, suddenly remembering that a Royal Ante-room is rather a public place to dress in, they catch up the ballet-skirts and flee. Attendants remove the dressing-tables. Tableau over. Plot where it was.

TABLEAU III.—Grand Reception Room in the Palace. Enter the Queen, sulky, because *Louis* has taken all the Pages, and only left her a couple of Chamberlains. Enter *Louis*, more impudent than ever. They take their places on a *daïs*; the hangings at head of a flight of steps behind are withdrawn, and the first "Grand Ballet Divertissement" begins. *Louis* frankly bored, knowing there's another to come after that. Ballet charming, but he doesn't deign to glance at it, gives all his attention to a stuffed lamb on the top of the steps. Bevy after bevy of maidens disclosed behind hangings, each more bewitching and gorgeously attired than the last—but they don't interest *Louis*,—or else the presence of the Queen restrains him. Instructive to note the partiality of the *Corps de Ballet*. When Signorina DE SORTIS dances, they are so overcome that they lean backwards with outstretched arms in a sort of semi-swoon of delight. But the other lady may prance and whirl and run about on the points of her toes till she requires support, and they merely retire up and ignore her altogether. There is a dancing Signor in pearl grey, who supports first one Signorina and then the other with the strictest impartiality, and finally dances with both together, to show that he makes no distinctions and has no serious intentions. All this time *Louis* has been getting more and more restless; now and then he makes some remark, evidently disparaging, to the Queen, who receives it coldly. But at last he can't stand it any longer. "Call this dancing! I'll show 'em how to dance!" his look says. "Where's *LOUISE*?" And he gets up, pulls himself

"He swells visibly."

together, and invites her to come and dance a minuet. Queen disgusted with him, but pretends not to notice. *Louis* goes through minuet with extreme satisfaction to himself. Enter Page with an immense cushion, on which is "a bracelet of great value" (Argument again). Queen excited—thinks it's for her: but *Louis* stops the dance, takes the bracelet, and gives it to *Louise*. "A present from Paris. There, that's for being a good girl—take it, and say no more about it." She does, and they finish the minuet. *Louis*, on turning round to the *daïs*, discovers that the Queen has gone away, which he seems to think most unreasonable of her—just when he was dancing his very best! There is more ballet, after which the King discovers that *Louise* is missing too. Her Page comes on and hands him a letter, which he opens triumphantly. "A rendez-vous, eh? Never knew jewellery fail yet! How I am carrying on, to be sure!" says his face. But, as he reads, his eyes begin to roll, and he has another attack of swelling. Then the curtains at the back are withdrawn again, and on the top of the steps, where the stuffed lambs were, he sees *Louise de Lavallière* in a nun's robe, entering a Convent. *Louis* can't believe it; he thinks it must be part of the performance, though not on the original programme. As he goes nearer to see, the curtains close, open again—and there is nothing. And the baffled monarch realises the melancholy truth—*Louise* has gone into a nunnery, without even returning the "bracelet of great value"! Whereupon the Act-drop mercifully falls, and veils his discomfiture. And that's all!





SO NICE OF HER!

Captain Muffet. "MAY I VENTURE TO HOPE THAT YOU WILL GIVE ME A WALTZ OR QUADRILLE!"

Lady Sparker. "OH, I'M SO SORRY, I'M ENGAGED FOR EVERY DANCE! I'M ENGAGED ALSO FOR SUPPER TWICE; BUT I PROMISE YOU FAITHFULLY YOU SHALL HAVE MY THIRD GLASS OF LEMNADE!"

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Several people who do not know me as the writer of the "Selections," have told me that they took the tip about "*Balmoral*" for the Manchester Cup, but backed it to *win* instead of to be *lost*—thereby winning money!—now—of course the last thing a tipster wishes, is that his prophecy should turn out successful, therefore I am delighted at the result, as also was Sir MINTING BLOUNDELL, who won a good stake, and is the only person who knows the secret of my incognito. He congratulated me most heartily on my success, which he said was the more wonderful as he knew the owner did not much fancy the horse!—but, as I told him—if owners of race-horses knew as much as some of the public—to say nothing of the prophets—they would never lose the money they do, and would probably give up racing! The selection was entirely my own "*fancy*." I need scarcely say, I never *ask* an owner anything, and if he volunteers the information that he thinks his horse "*has a good chance*," I find as a rule, it's just as well to "*let the horse run loose*," as they put it; though that is an expression I never quite understood, as I've never yet seen a horse "*run loose*" in a race, except on one or two occasions when the jockey has been thrown at the start—which now I come to think of it, may be the origin of the expression!

So Ascot is once more a departed glory! We all shivered on Tuesday, got roasted on Wednesday, were comfortable on Thursday, and resigned on Friday—and on the whole the toilette show was successful; though I fancy some of the best gowns were held over for Goodwood—one of mine was at all events—but my goodness!—if only our great grandmothers could have seen some of our modern petticoats!!—more elaborate than any *dress* they ever saw!—but then, as Lord HARPER REDCLYFFE said, our great grandmothers never got off and on coaches with an admiring crowd looking on, as *we* have to do now-a-days; and you have to be pretty smart not to get hung up on the wheels—though as Lady HARRIETT ENTOUAS said, "*my dear Lady GAY—what is the use of wearing all this loveliness unless one—*" but perhaps it will annoy her if I tell what she *did* say!

The Royal Hunt Cup was a beautiful race, although the winner was not supposed to be the best of "*Jewitt's lot*;" but I am told he is

one of those who "*will not do his best at home*," being beaten in the trial—and after all, how *very* human that is—for how many men one knows who are perfect *bears* in their home circle!

Of the horses I advised my readers to "*Keep an eye on*," only one. *Buccaneer*, put in an appearance, and won the Gold Cup; so that my warning as to the difficulty of doing this, was fully borne out by the result. My Gold Cup selection did not run, and had I known that *Ermak* would have been his sole opponent, I should have made him my tip; but I do not pretend to be *Ermakulate*! (That's *awful*—please forgive me, *dear Mr. Punch*!) From the way *St. Angelo* won the Palace Stakes, I can't help thinking he would have won the Derby but for the French horse *Rueil*, who tried to *eat him* during the race—(how shameful to let the poor thing get so hungry)—and this of course interfered with his chance—as you really cannot attend to two things at a time with a satisfactory result, unless they be sleeping and snoring!

I presume that this sort of thing is meant when one reads in the sporting papers that such-and-such a horse was "*nibbled at*!"—but I really think that those who saw *St. Angelo* on Thursday, saw the winner of the Leger! There is no race of any special importance next week, either at Windsor or Sandown, but I will give my weekly tip for the probable last in the Windsor June Handicap, and meanwhile I may as well say that I shall grace with my presence the Newmarket July Meeting, and, emulating the example of other tipsters who send "*Paddock Wires*," I shall be happy to supply anyone with my two-horse-a-day "*Songs from the Birdcage*," at five guineas a-week—(a reduction to owners)—at which price my selections *must* be cheap.

Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

WINDSOR JUNE HANDICAP.

If "*SHAKESPEARE*" spells "*ruin*," as Managers say,
Tragedians all should be needy!
But a fortune was made by the best of his day,
And an Actor of "*notes*" was "*Macready*."

WHY is the Dissolution of Parliament like the human tongue?—
Because it is in everybody's mouth.

"CUTS!" OR, WE NEVER SPEAK AS WE PASS BY.



Otto, the Wedding-Guest, singeth:—

And, just as though we now were foes,
We never speak as we pass by!

The boy, the ingrate, the young cook,
Who thinks he's eagle when he crows;
Old Aquila is he to mock?

I'll cut his comb ere matters close.
And yet, and yet he keeps it up,
And Germany demands not *why*!
He bangs away like a big Krupp—
We never speak as we pass by.

My HERBERT, you should hold my place,
But you must share your sire's cold
snub.

We never speak as we pass by!

Alas! it was not always so.
But now I cannot catch his eye,
And, when I come, he's prompt to go.
"Il me reverra." So I said
When I resigned, his love to try.
But see how WILHELM turns his head!
We never speak as we pass by!

Not indispensable! Absurd!
I built the Empire, made the Crown.
Of Emperor WILHELM who had heard
But for my prowess and renown?
And Emperor WILHELM cocks his nose,
Regards me with averted eye;

Did I promote the lion's race

To be kicked out by its least cub?
This wedding-favour's gay and smart.
I to Vienna's bridal fly;
But something rankles in my heart;—
We never speak as we pass by!

Will FRANCIS-JOSEPH see his way
To—help *Coriolanus* back?
I can't believe I've had my day;
It makes ambition's heart-strings crack.
But that imperious youngster shuts
The door of hope how'er I try.
Are we for ever to be "cuts,"
And never speak as we pass by!



ADVANTAGES OF MARSUPIALISM.

"I'M SO TIRED, MUMMY. I WISH YOU WERE A KANGAROO!"

"WHY, DARLING?"

"TO CARRY ME HOME IN YOUR POCKET!"

AN EARL'S COURT IDYL.

SCENE—A knick-knack stall outside the Wild West Arena. Behind the counter is a pretty and pert maiden of seventeen or so. A tall and stately Indian Warrior, wrapped in a blue blanket, lounges up, and leans against the corner, silent and inscrutable.

The Maiden (with easy familiarity). 'Ullo, CHOC'LETT, what do you want? (The Chieftain smiles at her with infinite subtlety, and fingers a small fancy article shaped like a bottle, in seeming confusion.) Like to see what's inside of it? Look 'ere then. (She removes the cork, touches a spring, and a paper fan expands out of the neck of the bottle; CHOCOLATE is grimly pleased, and possibly impressed, by this phenomenon, which he repeats several times for his own satisfaction.) Ah, that fetches you, don't it, CHOC'LETT? (The Warrior nods, and says something unintelligible in his own tongue.) Why don't yer talk sense, 'stead o' that rubbish?

[CHOCOLATE watches her slyly out of the corners of his eyes; presently he puts the bottled-fan inside his blanket, and slouches off in a fit of pretended abstraction.]

The Maiden (imperiously). 'Ere, come back, will yer? Walkin' off with my things like that! Fetch it 'ere—d'ye hear what I tell yer? (CHOCOLATE lounges over the counter of an adjoining Bovril stall, and affects a bland unconsciousness of being addressed. After awhile he peeps round and pats his blanket knowingly, and, finding she takes no further notice of him, lounges back to his corner again.) Oh, 'ere you are again! Now jest you put that bottle back. (The Warrior giggles, with much appreciation of his own playfulness.) Look sharp now. I know you've got it!

Chocolate (with another giggle). Me no got.

[He intimates that the person at the Bovril stall has it.]

The Maiden. You needn't think to get over Me that way! It's inside o' that old blanket o' yours. Out with it now, or I'll make

yer! (CHOCOLATE produces it chuckling, after which he loses all further interest in it, his notice having been attracted by a small painted metal monkey holding a miniature cup and saucer.) Want to buy one o' them monkeys? (She sets its head nodding at the Indian, who is gravely interested in this product of European civilisation.) All right, pay for it then—they're ninepence each.

[The Warrior plays with it thoughtfully, apparently in the faint hope that she may be induced to make him a present of it, but, finding that her heart shows no sign of softening to such an extent, the desire of acquiring the monkey becomes so irresistible that, after much diving into his robes, he fishes up three coppers, which he tenders as a reasonable ransom.]

The Maiden (encouragingly). That's all right, so far as it goes; you've only got to give me another sixpence—twice as much as that, you know. Come on! (CHOCOLATE meditates whether as an economical Indian Chieftain, he can afford this outlay, and finally shakes his head sadly, and withdraws the coppers.) Oh, very well, then; please yourself, I'm sure! (CHOCOLATE's small black eyes regard her admiringly, as he tries one last persuasive smile, probably to express the degree to which the possession of a nodding monkey would brighten his existence.) It ain't a bit o' good, CHOC'LETT, I can't lower my price for you; and what's more, I'm not going to!

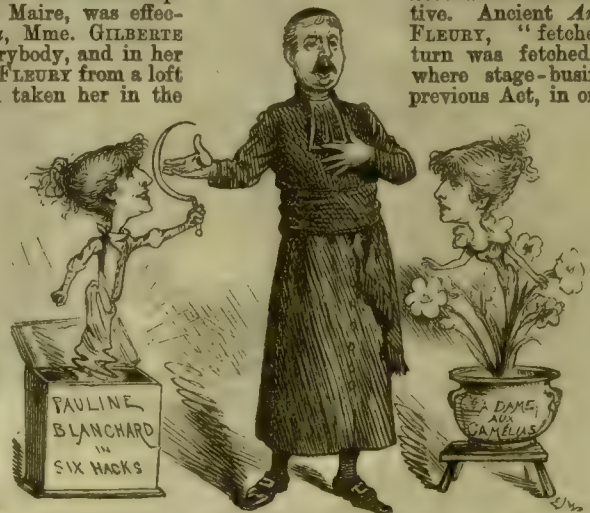
[CHOCOLATE examines the monkey once more undecidedly, then puts it gently down with a wistful reluctance, and drifts off.]

The Maiden (calling after him). You like to do your shoppin' cheap, don't you, CHOC'LETT? Everythink for nothen' is what you want, ain't it? I know yer!

[The Warrior stalks on impassively, ignoring these gibes; whether he is reflecting on the beauty and heartlessness of the Pale-face Maiden, or resolving to save up for the monkey if it takes him a lifetime, or thinking of something else totally different, or of nothing whatever, is a dark secret which he keeps to himself.]

THE PLAYFUL SALLY.

O SARAH B.! O MR. ABBEY! What un-ABBEEY thought induced you to select so dreary a play as *Pauline Blanchard* wherewith to weary the British Public? And what a finish! *Pauline*, all for the sake of her disappointed lover, kills her husband with a sickle!—a sickle-ly her reward. M. PERON, five. Ancient *Angé-FLEURY*, "fetched" turn was fetched by where stage-business previous Act, in order



"How Abbey could I be with either!"

to receive her share of the plaudits. We hear that SARAH has accepted a One-Act piece called *Salammbô*, by OSCAR WILDE. Naturally we all see SARAH in the first part of *Sal*. Perhaps the "ambo" means SARAH and OSCAR. Being an Eastern subject, SARAH sees the chance in it of a Sara-scenic success. On Saturday last, with her wonderful *La Tosca* in the afternoon, and her *Dame aux Camélias* (the "O'Camélias" sounds like an Irish title) at night, SARAH regularly "knocked them" in the Shaftesbury Avenue. No one interested in dramatic art should miss seeing SARAH, at all events, in *La Dame aux Camélias*.

PARTICULAR AND GENERAL RELATIONSHIP.—MR. GEORGE CURZON, as the *Saturday Review* remarks in its notice of *Curzon's Persia*, "is not the first of his family who has written a good book of Eastern travel." The author, then, is not a first, but a second, or third CURZON, and this particular work of authorship creates a new kinship, as his travels are, now, related to the public.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—The Irish Question, heard for the first time operatically, put by The O'WAGNER in his music-story of "*Tristan und Isolde*." The story is decidedly a *triste 'un* and would no doubt of it.



Isolde, seated on a sham rock, awaiting the coming of her lover. Alas! all ends unhappily!

have received. No matter—Fräulein RALPH played with spirit, which is a dangerous thing to do as a rule. House crammed: not packed.

Thursday.—Long live the Don! *Vive MOZART!* Don Giovanni's taste as to ladies changed as he grew older. The two musical Duchesses who accompany Don Ottavio when he is singing are usually fine and large; but Zerlina, the Don's latest fancy, is *petite*. Why does Signor CARACCILO make Masetto an idiotic old bumpkin? EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ is admirable as the cowardly Leporello, and MAUREL fine as the Im-maurel Don. With what an air he salutes Zerlina! The air is MOZART's "*La ci darem*," and therefore perfect. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN delightful as that arrant flirt Zerlina. The Statue was rather in the dark. The Stalls couldn't



"How's YOUR POOR FEET?"

The Pedicure Motif. Shepherd, with pipe, suffering from "Corno Inglese," showing Triste 'Un, the Cornish Knight, where he may seek relief from his Bunions' Pilgrim's Progress.

see him "noddin', nid nid noddin'." Let Sir DRURIOLANUS look to this, and say to the Limelighter, quoting GOETHE, "More light! More light!"

Friday.—*Carmen*. Commend me at once to Madame DESCHAMPS-JEHIN as *Carmen*. Her name is too long, and there's a little too much of her, figure-ratively speaking. A trifle over-size for quite an ideal *Carmen*, but then Madame D.-JEHIN is so good that we cannot have too much of her. Acting excellent. Madame EMMA KAMES EMMA-nently first-rate as *Michaela*. We all know JEAN DE RESZKÉ's *Don José*, which up to now is hard to beat; so for LASSALLE as *Escamillo*,—the great song encored, of course. Signor CARACCILO

as *Dancairo* (of a mixed race, Irish Dan and Egyptian Cairo—a regular Bohemian), and RINALDINI as *Remendado*, capital, not overdone. MILLE BAUERMEISTER as *Frasquita*, and AGNES JANSON as *Mercedes*, looked winning, especially when playing cards.

Saturday.—*Cavalleria Rusticana*. Most appropriate when everybody is talking of the elections and "going to the country."

GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

LETTER I. (From Miss Mary Logic to Miss Rosa Blackbord.)

MY DEAR ROSA,

Coached Cottage.

I FANCY I told you that my Uncle JACK was coming home from sea. I had not seen him for six years—in fact he left England when I was a child of four or so. As you know, I am now ten. I naturally was rather curious to meet him. Well he is here, and I am fairly puzzled. He is rather a nice fellow—partly educated. He is distinctly shaky with his Classics, and has evidently forgotten half his Mathematics. However we got on pretty well. He seemed to be interested in my lecture upon Astronomy, and said "I seemed to be a hand at Chemistry." Well so I am. As you know, when I was a mere child I was always fond of experiments of an analytical character. He asked me if I had a doll, and I suppose he referred to the old lay-figure that I was wont to sketch before I took to studying from the nude. And now you will ask, why I am writing to you, when both you and I are so busy—when we are both preparing for matriculation? When we have so little spare time at our disposal?

I will tell you. The fact is, he accuses me of ignorance in the biographical section of my studies. He gave me the history of a gentleman who used a blue dye for his moustache and murdered his wives with impunity. Then he related the adventures of a lady who slept for a hundred years from the wound of a spinning needle. I had to confess (although a constant reader of the *Lancet*) I had never heard of the case before. Then he recounted the adventures of a traveller who seems to have had a life of considerable interest. This person obtained quite a number of diamonds, with the assistance of a huge bird called a Roc. Then he had much to say about a dwarf who defeated (in really gallant style) several men of abnormally large stature. He laughed when I had to confess that I had never heard of these people before. He gave me their names. The wife-slaughterer was called *Bluebeard*; the lady who slumbered for a hundred years, *The Sleeping Beauty* (I suppose she preferred to keep her anonymity); the traveller's name was *Sindbad*, and the dwarf was *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Have you heard of any of these people? Your affectionate Cousin,

MARY.

LETTER II.

(Reply to Same, from Miss Rosa Blackbord.)

MY DEAR MARY,

Algebra Lodge.

As you are many weeks my junior (to be precise, exactly two months), I hasten to answer your letter. I have searched all my Biographical Dictionaries, but cannot find the people of whom you are in search. As for myself, I have never heard of *Bluebeard*, know nothing of *The Sleeping Beauty*, and am sceptical of the existence of *Sindbad* and *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Like Mrs. Prig, who doubted the existence of Mrs. Harris, "I don't believe there were no such persons." By the way, you ought to read DICKENS. He is distinctly funny, and I can quite understand his amusing our grandmothers. I generally turn to his works after a long day with HOMER or EURIPIDES. Your affectionate Cousin,

ROSA.

"NE PLUS ULSTER."—Decidedly, Ulster can't go beyond "its last," or rather, its latest, most utter utterances. So far, "words, words, words;" but from words to blows there is a long interval, especially when their supply of breath having been considerably exhausted, there is not much to be feared from their "blows." However, so far, the men with Ulterior views have been patted on the back by the *Times*, and "approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY is praise indeed." Yet, had the meeting been of Nationalists! "But" as Mr. KIPLING's phrase goes, "that is another story." For, from the *Times* leader-writer's point of view, "that in the Orangeman's but a choleric word which in the Nationalist is rank blasphemy." However, the steam is let off through the spout, and by the time the Nationalist's dream of Home Rule is realised, all efforts to the contrary on the part of gallant little Ulster will probably be "*Ulster vires*."

ADVICE GRATIS. — DEAFNESS. (To "EXPERIMENTALIST.")—Yours seems a peculiar form of this painful complaint. We cannot understand why you should feel "as if wind were always coming from your left ear." Try blowing into the ear with the bellows three times a day. It may drive the wind back. For the "fulness, throbbing, &c.," we should advise ramming a good-sized darning-needle as far as it will go into the orifice. After that—or even before—it might be best to consult a competent medical man.



EARLY MISGIVINGS.

Newly-Married M.P. "BY JOVE, TEN O'CLOCK! I MUST GO DOWN TO THE HOUSE, IF ONLY TO FIND SOMEONE TO PAIR WITH."

His Wife. "OH, DARLING, I THOUGHT YOU AND I HAD PAIRED FOR LIFE!"

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK;"

OR, MANŒUVRING FOR A HOLD.

YE who have read in HOMER's mighty song
How sage ULYSSES, AJAX towering strong,
Met at the funeral games on Trojan sands,
With knotted limbs and grip of sinewy hands,
To wrestle for the prize, attend, draw near,
And a new tale of coming tussle hear!

When great ACHILLES called them to the lists,
Those men of massive thews and ponderous
fists,
"Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife
When tower-like AJAX and ULYSSES rose.

Amid the ring each nervous rival stands
Embracing rigid with implicit hands." [now
Now Greek meets Greek again, but wrestling
Is not as on old Ilium's shore, I trow; [sheep.
Not now the olive crown, the long-wool'd
Is prize; 'tis Power they strive to win and keep.
By diverse dodges and by novel "chips,"
Subtler "approaches," and more artful "grips,"
The rival champions strive to lock and fell.
Gallia's devices, found to answer well
In wary onset and in finish slow,
Old Attic swiftness, seen in hold and throw.
Supplement or supplant. When AJAX stood
Before ULYSSES, neither seemed in mood
For long manœuvring. To the clutch they

GRASP

With sinews of snap-steel and souls of flame.
"Close lock'd above, their heads and arm
are mix'd;

Below their planted feet at distance fix'd:
Like two strong rafters, which the builder
forms

Proof to the wintry winds and howling
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fix'd on the centre stands their solid base."

So in old days. Now wrestlers shift like
snakes,

And dodge à la DUBOIS, for mightier stakes
Than olive, parsley, or the champion's belt
Can furnish forth.

Long time hath it been felt
That two superior champions, age-long foes,
At last must come to a conclusive close.

"Defiled with honourable dust they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul;
Again they rage, again to combat rise,"—

For one must win; these cannot share the
prize.

Great GLADSTONIDES—place allow to age!—
A chief of seasoned strength and generous
rage,

Fell, at their last encounter, to the skill
Of him the swart of look, the stern of will,
Broad-shouldered SALISBURY. Such defeat

Valiant and vigorous veteran well might fret.
He erst invincible, the Full of Days, [praise,
The Grand Old One, full-fed with power and

ACHILLES-NESTOR, to no younger foe,
Because of one chance slip and casual throw,
The Champion's Belt is ready to resign;

Nor may his foe the final fall decline.

So "Greek meets Greek" in wrestling rig
once more.

Not AJAX or ULYSSES sly of yore,
Nor modern STEADMAN, JAMESON, or WRIGHT,
Was e'er more eager for the sinewy fight.

Much time is spent in "getting into grips."
Mark how each wrestler crouches, feints, and
slips!

Mark how they circle round and round the
Like wary "pug," like tiger on the spring,
Cautious as one, though as the other bold,

Eye, foot, and hand manœuvring for a hold!
And when indeed they close in mutual clutch,
And put the champion honours to the touch,

Strain every muscle, try each latest "chip,"
Which man shall first relax his sinewy grip,
Be hiped, back-heeled, cross-buttocked, or
bored down,—

That's just the question that now stirs the
The funeral games of a dead Parliament
Bring every hero eager from his tent:

Say, will ULYSSES, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of AJAX on the ground?
Or will the strength of AJAX overthrow

The watchful caution of his artful foe?
Will SALISBURY fairly hold his own,
Or be by white-lock'd GLADSTONIDES thrown?

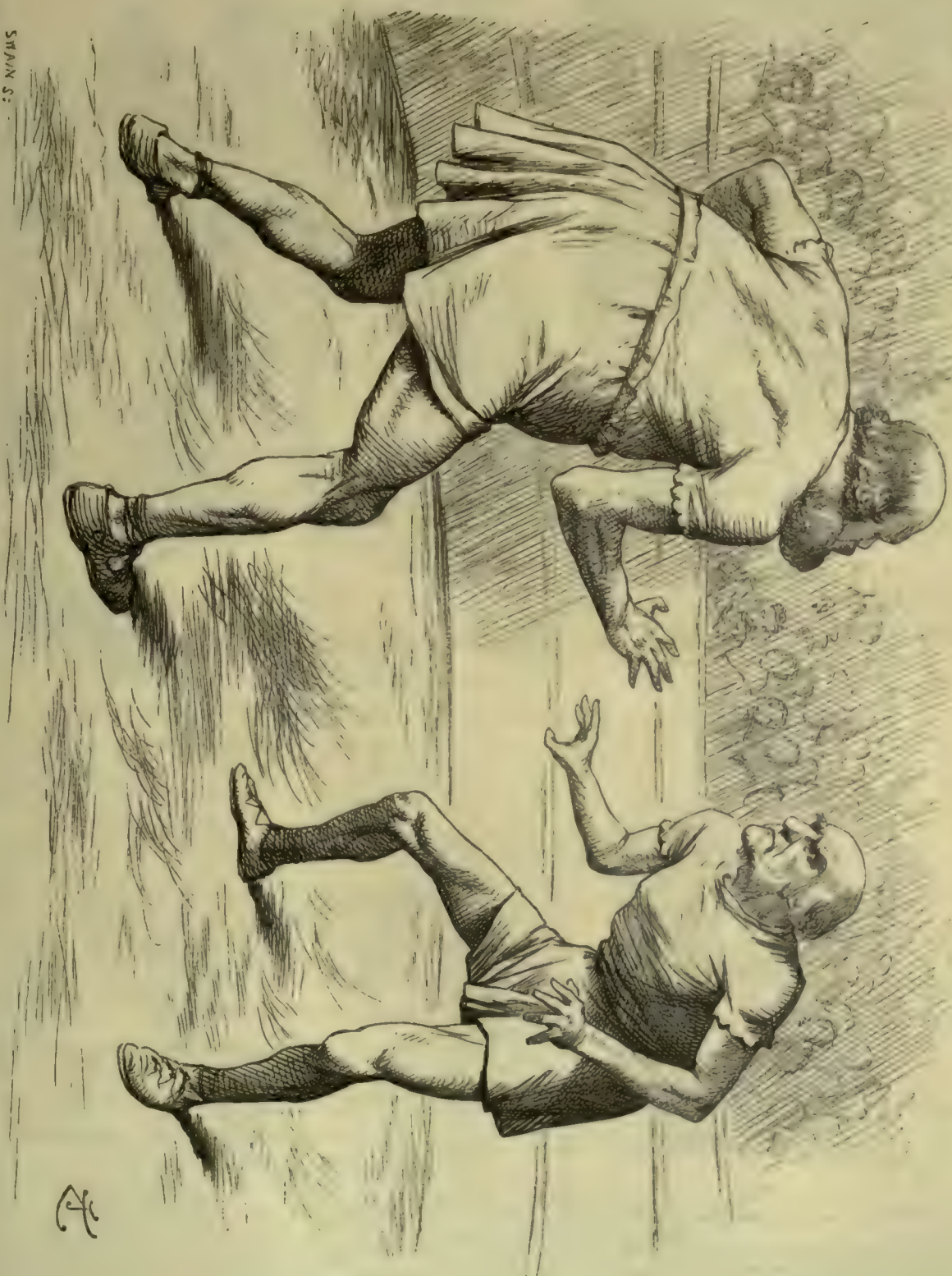
All ask, all wonder much, but who may say?
"Another story" that, and for another day!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM's attention was directed
to a letter in the *Standard*, of June 14, headed:—

"Nancy and the Cambridge Delegates." She supposes that "this is another Spinning House case like that of DAISY HOPKINS and the Cambridge Undergraduates." Mrs. M. is indignant. "Delegate, indeed! most in-delegate I call it."

INHARMONIOUS COLOURS.—"It is understood," observes the *Observer*, "that Mrs. BROWNE-POTTER and Mr. BELLEW part company." Evidently BROWNE and BELLEW don't go well together. Even the Potter's Art cannot effect a successful blend.

A "DEGREE BETTER."—Why should not a bankrupt who has successfully passed his examination be granted a degree, and add "C.B." ("Certificated Bankrupt") to his name?



“WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.”



WILD WEST KENSINGTON.

OUR LITTLE FRIEND, TREMLow, WHOSE DAILY WALK TO THE CITY LEADS PAST THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, IS NOT A BELIEVER IN THE IMPORTATION OF THE RED VARIETY OF FOREIGN EXOTICS.

SLY OLD SOCRATES !

(A Fragment from the Very Newest "Republic.")

Thrasymachus-Shiptonides (after introducing a Deputation). What we demand is a legal reduction of the hours of labour, and what we want of you, SOCRATES, is your invaluable aid in getting it.

Socrates (smiling). Most heartily do I wish you may get it—in both cases. But how say you; is the principle of permanence in a state or community, or class, best effected by harmony, or as it were, unity of action in all its members?

All (after looking at each other, and rubbing their chins). How not, SOCRATES?

Socrates (rubbing his hands). Entirely so! And your class then are unanimous in favour of a legal reduction of the hours of labour?

Thrasymachus-Shiptonides (bothered). Well—ahem!—hardly so, perhaps. But (valiantly), at least three-quarters of a million who met in the Park gathering at sixteen platforms, were substantially agreed.

Socrates. Humph! Over forty-six thousand to each platform. That's a far greater number than even I ever addressed. How did you count them, or ascertain their views?

Thrasymachus-Shiptonides (flustered). Well, I've had twenty years' experience of mob-mustering, and I think I ought to know.

Polemarchus-Steadmanides. But will you, SOCRATES, give us your opinions of the opinion of these three-quarters of a million.

Socrates (laughing). By Hercules! that were a task more tremendous than all his Labours.

Cephalus-Pearsonides (aside). By Vulcan, this is his wonted irony. He never inclines to answer a question forthrightly, but to use irony, or evasion, or what the Hibernians call "shenanigan," rather than answer, if anyone asks him anything.

Thrasymachus-Shiptonides (aside, hastily). Yes, yes! But you must not tell him that, here and now!

Socrates (blandly). Friends, as you suggest that the proceedings should be of a conversational or dialectical nature, a plan which falleth in with my views also, I will, if you please, catechise you categorically, so as to get further into the interior of the question, and of your—ahem!—minds.

Of this catechising, the reporter gives the following condensed summary.

Do you suggest that I should turn my back on myself? No, that would be rude. Or give myself away? Nay, that were—unthrifty. Can two solid things occupy the same space at the same time? By Zeus, no! Home-Rule—a very solid thing—fully occupies my mind—for the present. When a Gladstone-bag is full, can you put more into it? By Mercury, no! But could you not reconsider the packing! Not if the contents consist of one article only. You would like me to pack it with your Eight Hours' Bill? Prodigious! Your strong personality, would push forward even a worse thing. How near are you to unanimity? As near as considerable difference of opinion will allow us to come. Is an unascertained minority to coerce an unwilling majority? Our Council has not discussed that? Do you know the relative proportions of majority and majority in organised and unorganised trades; how their respective opinions are to be ascertained, and, if ascertained, how legally enforced; if, and how, two millions and a half are to commit eleven millions to certain binding laws, and involve them in legal consequences? No! Yes! Hardly! Not quite! More or less! Well, we're not quite sure, &c., &c.

Socrates (smiling). Now, tell me, THRASYMACHUS, is this the "harmony, or, as it were, unity of action," on which only, as we agreed, we could found "the principle of permanency in a state or community?"

Thrasymachus-Shiptonides (hurriedly). Well,

what you say, SOCRATES, is very nice, and clear, and logical, and conclusive, in an argumentative sense, and your attitude is very noble and high—and—mighty—I mean high-minded and all that. And we're very grateful—but deeply disappointed that you couldn't say something quite different—in view of the General Election, you know! (Meaningly.)

Socrates (mildly, but firmly).

It is not my political duty to say pleasant things all round, but to ascertain—and tell—the Truth.

All (deferentially). Well, we are all tremendously thankful! (aside) for small mercies! Logic scores in argument, but votes tell at the poll. And if we do not run at least a hundred Labour Candidates to enlighten you as to our "unanimity," call us—items! (Exeunt.)

Matinées of Peril are advertised at the Haymarket. Most *Matinées* deserve this description.



THE ARCHDEACON ANSWERED.

[At the Annual Meeting of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, Archdeacon KAYE, of Lincoln, urged the desirability of imposing some limitation to the number ordained to the Ministry of the Church of England, as three-fifths of the Clergy were in poverty.]

"Oh, sad indeed it is to think,"

Quoth good Archdeacon KAYE,

"That though our Clergy are so 'High,'
So low should be their pay!

"They fly to money-lenders' lures,
To speculative chances;
Advancement they appear to lack,
And so they get advances.

"This 'Discipline of Clergy' Bill

On us is rather rough;
Surely the bills our tradesmen bring
Are discipline enough!

"A fresh supply of Rectories
Must really soon be found;
All would be *squares*, if once
there were
Sufficient to go round.

"To get the Clergy out of their

Pecuniary holes,
The sole and only cure I see
Would be—a Cure of Souls!

"One man, one Vicarage!"
—the cry

To stir a thoughtless nation;
But just at present let us try
Restricted Ordination!"



HONORIS CAUSA.

[The University of Dublin has decided to confer the Degree of D.C.L. on Mr. HENRY IRVING.]

J. L. T. (to Dr. Irving). "I SAY, HENRY,—SCUSE MY GLOVE,—I'VE BEEN A DON MYSELF, DON'THERKNOW. I CAN GIVE YOU A TIP OR TWO ABOUT PLAYING THE PART!"

"Free Trade in Curates!"
shout our girls,
Responsive from their pew;
"You say there are too many,
but
We know there are too few!"

"Think of the budding Candidates
For Orders, whom, no doubt,
This limiting of out-put would
Excessively put out!"

"If Curates now are destitute,
A brighter future beacons;
'Tis only fair that all should share
The stipends of Archdeacons!"

A GIFTED BEING.—The Daily Telegraph of June 11, in giving us some news from Cambridge about the Mathematical Tripos, had this paragraph—

"The Senior Wrangler, Mr. PHILIP HERBERT COWELL, son of Mr. H. COWELL, Privy Council Bar, was born in 1870, and was previously educated at Rev. E. ST. JOHN PARRY'S School, Stoke, Slough."

Now didn't such a start in life as being educated "*previously*" to being "*born*," give Mr. COWELL a somewhat unfair advantage over the other competitors? Very few come into the world with such a chance. "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," says SHAKESPEARE. But to come into the world, like MINERVA, armed *Collegiate-a-pie*, is, as *Dominie Sampson* would have said, "*Pro-di-gious!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"Francis George."

House of Commons, Monday, June 13.—House filled up in marvellous style to-night. Through all last week Benches nearly empty; the few Members present sunk in depths of depression. To-night, scene changed; Benches crowded; buzz of conversation testified to ill-repressed excitement. Mr. G., amongst others, back in his place. "And looking uncommonly fit too," says FRANCIS GEORGE, Viscount BARING; "not at all sure he won't, after all, outlive Our JOE. At any rate, he's in fine condition for the little mill that's coming off."

What everyone gathered to hear was Prince ARTHUR's views as to date of Dissolution. He has, up to now, successfully maintained attitude of absolute ignorance that Dissolution is even pending. Up to to-night the blessed word on everyone's tongue has not passed his lips. When, a fortnight ago, Mr. G. diplomatically approached topic, the Prince, with charmingly puzzled look, talked of something else. Nearest approach he can bring himself to make to topic, is to refer to arrangements of public business. This afternoon, when he stood at Table, a ringing cheer went up from serried hosts of Ministeria-

lists; answered by closed-up ranks of Opposition. "Ha! ha!" said STUART, scenting the battle from afar, "that is the first challenge and reply in the great fight. Soon as BALFOUR's finished I shall take the Shoreditch 'bus, and look up my constituents at Hoxton."

Prince ARTHUR, with eyebrows slightly raised, stood waiting for opportunity to speak; evidently marvelling at this unwonted and unaccountable outburst of clamour. When it ceased, he observed, quite incidentally, that perhaps it would be convenient for him to make a statement "as to prospects of concluding business before termination of the Session." The Session, note. Not the life of Parliament, nor anything to do with so disturbing a thing as Dissolution. Kept this up through long business statement; only at conclusion accidentally stumbled on the word, and then regarded the prospect as so uninteresting and immaterial, that he could not come nearer to its contemplation than an interval of seven days. Not before the end of one week, and not after the middle of another, was as near as he thought it worth while to approach such trifling contingency.

Business done.—A great deal.

Tuesday.—Quite touching to observe SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's friendly interest in progress of public Bills. GORST, in arranging business of Sitting, anxious not to appear too grasping, put down only limited number of Bills on Orders. "Why not put down all you've got?" the Squire asks, with mildly benevolent glance bent on Treasury Bench. "Supposing list is run through, there is end of your opportunity; whereas, if you put 'em all down you're ready to benefit by any accident, and



Scenting the Battle from afar."



MR. GLADSTONE has addressed a letter to the Press:—"SIR,—The requests addressed to me by Liberal friends . . . for personal visits, speeches, and letters have at this juncture become so numerous that it is impossible to reply to them, . . . or to do more than to assure them that my time and thoughts are incessantly applied to the best mode I can devise to the promotion of our common cause."

may some night do wonderful stroke of business, working everything off."

Prince ARTHUR listens attentively, regarding with questioning look the Grand Grey Figure on other side of Table. "When I was at school," he says, "we were taught, in a foreign tongue, a maxim about fearing the Greeks when they brought presents. Not quite sure the right Hon. Gentleman is chiefly concerned for interests of Government and advance of public business. But I'll consider his suggestion."



"Big with indignation."

mean anything; Opposition mollified; vote agreed to.

Business done.—Supply closed.

Thursday.—Mr. G. hurried in just now, a little late. Been these two hours at Carlton Gardens wrestling with representatives of the British workman on Eight Hours' Question. A little out of breath with skipping upstairs and running along corridor to be in time. Otherwise, as fresh as if his afternoon had been spent lounging on lawn at Dollis Hill, where the other night the Archbishop of CANTERBURY went to dine with him. Wants to know about the date of Dissolution. It will be convenient, he says, "at least, for those who have youth and vigour sufficient again to submit themselves to the constituencies." Mr. G.'s face wrinkled into smile as he uttered this witticism. House spontaneously burst into cheer as hearty on the Conservative side as with Opposition.

Rattling on with business. SPEAKER out of breath with putting the question and declaring "the Ayes have it." Irish Education Bill not only passed Committee, but reported and read a Third Time. SEXTON sits content, having done good stroke of work in amending Bill. Managed affair with skill, address and indomitable perseverance. Resisted all temptation to make long speeches; pegged away at his Amendments, and carried the most important in teeth of the Ulstermen.

"All very well," said DUNBAR BARTON, "JACKSON giving way to those fellows, and Prince ARTHUR saying, as TOOLE does on the House-boat, 'Oh, it's nothing!' It may be nothing to him, but it's a good deal to us. MACARTNEY and I have done our duty. For myself I shall say no more. I was christened DUNBAR BARTON. Henceforth let me be known as DUM BARTON."

Business done.—More than ever.

Friday.—Met BROOKFIELD in corridor just now. Capital fellow BROOKFIELD, though not very well known in House, much less to fame outside. Was in the 13th Hussars; is now promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of 1st Cinque Ports Rifle Volunteers. Has sat for Rye these seven years, but never yet spoke. This the more remarkable since he is a trained student of art of public speaking; has, indeed, just written profound treatise on the business. FISHER UNWIN sent me copy from Paternoster Square. Sat up all night reading it. The speech of "our worthy Member," proposing "The Town and Trade of X," is thrilling. Another, put into the mouth of "the youngest bachelor present," responding for "the Ladies," makes your flesh creep. BROOKFIELD's idea novel and ingenious. Sets forth what he calls a conventional speech. This fills up Column A. In Column B. he comments on it, rather severely sometimes; in Column C. throws out suggestions which, duly followed, make speech perfect. All possible occasions are dealt with, whether responding for Bishop and Clergy, Army, Navy, Reserve Forces, House of Commons, or House of Lords. BROOKFIELD, moreover, goes behind the scenes; shows the wretched man who has to make speech preparing it. You see him making up his mind what

he has to say; jotting down a note; revising it after asking everyone he meets what he thinks of it. Then you write out your speech; learn it off; get up to address company; things swim before your eyes; tongue cleaves to roof of mouth; and you sit down.

Admirable book: useful on all occasions of daily life; invaluable on eve of General Election. Surprised to find BROOKFIELD looking miserably dejected. Tell him he ought to be quite otherwise. Explains that, fact is, means to catch SPEAKER's eye. Parliament can't last many more days; hasn't made maiden speech yet; must do it now, or never; Rye getting anxious. Could I give him a few hints? With great pleasure; full of the subject. Begin at the beginning. Ideas; memoranda; methods: (a) The arrangement of speech, (b) the management of the voice, (c) attitude or gesture. On this last I am very particular. "Holding up one finger," I say, "is a favourite way of bespeaking special attention to some 'point' which you are trying to make; and waving the right hand, with outstretched arm, the forefinger leading, is an easy and not ungraceful method of illustrating the narrative portion of your speech. For the more vehement passages, a sudden flourish of the hand upwards, over your head, generally accompanies some aggressive, triumphant assertion, such as, 'I care not who he may be!' And a similar movement downwards, with both hands, would indicate some indignant complaint, such as, 'And never, from that day to this, have they fulfilled their promise.'"



An Apt Pupil.

"Yes," said BROOKFIELD, looking a little more uneasy than before; "very clear, and to the point; but fancy—er—I've heard it before." "Of course you have," I said. "It's in your book; see page 123. Mind you let me know when your speech in the House is coming off. After reading *The Speaker's A B C*, I wouldn't miss it for anything." *Business done.*—Dissolution postponed.

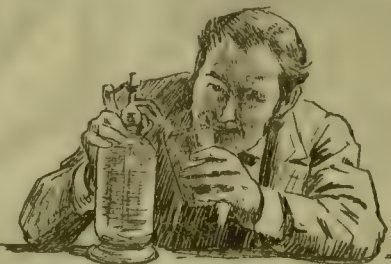
HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A MINERAL WATER. (AD FONTEM BANDUSIUM.)

O WELL of Malvern, immaculate fountain;

Worthy to blend with the Dew of the Mount-tain,

To-morrow, thy rill, gushing brightly,
SCHWEPPE shall aerate slightly;



SCHWEPPE (pronounced with an accent as spelt, Sir.)

SCHWEPPE, purveyor of soda and seltzer,
And potass (for gout in one's joint meant.)
Unto the QUEEN, "by appointment."

Thee not the furnace of Sirius raging
Touches; thy natural cool is assuaging,
Unmixed, to the temperate classes,
Mixed, for the thirst of wild asses.

Malvern, with me for thy rhapsodist, what 'll
Rival the sparkle of bard and of bottle—
The bottle in cups effervescent,
In couplets the bard, as at present.

"LIKE NIOBE" (suggested advertisement for the Strand Theatre). Instead of boards up on which is inscribed, "House Full," "No Standing Room," and so forth, why not simply, "Niobe—all tiers" (full).

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—WAGNER. Vainly the Daughters of the River, representing the floating capital of the Banks of the Rhine, cry "Woe! Woe!" The orchestra, under the direction of Herr MAHLER, takes no notice of them, but goes on Wagnerianly, inexorably. Thus swimmingly we reach Walhall—where the fire-god *Loge* has a *loge*-ment with very heavy insurance. *Wotan* and *Loge* in search of the gold. Then we meet the *Nibelungs* and the *Nibelights*, all *livers* under a water-cure system; and then—it's like a musical nightmare—*Alberich* changes him- into a toad and is towed off as a prisoner. *Fafner* settles *Fasolt* by a drum-head Court Martial, so that *Fafner* gets the golden honey, and *Fasolt* gets the whacks—and—please, Sir, I don't know any more—but some of the music is running river-like and lovely, more is puzzling, and much of it must remind Sir DRURIGLANUS of the rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-iddy-um-bang-whack of a great Drury Pantomime. House full; Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH, with Princess MARIE and Crown Prince of ROUMANIA, enjoying themselves Wagnerially and Roumanically.

Saturday.—Le Prophète. JOHN DE RESZKE not up to his usual form as the Sporting Prophet; but his little Brother EDWARD, and Messieurs MONTARIOL and CASTELMARY, first-rate as the three conspiring undertakers. Madame DESCHAMPS-JEHIN, as *Fides*, very fine. "House," also, very fine, and large.

THE BONES OF JOSEPH.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—When writing to a Journal of light and leaders—or misleaders—last Friday, I kept "a little bit up my sleeve," so to speak, for the Brightest, Lightest, and Leadingest of all papers ye kept the one, Sir, that bears your honoured name.



After quoting from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Holloway (not in Holloway) on June 17, 1885, as a gentle reminder to Mr. GOSCHEN—their "Mr. G."—I observed, "Perhaps, however, there are reasons why the 'Egyptian Skeleton' prefers to forget the speeches of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in 1885." It struck me that, having already an Egyptian Skeleton, we might have as its companion a Brummagem Skeleton, which everyone can see through, and this sketch I beg to submit to you, *pro bono publico*. Always, Mr. Punch, your most obedient "subject" (artistically),

W. V. H.-EC-RT.

THE FÊTE OF FLORA.

WERE it not that the salutation were infelicitous, we should have said, "Hail, all hail!" to the *Fête* at the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, last Wednesday. Besides, they have always an Aquarius of the name of WATERER on the premises, whose Rhodo-



First Prize—Love among the Roses.

dendrons are magnificent. So we didn't say "All hail!" and there was not a single drop, of rain, or in the attendance, to damage a charming show which has so often been spoilt by the drop too much that has floored many a *Fête* of Flora. Nothing could have been prettier. Flowers of speech are inadequate to describe the scene. "Simply lovely!" is the best epitome of praise.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *The Look-out, Sheepdoor, Kent.*

ASCOT has been too much for me! What with the excitement of racing all day, and *bézique* half the night—(another sign of the times; women no longer "play for love," but "love to play!")—to say nothing of the constant strain on one's nerves as to what the weather was going to do to one's gowns, I have had a severe attack of overwork, with complicating symptoms of my old enemy, idleness!—so that, on my return to town, my Doctor—he's a dear man, and prescribes just what I suggest—insisted that I should at once run down to the Seaside to recuperate. Hence my retirement to the little fishing village of Sheepdoor in Kent, "far from the gadding crowd;" a most delightfully rural and little-known resort, where we all go about in brown canvas-shoes—(russia-leather und-*amt* of!)—and wear out all our old things, utterly regardless of whether we look "*en suite*" or not. The only precaution I take is to carry in my pocket a thick veil, which I pop on if I see anybody with evidences of "style" about them coming my way; fortunately, this has only happened once, when I met a certain well-known "Merry Duchess" and her charming little daughter, who both failed to penetrate my disguise!

I am sorry that my selected horse for the Windsor June Handicap did not run—though the word of command was given, "*Macready!*"—he was not told to be "present!"—being presumably short of a gallop or two, and therefore lacking "fire!" This little series of jokes is proudly dedicated to the *Military*, and *Civilians* are "warned off!"—which is another turf expression. The much-needed rain has come at last, and the Heath should be in fine condition, which was more than its namesake at Ascot was, and all for want of a little attention—I am told that the far end was all in lumps, which caused the "*Lover*" to come down in his race—though that was hardly a surprise, as we know that "the course of true love never *did* run smooth!"

Now—dear Mr. Punch, if you want a few hours' fresh air, command the special train, which I am told, is kept in readiness for you at every London Terminus, to transport you—(not for your country's good, but *your own*)—to Sheepdoor, Kent, where you shall receive a hearty welcome—Lord ARTHUR is not with me, but my French maid will *chaperon* us—if necessary.

Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

STUD PRODUCE SELECTION.

To a Circus in Lancashire, once I went,
To see a performing dog dance!
But, my money in vain I found I'd spent,
For I much prefer a "Clog Dance."

THE TWO SARAS OF THE SEASON.—SARA BERNHARDT and SARA SATE.

UNA AND THE BRITISH LION.
A CARTOON FROM A BIRMINGHAM COLLECTION.



Whereto a Brummagem Bard hath set these Spenserian Stanzas.

[MR. CHAMBERLAIN, in his Election Address, explains how he has co-operated with the Conservative Government in order to maintain the Union between Great Britain and Ireland.]

THE lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along as a strong gard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard;
And over her he kept both watch and ward,
With the assistance of two valiant knights,
Prince ARTHURE, and the Red Crosse
Paladin,

A pair of brotherlie and doughtie wightes,
Though erst had they indulged in mutual
flouts and spites.

For loe! a devilish dragon didde infest
That region, and fair UNA strove to slay.
Her to protect from that prodigious pest,

The Red Crosse Knight—who lived out
Midland way—

Didde, with Prince ARTHURE, travel day by
day,
And prodded up that lion as they strode,
With their speare pointes, as though in jovial
play,

To holde fair UNA, who her safety owed,
Unto the puissant beaste whereon she
proudie rode.

Anon they heard a roaring hideous sound
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemed unneath to shake the stedfast
ground;

Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far deseryde

Those glistering knights banded in right
good will,
He rous'd himselfe full blyth, and hastned
them untill.

Then badd those knightes fair UNA yede
aloof,

Whiles they attacked that dragon side by
side,

And put the issue to stern battaille's proof;
"We'll give this Big Green Bogey beans!"
they cryde,

That Red Crosse Knight of Brummagem in
his pride,

And brave Prince ARTHURE of the shining
crest,
But if victoriously their blades they plied,
Or, baffled by the dragon, gave him beste,—

Why, that the barde will sing after the
battaille's teste!

"THROUGH DARKEST LAMBETH."



POLITICS.

(By a Confused Citizen.)

WHAT a state we'll soon be in!
Such a clamour, such a din,

Raised from Kew to Dalston,
Cork to Cromer, Wight to Wick,
Seeking votes through thin and thick,
GLADSBURY and SALSTONE!

Talk and chatter, speech and cry!
Some assert, then some deny

In a near or far shire;
Call each other names and laugh,
Jeer and chuckle, joke and chaff—
DEVONCOURT and HARSHIRE!

Still they come and still they go;
Up and down, and high and low,
Many more than those four.

Speak in Council, speak in House,
Think not yet of golf or grouse,
BALBERY and ROSEFOUR.

Rush and canvass up and down,
Village, hamlet, city, town,
Stately street or poor lane;

Start committees, advertise,
Think of rousing party cries,
CHAMBERLEY and MORLAIN!

Such a fidget, such a fuss!
There is no escape for us;

We shall have it shortly.
How I wish that both would go
Off to Bath or Jericho,

SALFOURLAIN, GLADCOURTLEY!

"CAVE KANEM!"—"If," Dr. KANE is reported to have said at the Ulster Appeal Meeting in St. James's Hall last Wednesday, "If they (the Ulster Irishmen) had to choose between arbitrary oppression and an appeal for justice to the God of battles, he (Dr. KANE) had no more doubt than he had about his existence, that that appeal would be made, and that God would defend the right." With the saving clause adroitly introduced into the last sentence, everyone, except an Atheist, will agree; and, but for this, this speech reads as an incentive to Civil War, intended to stir up brother against brother to fight to the death. Such sentiments may, in the future, be remembered as marked with "the brand of KANE."

A DIFFICULTY.—Mr. Dick was unable to keep "King Charles the First's head" out of his literary work. So OUR OSCAR, it is said, has been unable to keep the head of St. John the Baptist out of his play, *Salomé*, accepted by SARAH. Hence difficulty with licenser. The real truth, we believe, is

that the head, according to received tradition, should be brought in by *Salomé* "on a charger," and SARAH protests against this, as she is not an equestrian.

A NEW SONGSTRESS.—Mr. CUSINS, on Wednesday last, accompanying SCHUMANN RUBINSTEIN, & Co., may fairly be described as "Cusins German." A very successful Concert, musically notable, among many notable things, for the *début* of Miss GWLADYS WOOD, who, being vociferously encored, gave a Tyrolean Volkslied, or "Vokes' Family" dance and song, playing the accompaniment herself. "She ought to do well."—I quote SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the Musician, who sang a *duo* with Mme. VALDA. The Concert commenced with a "Septette" (By DESIRE). This is a new Composer.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THOSE WHO "ENTERTAIN" MORE THAN ANYONE IN LONDON.—"Charity begins at home," or



The Beadle with the German Reeds' Staff.

rather it begins at the GERMAN REEDS, after CORNEY GRAIN has finished his amusing "Vocal Recital." Then it is that never-failing Charity begins, and goes as well as ever. ALFRED REED is immensely

funny, especially when disguised as a Charity Girl. On no account miss the Grain of Chaff's capital French version of CHEVALIER's Coster song about "Arty Awkins." It's lovely! Excellent entertainment for everybody at St. George's Hall.

DOCTOR O'LETTERS.—July 6th.—Not "D.C.L." but "honorary degree of Doctor of Letters," is to be conferred by Dublin University on HENRY IRVING, for masterly management of vast correspondence. Let Oxford follow suit with a "Postmaster-ship of Merton." Dr. L. O'TOOLE says, "I'm satisfied with 'L.L.L. Three Stars,' and plenty of it."



THE HORSE-EDUCATOR.

(A Sketch at Sydenham.)

SCENE—An Arena at North End of Crystal Palace.—The Arena is thickly covered with sawdust, and occupied solely by a light American waggon. There is a small steam-engine at one side, with an escape-pipe and valve projecting into the Circus, and a bundle of parti-coloured stuff is fluttering overhead opposite. From loose-boxes, three or four horses are examining these ominous preparations with apprehensive eyes. Enter a Portly Gentleman in a tall hat and frock-coat, who bows to the audience, and is but faintly applauded, owing to a disappointed sense that the ideal Horse-trainer would not tame in a tall hat. However, he merely appears to introduce Professor NORTON B. SMITH, who, turning out to be a slender, tall man, in a slouch hat, black velvet coat, breeches, and riding boots, is received with enthusiasm.

The Professor (with a slight Transatlantic accent). The first animal On my list, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a vurry bad shyer, afraid of strange Objects, Fireworks, Music, Paper. Almost anything, in fact. Bring out Number One, boys. (To a tall Groom and a short one, who rush to the loose-boxes, the short Groom falling over a drum, to the general delight. The horse who is afraid of almost anything is brought in, and begins to plunge at once, as though defying any Professor to cure him.) Now, this animal is not Vicious, he's only Nervous.

[The Horse appears to resent this description of himself, and lashes out by way of contradiction.

Paterfamilias, in audience (who has a spoilt horse at home). Just what I always say about Tartar—it's nerves, not vice.

His Eldest Daughter. Shall you send him here to be cured, Father?

Paterf. No, my dear; quite unnecessary. When I see how it's done, I shall be able to take Tartar in hand myself, I have no doubt.

The Prof. (instructively). It is natural For a Horse when frightened at anything in Front of him, To jump Backwards, and when frightened at anything Back of him, To jump Forwards. (Applause, in recognition of the accuracy and observation of this axiom.) Now I will show you my method Of correcting this Tendency by means Of my double Safety Rope and driving Rein, without Cruelty. Always Be Humane, Never causing any Pain if you Possibly can Help it. Fetch that Harness. (The short Groom trips again, but so elaborately as to be immediately recognised as the funny man of the performance, after which his awkwardness ceases to entertain. The Professor shouts, "Woa!" and, as the horse declines to accept this suggestion, emphasises it by pulling the double rope, which, being attached to the animal's forelegs, promptly brings him on his knees, much to his surprise and indignation.) Never use the word "Woa!" Only when you mean your horse To stop. Woa! (horse down again, intensely humiliated.) If you mean him just To go quiet, say "Steady!" and teach him The Difference Of the words. Never afterwards Deceiving him. (Paterf. makes a note of this on Tartar's account.) Steady . . . Woa! (Same business repeated; horse evidently feeling that he is the victim of a practical joke, and depressed. Finally, Professor says "Woa!" without pulling, and horse thinks it better to take the hint.)

Paterf. Wonder where I could get that apparatus—just the thing for Tartar!

His Daughter. But you would have to lay down such a lot of sawdust first. And it might teach him to kneel down whenever you said "Woa!" you know, and that wouldn't do!

Paterf. Um! No. Never thought of that.

Prof. I will now introduce To his notice the Bass Drum. (The two Grooms dance about the horse, banging a drum and clashing cymbals, at which he shies consumedly. Gradually he appears to realise that his lines have fallen among lunatics, and that his wisest policy is to humour them. He does so, even to the extent of suffering the big drum to be beaten on his head with patient disgust.)

The Daughter. You might try that with Tartar, Father. You could have the dinner-gong, you know.

Paterf. (dubiously). H'm, I'm not at all sure that it would have the same effect, my dear.

Prof. (who has vaulted on the horse's back). I will now make him

familiar With an umbrella. (Opens it suddenly; horse plunges.) Now, Sir, this is nothing but an umbrella—vurry good one too—it isn't going to hurt you; look at it!

[He waves it round the animal's head, and finally claps it over his eyes, the horse inspects it, and tacitly admits that he may have been prejudiced.

Daughter. It would be quite easy to do that, Father. We could hide in the shrubbery with parasols, and jump out at him.

Paterf. Not while I'm—Well, we must see what your Mother says about that.

[Begins to wish he had come alone.

Prof. (introducing another horse). This animal is a confirmed Kicker. We'll give him a little tinware, just to amuse him. (Some tin pans and bells are attached to the animal's tail, but, perceiving that kicks are expected from him, his natural contrariness makes him decline to make sport for Philistines in this manner.) Hang on more tinware, boys! Some persons here may feel Disappointed that he Doesn't kick. Remember—that is not My Fault. They can't be too vicious to please me. (The Horse sees his way to score, and after bearing various trials in a spirit of Christian resignation, leaves the Arena, consoled by the reflection that no one there got much fun out of him, at all events. A Jibber is brought in; the Professor illustrates his patent method of teaching him to stand while being groomed, by tying a rope to his tail, seizing the halter in one hand and the rope in the other, and obliging the horse to perform an involuntary waltz, after which he mounts him and continues his discourse.) Now it occasionally happens To some riders that when they want To go down G. Street, their horse has a sort of idea he'd like to go up E. Street, and he generally does go up it too!

A Sister (to her Brother). ROBERT, that's just like the horse you rode that last time, isn't it?

[ROBERT doesn't answer, fervently hoping that his Sister's Pretty Friend has not overheard this comment.

The Prof. Well, the way to overcome that is just to turn the animal round—so—several times till he gets dizzy and forgets where E. Street is, and then he says to himself, "I guess I'd better go wherever the gentleman wants!"

The Sister. ROBERT's horse turned round and round like that—didn't he, ROBERT?

[ROBERT turns rather red and grunts.

Her Pretty Friend. And then did he go where your brother wanted him to?

The Sister. Oh yes, at last. (ROBERT breathes

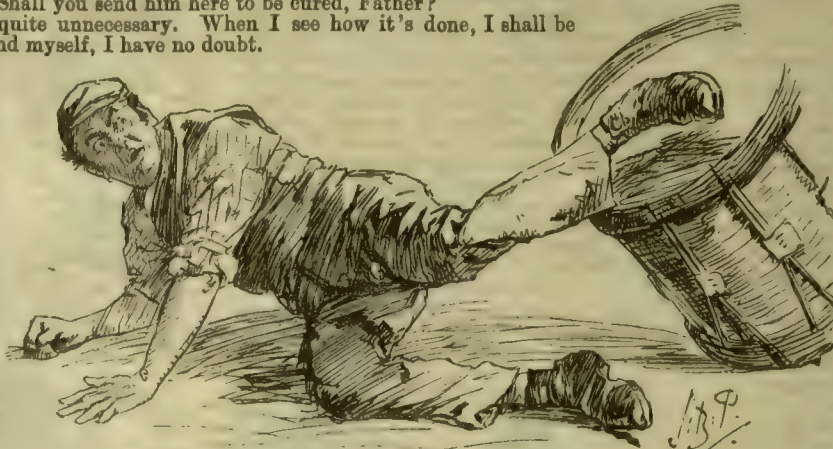
more freely.) Only without ROBERT. [ROBERT wonders bitterly why on earth a fellow's Sisters should try to make him out a regular muff like this.

[Two more horses are brought out, put in double harness in the light waggon, and driven round the Arena by the Professor. A steam whistle is let off over their heads, whereupon they rear and plunge, and back frantically, the Professor discoursing unperturbed from the waggon. After a few repetitions of this, the horses find the steam-whistle out as a brazen impostor, and become hardened sceptics from that moment. They despise the Comic Groom when he prances at them with a flag, and the performance of the Serious Man on the cymbals only inspires them with grave concern on his account. The bundle of coloured rags is let down suddenly on their heads, and causes them nothing but contemptuous amusement; crackers bang about their heels—and they pretend to be pleased; the Funny Groom (who is, by this time, almost unrecognisable with sawdust), gets on the rear horse's back and bangs the drum on his head, but they are merely pained by his frivolity. Finally he throws an awful of old newspapers at them, and they exhibit every sign of boredom. After this, they are unharnessed and sent back to their boxes—a pair of equine Stoics who are past surprise at anything on this earth.]

The Prof. (concluding amidst loud applause). Ladies and Gentlemen, I have only To say that I don't carry any horses About with me, and that if anyone here has a vicious Or nervous animal, and likes to send him to me, I will undertake to handle him free of all charge.

Paterf. I shall have Tartar sent here—less trouble than trying the methods myself—and safer.

Prof. And after I have treated the animal as you have seen, the Proprietor will only have to repeat the process himself for a week or so, and I guarantee he will have a thoroughly broke horse.



"The short Groom falling over a drum."

The Daughter. There, you see, Father, some of the taming will have to be done at home!

Paterf. (who doesn't quite see himself dancing about Tartar with a drum, or brandishing an umbrella on his back). Well, TOPPIN will take the horse over, and he'll be here and see how it's done. I can't be bothered with it myself. I've too much to do!

The Daughter. I wish you would. I'm sure Tartar would rather you tamed him than TOPPIN!

[*Paterf. while privately of opinion that this is not unlikely, sees no necessity to consider his horse's preferences in the matter.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 20.—Black Rod got up little joke to-night by way of relieving the weight of these mournful parting moments. As soon as House met, word went round that, in absence of Mr. G., and other Leaders of the Opposition, SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE intended to take Prince ARTHUR in hand, and insist on his making clean breast of date of Dissolution. A Royal Commission arranged in other House. Black Rod despatched to summon Commons to assist at ceremony. "The SAGE wants the House of Lords abolished, does he?" said Black Rod, to his friend the White Elephant. "Very well; but before it's done, I'll bet you 100 to 1, as JOHN MORLEY says, that I, as representative of the Lords, will make him shut up, and pretty sharp too. He little knows there's a Rod in pickle for him, and a Black 'un, too."

Everything worked out as it was planned. On Motion for Third Reading of Appropriation Bill, SAGE, in his most winning way, invited Prince ARTHUR to name the happy day. Black Rod, getting tip, hurried across Lobby; reached the door just as SAGE was in middle of a sentence. "Black Rod!" roared Doorkeeper, at top of his voice. SAGE paused, looked with troubled glance towards door, stood for a moment as if he would resist the incursion, and catching sight of sword by Black Rod's side, abruptly sat down amid general titter.

Still winding-up business. GEORGE CURZON explained Indian Budget to PLOWDEN, and Rev. SAM SMITH, who thought it very good. So it was, comprehensive, lucid, here and there brightened with felicitous touches of eloquence.

"Pity," said GRAND CROSS, when I mentioned to him the depressing circumstances attendant upon delivery of speech; "CURZON's a clever youth. When he's been with me a month or two, he'll brighten up considerably. Great advantage for a young man to have such guidance, coming into almost daily contact with a person like his present Chief. The fact is, TOBY, I am really responsible for the state of the House to-night. The country, England and India alike, are so satisfied with my rule over what I may, perhaps without offence, call our dusky Empire, that people do not think it worth while to go down to House to hear the affair discoursed on by my Under-Secretary. Amongst the natives in India, I'm told, I'm regarded as a sort of Fetish. Travellers in remote regions bring home stories of finding, set up in humble cottages, little images, more or less resembling me. GORST told me they have a saying there, which he was good enough to translate. His knowledge of Hindustance is extensive, peculiar, and acquired with remarkable rapidity. These are the lines:

If you'd never make a loss,
Put your money on GRAND CROSS.
A free translation, GORST says, but gives you the swing and the spirit of the dithch. Rather hard on CURZON that my popularity should spoil his speech, but a good thing for the country."

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Tuesday.—Wonderfully good muster in Lords to-night. Every man upon his mettle. As the MARKISS says, with that epigrammatic style that makes him so delightful, "The first duty of a Peer is to appear." Those Radicals been protesting that talk about necessity for prolonging Session over week all a flam.

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Appeal to patriotic feelings nobly answered; nearly a hundred Lords in place to-night. CHELMSFORD, walking down with his

umbrella, just about to add a unit to the number; stopped on the threshold by strange sight; looking in from room beyond the Throne, sees DENMAN standing at Table, shaking his fist at Prime Minister. DENMAN is wearing what CHELMSFORD, who is short-sighted, at first took to be red Cap of Liberty. But it's nothing more dangerous than a red skull-cap, designed to resist draughts. Needn't be red, but it is. Business before House, Third Reading of Small Holdings Bill Occurs to DENMAN to move its rejection; talks for ten minutes; difficulty to catch his remarks; understood from fragmentary phrases to be extolling someone as a luminous Statesman; seeing measure before the House is Small Holdings Bill, noble Lords naturally conclude he's talking about CHAPLIN. MARKISS interposes; says, "Noble Lord not speaking to Bill before House."

It was at this moment CHELMSFORD arrived. Saw DENMAN draw himself up to full height, shake his fist at the MARKISS, and this time at full pitch of quivering voice cry, "Ha! ha! you wish to *clôture* me again, do you? I'm very much obliged to you. I have a right to refer in a hereditary assembly to the best man that ever stood in it."

Then noble Lords knew it couldn't have been CHAPLIN. Not yet.

Business done.—Still winding it up.

Tuesday, June 28.—Parliament prorogued and dissolved. "All over at last," says ROSCOR, putting it in another and more original way. Few to part where (six years ago) many met. Still some, chiefly Metropolitan Members, remain to see the last of the old Parliament.

"Good-bye, TOBY," Prince ARTHUR says, after we've shaken hands with the SPEAKER. "Shall see you again in August. You're all right. One of those happy fellows who are returned unopposed. As for me, I have to fight for my seat, and my life."

"You'll come back too," I said; "but you'll be sitting on the other side of House. What'll you do when you're in Opposition?"

"I'll go to the Opera every Wednesday night," said Prince ARTHUR, with a gleam of joy lighting up his face.

Business done.—Parliament dissolved.



"All over at last!"

As for me, I have to fight for

NEWS ABOUT BISMARCK FOR THE BRITISH PUBLIC.—Professor SCHWENINGER, the Bizzzy B's private physician, writes privately to *Mr. Punch* the following news

like a top. This is no hum. He is up at 7 A.M., and wishes everyone 'the top of the mornin' to you,' puts on his top-boots and top-hat, and then goes out for a spin."

FROM A CORRESPONDENT AMONG THE TRUSTEES, MESSRS. COHEN AND LEVY, AND THE GIFT OF £350,000 FOR LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER.—Sir,—It has been asked, what will they do with it? Liverpool and Manchester are both millionnaires and millowners too. Why not send a little to me? Who's Cohen, I mean who's goin' to leave-y me anything? No spare Cohen—or Coin—ever comes my way! Would that a Co-hen would lay for me a golden egg as valuable as the Kohenore! Sir, I am of Irish extraction, and the Irish are of Hebraic origin, so I have some claim. Why? Because Irishmen are Hebrews first and Irish afterwards. The first settlers on settling-day in Ireland were Hebrews to a man, and isn't it clear that "Liffey" was originally "Levy?"

Yours impecuniously,

THE O'DUNAHOO.

With the accent on the "Owe" and the "Dun."

Leafy June 30.



"Stopped on the threshold."

Simply meant to make it impossible for our delicate friend, the British Workman, to get to poll. Peers must show they mean business, by turning up with regularity and despatch.

Appeal to patriotic feelings nobly answered; nearly a hundred Lords in place to-night. CHELMSFORD, walking down with his



about his distinguished patient. "Tell the B. P. that P. B. sleeps



"ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY!"

Hostess. "I'VE GOT SUCH A COLD TO-DAY. I FEEL QUITE STUPID!"

Prize Idiot (calling). "I'VE GOT A BAD COLD TOO; BUT I DON'T FEEL PARTICULARLY STUPID!"

Hostess. "AH, I SEE YOU'RE NOT QUITE YOURSELF!"

THE POLITICAL JOHNNY GILPIN.

(Lately-discovered Fragments of a Grand Old Ballad, the Sequel to which may—or may not—turn up later on.)

JOHN GILPIN was a patriot
Of credit and renown;
A Grand Old Leader eke was he,
Of famous London town.

JOHN'S Liberal Lady said, "Oh, dear!
Out in the cold we've been
These seven tedious years, and have
No chance of Office seen.

"To-morrow is Election Day,
And we may then repair
Our Party-split a little bit,—
That is—if you take care!

"Our Sisters, and the Labour lot,
Need soothing, you'll agree;
If we can all together ride,
I think we'll have a spree."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of Liberal Dames but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done!

"I am a Programme-rider bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the Party 'Whip'
Will teach me how to go."

Quoth the good dame, "Liquor we'll want,
The 'Union Tap' is queer;
We'll furnish be with our own 'Blend,'
Scotch-Irish bright and clear."

JOHN GILPIN kissed his partner shrewd;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on conquest she was bent,
She had a prudent mind.

JOHN GILPIN, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Queer customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of Votes, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long ere these queer customers
Were suited to their mind,
When SCHNADDY, shouting, came down
stairs,
"The tipples left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty blade
When foes I 'pulverise.'"

His Liberal Lady (careful soul!)
Had two big bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle at each side,
To keep his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long green cloak, well-brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his docile steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

It might have been a smoother road,
Nor was it nice to meet
First off, a Pig, who GILPIN bold
With stubborn grunt did greet.

So fair and softly! JOHN cried,
But—

[Here the fragment, so far as at present discovered, abruptly endeth.]

TIP FROM OUR OWN BOOKING-OFFICE.—
Persons about to go to the Country, whether to
defend their own seat or attack someone else's,
can't do better, my Baronite says, than take
with them P. W. CLAYDEN'S *England Under
Coalition*, just published by FISHER UNWIN.
It's not much to carry, but it's worth the
trouble of packing up; also of unpacking, and
reading. It tells the story of two Parliaments
and three Governments. A pretty story it is,
more interesting than most novels, and in one
volume too. A marvel of condensation and
lucid narrative. Only one thing lacking to a
work likely to be constantly used for reference,
and that is an index. "But you can't have
everything," as *Queen Eleanor* said to *Fair Ro-
samon*d when, having swallowed the contents
of the poisoned chalice, she asked for a dagger.



THE POLITICAL JOHNNY GILPIN.

"NOW SEE HIM MOUNTED ONCE AGAIN
UPON HIS NIMBLE STEED,
FULL SLOWLY PACING O'ER THE STONES,
WITH CAUTION AND GOOD HEED."



OBVIOUS.

Buttons (fresh from the Country, evidently no French Scholar). "I SAY, MARY, THE GUV'NOR AND MISSUS ARE DINING OUT TO-NIGHT. BUT I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME MAKE OUT WHAT A R, A S, A V, AND A P MEAN ON THIS 'ERE CARD!"

Smart Housemaid. "WHY, OF COURSE IT MEANS THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE RUMP STEAK AND VEAL PIE!"

ELECTION NOTES.

(By Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.)

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you consented eventually to the terms I proposed. After all, £100 a-week (and expenses) is a mere trifle for the arduous work I expect to do for you. According to your instructions, I arrived three nights ago in the ancient borough of Bunkham-on-the-Marsh, and at once took steps to pursue those inquiries which are necessary for a satisfactory estimate of the political situation. My experience as a lightning change artiste is quite invaluable. I visit the Liberal Committee-rooms, and attend Liberal meetings in a complete suit of corduroys and horny hands. Five minutes afterwards I find myself in a military moustache, a frock coat, and patent leather boots at the Conservative

head-quarters. In the former disguise I enthusiastically advocate the Newcastle Programme, and denounce the base minions of Coercion. In the latter I rouse Conservative partisans to frenzy by my impassioned appeals on behalf of one Queen, one Flag, one Empire, and a policy of enlightened Conservative progress. I can highly recommend my two perorations, in one of which I consign Mr. GLADSTONE to eternal infamy, while in the other I hold up Lord SALISBURY to the derision of mankind.

I send you herewith extracts from the two newspapers published in Bunkham. The *Bunkham News* is the organ of the Liberals; the *Bunkham Standard* (with which are incorporated the *Bunkham Messenger* and the *Bunkham Guardian and Mangelschire Express*) expresses the views of the Conservatives in this important district.

The Bunkham News. *The Bunkham Standard.*

At last! The period of subterfuges and evasions is past. Fraud and dishonesty have had their day, Coercion has done its worst, and the time has come when the most scandalous and disgraceful Government of which history bears record, will have to submit itself to judgment to the opinions of those who are dishonoured by being its fellow-countrymen. We can have no doubt whatever as to what the result of the contest will be in this enlightened constituency. The men of Bunkham have been at all times noted for their love of freedom and justice, and for their hatred of those who base themselves upon oppression and iniquity. The Liberal Candidate, Mr. HENRY PLEDGER, has now been before the Constituency for more than a year. Wherever he has gone he has been received with unparalleled demonstrations of enthusiasm by the immense majority of our fellow-townsmen. His eloquence, combined with his engaging manners, have won all hearts. The fight will be short, but severe. Men of Bunkham, will you lag in the rear? The issue is to those who work from now to the polling day. If you only make a united effort, triumph is assured.

THE date of the Dissolution has been fixed, and by making it impossible for the Elections to be held on a Saturday, the Government have given one more proof of their deep and sincere devotion to the highest interests of the working-classes. There never has been any Ministry, we make bold to say, whose record will better bear the fierce light of public investigation. Grievances have been redressed, moderate reforms, such as the country desired, have been passed into law, and turbulence and outrage have been repressed. No body of men ever deserved more fully what they now possess, and are sure to retain—the confidence and gratitude of their fellow-citizens. Our Member, Mr. TUFFAN, has borne a not unimportant part in assisting the Government by his presence in the House of Commons. His manly, straightforward integrity, and his universal generosity, have endeared him to all classes in Bunkham. We look forward with absolute confidence to his return by an immense majority. From the disorganised ranks of our adversaries there is little to fear. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder, and leave no stone unturned to win a victory which is even now within our grasp.

I have had interviews with prominent politicians on both sides, and have been assured on both sides, that victory is certain. Both Candidates are constantly occupied in driving all over the borough in pair-horse carriages, lavishly decorated with the party colours, orange for the Liberals, blue for the Conservatives. Mrs. PLEDGER is magnificent in an orange silk dress; Mrs. TUFFAN overwhelms me with blue ribbons. Master PLEDGER waves an orange banner in every street; Miss TUFFAN distributes blue cards in all the shops. The Liberal Committee-rooms are ablaze with pictures of Mr. GLADSTONE; the Conservative Office flames with Union Jacks, and other Imperial devices. Eight meetings are to be held in different parts of the Constituency to-night. Immense efforts are being made to capture the votes of the Association of Jam Dealers, which has its chief factory here. Master PLEDGER has just gone by in a Victoria, with a huge pot of "Bunkham Jam" on the seat in front of him. He had a spoon, and was apparently enjoying himself. This manoeuvre has much depressed the Conservatives, who consider it disgraceful. More next week.

Yours always, THE MAN IN THE MOON.



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PUNCH

VOL. CIII



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1892.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON





SCENE—Chicago. Mr. PUNCH seated, like MARIUS, not however amidst Carthaginian ruins, but amidst the colossal, though incomplete, evidences of "the grand style, the perfect proportions, and the magnificent dimensions of the buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition." To him enters a Majestic Presence, bearing an Eagle, falcon-like, on her fist.

Mr. PUNCH (rising and saluting). Hail, COLUMBIA!

Toby (greeting the Bird of Freedom). Bow-wow-wow!

Eagle (affably). Squ-a-a-kkk!!!

Columbia (with an Olympian air, and a slight accent). Tha-a-anks, and welcome, Stranger! When I say "Stranger," I don't mean that you are one. But it is a delicate compliment to a Britisher to adopt, in some small measure, the quaint diction with which his wandering wags credit me. I ought to have said "air" instead of "are," and to have already dropped in an "I reckon" or two. But I'm sure your politeness will hold me excused of that!

Mr. PUNCH. Madam, there is no need to carry the conventionalities of international caricature into the courtesies of international intercourse.

Columbia. Well said, Mr. PUNCH! Shake! And be seated. [They sit, whilst AQUILA hops down to hob-nob with TOBY.

Mr. PUNCH (admiringly). COLUMBIA, you look particularly fit and high-toned to-day. Like—how shall I put it?—well, like an extremely up-to-date Juno, out for an airing with the Bird of Jove.

Columbia. Comparisons are—fragrant, from your truthful lips. Never mind me, however, just now. What do you think of my Big Show—as far as it goes?

Mr. PUNCH. That, unfinished as is its condition, it bears the promise and potency of licking all Creation—in the exhibiting line. Even that colossal conglomeration in the Champs de Mars was scarcely a circumstance to what I see around me here. England had the credit of starting the game, France trumped her last card, but Chicago "clears the board."

Columbia. Now then, AQUILA, leave TOBY's tail alone! A fine fowl, Mr. PUNCH, but rather fond of mischief.

Mr. PUNCH. Just a touch of the magpie strain, eh? I fancy I've noticed it before—once or twice. TOBY won't mind. He knows Birds o' Freedom are apt to take liberties.

Columbia (smiling). Mr. PUNCH—you do beat all—out of sight!

"Who is it dares say that our naytional eagle
Wun't much longer be classed with the birds thet air regal?"

I ought to resent your sly suggestion! But, like TOBY, I'm good-tempered, and sha'n't.

Mr. PUNCH. Madam, you disarm me! The Bird's a beauty, and I'm a brute. [Pats AQUILA's proud crest paternally.

Columbia. Stars and Stripes! He doesn't peck you!!

Mr. Punch. He knows I love him—and his Mistress. Let the jays of Journalism chatter, the finches of Fashion flutter, and the kites and crows of Party claw and scuffle,—LEO and AQUILA are not “in that crowd.”

Columbia. That's so, and don't you forget it!

Mr. Punch. I won't—even when JIM BLAINE blusters, M'KINLEY crows, HARRISON eggs on Canada to revolt, high tariffs threaten our interests, or long quarantines our comfort.

Columbia. Nor I when emigration agents dump down your human refuse on my shores, or your callow cocky KIPLINGS mock my institutions, and run a-muck at my manners, till I'm tempted to say with “HOSEA BIGLOW”—

“Of all the sarse that I can call to mind,
England does mak the most onpleasant kind.”

Mr. Punch (smiling). Quits! Well, COLUMBIA, I'm infinitely interested in your imminent Exhibition—I beg pardon, Exposition! I trust the other (theoretically) imminent things, such as the threatened Strikes, Epidemics, Preposterous Prices, and other public nuisances, will *not* interfere with its complete prosperity, or hinder its achieving the pyramidal success I most heartily wish it.

Columbia. Thanks! I'm not quite sure, Mr. PUNCH, that LOWELL's nobly hospitable words, so often quoted, apply now quite as forcibly as once they did:—

“An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child o' ADAM's kin.”

Humph! You see HOMER WILBUR, A.M. “didn't know everythin' down in”—Jaalam! And my dear, high-souled JAMES RUSSELL perhaps lived just long enough to suspect that the policy of the ring-fence *might* have to supersede that of the “free latch-string,” after all. But *you*'ll be welcome, Mr. PUNCH, you and your Young Men, if you can manage to run them across to Chicago, as you did to the Champs de Mars.

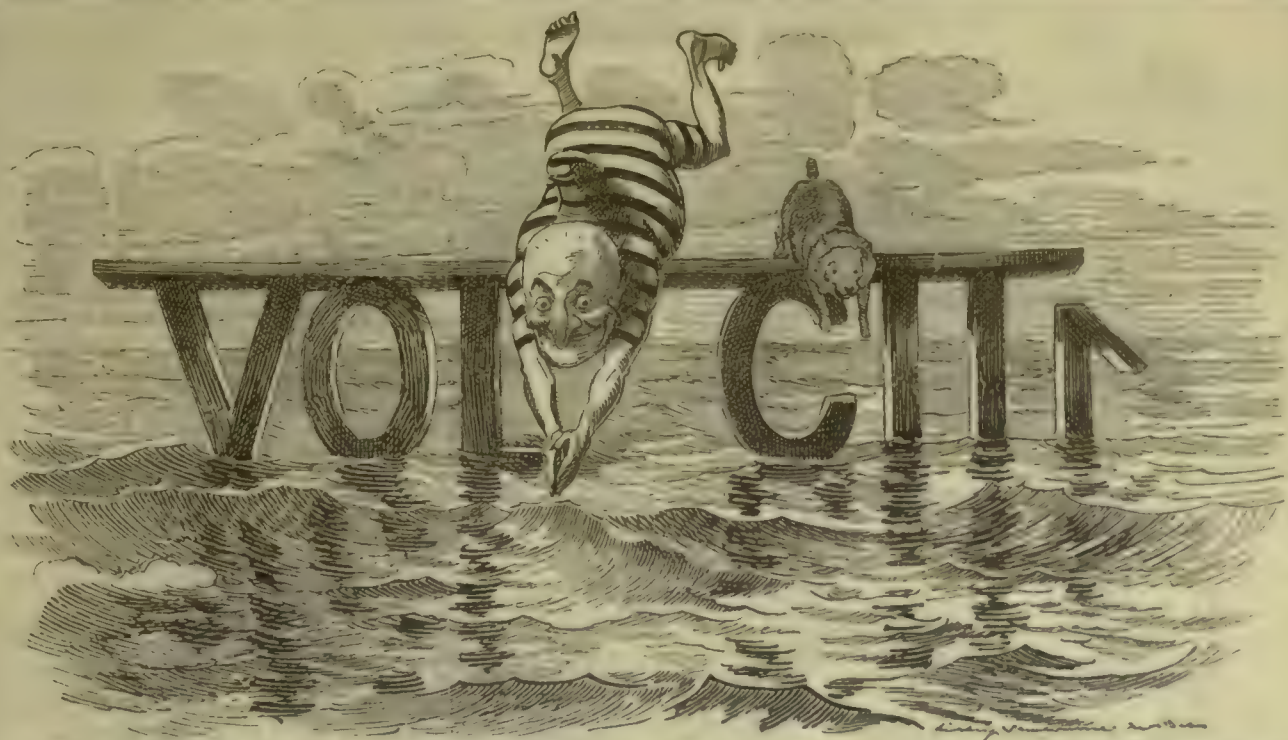
Mr. Punch. Ah! It's a far cry from Fleet Street to Lake Michigan, Madam. But I'll tell them what you say. One of them—a “dear clever boy,” bearing a famous name that is well bekknown to you—has lately paid you a flying visit, and is about to tell the world, with pen and pencil, what he thinks of you.

Columbia (sighing). Ah! They all do it! MAX O'RELL, FURNISS, KIPLING, it's all the same. They're awfully anxious I should see myself as others see me—in a few weeks. But somehow, Mr. PUNCH, dear BRITANNIA and I do not always quite recognise ourselves in the perhaps slightly distorting mirrors held up to Nature by caricaturists on either side the herring-pond.

Mr. Punch. Well, COLUMBIA, humour, like poetry, does not always bear translation—or transatlanticisation. Britishers and Yankees are much given to mutually contemning each other's comicalities. Much that strikes as smart or laughable on one side the Atlantic, may seem coarse or dull on t'other. You see we don't fully understand each other's politics, especially in their personal details, and there are local fashions in fun as in other things. Still, one touch of genuine free humour—like one touch of Nature—*should* make the whole world kin, much more you and me, who are nature's kindred already. 'Tis in the hope, my dear COLUMBIA, that you may find in its pages a few such touches of Nature—as I am sure you will find no intentional touches of *ill-nature*, to you-wards particularly—'tis in that hope, and with heartiest wishes for the complete success of your colossal Columbian, COLUMBUS-glorifying, Chicago-booming, Civilisation-comprehending, World-astounding Wonder of a Show, that I venture to present you with my

One Hundred and Thir'd Volume!!!





SIMPLE AS A "B" "C."

DEAR EX-CHANCELLOR WITH A PAST,—I AM sorry to have to address you, especially as to you I owe my promotion. But matters are coming to a crisis, and the Fatherland is suffering from your indiscretions. You are making a great mistake—you are, indeed.

Now, I ask you, what would you do under the following circumstances? Supposing you were in my position, what would you do if your predecessor held you up to ridicule, spoilt all your favourite diplomatic plans, insulted your employer, and made himself generally disagreeable all round? You must know, my good Prince, that you are sowing dissension in every direction. You are embroiling us with Russia, and running the chance of a war with France. Moreover, you are breaking the very laws you made for the solitary purpose of meeting the case you have raised yourself! So now, with every kindly recollection of the past, tell me why I don't arrest you, why I don't put you into prison, why I don't break your power once and for ever?

Yours truly, VON C—.

Reply to the above.

DEAR CHANCELLOR, WITHOUT A FUTURE,—I will answer you why you do not arrest me? The simple reason is that you, my dear friend, are not BISMARCK. And I am, yours truly,

VON B—.

A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "ONE WHO LIVES AND LEARNS," wishes to know what is the meaning of the expression, "The Minute Gun at Sea?" We will tell him. "A Minute Gun" is, of course, a very small one. When it goes wrong, it is "at sea." No extra charge for this gun.

MEM.—You can't expect much from the Speakers at a Convention, where the Speeches must be Conventional.

"HAPPY THOUGHT!"—MR. JOHN THOMAS'S Grand Harp Concert.

A WILDE IDEA.
OR, MORE INJUSTICE TO IRELAND!

THE licence for the production of his French Play of *Salomé*, accepted by SARAH B., having been refused by the Saxon Licensor of Plays, The

O'SCAR, dreams of becoming a French Citizen, but doesn't quite "see himself," at the beginning of his career, as a conscript in the French Army, and so, to adapt the Gilbertian lines, probably—

"In spite of great temptation
To French na-tu-ra-li-sa-tion,
He'll remain an Irishman!"

MY PUGGY!

[A Correspondent writes to the *Standard* in praise of pugs, as the most useful household dogs to prevent burglaries.]

Who bears, despite a wrinkled skin,
A heart that's soft and warm within,
And hates a visitor like sin?—
My puggy!

Who has a little temper of
His own, and sports a winter cough,
And thinks himself a mighty toff?—
My puggy!

Whose voice, disturbing midnight rest,
Do wily house-breakers detest,
And move to some less guarded nest?—
My puggy's!

Who does not, like a stupid cat,
'Gainst burglars' boots rub himself flat,—
Soliciting a felon's pat?—
My puggy!

And when the burglar's body's half
Inside the ash, with doggish laugh,
Who masticates his nearest calf?—
My puggy!

Who owns a phiz (which I could hug),
That's called by stupid boys an ug-
ly sulky unattractive "mug"?—
My puggy!

OUR old friend, MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, has been sightseeing in the country. Being asked whether she had seen the Midgettes, she said, "Don't mention 'em, my dear! I've seen 'em, and felt 'em—thousands of 'em—they very nearly closed my eyes up."

THROUGH EVER-GREEN GLASSES.



["On the side of those poor men who constitute the Irish nation, with their few and disparaged leaders, we have found a consideration, a calmness, and a liberality of view, a disposition to interpret everything in the best sense, and to make every concession that could possibly bring harmony about."—*Mr. Gladstone in Edinburgh.*]

AIR—"The Wearing of the Green."

Ever-Green Statesman sings:—

OCH, Erin dear, and did ye hear the cry that's going round?
The Home-Rule plant they would forbid to grow on Irish ground.
I had my doubts at one time, but more clearly I have seen
Since I took—in shamrock spectacles—to Wearing of the Green.

Chorus.

I'm Ever-Green myself, ye know, so take me by the hand,
And tell me how Ould Oireland is, and how our chances stand.
'Tis the most disthressful country, dear, that ever yet was seen;
But I'm sworn to right ye, darlint, now I'm Wearing of the Green!

With unsurpassed frivolity and cruelty, 'tis said,
That you, Mavourneen, wish to set your heel on Ulster's head.
If *you*, who under Orange foot so long time have been trod,
Would trample down your tyrants old, it would be passing odd.

Chorus.—I'm Ever-Green myself, ye know, &c.

When the law can stop your friends, my dear, from growing as
they grow,
When the Tories stop my "flowing tide" from flowing as 'twill
Then I will change the colour, dear, that in my specs is seen,
But until that day, please Heaven, I'll stick to Wearing of the
Green.

Chorus.

I am Ever-Green myself as is your own dear Emerald Land,
And that is why the Green Isle's case I've learned to understand.
'Tis the most disthressful country, yours, that ever yet was seen;
But I'll right ye. Twig my glasses, dear! I'm Wearing of the
Green!

THE LAST TRAIN.

It will fade from mortal vision,
So the fashion-plates ordain;
Worthy subject of derision,
Not the mail, but female,
train!

It has goaded men to mutter
Words unhappily profane,
Trailed in ball-room or in
gutter, [train.
Whether cheap or first-class
Far and wide, on floor and
paving, [swain;
Spread the dress to catch the
Sometimes long—in distance
waving;
Sometimes wide—a "broad-
gauge train."

It has dragged a long existence
Through the dust, the mud,
the rain,
Great is feminine persistence,
She would never lose the
train.

Booby-traps were beaten
hollow,
Hapless man stepped back in
vain, [follow
Knowing what a trip would
If he only caught the train!

Oh, the anguish that it gave us,
Quite unnecessary pain!
WORTH, not WESTINGHOUSE,
will save us,
And at last will stop the train!

Mrs. R., hearing her Nephew
say that he had been discussing
some "Two-year-old Stakes"
with a friend, observed that
she was afraid they must have
been dreadfully tough, adding,
after consideration, "Perhaps
they were frozen meat."



AN EXCITING TIME.

POOR JONES IS CONVINCED THAT HIS WORST FEARS ARE AT LAST REALISED, AND HE IS LEFT ALONE
WITH A DANGEROUS LUNATIC!! (IT WAS ONLY LITTLE WOBBLER RUNNING ANXIOUSLY OVER THE POINTS
OF HIS COMING SPEECH TO THE ELECTORS OF PLUMPTON-TIME!!)

THE CANDIDATE'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

(In Answer to a Sweep asking for a F.O. Clerkship.)

MY DEAR MR. —,

NOTHING would give me greater pleasure than to secure for
your interesting son a Clerkship in the Foreign Office. The fact that
he has a distaste for the profession to which you belong would be no
disqualification. I agree with you that chimney-sweeping is better
than diplomacy. However, if he won't help you it can't be helped.
I am exceptionally busy just now, but please repeat the purport of
your letter after the Election. Who knows I may not be in a better
position then than now to assist you, Yours sincerely,
SOPHT SAWDER.

(In Answer to a Letter about meeting a Duchess.)

MY DEAR MADAM,

YES, I have the honour of the Duchess's acquaintance.
As you say, Her Grace's "at homes" are charming, but of course they
are not equal to her dinners. I shall be only too pleased if I can
bring about a meeting with the Duchess.

I am exceptionally busy just now, but please repeat the purport
of your letter after the Election. Who knows I may not be in a
better position then than now to assist you.

Yours sincerely, SOPHT SAWDER.

(In Answer to all Letters generally.)

MY DEAR —,

OF course I shall be only too delighted to help you in any
way in my power. You may always command me—only too pleased,
only too overjoyed. But the fact is, I am just now exceptionally
busy. Please repeat the purport of your letter after the Election.
Who knows I may not be in a better position then than now to
assist you. Yours sincerely, SOPHT SAWDER.

(Common Form Reply to Answers to the above.)

MR. SOPHT SAWDER, M.P., presents his compliments to —, and
begs to say that he has no recollection of having promised anything.
Mr. S. S. regrets to say that he has no time for an interview.

PRICKLE-ME-UPS.

SIR,—I am delighted to observe that some Constant Contributors
(to other papers, not yours, Sir) are making dietetic experiments on
Nettles. Perhaps you would allow me to mention that Groundsel
Salad is a delicious dish, when you get used to it, and that a *Purée*
of Chickweed rarely fails to create delighted astonishment at a
crowded dinner-table. Bramble Pie is another excellent recipe
straight from Dame Nature's Cookery Book. With great care, it is
possible to cook Thistles in such a way as to make them taste just
like Artichokes. My family often has these and similar delicacies at
their mid-day meal, when I am away in the City.

Yours truly, LOVER OF ECONOMY.

SIR,—I saw that letter about eating Nettles. Of course it's all
rot (if you will excuse the expression), but I thought it would be
fun to try the nettle diet on my Uncle JAMES, who never gives me a
tip when I go to visit him, although my Mother says he's as rich as
Creesers, though I don't know who they are. So I got one or two
good stinging ones (I knew they were stingers, because I tried them
on Cook first) and cut off little bits and put them in Uncle James's
sandwiches, which he always has for lunch. It was awful larks to
watch him eat them. I thought he'd have a fit. Then I said good-
bye, and I haven't been near him since. But I got Cook to take him
in a dock-leaf from me, and I hope he ate it after the sandwiches.
I thought it might do him good. I'm going to try nettle sandwiches
on a boy I know at school, who's a beast. I expect it will give him
nettle-rash. No more now from Yours respectfully, TOMMY.

SIR,—I frequently recommend patients suffering from advanced
atrophy to try Nettle Broth. I must say that I am myself nettled,
when they reply that they prefer the advanced atrophy. A good
counter-irritant in cases of blood-poisoning is a stout holly leaf, *eaten*
raw. In serious cases of collapse, if a patient can be got to consume
a cactus or a prickly pear, the stimulative effect is really surprising.
In the absence of these products of the vegetable kingdom, a hedge-
stake, taken directly after a meal, will do equally well.

Yours professionally, SOLUBLE SALT, F.R.C.P.

AT THE WILD WEST.

(A Sketch at Earl's Court.)

The Orator's Opening Discourse (as heard in the back rows). Ladies and Gentlemen, I desire to draw your attention to an important fact. It will be my pleasure to introduce to you... ("The real American popcorn, equally famous in Paris and London, tuppence each packet!" from Vendor in gangway)... history and life of the... ("Buffalo Bill Puzzle, one penny!" from another vendor behind)... impress one fact upon your minds; this is not... (roar and rattle of passing train)... in the ordinary or common acceptation of... ("Puff-puff-puff!" from engine shunting trucks)... Many unthinking persons have said... (Piercing and prolonged scream from same engine.) This is not so. On the contrary... (Metallic bangs from trucks.) Men and animals are... ("Programmes! Opera-glasses on hire!")... purely the creatures of...

[Remainder of remarks hopelessly lost amidst the clank of coupling chains, whistles, snorts and puffs from shunting engine.]

An Old Lady in Audience. He has such a beautiful clear voice, we ought to hear every word. If I were Buffalo BILL, I should positively insist on the trains keeping quiet while the Orator was speaking!

Orator (during the Grand Processional Review). A Troop of Arapahoe Indians! A

[Band strikes up; a party of painted Indians gallop into Arena, uttering little puppy-like barks.]

An Artistic Lady (shuddering). Look at that creature with a raw pink body, and a pea-green face—it's too frightful, and such crude yellows! I wish they could be taught to paint themselves some decent colour!

Her Sister. Really, dear, as far as decency is concerned, I don't exactly see what difference the mere colour would make.

Her Husband. That isn't quite what EMILY meant. She'd like to enamel 'em all in Art shades and drape Liberty scarves round 'em, like terra-cotta drainpipes or wicker-chairs—eh, EMILY?

Emily (loftily). Oh, my dear HENRY, I wasn't speaking to you. I know what a contempt you have for all that makes a home beautiful!

Henry. Meaning Indians? My love, I respect them and admire them—at a distance; but, plain or coloured, I cannot admit that they would be decorative as furniture—even in your drawing-room!

Orator. A party of Women of the Ogallalla Tribe!

[Three mounted Indian ladies in blankets—walk their horses slowly round the Arena, crooning "Aye-eia-ha-ya-hee-hi-ya!" with every sign of enjoying their own performance.]

A Poetical Lady. What strange wild singing it is, JOHN! There's something so creepy about it, somehow.

John (a prosaic but frivolous person). There is, indeed. It explains one thing I never quite understood before, though.

The Poetical Lady. I thought it would impress you—but what does it explain?

John. The reason why the buffalo in those parts has so entirely died out.

A Rigid Matron (during the Emigrant Train Scene). I don't care to see a girl ride in that bold way myself. I'm sure it must be so unsexing for them. And what is she about now, with that man? They're actually having a duel with knives—on horseback too! not at all a nice thing for any young girl to do. There! she's pulled out a pistol and shot him—and galloped off as if nothing had happened! I have always heard that American girls were allowed a good deal of liberty—but I'd really no idea they went as far as this! I should be sorry indeed to see any girl of mine (here she glances instructively at three dumpty and dough-faced Daughters) acting in that forward and most unfeminine manner. (Reassuringly.) But I'm very sure there's no fear of that, is there, dears?

[The Daughters repudiate with gratifying unanimity any desire to shoot gentlemen on horseback.]

A Bloodthirsty Boy (as the hostile Indians attack the train). Will the Indians scalp anybody, Uncle?

His Uncle. No, my boy, they don't let 'em get near enough for that, you see! [The Indians are ignominiously chased off by Cowboys.]

The Boy (disappointed). They'd a splendid chance of scalping the Orator that time—and not one of them even saw it!

Orator. Captain JACK BURTZ, of the United States Army, will now give you an example of his phenomenal Lightning Drill.

[The Captain takes up his position with an air of fierce resolution, and proceeds to do wonderful things with a rifle and fixed bayonet, which he treats with a familiarity bordering on contempt.]

A Lady (to a Military Friend—as the Captain twirls the rifle rapidly round his neck). Have you ever seen anyone drill like that before?

The M. F. Saw CINQUEVALLI do something very like it at the Empire. But he had a cannon-ball as well.

The Lady. Look at him now—he's making the gun revolve upside down with the bayonet on the palm of his hand! Could you do that?

The M. F. Not without drilling a hole in myself.

The Lady. It really is wonderful that he shouldn't feel the point, isn't it now?

The M. F. Well, I don't see much point in it myself—but so long as it amuses him, I daresay it's all right.

[The Captain discharges the gun in the air and retires at the double, feeling that his country's safety is secure for the present. JOHNNY BAKER, the young American Marksman, appears and exhibits his skill in shooting upside down.]

The Rigid Matron. He missed one that time—he's not quite such a good shot as the girl was.

One of the Daughters. Oh, but, Mother, you forget! Miss ANNIE OAKLEY didn't stand on her—

The R. M. (in an awful voice). I am perfectly aware of that. EUPHEMIA; so pray don't make such unnecessary remarks!

[EUPHEMIA subsides in confusion.]

An Unsophisticated Spectator (as

Master BAKER, after rubbing his forehead, discovers a brickbat under the mat where his head had been). Now, how very odd! He found a brick in exactly the same place when I was here before! Someone must have a grudge against him, poor boy! But he ought to look before he stands on his head, next time!

Mr. Timmerman (carelessly, to his wife, as the Deadwood Coach is introduced). It would be rather fun to have a ride in the Coach—new experience and all that.

Mrs. T. (who doesn't intend him to go). Oh, do be careful then.

Mr. T. (feeling quite the Daredevil). Pooh, my dear, what is there to be careful about?

Mrs. T. It does look such a ramshackle old thing—it might break down. Accidents do happen so quickly.

Mr. T. (reflecting that they certainly do). Oh, if it wasn't perfectly safe, they wouldn't—

Mrs. T. Well, promise me if you go on the box to hold on tight round the corners, then!

Mr. T. (who doesn't see much to hold on by). I shan't go on the box—I shall go inside.

Mrs. T. There mayn't be room. There are several people waiting to go already. You'll have to make haste to get a seat at all. I shall be miserable till I see you safe back again!

Mr. T. (who is not sure he doesn't share her feelings). Oh well, if you feel like that about it, I won't—

Mrs. T. Oh, yes, do, I want you to go—it will be so exciting for you to see real Indians yelling and shooting all round.



"I am perfectly aware of that, Euphemia!"

Mr. T. (thinking that it may be more exciting than pleasant). Might bring on one of my headaches, and there'll be such a smell of gunpowder too. I hardly think, after all, it's worth while.

Mrs. T. If you feel in the least nervous about it. (*Mr. T. denies this indignantly.*) Then go at once—you may never have the chance again; only don't stay talking about it—go!

Mr. T. (pulling himself together). Very well, if you really wish it. ... Confound it! Most annoying, really! (*Sits down relieved.*) They've started! It's all your fault, if you hadn't kept me here talking!

Mrs. T. (humbly). I am so sorry—but there's another performance in the evening; we might dine here, and then you could easily go on the Coach afterwards if you're so anxious to!

Mr. T. And sit through the show twice in one day? No, good as it is, I really—and I've some letters I must write after dinner, too.

(*Mrs. T. smiles to herself discreetly, satisfied with having gained her point.*)

UNOPPOSED ELECTION.

ON Saturday last, being the first day permissible under the statute, the nomination of a Knight to serve in Parliament for the Shire of Barks, was held in the county town. The proceedings were marked by a pleasing unanimity, and an outburst of popular enthusiasm which seriously tried the resources of the local police. There was only one candidate—TOBY once more M.P. The nomination paper was signed by *Mr. Punch*, *Mr. GLADSTONE*, *Lord SALISBURY*, and most of the Crowned Heads of Europe.

The Sheriff inquired if it were desired to nominate any other Gentleman. (*A Voice—"I should think not!"*) There being no other response, the Sheriff declared the Hon. Gentleman duly elected, and said he would like to be permitted to forego his fees, if indeed any were due.

In response to loud calls from the assembled crowd, *Mr. Punch* said he had great pleasure in recommending his young friend to the suffrages of this important constituency. (*Cheers.*) He called him young, for though he had been on his (*Mr. Punch's*) establishment for over fifty years, he was very little altered. There were some people who never grew old (*A Voice—"Bully for you, Mr. Punch!"*) and amongst them he might include his faithful follower, whom they had just unanimously re-elected Member for Barks. He trusted that in the future, his young friend would pursue the course honourably followed by him in the past. (*"Hear! Hear!"*) This was the fourth Parliament to which he had been elected, and he trusted it would not be the last. (*Cheers.*) He might perhaps allude to a rumour current in the ordinary channels of information, which seemed to point to their friend's transference to another place. He had the authority of TOBY, M.P., to say that, as far as his freedom



of action is concerned—and *Mr. Punch* thanked Heaven this is still free England—(*loud cheers*)—that prognostication would never be realised. The highest honour ever done to his friend, was the selection of him by the men of Barks to represent them in the Commons House of Parliament. (*Renewed cheering.*) His fullest pleasure was



THE IMPORTANCE OF EXTERNALS.

"BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEND FOR DR. MASHER, AUNT JANE? HE'S THE CLEVEREST DOCTOR IN THE WHOLE COUNTY!"

"OH, MY DEAR, I COULDN'T! HE DRESSES SO IRRELIGIOUSLY!"

to retain their confidence and to serve them and posterity to the utmost extent of his power and opportunity. (*Disturbance at the rear of the hall; cries of "Put him out!" "Sit on 'is 'ead!"*) *Mr. Punch* begged they would do no such thing. It would be sure to give way under pressure. (*Laughter.*) In conclusion, he begged to thank them for the honour they had done his friend, and he might add, themselves.

There were loud cries for TOBY, M.P., but the Hon. Member begged to be excused from making a speech on this occasion. For one reason he shrank from coming into competition in the lists of platform-speaking with his revered friend and Leader. Another thing was, he was really so overcome by the honour just done him, that he could not trust himself to speak. He would write—as soon as the new Parliament met.

After the customary votes of thanks had been carried by acclamation, the new Member was hoisted shoulder-high by the enthusiastic mob, and carried off to his country residence, The Kennel, Barks, where he will remain during the recess.

Votes and the Man!

"ONE Man, one Vote!" A fine, fair-sounding plan! Would we could also get "One Vote, one Man!" Then we might also reach, "One Vote, one value." But, England, you have never found, nor shall you, Alas! (despite the democracy's promoter) That real manhood always marks the voter; Or fearing neither knave's device, nor "rough" rage, We'd trust the State to a true Manhood Suffrage!

FROM TAPLOW.

First 'Arry. I'll tell you a good name for a Riverside Inn—"The 'Ave-a-launch."

Second 'Arry. I'll tell you a better—"The 'Ave-a-lunch." Come along!



WHITE LIES.

Frisky Spinster. "HOW MANY DANCES ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME TO-NIGHT, CAPTAIN WAXHAM!"

Captain Waxham. "OH, I'M SO SORRY, BUT THERE'S NOT ENOUGH MEN, YOU KNOW, AND I'VE JUST BEEN TOLD OFF BY MRS. MASHAM TO DANCE WITH THE GIRLS WHO—A—WHO ARE NOT LIKELY TO GET PARTNERS!"

[*Asks the Girl just behind him for three Waltzes and a Polka!*]

"CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS."

(*A Song of the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's.*)

AIR—"Killaloe."

CLOSED! The long wild whillaloe
That oft smacked of "Killaloe,"
The contagious wrath of Buskin and of
Sock

Hath abated for awhile,
And no more the Emerald Isle
On the stage and in the green-room seems
to shock.

The curtain is rung down,
The comedian and the clown,
With the sombre putter-on of tragic airs,
Are gone, with all the cast,
And the Theatre, at last,
Is "Closed for Alterations and Repairs."

They may cheer for GLADSTONE hearty,
For BALFOUR or MCCARTHY,
This, that, or t'other party,
As it pleases them to do.
They may howl like Mænads crazy,
For policies dark and hazy;
New stars ere long
The stage may throng,
To play in pieces new.

The managerial soul
Though relieved, upon the whole,
From the six years' run, and all its stir
and strain;
Feels anxiety, no doubt,
As to "stars" which may go out,
And others that may probably remain.
He has run a popular play,
Which the Treasury says will pay,

Despite of gallery hisses, groundling blares;
But there's care upon his face,
'Tis a most expensive place,
And 'tis "Closed for Alterations and
Repairs."

They may cheer, &c.

No doubt there has been fun,
But the piece has had its run,
And now from stage and playbill dis-
appears.

Now east, west, north, and south,
The quidnuncs are giving mouth,
Till the Manager would gladly close his
ears.

Two companies, neither loth,
Seek his suffrages, and both
Have a *répertoire* that half attracts, half
scares.

He's aware it will need *nous*
To make choice. Meanwhile the House,
Is "Closed for Alterations and Repairs."

They may cheer, &c.

Much money must be spent
Ere the public is content.
Says the Manager, "By Jingo, I'm per-
plexed.

Shall I keep on SALISBURY,
Or engage old W. G.,
And what's the piece that I shall put on
next?

Well, no more need be said,
Till July has fully sped,
And August brings the Autumn Season's
cares,
Then we'll learn the cast and play—
'Tis sufficient for to-day
That we've "Closed for Alterations and
Repairs."

They may cheer the Old Man hearty,
Brave BALFOUR, mild MCCARTHY,
This, that, or t'other party,
As it pleases 'em to do.
Their noise half drives me crazy,
The future's rather hazy,
But interest strong,
I trust, ere long,
Will crowd my House anew!"

OH, SAUNDERSON, MY COLONEL!

AIR—"John Anderson, my Jo!"

OH, SAUNDERSON, my Colonel,
You're stout and eloquent,
But boding as the raven.
Knock ninety-nine per cent.
From your Cassandra prophecies,
As bogeyish as eternal,
And you'll be nearer to the truth,
Brave SAUNDERSON, my Colonel!

Oh, SAUNDERSON, my Colonel,
Could you but pull together,
Orange and Green, a truce were seen
To bigotry and blether.
'Tis *they* that keep the Emerald Isle
In pother so infernal.
Drop hate and fear, try love and trust,
Brave SAUNDERSON, my Colonel!

OBVIOUS.—The *Daily News* reports the mysterious disappearance from the Government Saw Mills at Portsmouth, of 2,570 feet of deal. "No one can say," it is added, "what became of the wood." Why, it walked off of course, with so many feet the temptation was irresistible.



“CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS.”

MR. PUNCH. “CHANGE OF ACTORS AND PROGRAMME, EH, MR. BULL?”

MR. JOHN BULL (*Manager and Proprietor*). “CAN'T TELL YET, MR. PUNCH,—DON'T OPEN TILL AUGUST!”



A FUTURE DIPLOMAT.

"MUMMIE, DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME ENOUGH SUGAR FOR MY STRAW-BERRIES!" (*Mummie helps him to some more sugar.*) "NOW, MUMMIE, YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME ENOUGH STRAWBERRIES FOR MY SUGAR!"

[*Mummie helps him to more Strawberries!*]

ELECTION NOTES.

(By Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.)

THE excitement is getting terrific. In the principal streets party flags are waving gaily. In the suburbs every other house is hidden beneath vast posters, setting forth the merits of the rival parties. The Association of Jam-Dealers held a private meeting last night. I was, however, enabled to be present having disguised myself as Mr. BLACKFORD, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association, who was taken ill at the last moment, and whose letter of excuse for non-attendance I managed to intercept. The proceedings opened with prayer, on the model of the recent Ulster Convention. After this, the discussion began. A series of questions had, it appears, been addressed to both Candidates. Here they are:—

- (1) Will you oppose any attempt to increase the import of foreign jam-stuffs?
- (2) Will you support a measure making it compulsory for the London Co-operative Stores to sell only Jam manufactured by the Bunkham Jam-Dealers' Association?
- (3) Will you oppose any measure calculated to deprive the rising generation of one of the necessities of life in the shape of Bunkham Jam? And will you therefore oppose, by all lawful Parliamentary means, the use of the domestic rod as a punishment for so-called Jam-stealing out of store-room cupboards?
- (4) Which do you prefer, gooseberries, raspberries, or strawberries?
- (5) Will you advocate a tax of twopence per pot on all jam not manufactured in the Bunkham district?

Both Candidates had sent written replies. But it was generally felt that on the answers to the fourth question the vote of the meeting would depend. Bunkham is a district in which raspberries and gooseberries are almost exclusively grown. Now it is well-known that Mr. PLEDGER, the Liberal Candidate, has an almost passionate affection for strawberry-jam, and much interest was shown as to whether he would be true to his favourite food, or renounce it in order to capture votes. I am glad to say that the honourable gentleman refused to palter with his convictions. In a manly and straightforward answer, he declined to be a party to "a system of espionage which had invaded the breakfast table, and might go far to make even luncheon intolerable."

"From my youth up," he continued, "I have never wavered in the conviction,

that of all known preserves, strawberry-jam is both the best, and the most sustaining. I should disgrace myself if I were now, at the eleventh hour, to declare a preference which I do not honestly feel for gooseberry or raspberry."

This, of course, settled the matter. Mr. TUFFAN declared emphatically against the obnoxious strawberry; and the result was that the Association, by an enormous majority, decided to support him. The Liberals were at first much discouraged, but they have now taken heart again. One of their Canvassers, it seems, has succeeded in making himself a *persona grata* to a lady who occupies the position of under-housemaid in the establishment of the TUFFANS. Through her he obtained an empty pot of strawberry-jam, lately consumed by the TUFFAN family. This has been fixed upon a long pole, with a placard underneath it, to the following effect:—

TAKEN FROM TUFFAN'S TABLE!

VOTE FOR PLEDGER, AND HONEST CONVICTIONS!

And the device is now being carried all over the Town by the Junior Liberal Association.

The polling takes place to-morrow. Both sides are confident, but, on the whole, after reviewing all the circumstances of the case as impartially as possible, taking into account everything that tells for or against both parties, and not forgetting the effect produced by the public secession of Mr. HONEYDEW, the tobaccoconist, and Ex-President of the Liberal 500, I am disposed to believe in the victory of Mr. PLEDGER; that is to say, unless Mr. TUFFAN should manage to secure a sufficient number of votes to defeat his opponent.

Yours &c.,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

MR. PUNCH'S ELECTION ADDRESS.

To the Electors of the United Kingdom!
I, PUNCH, who shoot at follies, and have wing'd 'em
For fifty years, and shall for fifty more,
Greet ye! It were to force an open door
To ask ye one and all, to give your votes
To ME! There, there, my boys! don't strain your
throats!

My tympanum is tender. *Punch* rejoices
To listen once more to "your most sweet voices,"
Only you need not howl and make them rauous.
I'm not a Party Nominee, no Caucus
Has wire-pulled Me! I'd like to see 'em de so!
I am *Man Friday* to no party *Crusoe*.
SALISBURY, GLADSTONE, BALFOUR, HARCOURT, GOSCHEN,
Are all on my Committee. *MOBLEY's* notion
(Shared for the nonce by *JOE* the shrewd and able),
Is, that it's safe to sit at my Round Table,
Where they all hob-a-nob as friends, not foes!
E'en the *MACULUM MORE* cocks not his nose
Too high in *Punch's* presence; he knows better!
Supremacy unchallenged is a fetter
E'en to patrician pride, provincial vanity;
Scot modesty, and Birmingham urbanity,
Bow at my shrine, because they can't resist.
Thus I'm the only genuine Unionist.
While all the same, my British Public you'll err,
If you conceive I'm not a firm Home-Ruler.
Perpend! There's sense and truth in my suggestions,
And therefore, do not ask superfluous questions.
You might as fitly paint Dame Venus freckled,
As fancy *Punch* will stoop to being "heckled."
I have no "Programmes," I. My wit's too wide
To a wire-puller's "platform" to be tied.
I know what's right, I mean to see it done,
And for the rest good-tempered chaff and fun
Are my pet "principles"—till fools grow rash
From toleration, *then* they feel the lash.
I am a sage, and not a prig or pump,
Therefore I never canvas, spout or stump,
I'm Liberal—as the sunlight—of all Good,
Which to Conserve I strive—that's understood,
But Tory nincompoop, or rowdy Rad,
The thrall of bigotry, the fool of fad
I hate alike. There's the straight tip, my bloaters!
Now run and vote for *Punch*—all who are voters;
And if some few have not that boon indeed,
Well those who cannot run at least can read.
There! that's enough, my lads! I'm off to lunch,
You, go and do your duty; plump for **PUNCH!!!**



"SED REVOCARE GRADUM."

Beauty (with cool candour). "OH YES, INDEED, I FREQUENTLY MAKE BETS; BUT I AM SO UNLUCKY!"
Sporting Youth (trying to be sympathetic). "REALLY? BUT I SUPPOSE YOU NEVER HAVE MUCH ON
 —THAT IS—I MEAN—"

[Collapse.]

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *The Look-out, Sheepdoor, Kent.*

MY rest at the seaside has done me such a world of good that I feel more lazy than ever! But I fear I am in danger of a relapse into excitement, owing to a letter I received a few days ago from an old military friend of mine, General ELECTION, in which he asks me to lend my *invaluable* assistance in "canvassing" for his nephew, the Hon. CHARLIE HULLOTHERE, who is standing for Sheepdoor.—Ah, how little did I think that my reference to "canvas" shoes in my last letter would be so prophetic! The General is very gallant, and fully appreciates the usefulness of women in canvassing; and, in order to be quite "up to date," I have ordered in a large supply of gingerbread-nuts and oyster-shells, which I observe (see daily papers) are distributed as marks of respect among Candidates and their wives!

Having also heard that a Brass Band is indispensable (the more brass it is, the better), I have made friendly overtures (*musical*, of course) to the Sheepdoor Purveyors of Brassharmony, with the flattering result that they now conclude every performance with my specially composed "*Election War Cry*"—the refrain of which is most effective when given by a chorus of trained Constituents!—

HULLO—there!

We respect him!

HULLO—there!

We'll elect him!

He's the man for us;

And we might do wuss!!

In fact, our Candidate is very popular, and is sure to "romp in an easy winner"—which is another puzzling racing expression, as, although I've seen plenty of horses indulge in a game of romps before the start (notably, *L'Abbé Morin*, in the "City"), they seem to have had more than enough of it before the finish!

I hear from Newmarket, that I missed an extremely pleasant week's racing—and although my selection for the Stud Produce Stakes was rather wide of the mark, I fairly hit the bullseye—(what

a painful operation this must be for the bull)—in my one "*Song from the Birdcage*," which I warbled in the ear of a racing friend whom I met down here; it was *a propos* of the July Stakes and ran thus:—

The night was dark when "*Portland Bill*" escaped by Chesil Beach!
 And hope beat high within his heart, that he the goal might reach!
 For "*Milford*" Haven lies in sight!—one effort and he's there!
 But see!—At last—he's caught!—he's passed!—just by the Judge's Chair!

Which really remarkable prophecy was fully borne out by the race, in fact, so close a description might almost have been written *after the race*—a great compliment to my powers of divination!

Next week takes us to Bibury and Stockbridge, and if this hot weather continues, the motto of the Club should be, "*Dum vivo Bibere*"—or, freely translated—"*Half the soda, please!*" The race to which I propose to give my attention is the Alington Plate, and as I am nothing if not thorough, you will see that my tip is influenced by my being at the Seaside? Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

ALINGTON PLATE SELECTION.

THE storm was raging through the | And pitied any luckless wight
 I tossed upon my pillow, [night, | Who tossed upon the "*Billow*!"

A SLIGHT MUDDLE.—"I hear," said Mrs. R., "that the Cassocks are performing at the Buffalo Bill place—though not knowing the gentleman personally, I would prefer calling him BUFFALO WILLIAM or WILLIAM BUFFELLOW, which would be a less outlandish name—and I confess I was astonished, as I always thought that Cassocks were Clergymen, or had something to do with the Clergy. I suppose I had connected them with Hassocks, which are always in Church, and were, I believe, invented by Mr. HASSOCK, or Squire HASSOCK, who made all his money by keeping a gate on the old Brighton Coach Road. The station is still called Hassock's Gate, in his memory. HER MAJESTY had all the Cassocks sent down to her at Windsor. They must have been quite worn out by the end of the day."

OTHERWISE ENGAGED!

(A Sentimental Fragment from Henley.)

AND so they sat in the boat and looked into one another's eyes, and found much to read in them. They ignored the presence of the houseboats, and scarcely remembered that there were such things as launches propelled by steam or electricity. And they turned deaf ears to the niggers, and did not want their fortunes told by dirty females of a gipsy type.

"This is very pleasant," said EDWIN.

"Isn't it?" replied ANGELINA; "and it's such a good place for seeing all the events."

"Admirable!" and they talked of other things; and the time sped on, and the dark shadows grew, and still they talked, and talked, and talked.

At length the lanterns on the river began to glow, and Henley put on its best appearance, and broke out violently into fireworks. It was then Mrs. GRUNDY spied them out. She had been on the look out for scandal all day long, but could find none. This seemed a pleasant and promising case.

"So you are here!" she exclaimed. "Why, we thought you must have gone long ago! And what do you say of the meeting?"

"A most perfect success," said he.

"And the company?"

"Could not be more charming," was her reply.

"And what did you think of the racing?" Then they looked at one another and smiled. They spoke together, and observed:—

"Oh, we did not think of the racing!"

And Mrs. GRUNDY was not altogether satisfied.

MEM. BY "ONE WHO MARRIED IN HASTE."—"The real 'Battle of Life' begins with a short engagement."



ELECTION FEVER. A CANDIDATE'S DREAM.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Lohengrin. House full to hear Brother JOHN and Madame MELBA. "Please, Sir, Mr. JOHNNIE DE RISKY ain't here," blurs out the pale and trembling call-boy.

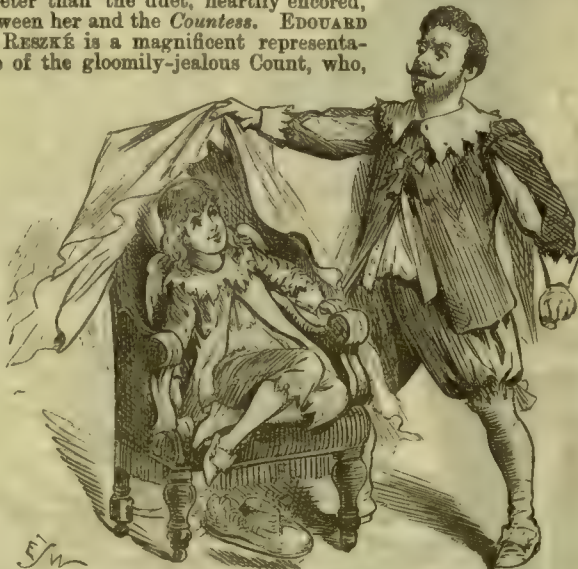
Sir AUGUSTUS calm, impassible. Crisis. If no one turned up, he would act the part himself, and, it being Wagnerian music, the orchestra would play what of the part had to be played. At that moment lounged in Monsieur VAN DYCK, just to see how things were going on without him. "I'm a little hoarse to-night," quoth VAN DYCK, pleasantly. "Nonsense!" cries Sir DRURIOLANUS, cheerily, "a 'Van' can never be a little hoarse." Much merriment. "DYCK, my boy," continues Sir D., "you've come in the very nick of time—quite a Devil's Dyke, you are,"—the accomplished vocalist was in ecstasies at his Manager's joke,—and you shall distinguish yourself to-night as *Lohengrin*!" Oh, what a surprise! No sooner said than done. Armour for one ordered immediately. ISAAC of York Street goes to work, and—presto!—VAN DYCK is "ready in case." "Now," asks DRURIOLANUS, "what are we waiting for?"

"Please, Sir, Madame MELBA isn't here!"

"MELBA not here to play *Elsa*!" exclaims Sir DRURIOLANUS, immediately adding, with that wit which is always, like the British Tar, 'Ready, aye ready!'—"then we must get somebody Else Sir!" and scarcely had the words escaped his lips, than Madame NORDICA, who happened to be passing by, sang out in an extempore recitative, "*Me voici!*" "*Bravissima!*" cried Sir DRURIOLANUS. "Saved! Saved!" General dance of joy.

So the Curtain was rung up, and the Opera, with Madame NORDICA (*vice MELBA*) as *Elsa*, and VAN DYCK (*vice* Little JOHNNIE THE RISKY) as *Lohengrin*, made a big success. House crowded. All's well that ends as well as this.

Tuesday with Mozart.—What a good starting idea for a Comic Opera would be the notion of making those two types of knaves, *Leporello* and *Figaro*, meet as counter-plotters. Monsieur MAUREL suggests a step in this direction, when one night he impersonates the gay Spanish Don, and on another he appears as the roguish Italian barber, no longer an intriguing bachelor but a jealous bridegroom. Merry Melodious MOZART! Old-fashioned he may be, like not a few of the best melodies and the best stories. Elegant Countess is Madame EMMA EAMES. Can she possibly ever have been *Rosina*, *Dr. Bartolo's* tricky ward! What a change matrimony makes in some folks! Old *Dr. Bartolo* bears not much resemblance to the other *Dr. Bartolo*, and *Don Basilio*, a kind of Ecclesiastical lawyer, is quite a rollicking wag as compared with the *Basilio* of the Barber of Seville. Nothing could be better than the *Susanna* of Mlle. TELERI, or sweeter than the duet, heartily encoored, between her and the Countess. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ is a magnificent representative of the gloomily-jealous Count, who,



Cherubino takes the Chair at a small Meeting. A De Risky situation.

having once been the gayest of the gay, still retains something of his old sly-boots character in private. He is always going wrong, and always being in the wrong when found out: a Count quite at a discount, for whom there will perhaps be no rest until he is "par." with a family. Needless to say, the part was well acted and sung by Brother NED, whom a gentleman near me, who "knew all about it," mistook for his brother JOHN, and criticised accordingly. As Cherubino, Mlle. SGERID ARNOLDSON is a delightfully boyish scapegrace, giving us just that *souppçon* of natural awkwardness which a spoilt sunny Southern lad of sixteen, brought up in such mixed society as is represented by Count Almativa's household, would occasionally show when more

than usually "spoony." Mlle. ARNOLDSON sings MOZART pure and simple, without interpolating cadenzas, roudades, flourishes, or exercises of musical fireworks, and the audience rewarded her artistically simple rendering of "*Voi che sapete*" with an *encore*, which was as hearty as it was well-deserved. Capital House. Parliamentary musicians conspicuous by their absence. Ex-M.P.'s represented in a body by Sir H-NRY EDWARDS the ever-green.

It was reported in the House—the Opera House—that Sir DRURIOLANUS was standing; but for what Constituency, was not mentioned. The rumour was justified by his appearing at the Stall entrance, where he stood for some time, but as he finely observed, "I am not in search of a seat—in Parliament. No! Let who will make the people's laws, give me the bringing out for them of their Operas and Pantomimes." So saying, he bowed gracefully to nobody in particular (who happened to be talking to him), and, with a refreshing wave of the hand, Sir DRURIOLANUS was wafted away into the offing, and "lost to sight," while still "to memory dear."

Trumpet Note in advance.—The *Trompeter of Sakkingen* is announced as "in active preparation." Needless to say more, as, of course, he blows his own trumpet for himself. The question is, will it be a big trump in the hand of Sir DRURIOLANUS?

Saturday.—*Elaine* changed her mind, and wouldn't come out to-night.

NEW RENDERING OF "CONSULE PLANCO"—"CONSULT PLANCHETTE."—If "Planchette" can give such accurate information as it appears to have done at Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM's supper-party, and elsewhere, as recounted in the *Daily Telegraph*, why is it not at once put into general requisition? Why is there any Parliamentary debating? Why not use Why run any chance of but simply "ask Planchette by the way, if this were



everyone is to win, who is to lose? Thus Planchette would put an end to nearly all speculation. Planchette would inaugurate a new era of complete and unqualified success. No doubt Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM consulted Planchette before producing *The Fringe of Society*, and is in consequence being amply rewarded for placing his trust in Planchette. Failure would be impossible except to the obstinate few who should persistently refuse to pin their faith on the utterances of "Planchette." But, suppose after doing enough to establish her reputation, "Planchette," being feminine and therefore "*varium et mutabile semper*," should suddenly deceive her followers, as did *Zamiel's* seventh charmed bullet (which ought always to have been kept up *Caspar's* sleeve—but *Caspar* was an idiot), and the Weird but Larky Sisters who captivated *Macbeth*? "Trust her not, she's fooling thee, Beware! Beware!" and Planchette, the little plank, will make more of her followers "plank down" than pick up gold and silver.

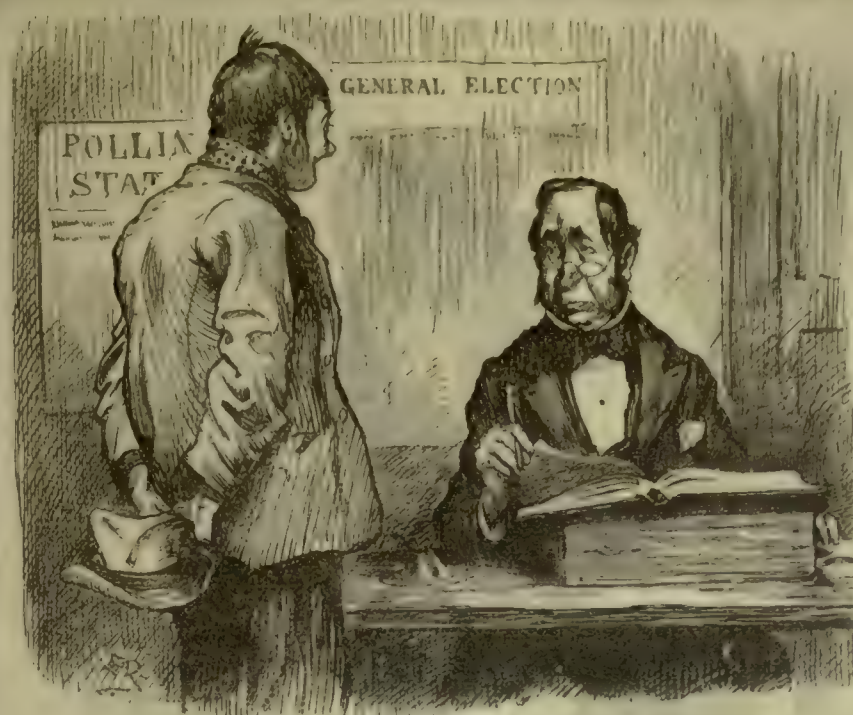
"Dearest Chuck!"—Shakspeare.

"Mr. G." (to the Ardent Female Supporter, henceforth to be historically known as "The Gingerbread-nut-Chucker"):

'Twas all very well to dissemble your love,
But why chuck the nut in my eye?

[Mr. G. is aware that the Divine WILLIAMS has spoken of ginger as "hot in the mouth," but Mr. G. says "he got it uncommonly hot in the eye."]

"THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL."—Lord RANDOLPH in again for South Paddington. The First to arrive.



ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Brilliant Elector (at the Polling Station). "IT'S A STOUTISH KOIND OF A MAN, WITH A BALD 'EAD, AS AR WISHES TO VOTE FOR, BUT AR 'M BLESSED IF AR KNOW 'IS NAAME!!"

TO THE FIRST BATHING-MACHINE.

(After Wordsworth.)

O BLANK new-comer! I have seen,
I see thee with a start:
So gentle looking a Machine,
Infernal one thou art!

When first the sun feels rather hot,
Or even rather warm,
From some dim, hibernating spot
Rolls forth thy clumsy form.

Perhaps thou babblest to the sea
Of sunshine and of flowers;
Thou bringest but a thought to me
Of such bad quarter hours.

I, grasping tightly, pale with fear,
Thy very narrow bench,
Thou, bounding on in wild career,
All shake, and jolt, and wrench.

Till comes an unexpected stop;
My forehead hits the door,
And I, with cataclysmic flop,
Lie on thy sandy floor.

Then, dressed in Nature's simplest style,
I, blushing, venture out;
And find the sea is still a mile
Away, or thereabout.

Blithe little children on the sand
Laugh out with childish glee;
Their nurses, sitting near at hand,
All giggling, stare at me.

Unnerved, unwashed, I rush again
Within thy tranquil shade,
And wait until the rising main
Shall banish child and maid.

Thy doors I dare not open now,
Thy windows give no view;
'Tis late; I will not bathe, I vow:
I dress myself anew.

Set wide the door. All round is sea!
"Hold tight, Sir!" voices call,
And in the water, jerked from thee,
I tumble, clothes and all!

O blessed thing! this earth we pace
Thy haunt should never be,
A quite unmentionable place
That is fit home for thee!

STUDIES IN THE NEW POETRY.

NO. III.

It is with the greatest possible pleasure that *Mr. Punch* presents to his readers the following example of the New Poetry. It is taken from a collection entitled "*Rhymes of the Ropes*." These Rhymes are intended to illustrate the everyday life of the British prize-fighter, his simple joys, his manly sorrows, his conversational excellences, and his indomitable pluck. The author has never been a prize-fighter himself, but he claims for these Rhymes the merit of absolute truth in every detail. In any case it is quite certain that every critic who reviews the volume will say of it, that no previous book has ever presented to us, with such complete fidelity, the British prize-fighter as he lives and moves, and has his being—not the gaudy, over-dressed and over-jewelled creature whom the imagination of the public pictures as haunting the giddy palaces of pleasure, and adored by the fairest of the fair, but the rough, uncouth, simple creature to whom we Britons owe our reputation for pluck and stamina. How the critic knows this, never having been a prize-fighter himself, and never having associated with them, is a question which it might be difficult to answer. But, nevertheless, the critic will guarantee the "*Rhymes of the Ropes*."

If some of *Mr. Punch's* readers, while recognising the force and go of the lines,

shall think them *tant soit peu* coarse and brutal, the fault must not be ascribed to *Mr. Punch*, but to the brilliant young author. Moreover, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to say, that squeamishness of that kind is becoming more and more absurd every day under the influence of the New Poetry and its professors. Here then is—

KNOCKED OUT.

By MR. R'D*RD K*PL*NG.

Oh it's bully when I land 'em with a counter
on the jaw,
When the ruby 's all a drippin' and the conks
are red and raw;
And it's bully when I've downed 'em, and
the lords are standin' booze,
Them lords with shiny shirt-fronts, and their
patent-leather shoes.

But you'd best look jolly meek
When you're up afore the beak,
For they hustle you, and bustle you, and treat
you like a dog.

And its 'Olloway for you
For a month or may be two,
Where the Widow keeps a mansion and pur-
vides you with your prog.

It was 'ero 'ere and 'ero there, I might 'ave
been a King,

For to 'ear 'em 'ip 'urrying as I stepped into
the ring,

When I faced the Tipton Slasher, me and 'im
in four-ounce gloves,

Just to make us look as 'armless as a pair o'
bloomin' doves.

Then I bruises 'im and batters,
And 'e cuts my lips to tatters,
And I gives 'im 'alf a dozen where 'is peepers
ought to be.

And 'e flattens out my nose
With a brace of bally blows,
Which I 'ardly 'ad expected from a pug as
couldn't see.

Next round the Slasher's groggy, 'e 'angs 'i
'ands and gropes

(I'd knocked him orf 'is legs at last) a-feelin'
for the ropes.

And, lor, 'e looked so cheerful with 'is face a
mask of red

That I bust myself with laughin' when I
bashed 'im on the 'ead.

Then they counted up to ten,
But 'e couldn't rise again;

'E gasped a bit, and puffed a bit, and laid
there in a 'eap.

And I copped a thousand pounds
For a fight of seven rounds,

Which was all the time it took me for to put
my man to sleep.

Ah, the soft uns call it brutal; there's Mr.
H. P. Cobb.

And 'is talk, which isn't pretty, about ruffians
(meanin' us).

I'd like to tap 'is claret when 'e's up and on
the job,

And send 'im 'ome a 'owlin' to 'is mammy or
'is nuss.

But I'd rather take the chuck
For a show of British pluck,

And do my month in chookee, and eat my
skilly free;

And I'll leave the ours to snivel
With their 'Onse o' Commons drivin',

Which may suit a pack of jaw-pots, but, by
goash, it don't suit me.

"WHAT I suffer from, at this time of year,
when I go into the country," says Mrs. R.,
"is 'Flybites.'" She pronounced it as a
word of three syllables, and then added, "I
rather think the learned way of spelling it is
'Phlybites.'"

**CORIOLANUS.**

"I WOULD HE HAD CONTINUED TO HIS COUNTRY
AS HE BEGAN, AND NOT UNKNIT, HIMSELF,
THE NOBLE KNOT HE MADE."—*Coriolanus*, Act. IV., Scene 2.



HENGENIOUS IDEA.

Early Visitor. "WHY, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING, MATHILDE,—TURNING YOUR BOUDOIR INTO A POULTRY YARD!"

Mathilde. "WELL, MY DEAR, AS IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO RELY ON GETTING NEW-LAID EGGS IN TOWN, I HAVE HAD MY PET COCHIN-CHINA UP FROM THE COUNTRY, AND SHE IS THOROUGHLY TO BE TRUSTED!"

CORIOLANUS.

"I would he had continu'd to his country
As he began, and not unknit, himself,
The noble knot he made."

Coriolanus, Act IV., Scene 2.

"His Majesty discriminates between the Prince BISMARCK of former times, and of to-day, and is anxious that his Government should avoid everything which might tend to diminish, in the eyes of the German nation, the familiar figure of its greatest Statesman."—*Instructions to Imperial German Representatives abroad.*—

CAN this be he who "At the Gates" *
Of Janus' Temple stood of old,
Protective, vigilant, and bold,
As one who calmly dares—and waits?

"So fancy limns him, who'll not cease
To watch o'er what his brain upbuilt,"
Punch sang. And now he lifts the hilt,
Warlike, against a Patriot Peace.

Calm warder then, challenger now.
The tower he reared would he attack,
Because—they have not called him back
Like CINCINNATUS from the plough?

"The wounds that he doth bear for Rome,"
Should speak wide-lipped against the
change.

The new *Coriolanus*! Strange,
So great a past to this should come!

The imperious Roman, banished, bared
Against Rome's walls a traitor blade.
But you—revenge is scarce your trade,
Hero, in faction's mazes snared.

* See Cartoon "At the Gates," p. 151, vol. 85,
year 1883.

The shirt of Nessus poisoned not,
Nor angered Hercules as you
Seem angered, poisoned. Yet you knew
On AENIM's shield to bare the blot.

What should it say, Count HARRY's ghost,
Could it beside your couch appear,
And whisper in his foeman's ear?
Share you not that which shamed him most?

You flaunt the Press against the Throne?
You bare State secrets to the crowd?
You who against the Mob were loud,
With mockery MARCIUS well might own?

It doth not fit a splendid past.
The Sentinel in arms arrayed
Against the Citadel, a shade
Of gloom o'er glory's sheen will cast.

The illustrious name of BISMARCK blot
With no such treason as could dim
The Roman's glory, nor, like him,
Yourself unknit your "noble knot"!

THAT DUTCHMAN OOMS.

AIR—"The Admiral's Broom."

[J. J. K. OOMS, an amateur sculler from Amsterdam, won easily the "Diamond Sculls" at Henley this year, beating V. NICKALS, and others of our crack crew.]

OH, OOMS was a champion brave and bold,
The Dutchman's pride was he;
And he cried, "I can row on the Thames, I
As well as the Zuyder Zee," [know,
As well as the Zuyder Zee!"]
And as his boat he set afloat,
And looked o'er the Henley tide,

He saw all England taking note,
And he trimmed his sculls and cried:—(Bis.)
"I'll win those 'Sculls'!" said he,
"The 'Diamond Sculls' for me!"
That the world may know, wherever I go
Thames yields to the Zuyder Zee!" (Bis.)

Cried JOHN BULL, "Here! You Dutchman
To-day you must row with me; [queer
For while I ride Thames' silver tide,
I'll be second to none," said he;

"I'll be second to none," said he.
So they blazed away at that Dutchman gay,
Stout NICKALS, brave BOYD, and all—
But the Dutchman's ship our best did whip,
And BULL cried to his merry men all, (bis)
"We're whipped, boys, for once," said he,
"It's a whip that's a lick to me."

Right well OOMS pulls, and the 'Diamond
Are gone to the Zuyder Zee! [Sculls'
VAN TROMP with his broom made free,
But this OOMS has "swept" Hen-ley.
Here's his health! But oh! those Sculls,
you know,
Must come back from the Zuyder Zee."

SOME COMFORT.—Harrow beat Eton at Lords' last week. The Etonians have some consolation in the fact of the Head-Master of Harrow being an Etonian. Without doing violence to their feelings, they can simply pronounce the Head-Master's name, and say, "Well done, Harrow!"

NEW READING OF AN OLD GREEK PROVERB
(by a disappointed Author, whose Work has
been recently cut up in the Press).—"Κρίται
ἀεὶ ψεύονται," I.e., "Critics are always liars."



UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

Gladstonian Dentist (to Tory Patient). "I HAVE THE MOST PROFOUND ADMIRATION—MOUTH A LITTLE MORE OPEN, THANKS—FOR THAT GREAT MAN, GLADSTONE,—AND IT WAS ONLY LAST WEEK—&C. &C. &C."

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

The Bobolink, Henley.

THE Election at Sheepsdoor being regarded as a "moral" for our Candidate—(what a delightful change from the *im-moral* way in which elections *used* to be conducted!)—I felt it was safe for me to wing my flight to fresh scenes and pastures new!—not that I wanted any "new pastures," having been a *grass-widow* for some time;—but having had enough of the "rolling billow"—(by the way, the rolling "*Billow*" at Stockbridge didn't roll fast enough)—I yearned for the silvery smoothness of Father Thames, so started for Henley with my faithful *Eulalie*—(I really must change her name, it sounds like a Swiss jodel); but, oh! my goodness!—talk about *billows*—the Channel passage is a fool to what we found at Henley! Waves mountain high!—(This of course is an exaggeration, but I've read it so often in sea-novels, that I've almost come to believe it possible—it would be nearer the truth, as dear Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would pronounce it, I fancy—waves "mounting high.") I had to sit all day on the roof of the *Bobolink*, with a life-belt or something round my waist!—and



having made the acquaintance of a sweet youth who could swim, I implored him not to leave me!—and he didn't—the whole day long. Ah! he was *very* nice!—I need not tell you I didn't notice the racing *much*, but I did take an interest in *two* of the contests; viz.—(I don't know what "viz." means—but I do know I am using it correctly)—The Diamond Sculls, and The Ladies' Challenge. The Diamonds were walked off, or rowed off to Holland—(great place, I'm told, for diamonds)—by Mr. K. Ooms (who evidently "kooms" of an athletic stock), amid the generous cheers of our defeated Englishmen! The other—and naturally, from its title, the most

ON THE FLY-LEAF OF AN OLD BOOK.

It's long been loose; at last it's quite
Come out—the very thing to write
My laundry list on. Think what might
Have been upon it!

Some lines by GOLDSMITH, neatly planned,
A verse by BYRON, mighty grand,
Or even, penned by SHAKESPEARE's hand,
A song or sonnet;

DA VINCI might have made a sketch,
Or REMBRANDT drawn a head to etch,
Or TURNER dashed some tints—'twould fetch
A thousand guineas.

Here might have been some notes, compiled
By IBSEN, MAETERLINCK, or WILDE,
On how some writers have beguiled
Some simple ninnies;

Some words on Cooks, by RANDOLPH C.,
Or Greek Home Rule, by GRAND Old G.,
Some Irish notes by A. J. B.,

A cheque from DILLON.
How useless now to think what might
Have been, for I have blacked the white!
It is not even fit to write

A washing-bill on!

CHURCH AND BOOTH.—The Archbishop of CANTERRURY was recently a guest at the Munching House on the occasion of an Undenominational Banquet. His Grace, in a post-prandial speech, observed that the Salvation Army came "fluting" among us, but he thought that the Army's success would be as "fleeting" as it was "fluting." Neat this for his Grace-after-dinner. This was a nice after-dinner way of giving "*caviare* to the General." No "laughter" appears to have followed, so the *caviare* was not generally taken.

LITERARY NOTE AND QUERY.—First volume of *Tacitus* translated into English by A. W. QUILL. Judging from a review in the *Times* of this instalment, it is the work of neither a soft nor hard Quill, but a medium Quill. With such a suggestive name, this author will show himself a Goose Quill if he does not at once turn his attention to the History of PENN.

important event—was competed for by two boat-loads from Cambridge University—*Crews*, I believe, they call them, but I always thought it was a sign of contempt to allude to any party of people as "a crew." However that may be, I was informed that "First Trinity had carried off the Ladies!" (just as if they were a pack of Sabine women), and I suppose it was true; though, in counting up the Ladies in sight, I only missed *one*—and she, I found, had fallen into the river, and been gallantly rescued by a spectator, who, I presume, was determined to have *his* share, in spite of the First Trinity Men!

Back to town, after all was over on Thursday, to find everybody wild with "election fever." A large group surrounding the "tape" at the Club (I belong to the "Amazon," of course), and ordering lemon squashes when a seat was lost, and whiskey and seltzer when the reverse was the case! Oh, this Election! Thank goodness, I'm off to Newmarket, to spend the week with Sir NEWMAN and Lady GATESHEAD, with a distinct feeling of relief at getting back to business after this fortnight of exciting relaxation!

Next week's racing furnishes quite a lengthy *menu*, with several attractive *entrées*, and some good "made-up-over-night" dishes; in fact, a programme which appeals strongly to every racy palate. I do not propose to work my way through the entire *menu* (not being an Alderman), and will only hint at a few of the side-dishes, which may be worth attention reserving my great effort for the "*plat de résistance*" at Sandown; so, at Newmarket—try just a mouthful of July Handicap à la Duke of DEVONSHIRE's "Selected;" should it choke you, have a pat on the "Bach" when attacking the Beaufort Stakes; and to wind up with dessert, worthy of a CHESTERFIELD, take a "Meddler." If this conglomeration of good things is not too much for you, travel back to town in time for the great race of the week; but, if upset, don't blame, Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

"ECLIPSE STAKES SELECTION."

With *Gouverneur, Orme*, and such giants to run,
It needs the cool calm of a PLATO
To fix on the horse that will "capture the bun!"
But I think it will be "*Orvieto*."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—*Première of Elaine.* BEMBERG Composer. LÉON-JEHIN Conductor, and Sir DRURIOLANUS Producer. Full House, determined to give New Opera a fair hearing, and sit it out. Don't get a new Opera every day. Congratulations to BEMBERG in a general way. "In a first Opera" (if this be his first), to quote the Composer of the recent De-La-ra-Boom Buddha, who was complacently listening to the other Composer's new Opera, "originality breeds contempt."

So a little bit here, and a little bit there, here a bit, and there a bit, and everywhere a bit,



gets rid of all superfluity in the Composer's brain, and saves the listening critic much trouble. Then his next Opera—Ah!—that ought to be all genu-

Fancy Sketch for a Brazen Statue of a Composer notable for his "Horns and Brass."

inely new and original Sparkling BEMBERG Cabinet. "Elaine," observed a lady critic, "is graceful and airy"—which, in the lady's presence, the present listener was not prepared to deny.

Contented must have been Composer BEMBERG with such a cast as was made and provided for him by Sir DRURIOLANUS. MELBA, as the "Lily Maid of Astolat," charming, with a charming song, "L'Amour est pur." The audience was in an encoring humour, but, thank goodness, only a few encores were taken, and the others left, otherwise none of us would have been home till sunrise. In the swan-like dying scene the Composer wrings our heart-strings with his harp-strings, reminding everyone forcibly that, as Mr. Guppy observed, "There are chords!" Wagnerian, sometimes, is our BEMBERG, with his horns and brass. Fine chorus at beginning of Act II.—the Tournament Act—which shows, as a foolish person observed, "a Rummy lot at Camelot." At end of Third Act MELBA and JEAN DE RESZKÉ (who must have joined the Salvation Army, as he was, apparently, "saving himself" all the evening) were enthusiastically called. Engaged in courtseying her thanks, MELBA didn't notice—as, how should she?—property steps behind her, on which, at about her tenth curtsy, she suddenly sat down about two seconds before she could possibly realise that there was any chance of sitting down. But JEAN LAUNCELOT DE RESZKÉ was there, and rescued her! Good Knight! JEAN DE RESCUE! Then EDWARD, as *Hermi*, own brother to *Friar Laurence*, excellent. But so were they all, and the Opera will well repay several re-hearings.

Thursday.—*Aida.* Generally considered rather a heavy Opera by VERDI. "But to-night," says WAGSTAFF, "the Verdi-let quite t'other way." MAUREL excellent as *Amonasro*, and MAGGIE MACINTYRE looked, acted, and sang Maggie-nificently. Uncommonly good was GIULIA RAYOGGI as *Amneris*, *Aida's* rival for the love of the small-sized *Radames Dimitresco*, or *Dimi-native-Tresco* (comparatively speaking), to whom EDWARD DE RESZKÉ, being quite a *Ned* and shoulders taller, might spare some of his superfluous inches.

EDWARD uncommonly good as *Ramsf*, which name, considering the peculiar make-up, might be appropriately changed to *Rum Phiz*, and nobody be any the worse. BEVIGNANI conducted himself and the orchestra admirably; M. PLANÇON, in English Plain Song, did all well that as *Il Re* he had to do, looking every inch a *Re*, and not a bit *Il*. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER was *Una Sacerdotissa*, but she would be anything and do everything well. Signor RINALDINI was *Un Messagiero*. His costume might have been more effective had Sir AUGUSTUS brought him up to date as a Messenger Boy for the Telephonic-sol-fa Company. This can be amended. House good.

Friday.—Covent Garden, *Elaine* expected, but didn't appear. JOHN THE RISKY, the *Launcelot* of the Opera, unwell. "Not *Launcelot*, but another!" cried Sir DRURIOLANUS, only there wasn't another. So *Carmen* was played. "Not this *Elaine*," continued Sir AUGUSTUS, "but *Drur-e-lane*." So away! to hear the Trumpeter of the German Band. This *Trompeter* might be played as a trumpet in a small house, but 'tis trampery for Drury Lane. One phrase of an old music-hall ditty, the words of which were, "She walked forward,

I followed on, tra la la!" constantly recur. Who originated it? Unwonted excitement of going to two Operas told on shattered frame, so staggered to Maiden Lane, which, on account of its being the home for oysters, crabs, and lobsters, should be renamed Mr.-maiden Lane. Behold! good Dr. BAYLIS "within the Rules" making up his evening prescriptions. "Quis supperabit?" asked the learned Dr. B. "Ego," replied I, like JAMES, knowing the language. And "supper-a-bit" it was. "84 wachterum unum pintum frigidum sumendum cum '92 chickeno," &c. "My benizon on thee!" said CRITICUS REDIVIVUS. "Dr. BAYLIS, I bay-liss thee!" with the accent on the "liss." So home. After all the chops and changes of this operatic life, I am with "chicken and champagne" content. *Finis coronat opus.*

MORE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ALCOHOLIC QUESTION.

(A few remarks on Dr. Robson Roostem's Article in New Review.)

1. Inebriates should be shut up in Alcoholloway Prison.
2. "Food-accessory" is a very pretty name for drink. Henceforth let the butler go round as "the merry toast goes round." Let butlers and footmen, in dining-rooms and places where they have various liquors, be instructed to inquire of each and every guest "What food-accessory will you take, Sir?"

3. "The use of Alcohol dates from very early times." But it is not recommended by the faculty as a good thing to be taken at 7 A.M., or at any time in the morning immediately on awaking.

As to when any one has had enough "alcohol," the old test first put forward many years ago by Mr. Punch, still holds good. If you can say "British Constitution" distinctly, and without effort, so that it shall not be all in one composite word sounding like "Bri'sh-consushun," then, perhaps, you may go up-stairs (if you can) and join the ladies.

4. "The liver is very prone to become affected." The question is, first, Is "an evil liver" or "a good liver" here intended? But, apart from this, any affectation in a liver, good or bad, is objectionable. It must be taken for granted, in a serious discussion on the subject, that "a slave to his liver" is a synonym for "a livery servant." The one objection to a livery servant lies in this very fact; for a slave to liver is rarely in a good humour, and is generally sulky, lazy, and disobliging.

5. "Wine comes in, rubs off the acerbities, and brings all down to the same level of good humour." The end of such a happy party is, of course, all under the table, smiling, but speechless.

Smiling, but beautiful they lay,
A gleam was in their half-closed eye,
But still they murmured with a sigh,
Hic-schelsner-wa!

Dr. ROBERTS, as quoted by his confrère, ROBSON ROOSTEM PASHA, appears to be a very sensible person. Dr. ROBERTS—he is not Dr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, we believe—recommends the liqueur to be judiciously taken at meal-times. And, by the way, as the knowledge of when to cry, "Hold, enough!" is most useful, here is another test of sobriety in this very word "judicious," which some, after a couple of glasses (or more) of fine old cognac, will pronounce as though "were spelt" "seducious," and some will swear it ought to be "judicious." When nobody can pronounce "judicious" correctly, the arbiter *bibendi*, if himself absolutely sober as a judge ought to be,—a man quite "above-board," i.e., not yet under it,—such a one may pronounce that the guests have had quite enough. It is a pity that so excellent a writer on temperance should have the singular disadvantage of a plural name. If, after dinner, a worthy convivialist observed, "I see ROBERTS," would not the question naturally be, "How many of 'em?" The Doctor can omit the "s," and, as perhaps he is already a little singular in his carefully-advanced theories, why should he not de-pluralise his surname? Do the Doctors R. R. and R. differ on this? Then we must decide. In the meantime, to show our approval of this particular article of Dr. ROBSON ROOSTEM PASHA's faith, we, as a jovial company, drink his health, and then depart for our annual Alcoholiday trip.

LAWN TENNIS INTELLIGENCE.—BADDELEY has taken the cake.





THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

(Lady Festus At Home—2 A.M.)

Hostess. "ONLY JUST COME, SIR GEORGE! HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME SO LATE!"

OUT OF IT!

(The Lay of the Non-Elected.)

Then a warm-faced functionary read the "Declaration"—when
A sort of sinking sickness took SMITH in the abdomen;
And he smiled a sickly sort of smile, and stalked out at the door,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more!

Bret Harte adapted.

PHEUGH! His poll was taken early (it was *not* on Saturday),
And he lost by seven hundred, and is out of the fierce fray;
And whether he rejoices, or internally repines,
May be clear to the wiseacres who can "read between the lines."

It was hot, too, while it lasted, and of epidemic ill
The Election Fever "takes the cake." 'Tis true it seldom kills,
But for far and wide contagion, and for agony acute,
Its supremacy is certain as its sway is absolute.

And he had it very badly. He looks convalescent now,
But the frenzy of the meeting brought the crimson to his brow,
And his thorax is still husky with his eloquent appeal
To the mustered working-men at the hour of mid-day meal.

How they swarmed about his waggon! How their oily fustian filled
The summer air with fragrance that his fine olfactories thrilled!
How very loud their shouts were, and how very rude their jeers,
And how very strong the bouquet of clay pipes and bitter beers!

His arguments amused them, and his peroration fine,
About "standing for old England stoutly all along the line,"
Would have surely proved impressive, but for some sardonic ass,
Who produced an anti-climax with the shouted comment "Gas!"

Then the mob broke up in laughter, to return to pipe and can,
And—plumped for his opponent pretty nearly to a man;
For of all ungrateful cynics, and of all impervious clowns,
Commend me (says our wanderer), to the workmen of our towns.

Well, *experientia docet*. That confounded "local Club"
(Blend of Institute and Chapel with a savour of the pub.)

Where the pallid-faced cheesemongers, and the clammy-handed snobs,
Swarmed around to "patronise" him, was the toughest of tough
jobs.

Its rooms were wondrous stuffy and its members scarce "good
form."

For they mostly dropped their aitches, and they always looked so
worn.

Why political enthusiasts so run to noise and heat,
And crude manners, and bad grammar, is a *crux* that's hard to beat.

But he bore it,—yes, he bore it; he shook heaps of 'orny 'ands,
Heard the shindy of their shoutings, and the braying of their
bands;

Stood their "heckling," which was trying, and their praises, which
were worse, [purse]

All the claims upon his time, and taste, his patience, and his
Then they "chucked" him by three figures! Well, he's "out of
it," thanks be!

And he "offs it by the Special" to the river or the sea.
He heard the "Declaration," and the rival Party's roar,
And—"the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

"Latest Results! Elections!!" Oh, confound the boy! Get
out!

Let the winners sum their winnings, let their blatant backers shout.
What have I to do with pollings? Cease, cacophonous urchin,
cease!

I am going to read *The Wrecker*, and possess my soul in peace!"

"D. G." AND MRS. R.—Mr. Punch begs to congratulate the *Daily Graphic* on the electioneering ladder showing every day the position of the Parties. Very "Happy Thought." His ancient friend, Mrs. RAM, in speaking of this journal, observed, that "*Daily Graphic* was not by any means a new name, and the paper ought to have been purely theatrical, as the person after whom it is evidently called was the celebrated actor, you know, my dear, in the last century, whom Dr. JOHNSON used to call 'Little Daily Graphic.'"



OUT OF IT!

("And the subsequent Proceedings interested him no more.")

NEWSPAPER-BOY. "'ERE Y'ARE, SIR! LATEST RESULTS O' THE POLL, SIR!"
REJECTED CANDIDATE (*groans*). "OH! GO TO THE DEUCE!!"



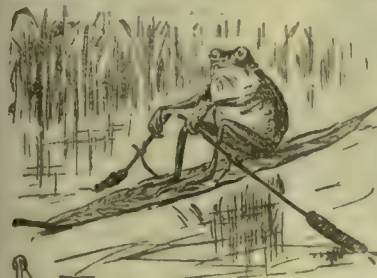
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Lady Godiva. "NOW PROMISE ME, YOU DEAR GOOD MAN, PROMISE ME YOU'LL VOTE FOR LORD JAMES, AND I'LL—I'LL DIV YOU A TISS!"

THE END OF HENLEY.

(Fragment from a Historical Sketch yet to be written.)

It was shortly after the middle of July, 1892, that the Great Representative of the British Race stood upon the Victoria Embankment, watching the river-steamers as they passed to and fro. There were few persons about, for the General Election was over, and civilised London was out of Town. Some of civilised London had gone abroad, some were in Scotland, some by the Sea. So the Great Representative expected to see no one.



"Mr. Punch, I believe!" said some one, approaching the Great Representative. The speaker was a person who wore a garb peculiarly suitable to the autumnal sultriness of the weather. He had about a couple of yards of calico, and one good coating of serviceable paint. The Great Representative

bowed his head, and by a gesture, invited further explanation.

"I am connected with the literary world, and am a Colonist. I am known, or used to be known (for I am getting a trifle out of date), as Lord MACAULAY'S New-Zealander."

Again the Great Representative bowed. He knew his visitor, and bade him welcome. Then he asked him the cause of his visit.

"Well, I really don't know," replied the New-Zealander, with a short laugh. "I am afraid I must have been hoaxed. I was told that England was absolutely ruined, and was looking for a comfortable seat amongst the remains of London Bridge."

"You see you are slightly premature," returned the Great Representative, pointing towards a more or less majestic pile in the offing. "There was some talk of rebuilding the structure some short while ago, but a viaduct near the Tower was considered preferable. When

it is opened, there will be Knighthoods for the Sheriffs, and a Baronetcy for the Lord Mayor."

"And yet," pondered the New-Zealander, "I was certainly informed by wire, that the glory of Britain had vanished for ever."

"Very likely an Election cry," observed Mr. Punch. "In the midst of a contested polling, both sides think the success of their rivals must be followed by immediate disaster. But somehow or other, things settle down afterwards, and nothing comes of it. Which-ever side wins, the old flag floats in the wind as gaily and as prosperously as ever."

"And yet I was certainly told that the sun of England had set never to rise again," persisted the Aboriginal, who seemed to be of an obstinate turn of mind. "Now I remember—the cause was something to do with Diamonds and Henley. Stay, the bright brains of the nation had disappeared. I recollect, the Diamond Sculls of the nation (once so great) had passed to foreigners."

"Ah, now I take your meaning," said the National Representative, with a smile, "and you must have heard of the result of the race for the Diamond Sculls at Henley."

"That must be it," acquiesced the New-Zealander. "I had forgotten to take into account possible errors in transmission. But tell me, has there been a national defeat?"

"Well, yes," admitted Mr. Punch, with a sigh—"we did not come out altogether satisfactorily. Even the second man was a Frenchman—albeit, his name was suggestive of dear old Scotland."

"And do you mean to say," said the New-Zealander, "that the best scullers of England were beaten by a boating-man from the Seine?"

"It is too true, and the Frenchman himself succumbed to a Dutchman—yes, we confess it, and with shame."

"I don't see why you should," returned the other, changing his tone to one of greater satisfaction. "As a New-Zealander, I observe nothing degrading in the superiority of Old Holland." And considering the prowess of VAN TROMP in the past, there was perhaps nothing so strange in the triumph of Ooms in the present.

"TO PAY OR NOT TO PAY, THAT IS THE BISLEYNESS."

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the receipts of the National Rifle Association have fallen off, and that there is a proposal to make the Bisley Meeting this year rather more attractive than its predecessors. The Camp is to be open, and there are to be Concerts and other distractions. But is this enough? Once confess that Rifle-shooting is not the sole business of the gathering, and the way is cleared for more amusing items. All that is wanted to convert a semi-failure into a triumphant success, is a Manager who could combine entertainment with instruction, thus:—

6 A.M.—Gun-fire. The Camp awakes, and, to the music of the band, gets up. Reserved seats in band-enclosure, sixpence extra.

7 A.M.—Balloon Ascent. Firing at the sun with revolvers by trained aeronauts. Seats in parachutes, five shillings a-piece.

8 A.M.—Early performance of BUFFALO BILL before his departure for Earl's Court. Prices as usual.

9 A.M.—Sham Fight, augmented by Manager from Travelling Circus. Cards to visit the stables, half-a-crown.

10 A.M.—Representation of Siege Scene from Venice in London, under the title of "The Bridge of Sighs within measuring distance of Woking Cemetery." Season tickets, half-a-guinea.

11 A.M.—Performance of the Battle of Waterloo by veterans, late of Astley's Theatre. Families and schools half-price.

12 NOON.—Visit of Royalty, and Presentation of Purses. No Purse accepted containing less than two pounds ten.

1 P.M.—Grand Luncheon, with speeches by the leading Military Authorities, followed by a Smoking Concert. One-and-sixpence.

2 P.M.—Variety Show, including several of the best Lion Comiques, and the astounding performances of the Bounding Brothers of Bohemia. Stalls, ten shillings. Soldiers in uniform admitted at a considerable reduction.

3 P.M.—Cricket Match between the famous Clown Eleven *versus* the Ladies' Sixteen. Grand Stand, three-and-six.

4 P.M.—Comic Carnival, entitled, "Rollicksome Riflemen, or the Vicissitudes of the Volunteers." Reserved Seats, ninepence.

There, my dear Sir, I think I have written enough. If there was any time to spare, the shooting programme might still be carried out; but business is business, and only by the means I have indicated (in my opinion) can Bisley be made to pay. Trusting that my suggestion may be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered, I remain,

Yours truly,

DIVIDEND BEFORE DEFENCE.

The Money Grubberies, the Twenty of Shillingworth-in-the-Pound.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THEMIS.

(A Sketch in the New Law Courts in anticipation of the very next "Cause Célèbre" that may have the good fortune to enlist the sympathies of the British Public.)

SCENE—A Corridor outside the Courts appropriated to the Common Law Division of the High Court of Justice. At each of the doors of the Court where the Great Trial of Arkass v. Arkass and Ambo—which abounds in "scandalous revelations in High Life"—is proceeding, a group of would-be auditors has collected, waiting with the patience of respectable Peris for a chance of admission to the forensic Paradise within. The Paradise, at present, is full to overflowing, and the doors are guarded by a couple of particularly stern and stolid attendants. Each Peri is trying to wear out the endurance of the rest, and to propitiate the doorkeepers by exemplary behaviour.

A Meek Man (to Doorkeeper, after standing in hopeful silence for three-quarters of an hour). I suppose there 'll be a chance of getting in presently, eh?

The Doorkeeper (placidly). None whatever, Sir.

The M. M. But they 'll be rising for luncheon in an hour or so, and some will be coming out then, surely?

Doork. Not many; them as are in stays in, mostly.

The M. M. (with a sudden recollection that he is acquainted with one of the Counsel engaged in the case). Couldn't you take in my card to Mr. TANFIELD? I'm sure he 'll do anything he could for me.

[The rest regard him with extreme disfavour, as one guilty of unsportsmanlike behaviour.]

Doork. It won't be no use—there ain't room in there as it is for a billiard-cue—leastwise (conscientiously), a stoutish one—but I'll get it taken in for you, if you like.

[He opens the door a very little, and passes the card to an attendant within.]

Junior Members of the Junior Bar (in very clean white wigs, with hauteur). Thought you had orders to let Counsel in before the general public? There ought to be some rule about that, if there isn't.

Doork. So we do, Sir; but if this gentleman's a friend of Mr. TANFIELD's, and he asks me to admit him, why you see—

The Junior Junior (witheringly). The convenience of mere Members of the Bar must give way, naturally!

[The inside Attendant returns with card, which the Doorkeeper unlocks the door to receive, and then shuts it to with a sharp click, like a wild-beast-tamer.]

Doork. (to the M. M., after perusing card by the dim light). I told you it wouldn't be no use, Sir. "Please wait," it says.

[General movement of virtuous satisfaction at this well-merited rebuke.]

The M. M. (wishing he had not put his trust in TANFIELD). I—I have waited—but it don't matter. (Addressing First White Wig, from a timid social impulse). The—or—Plaintiff made some remarkable admissions in the box yesterday—his cross-examination seemed pretty severe.

First White Wig (after a stare at his audacity). Cross-examination not unfrequently is. (To the other W. W.). See that extraordinary decision of old JUBBER's in *Biling v. Bulgin*? Of course they 'll appeal!

[The couple converse in highly technical terms for some minutes. The M. M. (at the next pause). It struck me that Colonel ARKASS rather contradicted himself on one or two points.]

Second W. W. Very likely. (To First W. W.). What do you do when you're before one of these confounded Common Law

Judges, and see he's looking up a point of Equity in a text-book during your argument? Do you wait for him?

First W. W. (with all the decision of a Counsel who was called the Term before last). Wait for him? No—go on talking about anything you like, till he's ready to listen to you again. That's what I always do!

An Important Stranger (bustling up; to Doorkeepers). Here, I say, let me in, will you!

Doork. You a Witness in this case, Sir?

The Imp. S. (after a tell-tale pause). Er—yes—in a sort of way, y'know.

Doork. Then your entrance is down below, Sir, in the Central 'All—you 'll see it written up there.

The I. S. Haw—well, I'm not exactly a witness, but I'm interested in the case, y'know.

Doork. So are all these Gentlemen, Sir—but they can't get in.

The I. S. No—but look here. I know the criminals—'tleast I don't mean to call 'em that, y'know—hope they're all innocent, I'm sure. I like 'em all; danced with 'em, and all that, lots of times.

Doork. Ah, well, you see they ain't dancin' to-day, Sir. (The I. S. bustles away; there is a stir within; the portion of the crowd in Court that is visible through the glass-doors heaves convulsively, and presently produces a stout

and struggling Q.C.). Make way there! Stand aside, Gentlemen, please. Counsel coming out!

[Q.C. comes out, puffing, followed by his Clerk and a Client. First W. W. (as the chasm in the crowd closes again). Now you can let us in!]

Doork. (stolidly). Not yet, Sir. (To other Doork.). I see that party agen last night—you know—him as was here making all that shindy day afore yesterday. I went and 'ad a drink with 'im.

Second Doork. (interested). Ah, and 'ow was he?

First Doork. Oh, same as usual—boozed. Told me he'd come up from Glasgow for a week's spree—and he seems to be 'aving it, too. Going 'ome Saturday, so he sez.

Second Doork. (grimly). He 'll be lucky if he gets there Saturday fortnight!



"No—but look here. I know the Criminals"



IN HIS CLUTCHES.

"WHAT A DAY OI 'M HAVIN'! BEGGERA, OI 'VE GOT 'EM BOILIN' ON BOTH SIDES AT THE ATLANTIC AT THE SAME TIME!"

Murmurs (from the lucky Peris who can just see the witness-box through the glass panel). Who's that in the box? That's Colonel ARKASS—finishing his cross-examination... Doesn't seem to be enjoying himself... See how he's tugging at his moustache... Got a nasty one just then, I expect... I'd as soon believe 'im as I would 'er—now... She ain't been in the box yet... No, but she's a reg'lar bad lot, from what was said in the opening speech. They won't change my opinion of 'er, whichever way the case goes! Well, I 'aven't followed it closely myself... Oh, no more have I—but still I've made up my mind long ago about it, (&c., &c.)

The I. S. (suddenly returning, indignant). I say, they're letting in all sorts of people—barristers, and so on—at that other door!

Doork. Can't 'elp that, Sir; this ain't the other door—you should speak to them about it!

The I. S. (naively). Well, I have—and they told me to come here!

[General snigger, amidst which he departs in disgust.]

A Small Office-Boy (with a strip of paper, tied with red tape). Kin I see Sir HALFRID ALLABYE a moment?

Doork. Sir ALFRED ain't in this Court—he's engaged in another case.

The O. B. 'Is Clurk 'll do—it's 'ighly important—you better lemme in, I tell yer!

Doork. Send in a message for yer, if that 'll do. (The O. B. says it doesn't signify, and bolts.) Young Artful! thinks he'll sneak in, and spend his dinner-hour there—but he don't!

The M. M. (who has been examining his card under a gas-light). I say, I've just found out that it wasn't "Please wait" that Mr. TANFIELD wrote on my card—it's "Please Admit!"

[A general titter of incredulity.]

First W. W. (to Second W. W.).

Ingenious—but a trifle transparent that, eh?

[His friend smiles knowingly.]

The M. M. (roused). Do you mean to suggest that I—

[He chokes.]

First W. W. Oh, not at all—I was speaking to my friend here.

But you really must allow that, if any preference is shown at all, it should be given—equitably, and of right—to Members of the Bar!

Chorus from the other Peris. Yes, they've stood here nearly as

long as you have. You must wait your turn, like the rest of us! No preferences 'ere! We've got as much right to go in as you... If Mr. TANFIELD wants you admitted over our heads, let him come and let you in himself! If any one goes in first, it ought to be Barristers! (&c., &c.)

Doork. (impartially). Well, it ain't o' much consequence, Gentlemen, for I can't let none of you in at present!

[The M. M. simmers with suppressed rage; wonders if it is worth while to mention that he happens to be a Barrister himself, and wishes to enter for the serious and legitimate purpose of collecting material for an Essay he is contributing on "The Abuse of Cross-Examination" to the "Nineteenth Century." On reflection, he thinks he had better not.]

Doork. (as the crowd in Court is again convulsed). Clear the way there! Court rising—Counsel coming out! Ah, this is Mr. TANFIELD.

The Peris (White Wigs and all). Now we shall see!

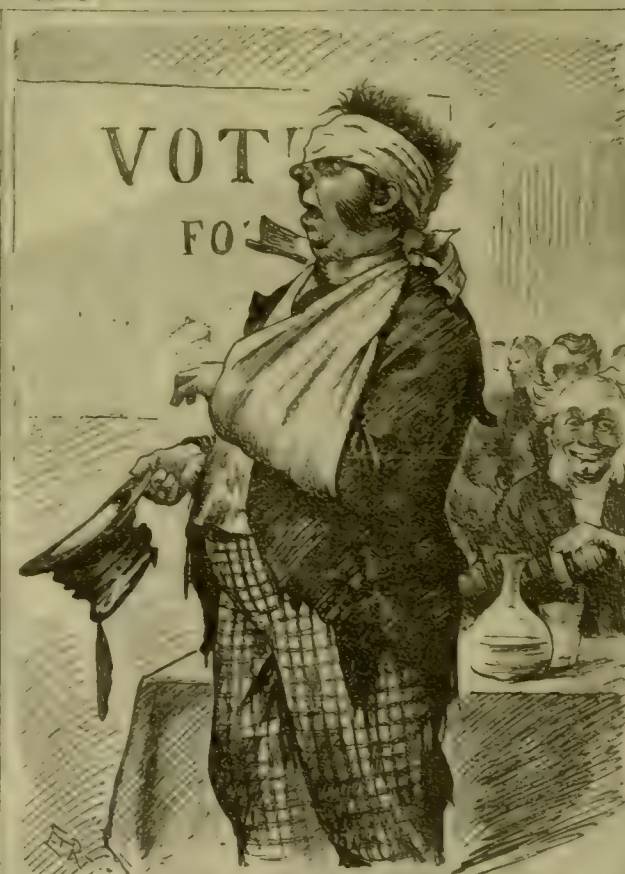
[They regard the M. M. with anticipatory triumph.]

Mr. Tanfield (passing out, and recognising the M. M.). Why, my dear MUTTON, won't they let you in? Here, come along with me!

[He passes his arm through the M. M.'s, walks with him to the other door, murmurs a request for his admission, and the next moment the M. M. is safe in the haven of his desire.]

The other Peris (looking after him enviously). Well, of all the brazen impudence!

[They are swept aside by the current of emerging Counsel, Spectators, &c., and re-assemble, to find the doors as pitilessly closed against them as ever. The White Wigs threaten to write to the "Law Times" on the subject, and are regarded with admiration by the rest as Champions of Popular Rights.]



OLD TIMES REVIVED.

Portrait of Candidate making his Third Speech on same day.

RACINE, WITH THE CHILL OFF.

BAFFLED by official prudery in the production of his poetic episode from Holy Writ, yet resolved that the names of SARAH and OSCAR shall be bracketted together on the muster-roll of genius, Mr. WILDE has undertaken to re-write RACINE's *Phèdre* for that distinguished actress. In his version the smoothly-chaste and insipidly-correct verses which our grandmothers learnt to recite, and our grandfathers pretended to admire on the lips of the classic RACHEL, will give place to the school of BAUDELAIRE and VALLES. We have been fortunate in obtaining an échantillon of this great work.



On his Hobby.

ACTE I., SCENE 3. *Phèdre, Enone*

Phèdre. Je me meurs d'ennui. Mon événement, et vite! [aimez HIPPOLYTE!]

Enone. Madame, je devine votre mal. Vous Phèdre. HIPPOLYTE! Imbécile, ce que

j'aime est le vice,

La rime sans raison, l'audace, l'immondice,

L'horrible, l'écœureux, le sens-dessus-dessous,

La fanfaronnade, la réclame, le sang, et la boue;

La bave fétide des bouches empoisonnées;

L'horreur, le meurtre, et le "ta-ra-boum-de-ay!"

Crois-tu que pour HIPPOLYTE j'ai le moindre estime?

Du tout! C'est mon beau fils, et l'aimer est un crime,

C'est un fat odieux, ENONE. Homme je le déteste,

Mais comme fils de mon mari l'aimer c'est l'in—

Enone.

Peste!

Que veut dire Madame?

Phèdre.

*L'inconnu l'inconvenable.**

Tu me coupes la parole d'une façon exécration—

Le vice, ENONE, sais-tu ce que c'est que le vice?

Que la rose n'est pas rose avant qu'elle pourrisse?

Esprit terre-à-terre, âme bornée d'épicier.

Non, tu ne les connais pas, les délices du fumier.

Tu ne sais pas trouver tes étoiles dans l'égoût.

Tes ivresses dans la fange, ton amour dans la boue.

Enone. Madame radote. C'est Vénus à sa proie attachée.

Phèdre. Vénus fin de siècle, qui se nomme Astarté,

Diabliesse gigantesque, aux boyaux d'airain,

Trou rouge où l'on jette des monceaux d'êtres humains.

Grille de fer où la chair fume, les cheveux pétillent,

Choses claires qui noircissent, sombres choses qui brillent,

Choses qu'on aime le plus pour ce qu'elles n'existent pas,

Choses basses qui s'élèvent, hautes choses qu'on met dans le bas,

Paradis de paradoxes—

This brief sample of Mr. WILDE's muse may be less erudite than the play tabooed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and may show a bolder disregard of the stringent laws which govern French versification; but it is assuredly in harmony with the spirit of the age, and goes far to bring RACINE up to date.

* The fact that this word is not to be found in the dictionary must be set down as the fault of the language rather than of the poet. If "convenable," why not "inconvenable"?



TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

"AND WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SPEAK ENGLISH SO WELL?"

"FROM LADY JENKINSON'S CHILDREN, MADAME. I CAME OVER FROM SWITZERLAND TO TEACH THEM FRENCH AND GERMAN!"

"AND DID THEY LEARN FRENCH AND GERMAN?"

"NO, MADAME, NOT A WORD!"

FROM DAY TO DAY.

(A Study in Political Journalism, from some of the Morning Papers.)

No. I.

TO-DAY, the first pollings of the General Election take place, and the electors will be called upon to decide one of the most momentous issues that have ever been submitted to the judgment of the country. For ourselves, we cannot doubt for a moment as to what the verdict will be. It is impossible that a policy of empty promises, backed by mere misrepresentation, should prevail against a glorious record of administrative, legislative, and financial success. Careful calculations have convinced us that those who now hold the reins of office will return to power with a largely increased majority, to continue their beneficent work. The country recognises by this time that anything short of that would mean disaster to the commonwealth. Even with a small majority, the forces of disorder would be able to work untold mischief. Such a result, however, is not within the bounds of possibility, seeing that the Election will be fought purely and simply on the Irish question, which has been placed fully before the electorate in all its bearings. Our organisation is perfect, and our triumph assured.

No. II. (Three Days Later.)

WE are constrained to admit that, so far, the result of the Elections has not come up to the confident anticipations of our Party. Seats have been lost that ought to have been retained. On the other hand, we have failed to win seats that we had a right to count upon as certainties. It is not easy to apportion the responsibility for failure. Over-confidence and a consequent want of energy may have had something to do with it; but the chief reason is to be found in the disgracefully defective organisation of the Party. The story is an old one. We have ourselves deemed it our duty to lay this

TO A SUMMER FLOWER.

OH, lovely flower sent from afar,
Like sunlight to this world of ours,
What art thou but a golden star,
A priceless gem amongst the flowers?

Alas, all earthly things must die,
Thou, too, fair yellow flower must fade,
Thou wilt not charm an Artist's eye,
Upon the breast of some fair maid!

Ah, no, thine is a nobler fate,
Unlike the lily or the rose;
Thou passest to a higher state
When in sad death thy petals close:

For then thine outward form, grown pale
Is changed to what, at first scarce seen,
Is still thyself, so fair, so frail,
A little fruit of tender green!

When quite matured, how very choice
Thy juicy flavour; who can then
Sing all thy worth with mortal voice,
Or write thy praise with mortal pen!

There, take it gently from the ground,
O coo-termonger, to thy barrow,
And about, with loud discordant sound,
The praise of Vegetable Marrow!

ROE, BLOATER'S-ROE.

FAINTLY it wakes at the even chime,
The appetite long past its prime.
The supper-room at the Club looks dim.
What shall I "peck" for an epicure's whim?
Roe, Bloater's Roe! That's the brief repast
To tickle the palate, to break the fast!

They may partake of the pleasures of "early purl,"
Of the frizzled rasher's seductive curl,
But, when I fear I can munch no more,
When the thought of banquets becomes a bore,
Roe, Bloater's Roe, upon toast they cast,
And nausea's fled, and repletion's past!

Yes Bloater's Roe—upon toast. Ah, boon!
That stayeth satiety, late or soon.
Best of *bonnes bouches*, that all seasons fits!
The tenderest tickler of all tit-bits!
Roe, Bloater's Roe! O chef, grill fast,
And prepare my palate its pet repast!

ONE FORM OF A "SHELLEY MEMORIAL."—Awful indigestion the morning after a Lobster Supper.

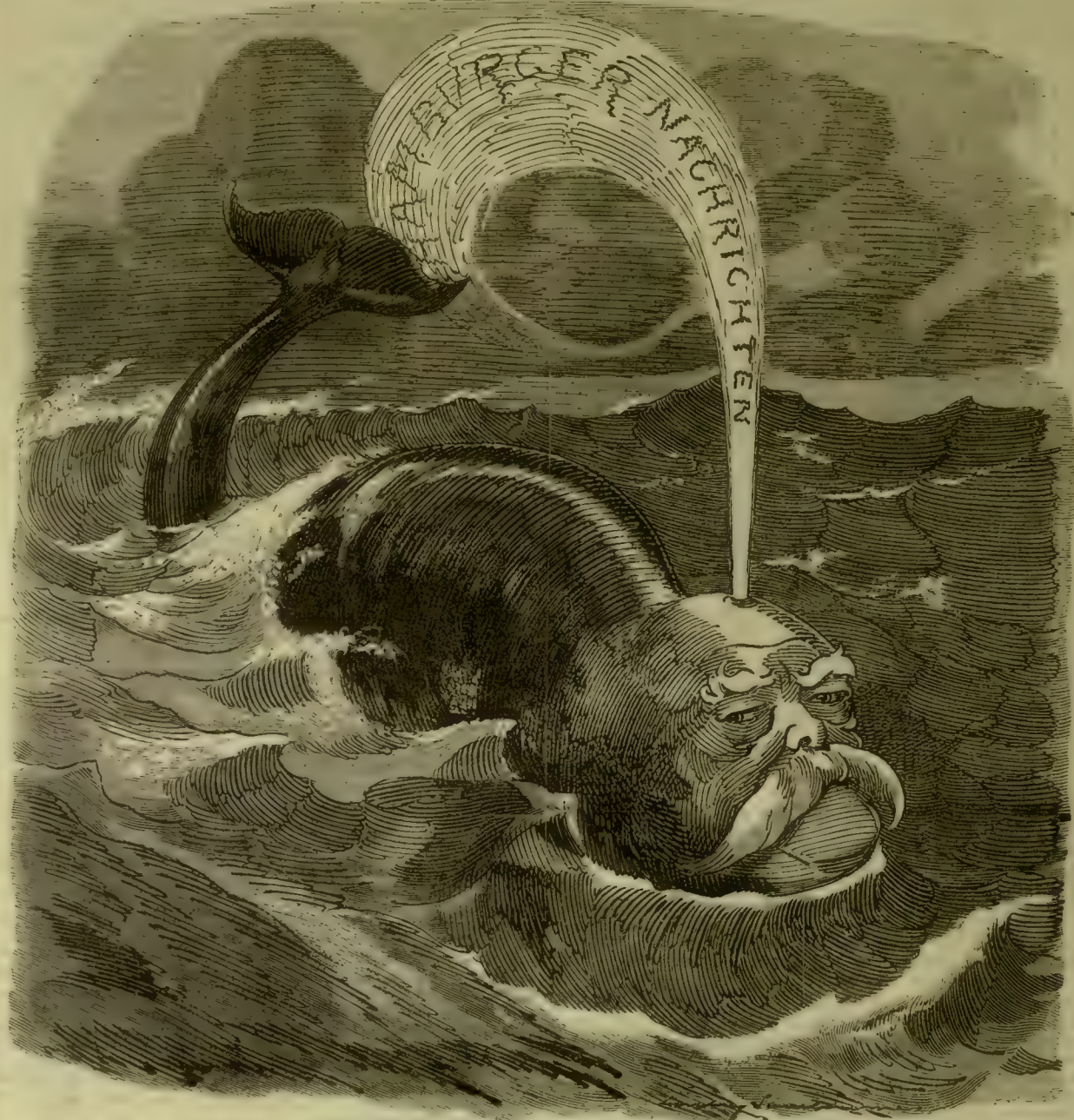
aspect of the case before the Leaders of the Party, but our repeated warnings have been unheeded, and the necessary consequences have followed. Our opponents, however, have not much to congratulate themselves upon. The Irish question has been kept studiously in the back-ground, and the results, so far as they have gone, only prove conclusively that there is no diminution whatever in the dislike with which the majority of the electorate regard the proposals of the party of disorder. We are far from saying that even now we shall lose the Election. Everything may yet be retrieved. But, even should the result be numerically favourable to the Opposition, they will be powerless for mischief with the small majority which is all they are likely to get.

No. III. (A Week Later.)

THE Elections are now nearing an end, and it is possible to summarise the results. It is not surprising that our opponents should be reduced to the lowest depths of despair. They counted with the utmost certainty on a majority of two hundred. But, as matters stand, it is out of the question that their preponderance should exceed fifty. Where are now the confident boastings with which they inaugurated the campaign? They have confused the judgment of the electors with every kind of side-issue. Misrepresentations have been sown broadcast, and have, in too many instances, succeeded. But the great heart of the country is still sound. Votes must be weighed as well as counted, and it is safe to assume that, with a paltry and heterogeneous majority of merely fifty, the advocates of revolution will be reduced to impotence, even if they can succeed in forming a Government at all. The result is one on which our Party may well congratulate themselves. They have worked hard, and the solid fruit of their efforts is now within their reach. We may safely say that the Irish policy of our opponents has received its death-blow.

"THERE HE BLOWS!"

(The German Emperor has gone Whaling in the North Seas.)



"THERE he blows! There he goes!" Like a Titan in throes,
With his walloping tail, and his wave-churning nose,
The spouting Cetacean Colossus!
Eh? Harpoon that Monster! The thought makes one pale,
With one thundering thwack of that thumping big tail,
To the skies in small splinters he'd toss us!

Rolling in foaming wild billows, ice-laden
He goes, like the "boisterous sea" (*vide* HADYN!)
"Upheaved from the deep," swift, tremendous,
Leviathan sports on the far-foaming wave.
If he runs athwart us, what power shall save,
From the doom to which promptly he'd send us?

His "soundings," or "diggings," are many and deep;
But would that his "three-hundred fathoms" he'd keep,
Below in the ocean's cold quiet.
But no, not at all; he's not *that* sort of whale!
He must breathe, he must blow, he must roar, till the gale
Is charged with the sound of his riot.

Leviathan loves the wild turmoil of strife,
And lashing the billows to him is true life;
Behold how he buffets and scourges them!
Chase him? The Captain (though also a Kaiser),
Might think that his course to avoid him were wiser,
Until sheer necessity urges them.

And yet whales *are* beaten—by narwhals and men,
And other mere pigmies. 'Tis said, now and then,
E'en sword-fish can compass their ruin,
By stabbing together—in *Cassius's* way
With *Cæsar*. Leviathan, dead, is a prey
To dog-fish, and sea-birds, or Bruin.

There he blows! There he goes! Would an amateur Whaler,
Like WILHELM, that fine blend of Statesman and Sailor,
Incline to the chase and the capture
Of such a huge, wandering, walloping whale,
To whom "Troubling the waters" with blow-holes and tail
Seems a source of such riotous rapture?

DUST AND HASHES.

SIR,—When I first took my present house, I was advised to get a Sanitary Dust-bin, instead of the old brick one which existed in my back-yard. One of the blessings predicted for my Sanitary Dust-bin, was, that it was "easily removable." I find this to be the case. It has already been removed by some area-sneak, and as I have got rid of the old brick dust-bin, the Vestry threaten to prosecute me for creating a nuisance, because my dust is now placed in a corner under my front steps. What am I to do?—AGGRIEVED HOUSEHOLDER.

SIR,—I find that the law recently passed against tips to Dustmen is quite unknown—at all events, to the Dustmen themselves. My servants, I find, go on freely bribing these functionaries, to remove bones and vegetable refuse. Their rate of tipping, as far as I can make out, is about a halfpenny per bone. If I were now to enforce the law and forbid tips, I foresee that the Dustcarts would have pressing business elsewhere, and would visit me about once a month. Then would follow a régime of "big, big, D.s"—in the window—which would be intolerable. I prefer tipping to typhoid.

Yours long suffering, VICTIM OF THE VESTRIES.

SIR,—The Vestry is quite right to insist on every house burning up its own odds and ends. The true domestic motto is—"Every kitchen its own crematorium." I do this habitually, out of public spirit. It is true that a sickening odour permeates the house for an hour or two of every day, created by the combustion of dinner remnants; also that most of my family suffer from bad sore throats, which they attribute to this cause. What of that? The truly good Citizen will prefer to poison himself rather than his neighbours. A CLERKENWELL CATO.

SIR,—I recently purchased *Dodger's Digest of Dustbin Law*, and recommend it to the perusal of every householder. In the case of *The Vestry of Shoreditch v. Grimes*, Lord Justice STUSH remarks—"The Vestry complains that the Defendant's bin was improperly covered; that, in fact, it was not under coverture. To this the Defendant replies that his bin was void *ab initio*, as there was nothing in it. Then the question arises whether the Defendant's Cook was justified in tipping the Dustman into the empty bin, considering that the Legislature has distinctly forbidden tips of all kinds to Dustmen. I am of opinion that the Cook was the Defendant's agent, and that the rule of *qui facit per alium facit per se* applies here. The Cook's proceeding was undoubtedly tortious; it was not a criminal action, though it certainly cannot be called a civil one. I agree with my brother CHIPPY that the *ratio decidendi* must be, whether the Dustman, in coming to clean out an empty dust-bin, had a *malus animus* or no. On all these points I hold that judgment must be for the Vestry." Your readers will see the importance of such clear obiter dicta.

Yours,

AMATEUR LAWYER.



PROOF POSITIVE.

"I CAN'T THINK HOW THAT IMPRESSION GOT ABOUT, LADY GWENDOLINE. I SPEND HALF MY TIME IN CONTRADICTING IT. OUR NEW MEMBER IS BY NO MEANS A SMALL MAN. I'VE BEEN ON THE PLATFORM WITH HIM OFTEN, AND HE STANDS FULLY AS TALL AS I DO!"

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Soon on Piccadilly's pavement solitude once more will reign;
Soon the Park will be a desert, for the Season's on the wane;
In Belgravia's lordly mansions nearly all the blinds are down,
For "the Family is gone, Sir,"—not a soul is left in Town.



South to Switzerland they hurry, to explore each snowy fell;
North to Scotland's moors and forests, where the grouse and red-deer dwell;
Carlsbad, Homburg, Trouville, Norway, soon their jaded eyes will view;
For Society is speeding "to fresh woods and pastures new."

Everyone is gone or going,—everyone, that is, one knows,— [ing to its close.
And the "Great Elections" Season fast is drawing—
Never surely was a poorer; such dull dinners, so few balls,

Such an Epsom, such an Ascot, or so many empty stalls.

Gone the Season, with its dances, with its concerts and its fêtes,
With its weddings and divorces, with its dinners and debates;
Gone are all its vapid pleasures, all its easy charities,
Gone its causes célèbres and scandals, gone its tears and tragedies.

Weary legislators envy still more weary *chaperons* :—
Much they know the truth who deem them of Society the drones ;—
All the maidens are *ennuyées*, vow they "can't do any more,"
All the gilded youth are yawning—everything's a horrid bore.

Hearken then, ye youths and maidens, favoured Children of the West,
East and South and North are children, who are hungering for rest.
They have never seen the country, never heard the streamlet flow :
London pavements, London darkness, London aqualor,—these they know.

Not for them to range the moorland, or to climb the mountain-side ;
They must linger on in London, till the grave their sorrows hide.
From year's end to dreary year's end they must pace the noisy street.

Do you hear the ceaseless echo of their weary, weary feet ?

Just one day without your wine, Sir ! Madam, just one ribbon less,
And one wearied child in London from afar your name will bless.
Think, ere now you seek your boredom in fresh pleasure-draughts to drown,

Three or four benighted Millions still are left behind in Town !

GENERAL OPINION ON APPOINTMENT OF NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF INLAND REVENUE.—"MILNER'S Safe."

CANVASSERS AND CANVASSSED.

(An Electioneering Reminiscence.)

SCENE—A narrow South London Street of two-storeyed houses, with a Rag-and-Bone Shop at one end and a Public House at the other. Time, about four o'clock on a warm Saturday afternoon. Enter Mr. CARLTON-JERMYN, a middle-aged gentleman, in faultless get-up, who, in a moment of weakness, has undertaken to canvass the district for his friend, the Conservative Candidate.

Mr. C.-J. (to himself, as he regards his surroundings with dismay, and tries to arrange his canvassing-cards). I suppose this is Little Anna Maria Street? I didn't understand at the Committee Rooms that it was quite such a—however, I must do my best for dear old TILNEY. Who's the first man I must see and "use my best endeavours to persuade him into promising his vote?" Ah, Mr. J. SPLURGE, No. 1. (He picks his way delicately along, attempting to make out the numbers on the doors, which are all thrown back; female residents watch him from doorsteps and windows with amused interest.) No. 5; No. 3; the next is No. 1. (It is; but the entrance is blocked by a small infant with a very dirty face, who is slung in a baby-chair between the door-posts.) Very embarrassing, really! Can't ask such a child as this if Mr. SPLURGE is at home! I'll knock. (Stretches for the knocker across the child, who, misinterpreting his intentions, sets up a howl.) My good child, I assure you... for Heaven's sake, don't!... I—I wonder whether I ought to kiss it—some fellows would!

Female Voice (from side-window). You leave that pore child alone, will yer—or I'll come out and tork to you, d'y' ear?

Mr. C.-J. (to himself). That's Mrs. SPLURGE! I think, perhaps, I'd better not wait. (With an inspiration.) I'll leave a card. (Drops one of his visiting-cards in the child's lap—to its exceeding terror—and retreats.) I'm afraid I haven't produced a very favourable impression, so far. I'll try No. 2, across the street. (He approaches a doorstep upon which two stout and dishevelled Women are seated.) Er—I beg your pardon, but could you kindly inform me if Mr.—(consulting card)—GUFFIN is at home?

First Woman (with sarcasm). Now do yer think he's nothink else to do but set indoors in an arm-cheer all day?

Mr. C.-J. I—I thought—I hoped—that, it being Saturday, I might be—er—fortunate enough—have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. GUFFIN?

[Both Women are convulsed with uncontrollable mirth.]

Second Woman (on recovering—calling down the passage). 'Ere, Mrs. GUFFIN, yer wanted. 'Ere's a gentleman come to see yer!

Mrs. Guffin (appearing from the basement, and standing at the further end of the passage). Well, what does he want?

Mr. C.-J. (raising his hat, and sending his voice down the passage to her). I ventured to call, Mrs. GUFFIN, in the hope of finding your husband at home, and ascertaining his—er—political sympathies, in view of the Election.

Mrs. Guffin. Oh, it's about the voting, is it? Are you for a Conservatory?

Mr. C.-J. For a—? Oh, to be sure, yes. I came to ask Mr. GUFFIN to support Sir TILNEY BRUTON, the Conservative Candidate. Perhaps if I called again, I might—?

Mrs. Guffin (in a matter-of-fact tone). I don't expect my 'usband 'ome till late, and then he'll be drunk.

Mr. C.-J. Just so. But I trust, Mrs. GUFFIN, your husband feels the importance of maintaining the Union—?

Mrs. Guffin. He did belong, I know, but I think his branch broke up, or somethink.

Mr. C.-J. (puzzled). Ah, but I mean in—er—politics—I hope he is opposed to granting Home Rule to Ireland?

Mrs. G. He don't tell me nothing about his politics, but I've eard him say he was Radikil.

Mr. C.-J. (diplomatically, as Mrs. G. slowly edges towards the door). Might I suggest, Mrs. GUFFIN, that you should use the—er—influence which every woman possesses, to—er—induce your husband—(here he suddenly becomes aware that Mrs. GUFFIN has a very pronounced black eye); but perhaps I ought not to ask you.

Mrs. G. Well, my opinion is—if you want someone to tork over my 'usband to your side, you'd better come and do it yourself; because I ain't goin' to. So there! [She retires to the basement again.]

First Dish. W. If you toffs can't do nothink better than come 'ere makin' mischief between a man and his wife, you'd better stop at 'ome, that you 'ad!

Mr. C.-J. (to himself). Upon my word, I believe she's right! But I never noticed the poor woman's eye before. I wish I could find one of the men in, and have a talk with him—much more satisfactory! (Knocks at No. 4.) Is Mr. BULCHER at home?

Mr. B. (lurching out of a room on the ground-floor). Qui' c'reet, Guv'nor—thash me!

Mr. C.-J. I wanted to see you, Mr. BULCHER, to ask if we may count upon your support for the Conservative Candidate at the Election. I need hardly point out to you the—er—vital importance of—

Mr. B. (slouching against the passage-wall, opposite Mr. C.-J.). 'Old on, Guv'nor, lemme ashk you thish question, 'fore we go any furrer. Wharriwanter 'ear from you is—'Ow 'm I goin' git little bit o' good out thesh 'lections for myshelf. You unnershtand me? What good Conservative gov'men' ever done er workin' man—d'y'er shee? Why, never—not in all their born daysh! You take that shtraight from me.

Mr. C.-J. But surely—er—it was a Conservative Government that gave you Free Education?

Mr. B. (knowingly). No, it wasn't, Guv'nor. There yer wrong, d'y'er see? It wash er Radicals give us Free Education. And whatch Free Education er me? Wouldn't say Thank yer f'rall Free Education in er wide world!

Mr. C.-J. (recognising that he must strike a stronger chord). Well, at all events you will admit that, during the last six years, you have been—er—peaceful and prosperous?

Mr. B. (beerily). I've been peashful and prosperous ever sinsh I was born. No, look 'ere, Guv'nor, I'm torken to you 'bout wharri unnershtan', d'y'er see? Jes' you lishen er wharri'm goin tell you. (Here he punctuates his remarks by poking Mr. C.-J.'s ribs with a clay pipe.) Workin' man's gettin' more and more 'telligent every day—he 'sh qui' capable lookin' after his own interests. What he wantoh is, One Man One Vote, Redcoed Hours o' Labour, 'Ome Rule for London, an' the Control of the Liquor Traffic! What did Misher GLADSTONE say? Educated and 'telligent clashes alwaysh wrong—mashes always ri'! An'

hain't I 'telligent an' educated? Very well, then. There you 'ave it.

Mr. C.-J. But—er—don't you see, my friend, that, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, the more intelligent and educated you are, the more you're wrong?

Mr. B. Nothing of—er—kind. Don' you make any mishtake. I ain't wrong. I gommy 'pinions—my p'litical 'pinions, and the prinshples I go 'pon are—Down with—er—Tories!

Mr. C.-J. In that case, Mr. BULCHER, I need not occupy your time any longer, so I'll say—

Mr. B. (buttonholing him). Don' you go 'way, Guv'nor,' fore I've finished torkin. I've lishened all you gorrier say—now itsh my turn talk, and I tell you er Conservative Gov'men ish a downri—&c., &c.

Mr. C.-J. (escaping, after ten minutes' incoherence). I'm afraid he was not quite in a condition to be argued with, but perhaps I shall do better with Mr. MOLESKIN, next door. (To a small boy in passage.) Mr. MOLESKIN in, my lad?

The Boy. Father—e's in. Go right up the stairs, and you'll find 'im.

[Mr. C.-J. flounders up the narrow stairs, and is met at the top by a very burly and surly mechanic.]



"I wonder whether I ought to kiss it—some fellows would!"

Mr. Moleskin. Now, then, what do you want 'ere? (Mr. C.-J. explains his object, in some confusion.) Oh, that's it, is it? And what right ha' you got comin' up my stairs as if they belonged to you? Jest you tell me that!

Mr. C.-J. (neekly). I'm really very sorry—but I was—er—shown up.

Mr. M. It's 'igh time you and the likes o' you were shown up, in my opinion. 'Ow would you like to 'ave me comin' bustin' up your stairs, eh?

Mr. C.-J. (thinking that he wouldn't like it at all). I assure you I quite feel that this is an unwarrantable intrusion on my part—I must ask you to accept my best apologies—but I should be very glad to know that we might count on your—er—support at such a national crisis.

Mr. M. I dessay yer would. But what I ask you is—where does the secrecy of the Ballot come in, if I'm to tell you which way I'm goin' to give my vote?

Mr. C.-J. (in distress). Pray believe that I should not dream of—er—forcing any confidence from you, or dictating to you in any way! I merely—

Mr. M. (mollified). Well, I don't mind tellin' yer this much:—I've made up my mind long ago, and, when the time comes, I shall vote to please myself and nobody else; and that's as much as you've got any right to know!

Mr. C.-J. (with a feeling that he would give much the same answer himself under similar circumstances). Then I'm afraid it would be of no use if I said any more?

Mr. M. Not a bit o' use! [He goes into his room again.

Mrs. Moleskin (coming out and addressing her son from landing). 'Ere, JIMMY, you come in orf o' that doorstep, and don't you go showin' any more folks up, or you don't know oo' you may let in next!

Mr. C.-J. (saddy, to himself, as he descends). I'd no idea canvassing was such exhausting work. I—I really think I've done enough for one afternoon! [Leaves Little Anna Maria Street—for ever']



EDUARDO AND EDWINI.

A JAPANESE JAPE BY OUR EVER-ON-THE-SPOT ARTIST "LIKA JOKO," REPRESENTING SIR EDWIN ARNOLD RECEIVING THE ORDER OF "THE FIRST DESCRIPTIVE LEADER" FROM H.I.M., DALI TELLI, THE MIKADO.

"BEAR WITH US."—In the case reported in the papers last week of "an infuriated bear shot at Croydon," Inspector ORMONDE said that "when the ring had been removed from its lip, the animal was so much relieved that it immediately turned a somersault." A picture of this interesting incident should be at once painted and hung up in the Divorce Court. The husband, who has become quite a bear in consequence of his better half having rendered herself quite unbearable, would naturally turn head-over-heels with joy on getting quit of the ring. But alas! mark the end of the poor



"Bear with us!"

bear. He got more and more excited; he had to be locked up in a stable. Here the joy and novelty of the situation overcame him; his mighty brain gave way; he became mad as a hatter—(Alice in Wonderland might have asked, "Then why didn't they send for a hatter, who would have brought a chimney-pot, or some sort of a tile for his bear-head?")—and subsequently the veterinary Mr. THRALE (whose ancestral namesake had considerable experience in dealing with that learned bear, Dr. JOHNSON) procured a gun, and potted the bear. Awkward in his life, but grease-ful in his death.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

ANYTHING more dreary than racing during this week's weather at Newmarket can scarcely be imagined! I have often heard Lord ARTHUR declare he was "as dry as a limekiln," and always thought it an absurd expression; and now I know it is!—for anything more wet than the Limekilns at Newmarket this week I never saw!—it's a mystery to me how the poor horses and men avoid catching cold, cantering about there without galoshes—though, by the way, Mr. HAMMOND had one "Galoche" which, of course, was not much use!

Owing to the smallness (that's a good word) of the attendance, we were "pinched" a little in the prices, and of course the pinch came where one least expected it, which was somewhat disconcerting—but as most of the "good things" came off all right—(especially those we

took with us from BENOIST and FORTNUM'S)—it did not matter so much. Ladies of course were chiefly conspicuous by their absence, but my sweet friend Lady NEWMAN GATESHEAD was quite the Belle of the gathering, and attracted nearly as much attention as the Queen of Navarre, who naturally won her race in royal style!

My selection for the Chesterfield Stakes, Meddler, was successful after a short struggle with the Duke of PORTLAND'S Kilmarnock to whom he had to give five pounds (I hope this does not mean that the noble owner is in want of money!); but I am told the latter was not "fit" and "will do better with time!" though I don't quite see how that can be, as surely "time" travels faster than Meddler, so that, unless they take time with him, the handicap will be difficult to frame! By the way, when the handicaps are framed, where do they hang them up? and is it one of the "perks" of the Handicapper to supply the frames?

Those who waited in the rain for the last race on Wednesday were rewarded with a splendid exhibition of horsemanship, given by WEBB on St. Angelo; who appears to be somewhat of a "handful" (St. Angelo I mean, not WEBB, who is very slight), and evinces a strong desire to run in any direction but the one desired of him! I think Mr. MILNER should have him trained on a zigzag method, when his natural wilfulness would cause him to run straight when racing! This is an excellent idea, and I have others equally good (applicable to all styles of horses), which I intend to suggest to different trainers on my next visit to Newmarket!

We were all relieved when the "curtain rang down" on Thursday—(this is not, at first sight, a racing expression, but is largely used by sporting writers, as demonstrating the diversified nature of their knowledge!), in time for us to catch the early special for Liverpool Street; which, special, might really, from the major portion of its patrons, have been thought to be starting for Jerusalem!

Friday was a glorious day for the Eclipse, which was only visible from the Observatory at Esher—the best account appears to have been given by Professor ORME, who recovered from his recent severe illness just in time to be present.

Just a word in conclusion on the big race of next week—a paradox—be "wide awake" and go "nap" on my tip, from information privately given to

Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

LIVERPOOL CUP SELECTION.

SOME owners win, although their
In temper be a "villen;" [gee,

As that is not the sort for me,
I favour "Enniskillen."



EN PASSANT.

He. "THAT'S THAT ASS, BOUNDERSON, ISN'T IT? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DROWNED AS A PUPPY!"
 She. "THERE'S TIME ENOUGH YET, ISN'T THERE?"

THE POLITICAL JOHNNY GILPIN. THE FINISH.

(Further-discovered Fragments of the Grand Old Ballad, giving the Sequel of the strange story begun in "Punch," No. 2660, July 2, p. 318.)

So fair and softly! JOHNNY cried,
 But JOHNNY cried in vain;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasped the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.

Away went GILPIN neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt when he set out
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till people thought, and JOHN half feared,
 That it might fly away.

Then might all gazers well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

Away went GILPIN—who but he?
 His fame soon spread around;
 "He carries weight! He rides a race!
 "He'll win it, we'll be bound!"

Then all through merry London Town,
 These gambols he did play;
 Until he came to rural parts,
 Where rustics lined the way.

There, labourers shouted, women screamed,
 Up flew the felt-hats all;
 And every yokel yelled, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went GILPIN, out of breath,
 And fearing much a "spill";
 But knowing till his race was run
 His horse would not stand still.

His hat was gone, his W(h)ig also,
 His cloak he had to clutch.
 Could he hold on? A mile or two
 Would put it to the touch.

A church-bell clanging, scared his steed,
 Pigs dashed betwixt its feet;
 And on his own beloved North Road,
 JOHN almost lost his seat.

On the North Road, his sometime friends,
 Their sometime favourite spied,
 Well-nigh dismounted, wondering much,
 To see how he did ride.

"Ride straight, JOHN GILPIN—for the
 House!"

JOHN's Liberal Dame did cry.
 "The Party waits, and we feel tired."
 Said GILPIN—"So do I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined due North to stay;
 For why?—his stables at the House
 Were out Westminster way.

So like an arrow swift he flew
 Back southward through the throng,
 Who shouted loud, "He yet will win!
 JOHN GILPIN's going strong!"

And now Town's traffic once again
 For horse and man made space,
 The drivers thinking, as before,
 That GILPIN rode a race.

And so he did—and won it, too,
 For he got first to Town;
 And, stiff and sore, at the House door,
 Bare winner, he got down.

Now let us sing, Long live the QUEEN,
 And GILPIN, long live he!
 And when he next doth ride due North,
 May we be there to see!

A GOOD STAYER. — From the *Times* of Tuesday, the 12th, we cull this:—

IN ANY CAPACITY OF TRUST.—Seven years in first-class Turkish Bath. Patience and perseverance. Good invalid attendant. Active and attentive.

"Seven years in a Turkish Bath!" As Mr. WILSON BARRETT would exclaim, "How long! How long!" What better example of patience and perseverance, which, as all know, are "good for the gout," could possibly be given? That after this long stay in the Turkish Bath, he should be "a good invalid attendant," goes without saying. And not only is he "attentive," which is a great point in an "attendant," but he is also active—and this after so long a stay in a Turkish Bath, of which, however, he does not mention the temperature.



THE POLITICAL JOHNNY GILPIN.

(THE FINISH.)

"SO LIKE AN ARROW SWIFT HE FLEW
BACK SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE THROG,
WHO SHOUTED LOUD, 'HE YET WILL WIN!
JOHN GILPIN'S GOING STRONG!' . . .

"AND SO HE DID—AND WON IT, TOO,
FOR HE GOT FIRST TO TOWN;
AND, STIFF AND SORE, AT THE HOUSE DOOR,
BARE WINNER, HE GOT DOWN."



"COLOURABLE SHAKSPEARIAN IMITATION."

Othello, M.P. for Central Finsbury (saluting Sarum, Doge of Westminster). "HAPLY THAT I AM BLACK——"
[Doge shudders, but feels unable to withdraw.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—Crowded for *WAGNER'S Götterdämmerung*, "which," says the *Rev. Mr. Penley*, who "doesn't like London," "is such an awful name, that fond as I am of music, I really could not go and see it." As to *WAGNER*, well, "it's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him first."

Herr ALVARY excellent as *Siegfried*; *Herr WIEGAND* powerful; ditto the wide-awake *Herr KNAPP*. *Frau KLAFSKY*, a beautiful and interesting *Brünnhilde*; and it is difficult to be personally interesting in a Wagnerian Opera, where *ensemble* is everything. *Fraulein HEINK* and *BETTAQUE*, equally good.

Herr MAHLER was "called," with the rest of the company, to receive his meed of praise for conducting. Opera perfectly put on Stage by *Herr von DRURIOLANUS*, and though the Season is coming to an end, yet the Opera is still "going strong."

NOTE AND QUERY BY *MRS. R.*—Our old friend wants to know from what Poet comes this quotation—

"A needless Salamander ends the line."

Mrs. R. thinks it's from *POPE*; but if so, she asks what *Pope*? as there are so many of 'em.

ORNAMENTAL STRUCTURE IN NEW NORFOLK.—A Triumphal Arch.

STUDIES IN THE NEW POETRY.

No. IV.

IN offering this fourth example of the New Poetry to his readers, *Mr. Punch* wishes it to be distinctly understood, that he is in no way responsible, personally, for the curious mixture of divinities and semi-divinities who figure in it. It is one of the distinguishing marks of this particular sort of New Poetry to pile up a confusion of more or less mythological names in a series of swinging and resonant lines. In one line the reader may imagine himself to be embarked on the River Coeytus. In the next, he will be surprised to find himself in Eden. Blood, battle, bumpiousness, and an aggressive violence, are special characteristics of this style of writing. Some of the lines apparently mean nothing at all, others are calculated to make timid people tremble; and the effect of the whole is generally picturesque, lurid, and uncomfortable.

One of the great advantages of a poem like this, is that it may be used for all kinds of purposes. For example, if it was originally written as an invective against an opponent, it may afterwards, with the utmost ease, be made to serve as a threnody. Here then without further preface is:—

THE SUNDERED FLEA.

BY *MR. R'DY'RD K'PL'NG*.

OUT on the path of the blazing ball that has hurtled a million years,
 Where the uttermost light glows red by night in the clash of the
 angry spheres, [young,
 Where never a tear-drop dims the eye, and sorrows are stifled
 And the Anglo-Indians anigger and sneer with the jest of a bitter
 tongue.

Where the tribesmen mock at the Bengalees and shiver their spears
 in vain,
 And officers steep their souls chin-deep in brandy and dry
 champagne; [Kipling seas,
 Where the Rudyard river runs, flecked with foam, far forth to the
 And the maker of man takes walks abroad with Pagan deities.

Where *AZRAEL* talks to the Graces Three, and the Muses Nine stand by,
 And ask Greek riddles of *BUDDHA*, who never makes reply,
 (Gentlemen all and ladies too as smart as a brand-new pin),
 And nobody wonders how on earth so mixed a lot got in—

Here in the track of a thunderbolt from the nethermost smithy
 hurled, [shattered world,
 With the groan of an ancient passion rent from the wreck of a

In the white-hot pincers of *BAAL* borne through cycles of agony,
 Lit by the Pit's red wrath there came the Soul of a Sundered Flea.

And all that company started back; first *AZRAEL* grimly smiled,
 The smile that an East-End Coster smiles, by a stout policeman riled;
 And *BUDDHA* made no remark at all, but nodded his heavy head,
 Like a boy who has eaten too much dessert, and wants to be put
 to bed.

And the Muses Nine, as they stood in line, they shuddered and turned
 to go.

"A joke 's a joke, but I can't bear fleas," said *CLIO* to *ERATO*.
 And the Graces, the good Conservative Three, shrank back to a spot
 remote,
 And observed that they knew that this would come from letting the
 Masses vote.

Then *AZRAEL* spake—"On the Stygian lake I floated a half-sinned sin
 On the crest of a cross-grained stickleback, that is caught with a
 crooked pin;
 For a year and a day I watched it whirl, but never that sin could be
 One-half so base as your gruesome face, O Soul of a Sundered Flea!"

"What ill have ye done? Speak up, speak up!—for this is no place,
 I trow,
 For the puling people on virtue fed. So speak, or prepare to go."
 But the Flea flew free from the pincers' grip, and uttered a single
 phrase—
 "I have lived on blood, as a gentleman should, and that is my claim
 to praise."

Then a shout of joy from the throng went forth; they built him a
 crystal throne,
 And there in his pride, with none beside, he rules and he reigns alone.
 And this is the tale which I here set down, as the story was told to
 me—

In excellent Rudyard-Kipling verse—the tale of the Sundered Flea.

ANTICIPATORY NEWS (from *Our Own Court Tripping Newsmen*).
 —*SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK*, Bart, M.P., will be raised to the Peer-
 age with the title of Lord MORNINGPOST, of Penniwise, Seafar-
 shire, N.B.

AN Anti-lawn-tennis Lady considers that the argument against
 Croquet, as a game involving a bent back, and a narrowing of the
 chest, is merely "A very stoopit objection."



GUSHING HOSPITALITY. (Time 3 p.m.)

Hospitable Host. "HAVE C'GAR, OLD F'LLA!"

Languid Visitor. "NO—THANKS!"

H. H. "CIGARETTE THEN?"

His Visitor. "NO—THANKS. NEVER SMOKE 'MEJATELY AFTER BREAKFAST."

H. H. "CAN'T REFUSE A TOOTHPICK, THEN, OLD F'LLA!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Royal Agricultural Society's Journal. A Society Journal of a peculiar character, of which this is the Third Series and Third Volume. It is noticeable for Lord CATHCART's appeal for the wild birds, which, as addressed to farmers and farm-labourers and armed ploughboys, may be summed up by an adaptation of the refrain of the remonstrance—so frequently urged by one of Lieutenant COLE's funny figures—"Can't you let the birds alone?" Then Mr. HARTING "On Vermin," which doesn't sound nice, though better than if the title were *vice versa*,—is most interesting, especially where he tells us that "shrews are harmless." If so, why did SHAKESPEARE give us "*The Taming of the Shrew*" as such a feat? Professor BROWN writes about disease in sheep, of which paper Lord ARTHUR WEEDON DE GROSSMITH would be absolutely correct in observing, "What rot!" And, by the way, *à propos* of WEEDON, the Baron has to congratulate the Brothers GROSSMITH on their *Diary of a Nobody*, republished from Mr. Punch's pages, but with considerable additions. The Diary is very funny, not a page of it but affords matter for a good laugh; and yet the story is not without a touch of pathos, as it is impossible not to pity the steady, prim, old-fashioned jog-trot NOBODY, whose son, but just one remove above a regular 'ARRY, treats him with such unfilial rudeness.

It has been complained that the late General Election has not been amusing, and has given birth to little fun. Let those who feel this most acutely read Mr. R. C. LEHMANN's *The "Billsbury Election (Leaves from the Diary of a Candidate)"*. He will tell you how Mr. RICHARD B. PATTLE contested Billsbury in the Constitutional Interest; how he "battered up Billsbury like fun," was badgered by Billsbury, heckled by Billsbury, taxed, tithed and tormented by Billsbury, and eventually "chucked" by Billsbury, by the aggravatingly small majority of seventeen. Also how his "Mother bore up like a Trojan, and said she was prouder of me than ever." Just so. I hold it true whate'er befall, 'Tis better to have "run" and lost, I wrote so, to the *Morning Post*; Than never to have run at all.

"Modern Types" and "Among the Amateurs" are well known to the readers of *Punch*. But lovers of C. S. CALVERLEY—that is to say, all but a very few ill-conditioned critical creatures—and of neat

verse with a sting to it, should turn to p. 263 (A. C. S. v. C. S. C.), and read and enjoy the smart slating Mr. LEHMANN administers to tumid, tumultuous, thrasonic, turncoatist ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, for saying of the brilliant and well-beloved Author of *Fly Leaves*, &c., that he—*forsooth!*—is "monstrously overrated and preposterously overpraised"!!!

BARON DE B.-W. & Co.

WANTED IN THE LAW COURTS.

A JUNIOR who will wear his gown straight, and not pretend that intense preoccupation over dummy briefs prevents him from knowing that it is off one shoulder.

A Judge who can resist the temptation to utter feeble witticisms, and to fall asleep.

A Witness who answers questions, and incidentally tells the truth.

A Jury who do not look supremely silly, and ridiculously self-conscious, when directly addressed or appealed to by Counsel; or one that really understands that the Judge's politeness is only another and subtle form of self-glorification.

A Q.C. who is not "eminent," who does not behave "nobly," and who can avoid the formula "I suggest to you," in cross-examination; or one that does not thunder from a lofty and inaccessible moral altitude so soon as a nervous Witness blunders or contradicts himself.

An Usher who does not try to induce the general public, especially the female portion thereof, to mistake him for the Lord Chancellor.

A Solicitor who does not strive to appear *coram populo* on terms of quite unnecessarily familiar intercourse with his leading Counsel.

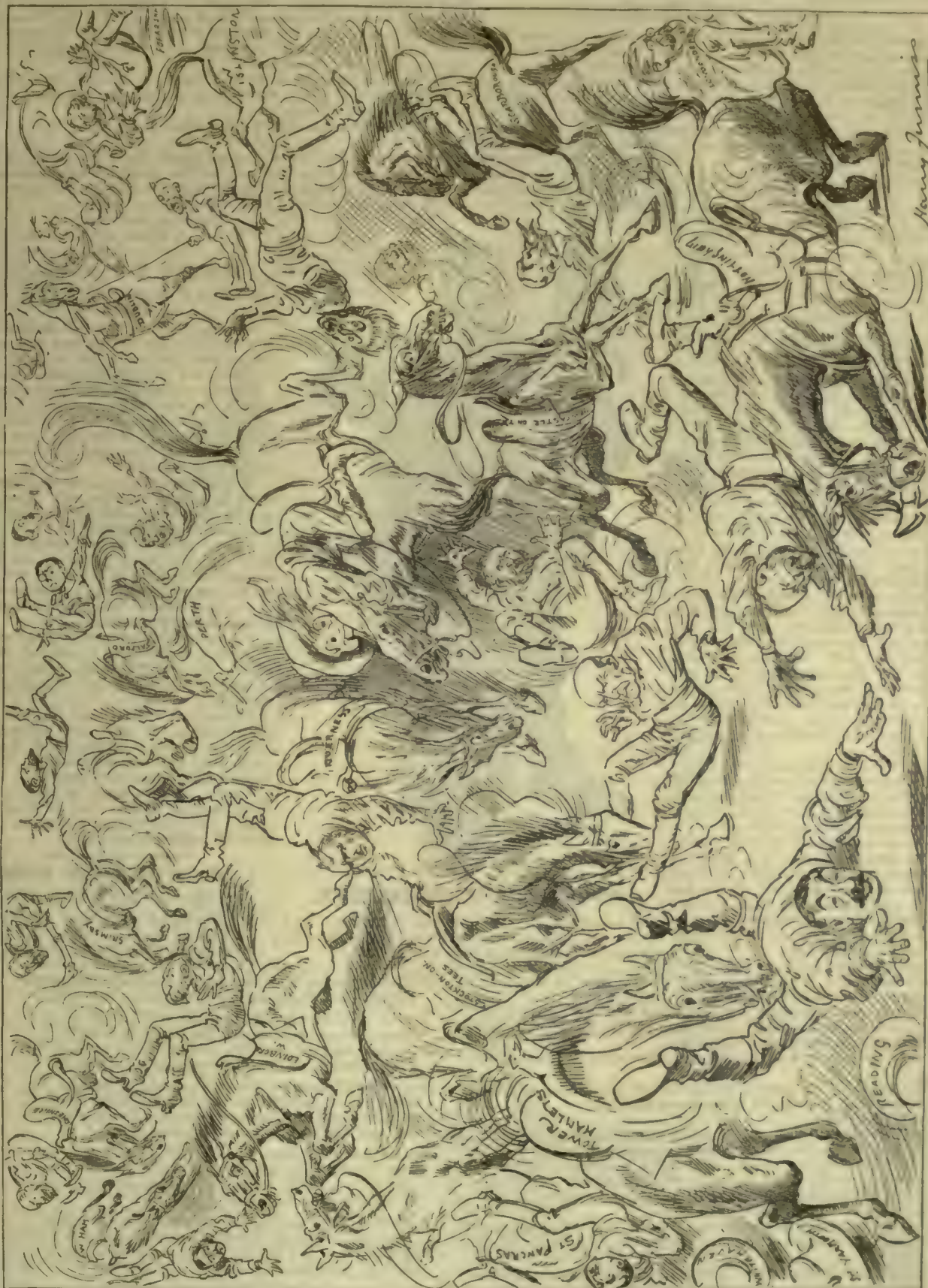
An Articled Clerk who does not dress beyond his thirty shillings a-week, and think that the whole Court is lost in speculation as to the identity of that distinguished-looking young man.

An Associate who does not go into ecstasies of merriment over every joke or *obiter dictum* from the Bench.

Anybody who does not give loud expression to the opinion at the nearest bar when the Court rises, that he could have managed the case for either or both sides infinitely better than the Counsel engaged.

A Court-house whose atmosphere is pleasant and invigorating after the Court has sat for fifteen minutes.

(Anyone concerned who, on reading these remarks in print, will think that the cap can, by any *scintilla* of possibility, fit himself.)



BUFFALO WILLIAM'S GREAT WILD N. S. E. & W. SHOW. THE LATEST "UNSEATING ACT."

JUSTICE FOR 'FRISCO.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice that a complaint has been made that those charming stories of wild life in the Far West, are out of date. Nay, more, that they are calculated to do a great deal of harm to a considerable amount of valuable property. On the other hand, the talented authors of the picturesque romances to which I have referred, insist that there is a great demand for these literary wares, and they would suffer much loss if they were to discontinue their production.

Could not the matter be compromised? We are less sensitive than our American cousins, and if the scene were changed from St. Francisco to some quiet watering-place on the Kentish Coast, our kindred beyond the seas ought to be satisfied. I do not pretend to be a master of the style of those who write Backwood sensations, but I think I can jot down a few lines to show what I mean. Beneath I give a specimen of the sort of thing that might take the place of stories revelling in such titles as the "*Luck of Murder Camp*," "*Black Bill's Banker*," and "*The Talk of Stab-in-the-Backman's Chasm*."

THE CHAFF OF HERNE BAY CREEK.

CHAPTER XX.—Charley Meets a Chum.

THE Miners who had been digging all day long the rough shingle for treasure-trove, had retired to their rudely constructed cabins. These rough huts were built of wood, and furnished with a seat on either side. There were two small windows let into the oaken walls—each of them not more than six inches square. They were absolutely free from furniture—save perhaps, a foot of cheap looking-glass, and here and there a wooden-peg used by the Miners for hanging up their slouch-hats, their red flannel-shirts, and their long leather-boots.

These huts were not unlike the other habitations in the wild Far West, save that they had this peculiarity—each hut was mounted on a huge springless framework, supported by four lumbering wooden wheels. By this arrangement the hut could be moved from place to place, sometimes to the fields, with their mines of undiscovered treasure; sometimes to the sea, burdened with legacies of the mighty deep.

CHARLEY was smoking a pipe, and thinking of that fair home in San Francisco, the very centre of civilisation, where the hotels were admirable, the stores well stocked, and house property at a premium.

"I did not discover a single ruby yesterday," he murmured, and then he looked at the wooden spade of a child—"I found only there a young 'un's toy. But it has softened my heart, and taught me that human nature is human nature."

He paused to wipe away with a sunburnt hand a furtive tear.

"CHARLEY, my lad," he exclaimed, "this is unmanly. What would DARE DEATH DICK or THUNDER TIM say to such a show of water?"

He took the spade, and was about to throw it with violence to the ground, when his better nature triumphed, and he placed it, almost with reverence, on the bench beside him.

He was disturbed by a tap on the outer door—the door that faced the sea.

"Who's there?" he shouted, as he held in one hand a revolver, and in the other a bowie-knife of the usual fashion.

"Are you ready?"

It was a gruff voice, and yet there was something feminine about it. CHARLEY had never feared to meet a woman yet, and he did not now shrink from the encounter. However his training had made him cautious. It might be a trap of the bloodthirsty Indians—those Children of Nature who were known to indulge in any cruel subterfuge to secure the white men as their prey.

"Are you ready?" was repeated in the same gruff voice, but now the tone was one of entreaty. The speaker seemed to be imploring for a reply.

CHARLEY hesitated no longer. He put down the bowie-knife, and still holding the revolver, opened the door.

He started back! Yes, it was a woman who confronted him. But such a woman! Her face was weather-beaten and sunburnt. Her

hair was grey, and there were pieces of sea-weed in the shapeless mass that once may have been called a bonnet. She was wearing a heavy serge dress that was dripping with the sea. On her huge feet were old boots sodden with sand and wet. She might have been of any age, from fifty upwards.

She gazed at CHARLEY with an uncanny smile, and extended her arms towards him. Then she spoke in the same gruff tone,

"Come to your MARTHA!"

And CHARLEY knew he had met a chum!

There, something like the above might do. The woods in the neighbourhood of Herne Bay are just the places for adventure, and, with thought, a good deal might be managed with the Reculvers.

And now, Mr. Punch, I have done.

Yours respectfully,

A WILD WELSH RAREBIT.

COMMERCE À L'AMÉRICAIN.

(Page from a Diary on the Point of being Written.)

Monday.—Miners of the Great Hagglenaggle Fields ask for increase of wages, emphasising their demand by firing off revolvers and brandishing bowie-knives.

Tuesday.—Masters of the Great Hagglenaggle Fields refuse to treat with Miners, and entrench themselves behind ironclad back gardens. They also send for a force of PATTERSON'S Mercenary Chuckers-out. Fighting imminent.

Wednesday.—Appearance of PATTERSON'S Mercenary Chuckers out. They are met by Miners with discharges of Gattling guns and land torpedoes.

Thursday.—The two armies face to face. Both sides fire away, using up all their ammunition. End of the day's contest, no balance on either side. Great success of the new General Interment Company. Shares at thirty premium.

Friday.—Reinforcements for both sides. A general engagement considered imminent. In the meanwhile, *pour passer le temps*, skirmishes and slaughter of thousands.

Saturday.—First-class, regular all-round battle. A large force arrived to fight the Miners. Gatlings and Krupps blaze away without intermission. Losses on both sides pretty considerable.

Sunday.—Conversion of the Great Hagglenaggle Fields into a cemetery. Great rise in shares on allotment. Ten acres of booking in advance!

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

NO. III.—OFF FOR MY HOLIDAY.

Yes! I'm off for my holiday. Forty odd pieces

Of luggage, three cabs, and a van, and a 'bus too,

Without counting loose wraps, and umbrellas in creases, And sweets that my darlings are sucking with gusto.

Yes! I'm off for my holiday—wife in hysterics, Since nowhere on earth can her poodle be found; And the nurses and children—ANNES, LILIANs, ERICs—All screaming, and fussing, and fuming around!

Yes! I'm off for my holiday—Tyneside, or Deeside, Or Lakes, or that Switzerland English, Hind Head, Or the thousand monotonies known as "The Seaside"—Ask not whither my fugitive footsteps are led.

For whatever the place, it is ever the same thing; Poor Paterfamilias always must suffer. A dyspeptic, a costly, a lame and a tame thing Is Holiday-time for a family buffer.

Yes! I'm off for my holiday—where I won't mention; They are pulling the blinds of my drawing-room down: But next year—if I live—it's my solemn intention To stay, upon business, en garçon, in Town.

FAIR PROSPECTS OF FINE WEATHER.—No rain on St. Swithin's, and last week the County of Inverness discarded its MACKINTOSH.



PORTRAIT OF A LABOUR CANDIDATE.

WARRANTED TO "SWEEP THE COUNTRY," AND MAKE HIS MARK IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. (NATURALLY A FLUENT SPEAKER)!!

A RESULT OF BEING HOSPITABLE.

SCENE—Small, but Fashionable Club in West-End.

Algy. Waiter! bring me a brandy-and-soda. Don't feel up to the average to-day.

Hughie. Late last night?

Algy. Yes. Went to Mrs. CRAMMERLY's Dance, Prince's Gate. Goodness knows *why* I went! I don't think they'll get me there again in a hurry.

Charlie (waking up from arm-chair). Were you a victim too? I didn't see you there!

Algy. No. Because I probably left before you arrived. I had had enough of it in an hour, and came on here to supper; not before I had nearly poisoned myself with a concoction that old CRAMMERLY was asserting loudly, was an "'80 wine."

Charlie (laughing). Ah! my dear friend, I had been there before, and knew the ropes. Took pretty good care to steer clear of the wine, and got a chap to give me a whiskey-and-soda.

Uninvited Member. May I ask where was this charming Party?

Algy. At the CRAMMERLY's, Prince's Gate. Colonel CRAMMERLY.

Uninvited M. Colonel CRAMMERLY! Let's see, was he an old Crimea man?

Algy. No!—He was Colonel in the Bounders Green Volunteers. (Roars of laughter.) You know "CRAMMERLY's Starch"—made a fortune out of it.

Charlie. He must have spent a bit of it last night. They say the flowers alone cost over a thousand pounds.

Enter Captain O.

Captain O. Talking about the Colonel CRAMMERLY Party, eh? (To *Uninvited M.*) Were you there?

Uninvited M. (very satirically). Oh, dear no! I fear I'm not smart enough to warrant my admittance into that charmed and select circle.

Capt. O. By Jove, you were well out of it. (Addressing the Club generally.) Did—you ever see such—eh?

Charlie. I want to know where the deuce they get their men from.

Algy. I fancy they discover them in the City.

Jack. I never met—such shocking people before.

Capt. O. Too dreadful for words. I could only conclude they must have been relations. (Roars of laughter.)

Jack. By the way, did you notice that there was a "bouncer" who was reversing?

Uninvited M. (with great indignation). No!!

Jack. I tell you it's a positive fact—I know it to my cost; for I was dancing with that youngest daughter, you know—the one who has the fluffy fringe over her forehead—and the brute bounced against us, and sent us flying. Never even apologised. If I could have got him outside, I declare I would have given him a deuced good hiding. A man like that ought to be kicked.

Uninvited M. Were the women any better?

Algy. Well, if you call Mrs. DASH any better!

IAGO IN BIRMINGHAM.

(Shakespeare once more on the Situation.)



Iago

Roderigo

Roderigo. Thou told'st me thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I did not. The great ones of the City,

In personal suit to make me his Lieutenant,

Off-capped to him:—and, by the faith of man,

I know my price—I am worth no worse a place;

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades them with a bombast circumstance,

Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;

Mr. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N.

Mr. J-SSE C-LL-NN.

And, in conclusion, Nonsuits my meditators; for, "Certes," says he, [who was he?] "I have already chose my officer." And Forsooth, a great Arithmetician.

That never set a squadron in the field, Nor the division of a battle knows More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorick, Wherein the toged Consul can propose As masterly as he; mere prattle, without practice, Is all his soldiership.

But, Sir, he had the Election!

They pulled down over a thousand birds the first day, last year.

Capt. O. Does old CRAMMERLY shoot?

Jack. Oh dear no! He's as blind as a bat. He only rents it for his friends.

Capt. O. (greatly relieved). That's good news, for he's a terrible bore. He'd be a shocking nuisance on the Moors. I must say, I can't stand him at any price.

Jack. No, nor any of the family, for the matter of that. Well, ta, ta! Perhaps we shall meet there. I'm off to the Empire, to join some friends who've got a box.

[Exit to enjoy further hospitality.]



"PERFIDIOUS ALBION" AGAIN.—Lieutenant MIZON, with his grievances against the British Niger Company, was fetted last week in Paris. To inform Frenchmen that the British Company in question is not *so niger* as it has been painted would be useless at the present moment, when Frenchmen are still loud in their applause of the speech made by the Prefect of the Seine in such a *Mizon-scène*. (N.B.—Jende not forwarded by our own "Prefect of the In-Seine.")

FROM NEWCASTLE.—Mr. HAMOND, M.P. for Newcastle, charged Mr. JOHN MORLEY with having made a certain statement. Mr. MORLEY denied it, and asked Mr. HAMOND to substantiate the charge. Mr. HAMOND could not do this, nor did he apologise. Is this the "Amond honorable"?

SIR CARLOS EVAN-SMITHEZ; OR, THE INSULTING SULTAN AND THE HIGH-TONED CHRISTIAN KNIGHT.

A Modern Moorish Ballad, after the fashion of Bon Gaultier.

BRAVE Sir CARLOS EVAN-SMITHEZ! basely have they borne thee down;
Thousands, thirty, would they tip thee as a churl they ^{crowd?} 'd tip a
Thou at home hadst shown that Sultan with emphatic toe the door;
In Morocco thou didst coolly turn thy back upon the Moor.

Long in fiery Fez he lingered, subtle SMITHEZ, being bound
To contract Commercial Treaty with the minions of MAHOUD.
Full eight weeks' negotiations smoothed that Treaty's parlous way;
On the fifth July the Sultan swore it should be signed next day.

But the false Frank's furtive whisper at the Sultan's ear was heard,
(When the Frank may foil the Saxon won't he do so? Like a bird!)

And the treacherous Moorish Monarch, to his people's interest
blind,
Sold the sham he dubbed his honour, changed the thing he deemed
his mind.

"Christian Knight," began the Monarch ("knight" was diplomat
for "dog"),

"There is something in your Treaty, that I relish—like roast hog.
Know Morocco is no home for Factories and Colossal Stores;
And the omnipresent Bagman is a bugbear to my Moors!

"All my Cadis, all my ladies, wish at—Hades Western Trade.
You must make large alterations in the Treaty we've half made;

Shape it not in Christian interests, Christian Knight,
but in MAROUND'S.
And—incline thine ear!—I'll give thee, Christian, Thirty
Thousand Pounds!!!”

Enter black slave bearing Treasure! Ranged bags of
glittering gold!

Then upspake brave EUAN-SMITHEZ. “Hold, bas
Sultan; minion, hold!

Dost thou think to bribe and buy a Christian Knight?
A Paynim plan!

If I take it, thou mayst sell me to a Moorish dog's-meat
man!”

Then his steed obeyed his master, and he whinnied loud
and free,

Turned his back upon the tempter, caracoled with coltish
glee;

Struck out with his heels behind him, smote that slave
upon the nose,

Kicked the bags until the bullion in a Danaë shower arose.

Never DON FERNANDO'S charger, *Barioca*, gave such
spring,

In the sawdust-sprinkled circus of AL-WIDDICOMB, the
King!

Never did DON GOMERSALEZ fill the Moslem with more
fear,

When he smote him o'er the mazzard with his streak-
o'-lightning spear!

And the scattered gold flew widely, urged by that
prodigious kick,

Smote the Frank behind the throne, although he dodged
amazing quick;

Spattered that insulting Sultan, like a splash of London
mud,

Blackening his dextereye, and from his “boko” drawing
blood.

Then Sir CARLOS EUAN-SMITHEZ gave that Moorish
Sultan beans,

Holding it foul scorn—as did the pluckiest of Christian
Queens—

That a Christian Knight should take an insult from a
turban'd Moor,

Without landing him a hot 'un, without giving him
what-for!

Speed thee, speed thee, noble charger! Speed thee faster
than the wind!

Stout Sir CARLOS EUAN-SMITHEZ leaves that Moorish
Fez behind;

Shakes its sand from off his shoes, and, having wiped
the Sultan's eye,

Turns his back, and takes his hook, without e'en wishing
him “Good-bye!”



PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

Wife of the Late Member for Tooting. “ARCHIBALD, WHY WERE YOU SO GRUMPY
AT THE BIGGIE BOOTHBY'S TO-NIGHT?”

L. M. for T. “SUCH PEOPLE, SUCH A DINNER, FOR A MAN WHO HAS JUST
LOST HIS SEAT!”

Wife. “I'M SURE PARLIAMENT DIDN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU!”

L. M. for T. “AT LEAST IT SPARED ME THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENING SIX
TIMES A WEEK!”

OPERATIC NOTES.

Last Nights of the Season.—Monday.—“By General Desire, the
Second and Third Acts of DE LARA-Boom-de-ay's Opera, called
La Luce dell' Asia, followed by *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Was “by
general desire” applied to the entire programme, or only to its first
part? Well, we may take for granted that everyone wanted to hear
and see again—but especially to hear—the *Cavalleria*. So the
“special desire” must apply to *La Luce* solely and only. If so,
then from this wording we gather that the general and uncontrol-
lable desire to hear the Second and Third Acts of DE LARA-
Boom's Opera did not extend to its Prologue, First Act, Fourth Act
(if any), and Epilogue. But is it complimentary to a Composer to
express a general wish to hear only certain portions of his work,
implying thereby that the generally un-expressed desire is rather
against than for re-hearing the other portions? All the same Sir
COVENT GARDENIUS exercises a sound discretion in thus dealing with
this particular Opera.

Tuesday.—BEMBERG's New Opera, *Elaine*.

Chorus.—Why was Elaine
Given again?

O DRUBIOLAN-
us, please explain.

And he did so, by saying in the programme “In consequence
of its Great Success and by general desire.” Ha! ha! look at the
hand, with index-finger outstretched! By this sign, Sir DRUBIOLANUS
would have us to understand that “this Opera was not one
which ever went without a hand.” Moreover, Sir ORACLE tells us of
its “Great Success,” note the capitals, and note also, the expression
itself, which was not found in the announcement of the repetition of
the Second and Third Acts of the Light Asian Opera on Monday.
Isn't this an artful way of pitting Admirable BEMBERG against our

own accomplished DE-LARA-Boom? “We” were not there either
Monday or Tuesday, which, as far as the inimitable *intermezzo* of the
“Rustic Chivalry” goes, was distinctly “our” loss. But they were
going to do without us, and they did so; but whether ill or well,
this deponent, meaning “We,” knoweth not; and so, we're like
Brer Rabbit, who lay low and said nothin'. Brer Wolf sezzees were
kinder sorry he was unable to go Satterday afternoon for to hear
Brer Fox's new Opera, *Nydia, the Blind Girl*.

Friday.—*Don Giovanni*.—Madame DOTTI, in taking the rôle of
Donna Anna, “took the cake.” Not going “a bit dotty,” but in
excellent form.

BE-LITTLER-ING MR. GLADSTONE'S MAJORITY.—Not that the
G. O. M. is “coming of age in the olden times,”—as somebody's
picture has it,—but that he is coming in
with a mixed Majority of atoms difficult
to be assimilated. This much exercises the
vigorous brain of Mr. R. D. M. LITTLER,
Q.C. writing to the *Times*. Of course
R. D. M. LITTLER, Q.C.—which initials,
being interpreted, may mean, “Railway
Directors' Man”—is the Conservativest of
Conservatives—“but that's another Tory,”
as one may say, adapting RUDYARD KIP-
LING's phrase,—and, difficult as the G. O. M.
may find it to get on with the aid of a Little Majority, he couldn't
get on any better with the aid of a Littler.

NOTE.—The Guide to Wild West Kensington should announce the
objects of interest in this Buffalo Bill Show, not as “classified,” but
“Codyfied.”



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

Host. "TAKE A LITTLE WHISKEY BEFORE YOU GO, JONES!"

Jones (after helping himself). "THANKS! MAY I POUR YOU OUT SOME?"

Host. "PLEASE—NOT TOO MUCH—JUST ABOUT HALF WHAT YOU 'VE GIVEN YOURSELF!"

THE TRAVELLER.

(Modern Version by a Grateful Cook's Tourist.)

[Mr. THOMAS COOK, originator of the great "Personally Conducted" Tourist and Excursionist System, died on Monday the 18th July, aged 84 years.]

"REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po?"
Nay, gentle GOLDSMITH, it is thus no more,
None now need fear "the rude Carinthian boor,"
The bandit Greek, the Swiss of avid grin,
Or e'en the predatory Bedouin.
Where'er we roam, whatever realms to see,
Our thoughts, great Agent, must revert to thee.
From Parthenon or Pyramid, we look
In travelled ease, and bless the name of Cook!
Eternal blessings crown the wanderer's friend!
At Ludgate Hill may all the world attend.
Blest be that spot where the great world instructor
Assumed the rôle of Personal Conductor!
Blest be those "parties," with safe-conduct crowned,
Who do in marshalled hosts the Regular Round;
Gregarious gaze at Pyramid or Dome,
The heights of Athens, or the walls of Rome,
Then like flock-folded sheep, are shepherd safe home.

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."
By all means, yes, or even further fare,
And Afrio's forest huge and poisonous Pigmies dare.
But, to avoid the lonely traveller's pain,
From Ludgate Circus drag the well-linked chain;
As Amurath to Amurath succeeds,
So Cook to Cook! THOMAS's grandiose deeds
What Tourist may forget? The great one's gone,
But his vast enterprise shall still march on.
What THOMAS started, is pursued by JOHN.
Peace to the dust of the Great Pioneer,
"Great Cook is dead, long live Great Cook!" we cheer.

DARK DOINGS.—Mrs. MARTHA RICKS, the emancipated black slave, who came all the way from Liberia to pay Her Gracious MAJESTY a morning call, may be now known as "The QUEEN'S Black Woman," or as a companion silhouette to "SALISBURY'S Black Man." Of course she will go back laden with valuable presents, quite a wealthy old lady, or "*Ricks Pecuniarum*."

THE DUFFER IN POLITICS.

My country neighbours at Mount Duffer are not literary. So very remote from this condition are they, that they regard men of letters as "awful men," in the Shakspearian sense of the word. Consequently, since those papers began to appear, sometimes, in the pages of *Mr. Punch*, I have risen in the general esteem. Even JOHN DHU MACNAB has been heard to admit, that though the MAC DUFFER is "nae gude ava' with the rod or the rifle, he's a fell ane with the pen in his hand. Nae man kens what he means, he's that deep."

In consequence of the spread of this flattering belief, I have been approached by various local Parties, to sound my fathomless depths as a possible Candidate.

First came a deputation of Jacobites. They were all ladies, of different ages, young and old; all wore ornaments in which the locks of Queen MARY, CHARLES THE FIRST, Prince CHARLIE, and other Saints and Martyrs, were conspicuously displayed. Would I stand as a Jacobite? they asked, and generally in the interests of Romance and Royalism. I said that I would be delighted; but inquired as to whether we had not better wait for Female Suffrage. That seemed our best chance, I said. They replied, that FLORA MACDONALD had no vote, and what was good enough for her was good enough for them. I then hinted that it would be well to know for which King,



or Queen, I was to unfurl the banner at Glenfinnan. I also suggested that the modern Crofters did not seem likely to rally round us. The first question provoked a split, or rather several splits in our Party. It appeared that some five or six Pretenders of both sexes, and of intricate genealogies, had their advocates. An unpleasant scene followed, and things were said which could never be forgiven.

The deputation, which had been expected to stay to luncheon, retired in tears, exclaiming for a variety of monarchs all "over the water."

The local Gladstonians came next. I had never declared myself, they said. Was I for Home Rule? I said we must first review Mr. GLADSTONE's numerous writings about HOMER, and then come to Home Rule. "HOMER stops the way!" Were Mr. GLADSTONE's Homeric theories compatible with a rational frame of mind? Here I felt very strong, and animated with a keen desire to impart information. The deputation said all this was ancient history. As to Home Rule itself, they said it really did not matter. What they wanted was, free poaching, free private whiskey-stills, free land, and a large head of game, to be kept up by the proprietor, for the benefit of the glen, as in old times. I said that these seemed to me to be Utopian demands. If you all fish, and shoot, and drown the keepers in the linn, I urged, there will soon be no game left for any of you. No Game-laws, I observed, and you will obviously have no poaching. There will be nothing to poach, and no fun in doing it. They said that they would pay keepers to hold the Southern bodies off, out of the rates, and the rates would be paid by the Laird—meaning me. I said I knew that several Lairds were standing on this platform. But that, personally, if my land and rents were to be taken away, I did not see how the rates were to be got out of my empty sporrán. This was a new idea to them, but I cheered them up by saying I was in favour of Compulsory Access to Mountains, with no Personal Option in the matter. This was what the people needed, I said—they needed to be made to climb mountains, beginning with Box Hill. On Bank Holidays, I remarked, they never go to the top. They stay where the beer is. I would have a staff of Inspectors, to see that they went. The general limbs and lungs would be greatly improved, and the sale of whiskey, from private stills, would be increased.

This unlucky remark divided my Party. The Free Kirk Minister wore a blue ribbon, and was a Temperance-at-any-price politician. Two of "The Men," however,—a kind of inspired Highland prophets—had a still of their own, and they and the Minister nearly came

to blows. The Party then withdrew, giving three cheers for Mr. GLADSTONE, but not pledging themselves to vote for me.

The Eight Hours' people were at me next. I said I saw that the Bill would provide employment for a number of people, but I added, that I did not see who was to pay the wages, nor who was to buy the goods. For, I remarked, you certainly cannot compete with foreign countries at this rate, and at home the Classes will be competing with you, being obliged to have recourse to manual labour. They said that was just what they wanted, everybody to labour with his hands. I answered that many of the Classes, a poor lot at best (*cheers*), would come on the Parish. Who was to pay the rates when everybody was working, and nobody was buying what was made? If there were no markets, where were you to sell your produce? They said they would live on the land. I answered that the land would not support the population: you would need to import bread-stuffs, with what were you going to pay for them? I added that my heart was with them, but that they could only attain their ends by massacring or starving three-fourths of the population, and who knew how he himself might fare, with a three-to-one chance against his survival? Suppose it did not come to that, I urged, suppose the Bill gave all the world employment; suppose that, somehow, it also paid their wages, or supported them, in a very short time you would need a Four Hours' Bill (*cheers*), a Two Hours' Bill, a One Hour's Bill, of course with no fall in wages. The constitution of things would not run to it.

They said that I had clearly not fought out the economic aspect of the question. I said that was how my hair was blanched, with trying to fight it out, but that, somehow, it always baffled me. I added remarks about squaring the circle, but they said it was a good deal easier to square Mr. GLADSTONE. The friends of Total Prohibition of Vaccination and of Beer were waiting, also a deputation, who wanted subscriptions for a SHELLEY Memorial, Russian Jews, Maxim guns for Missionaries, and other benevolent objects. I declined to see them, however, and was left to solitude, and to the reflection that I am unfitted for the sphere of active politics. In this belief the neighbours are now pretty generally agreed, which, as I have no keen ambition to shine in Parliament, is a very fortunate circumstance.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

THE Race for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown was productive of tremendous excitement, and everybody turned pale as the two gallant horses came up the straight, locked together, but the key to the situation—Parliamentary phrase, due to the prevalence of Elections—was held by the champion Orme, who managed to get home, "all out" by a neck!—at least, Lord ARTHUR said he was "all out," though how he could be "home" at the same time I don't quite understand—but he may have been alluding to the backers of Orvieto. I was told that St. Damien "made up a lot of ground at the finish;" but I can't say I noticed it myself, as the course looked to me exactly as it did before the race! Dear me! how pleased my friends the Duke and Duchess of WESTMINSTER did look!—and with good reason, too—it was a wonderful task for Orme to accomplish, with only six weeks' training!—it must have been a special train all the time; in fact, the one he was brought to Sandown in, I suppose.

Being unable to go to Leicester, I took advantage of a military escort, offered me by—(no—let the gallant officer's name remain a secret—he little thought he was escorting a Press-lady)—to pay a visit to the New Wimbledon—and being nothing if not loyal, I chose the day when the shooting for the "Queen's" commenced. My escort informed me with an inane smile, that the Camp had experienced "Bisley weather;" the feebleness of which joke so annoyed me, that I am half inclined to put his name in the pillory of public print—(what a glorious expression for our own Midlothian Moulder)—but I refrain, for reasons connected with Lord ARTHUR.

I must say that I think Bisley has a more business-like look than Wimbledon ever had, though perhaps this is scarcely to the taste of the average feminine visitor, who used to enjoy pic-nicing to the accompaniment of whizzing bullets, and does not appreciate the latter without the former. The shooting was very uncertain in the first stage of the Queen's, as the wind was in a variable mood—(is the wind feminine, I wonder?)—going sometimes at eighteen and sometimes at thirty miles an hour, which was disconcerting and inconsiderate behaviour (it must be feminine!)—calculated to annoy



A VICTORY OF THE POLLS.

MENTAL COLLAPSE OF AN ELECTION EDITOR AFTER COMPILING STATISTICS DAY AND NIGHT FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS!

any right-minded Volunteer! Indeed, one notoriously good shot, Private CHICKEN, although a good plucked one—having made six misses in ten shots—declined to be roasted by his friends, and retired into his *casserole*—which is French for tent, I believe—while several other marksmen (why marksmen?) found themselves carefully placing their bullets on other people's targets.

However, I was much struck with the equanimity with which reverses were accepted by the members of our gallant Amateur Army, and intend composing an ode in their honour, to be sung in camp to the accompaniment of bullets, bagpipes, and brass bands! (more alliteration for the Midlothian Maltese Marriage Merchant), the refrain of which will run thus:—

The Volunteer! The Volunteer!!

No matter how the wind may veer!

Will have no fear! and will not swear!! so do not jeer!!! the Volunteer!!!!

—appropriate patriotic music to which will be written by Signor CLEMENTI SCHIOTTI!

There is no racing of any importance this week, there being only a small Meeting under P. N. Rules, at a place called Goodwood—(I write of it in this contemptuous way, as I am not going myself)—somewhere on the coast of the Solent—to which I need not allude at any length; I will, therefore, only mention one race having been so successful lately, that I can afford to rest on my oars—(rather an insecure position by the way, for anyone who can't swim!) and remain as usual

Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

CHESTERFIELD CUP SELECTION.

To win such a race as the Chesterfield Cup,
Is a task wanting speed and endurance;
And the duty of all, ere the ghost giving up,
Is to quickly effect an Insurance."

P.S.—I don't see any sense in this, but the rhyme is good!

L. G.



UNPLEASANT DUTIES OF CLUB LIFE.

MONSIEUR VICTOR ACHILLE PÉTROLY, THE NEW CHEF, IS SUDDENLY SUMMONED BEFORE THE COMMITTEE TO RECEIVE A REPRIMAND THE QUESTION IS, WHO'S TO ADMINISTER IT?

WILLIAM THE WHEELMAN.

Enthusiastic Cyclist loquitor:—

I HAVE noticed with unfeigned and real pleasure, ^[jumps!]
The rapid growth of Cycling. ^{(How it}
To those who have the energy and leisure
It affords—^{(Confound this saddle! it so}
^{bumps!)}

What otherwise would be quite unattainable,
A healthy, and a pleasurable form
Of exercise. ^{(Yes, health is hereby gainable;}
^{But I am most uncomfortably warm!)}

It gives them the advantages of travel,
^{(By Jingo! I was nearly over then!}
A tumble and the "gravel-rash" would gravel
The nimblest of extremely Grand Old Men)
Which, previous to the Cycle's happy advent,
Were out of almost everybody's reach.
^{(And to the "spirits" of the cycling-cad vent.}
^{'Arry on Wheels the law must manners}
^{teach.)}

It's really very much more profitable
Than is the long luxurious railway journey.
^{(If in the saddle I feel not more stable,}
^{I'll be "unhorsed," like tilter in a tourney!)}
Monotonous the journey from the City,
Along a fixed unalterable route.
^{(This is an old "bone-shaker." 'Tis a pity!}
^{For over the front wheel one's apt to shoot.)}

The traveller's whirled from station unto
station,
^{(I wish there were more stations on this}
^{road.)}

With hardly half a chance for observation.
^(If I know where I am, may I be blowed!)

Without an opportunity to examine
The district. ^{(Wish that I could spot a pub!}
^{For I am overdone with thirst and famine,}
^{And see no chance of tippie or of grub!}

^{(I must travel many miles o'er clay or cobble,}
^{I fear, before I'll have a real rest,}
^{The big wheel and the little shift and wobble,}
^{I think the low pneumatic Cycle's best.}
^{Eh? "Dangerous to Cyclists!" That's a}
^{notice.}

^{I fancy, that suggests a spin down-hill.}
^{How stiff I feel! How very parched my}
^{throat is!} ^[spill!]

^{Hold up! By Jove, but that was near a}
I emphasise the fact that I consider ^{[wheel}
That, physically—^{(Pheugh! that little}
^{Is dangerous as poor old Weller's "widder,")}
Yes, morally, and socially, I feel
The benefits of Cycling are unbounded,
Almost—^{(Almost I fear a nasty fall!}
^{I wish, with big and little wheel confounded,}
^{That I were on a Safety, after all!)}

WHISPER BY AN ILL WIND.—If Alderman
KNILL cannot conscientiously attend the Es-
tablished Church service, whereat it is not
essential for a Lord Mayor to be present, the
Court of Aldermen ought to be proud of him,
and elect him "Willy-Knilly" to be Lord
Mayor all the same. Whatever may be the
result, of Alderman KNILL nothing but good
can be said. *"Nil nisi bonum."*

BLACK GAME.—"Bother Morocco!" says
a Sportsman. "What's the news from the
Moors?"

A PROSPECT OF THE TWELFTH.

(By an Impressionist.)

CERTAINLY, I can foresee my adventures.
I can tell of my march over the heather, of
my delight as the breezy air sweeps over the
moors, and helps to bronze my already sun-
burnt face!

I can fancy the chatter of the keeper as he
holds my second gun, and pays me that atten-
tion which can only be wiped off by tips! I
can hear the sound of the first shot, and decipher
the meaning of the initial puff of smoke!

I can see the shadows disappearing as lunch-
time comes to hand. I can recognise the cart
with its goodly contents, and the girls who
will sit beside us as we discuss our modest
pies (hot and savoury,) and quaff our '84.
And then I can hear the retreating footsteps
as the darlings trip away, leaving us to
resume our chase after the birds.

And then the shadows will grow longer,
and the sun will set behind the hills in a
mass of purple, red, and gold; and it will
be time for us to turn our faces towards the
shooting-box that will shelter us through the
long watches of the summer's night.

And lastly I can see the final halt at the
poulterer's, as we purchase the grouse to fill
our bags before the journeying home.

A GEOGRAPHICAL THEORY.—"Where is
Liberia?" inquired one cultured person of
another, *à propos* of Mrs. RICKS's interview
with the QUEEN. "I'm sure I don't know,"
was the answer, "but—judging by the name
—I should think it was *exactly opposite* to
Siberia."



WILLIAM THE WHEELMAN.

"I CAN ONLY EMPHASISE THE FACT THAT I CONSIDER THAT PHYSICALLY, MORALLY, AND SOCIALLY, THE BENEFITS THAT CYCLING CONFERS ON THE MEN OF THE PRESENT DAY ARE ALMOST UNBOUNDED."
(Aside.) WISH I WERE ON A 'SAFETY'!!"

MINOR MISERIES.

No. I.—To a Lady on whose Table-Cloth
HE HAD UPSET THE MUSTARD-POT.

DEAR Lady, in your dining-room
I sat, a melancholy slave.
Your smiles could hardly chase my gloom;
While others jested, I was grave.
And still you saw me sit and sit—
"Enough of this," you said, "come,
come,
Be cheerful." While I merely bit
A foolish, irresponsible thumb,
And found no comfort in the act,
And cursed myself, the clumsy Goth,
As void of fingers as of tact,
Who spilt the mustard on the cloth!

That was the cause of all my woe—
Good lack, I blame my thumbs in vain;
Still on the cloth's expanded snow
I seem to see that yellow stain.
And still you sit and speak me fair,
And still your Butler grimly smiles,
The while I paint in mustard there
A sketch-map of the British Isles.
I think it had repaid my guilt
Had you flashed fire like Ashtaroth,
And scorched the clumsy wretch who spilt
That flood of mustard on your cloth.
Beef, pudding, cherry-tart, and cream,
What more could mortal man desire?
I munched them idly in a dream,
My head sang like a village choir.
I fumbled with the silver pot
From which that tawny torrent ran;
I heard you say it mattered not,
To cheer a miserable man.
So here I thank you; may I be
Extinct as is the Behemoth
Rather than spill by Fate's decree
Once more the mustard on your cloth.

THE NEXT AFRICAN MISSION.

(Telegraphic Précis of the Negotiations.)

First Day.—Arrived safely at the Sultan's capital. Everything in proper order. Draft Treaty in my trunk with my diplomatic uniform. Escort in marching order. Ammunition in waggon. Quite ready to commence negotiations. Only waiting for the conjuring paraphernalia of Herr VON KLEVERMANN to come up with us. Thought that that special morning performance before the King and Queen of the Cannibal Islands would delay matters.

Second Day.—Herr VON KLEVERMANN and his traps have arrived in camp. Looked over the conjuring tricks. Sorry to find that one of the best (the Inexhaustible Bottle) has been stolen by the Queen of the Cannibal Islands. As time is an object, unable to send back to recover it. Might have to fight for it, too, which would possibly lessen the numbers of our escort. Experts declare that the Inexhaustible Bottle could only be secured at the point of the bayonet. Have arranged for a meeting with the Sultan to-morrow.

Third Day.—Sultan's toothache better. His Majesty having sent word that he would be glad to see me, I, accompanied by the Interpreter, the Commander of the Escort, and last, but certainly not least, Herr VON KLEVERMANN, arrived at the Palace. Found that the Lord High Chamberlain had been removed yesterday. The Lord High Executioner was acting in his stead. In fact, this overworked official seemed to be the solitary survivor of the Imperial Household. The Lord High Executioner told us that His Majesty had been very irritable yesterday. The Sultan, he said, was now in a good temper, and was quite harmless. I found His Majesty

most gracious. However, he said that he was not quite prepared to sign a Commercial Treaty. He offered, in lieu of signature, to give me twelve sacks of emeralds (uncut), and the wives of six of his Field-M Marshals. Explained that no representative of England could entertain such a suggestion. The Sultan, upon this, terminated the interview.

Fourth Day.—The Sultan having learned that Herr VON KLEVERMANN was a member of my suite, expressed a wish for a second meeting. I consequently attended at the Palace. Herr VON KLEVERMANN, having produced a number of artificial-flowers, a bird-cage, and a rabbit, from an Opera-hat, His Majesty asked the price. I immediately replied, a Treaty of Commerce. I am to call again to-morrow.

Fifth Day.—Had another interview with His Majesty. The Sultan wanted to know the

well to leave the country as soon as possible, started early. Herr VON KLEVERMANN had expressed his doubts whether His Majesty would be satisfied. It appears that the Magic hat requires a good deal of preparation to be effective. The Herr's forebodings of evil were speedily verified. The Mission had not gone a mile before we were followed by the entire army. We made a demonstration with the machine-gun, which had the effect of destroying six or seven brigades of the enemy. The Sultan in person, declared that he considered the Treaty null. Nothing to do but retire as best we could.

Eighth Day.—Deeply regret failure of the Mission. However, find that the King and Queen of the Cannibal Islands are anxious for annexation to England. They seem impressed with the notion that the British Government have power to cause a flow of spirits from the Inexhaustible Bottle which, since the departure of Herr VON KLEVERMANN, has ceased to yield alcoholic drinks. Of course, shall do nothing in this new matter until I receive further instructions.

Ninth Day.—Embarked on my return home.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE—
BENNETT, M.P. FOR LINCOLN.

terms of the proposed Treaty. I replied, free access to the interior for British merchandise, and the abolition of slavery. His Majesty replied, he did not mind the abolition of slavery so much, on the understanding that the regulation did not apply to him. Herr VON KLEVERMANN then produced his Magic hat, and brought out from it a cup of coffee, half-a-dozen recently-washed handkerchiefs, and a white mouse. The last item caused us to be hurriedly expelled from the Palace. It appears that the Sultan greatly objects to mice. The Interpreter should have informed me of this peculiarity.

Sixth Day.—Received a message from His Majesty to the effect that he would be glad to see me and Herr VON KLEVERMANN again, on the condition that nothing objectionable should be produced from the Magic hat. Herr VON KLEVERMANN once more gave a *stance*. The eminent entertainer extracted from the Gibus a portmanteau, a soup-tureen, and a lady's watch. His Majesty greatly delighted. He signed the Treaty, and possessed himself of the hat.

Seventh Day.—Knowing that it was as

ADVICE TO THE G. O. M.

(From a Mathematical Tory.)

TAKE forty-two, and carry eight
(Eight hours, I mean), then mind your eye;
Bring all your items up to date,
And do your best to multiply
Your sheep by next subtracting votes
From over-suffraged Tory goats.
By Registration Law perplexed,
Take "qualifying periods" next,
And at one swoop reduce with glee
Twelve months, or more, to only three.
Add labour to your motley crew,
Subtract (from life) a church or two.
Produce, with geometric skill,
The lines of many a promised bill.
But state—the Unionists to vex—
That Home Rule always equals *x*.
Raise, in a rash, disastrous hour,
Campaigning Ireland to a power.
And thus, to prayers and protests deaf,
Bisect the Empire. Q. E. F.

PRETENCE VERSUS DEFENCE.

SCENE—Whitehall. Time—The Present.
Enter Universal Inspector-General,
accompanied by Mr. Admiralty Official.

Universal Inspector-General. So you are going to have Naval Manœuvres after all, Mr. Admiralty Official?

Mr. Adm. Official. Yes, General, we are.

Un. Ins.-Gen. And are you going to do anything new this time?

Mr. Ad. Off. Nothing more than the usual meaningless cruising.

Un. Ins.-Gen. I read something about the landing of the wounded?

Mr. Ad. Off. Ah—that is new! We are going to "assume" a number of wounded. To quote from the Regulations—"Before the ships leave for the ports, officers in command of fleets and squadrons are to communicate to each Commander-in-Chief, by telegraph, the aggregate number of assumed wounded that may be expected to reach his port."

Un. Ins.-Gen. Tell me what do we want with these pointless Manœuvres? Wouldn't it have answered everyone's purpose if there had been a lecture in lieu of them at the Royal United Service Institution?

Mr. Ad. Off. I should not be surprised.

Un. Ins.-Gen. Then why run into this unnecessary expense?

Mr. Ad. Off. You really must ask my successor! [Exeunt severally.]

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CANVASS.

(A Purely Imaginary Sketch.)

SCENE—A Portico in Portman Square. Mr. BENJAMIN GULCHER (an ardent Radical Artisan, canvassing the district on behalf of a "pal" of his, who is putting up as a Labour Candidate), discovered on the doorstep.

Mr. Gulcher (to himself—after knocking). Some might think it was on'y waste of time me callin' at a swell 'ouse o' this sort—but them as lives in the 'ighest style is orfen the biggest demmycrats. Yer never know! Or p'raps this Sir NORMAN NASEBY ain't made his mind up yet, and I can tork him over to our way o' thinking. (The doors are suddenly flung open by two young men in a very plain and sombre livery.) Two o' the young 'uns, I s'pose. (Aloud.) 'Ow are yer? Father in, d'yer know?

First Footman (loftily). I don't know anything about your father, I'm sure. Better go down the airey—steps and inquire there.

Mr. G. (annoyed with himself). It's my mistake. I didn't see yer were on'y flunkeys at first. It's yer Guv'nor I want—the ole man!

First Footman (with cold dignity). If you are illewding to Sir NORMAN, he is not at home.

Mr. G. (indignantly). 'Ow can yer tell me sech a falsehood, when I can see him myself, a-dodgin' about down there in the passagel (Forces his way past the astonished men into the hall, and addresses a stately Butler in plain clothes.) 'Ere, Sir NASEBY, I've come in to 'ave a little tork with you on the quiet like.

The Butler (not displeased). I don't happen to be Sir NORMAN himself, my good man. Sir NORMAN is out.

Mr. G. Out, is he? that's a pity! I wanted to see him on important business. But look 'ere—p'raps his Missus is in—She'll do! (To himself.) I gen'ally git along with the wimmin-folk—some 'ow!

The Butler. I can't say if her Ladyship is at home. If you like to send up your name, I'll inquire.

Mr. G. You tell her Mr. BENJAMIN GULCHER is 'ere, if she'll step down a minnit. She needn't hurry, yer know, if she's 'aving her dinner or cleanin' herself. (To himself, as the Butler departs noiselessly.) Civil-spoken party that—one o' the lodgers, seemin'ly. Roomy sort o' crib this 'ere. Wonder what they pay a week for it!

Butler (returning). Her Ladyship will see you, if you will step this way.

[Mr. G. is taken up a staircase, and ushered into the presence of Lady NASEBY, who is seated at her writing-table.]

Lady N. (still writing). One moment, please. My husband is out just now—but if you will kindly state the nature of your business with him, I daresay I could—(She looks up.) Good Heavens! What could have possessed CLARESON to show such a person as that in here! (To herself.)

Mr. G. (in his most ingratiating manner). Well, Mum, in the absence of his Lordship, I am sure you'll prove a 'ighly agreeerle substitoot!

Lady N. (freezingly). May I ask you to tell me—in two words—what it is you wish to see him about.

Mr. G. Certingly you may, Mum! It's like this 'ere. I want your good Gentleman to promise me his vote and influence for

Mr. JOE QUELCH, as we're runnin' for a Labour Candidate this Election.

Lady N. I really cannot answer for my husband's views on political matters, Mr.—a—SQUELCHER; I make it a rule never to interfere.

Mr. G. Jest what my old woman sez. I've learnt her not to argy with me on politics. But, yer see, a deal depends on the way a thing is done, and—(insinuatingly)—a good-lookin' woman likes yourself—(Lady N. gasps out a faint little "Oh," here)—oh, I'm on'y tellin' yer what yer know already—'ud find it easy enough to get her better 'alf to vote her way, if she chooses. You take him some evenin'—say a Saturday, now—when he's jest 'ad enough to feel 'appy, and coax him into giving his vote to QUELCH. You know 'ow to do it! And he's the right man, mind yer, QUELCH is—the right man!

Lady N. (almost inaudibly). How—how dare you come into my house, and offer me this impertinent advice! How—?

Mr. G. (good-temperedly). Easy there, Lady—no impertinence intended, I'm sure. I shouldn't come in 'ere, intrudin' on the sacred privacy of the British 'Ome, which I'm quite aware an Englishman's 'Ouse is his Castle—and rightly so—if I didn't feel privileged like. I'm canvassing, I am!

Lady N. You are taking a most unpardonable liberty, and, if you have the slightest sense of decency—

Mr. G. (imploringly). Now look 'ere—don't let us 'ave a vulgar row over this! I ain't goin' to lose my temper. Strike—but 'ear me! If we don't think alike, there's no reason why you and me should fall out. I put that to you. It's likely enough you don't know JOE QUELCH?

Lady N. (with temper). I never heard of the man in my life!

Mr. G. (triumphantly). See there, now. That's where canvassing comes in, d'yer see? It's our honly way of combating the hignrance and hapathy of the Upper Classes. Well, I'll tell yer somethink about 'im. QUELCH worked as a

lighterman on a barge fourteen years for eighteen bob a week. Ain't that a Man of the People for yer? And if he

gits into Parliamt, he'll insist on Labour bein' served fust; he's in favour of Shortened Hours of Labour, Taxation o' Ground Rents, One Man one Vote, Triannual Parliaments and Payment o' Members, Compulsory Allotments, Providin' Work by Govtment for the Unemployed, Abolition o' the 'Ouse o' Lords, and a Free Breakfast Table. Ah, and he means 'aving it too. That's what Jor is. But look 'ere, why not come and 'ear what he's got to say for yerself? He's 'oldin' a small open-air meetin' in Kipper's Court this evenin', ar-past eight perisely. You come and bring yer 'usban', and I'll guarantee you git a good place close to the cheer. I'll interdoce yer to him arterwards, and he'll answer any questions yer like to ask him—fair and straight!

Lady N. (feebly). Thank you very much; but—but we are unfortunately dining out this evening, so I'm afraid—

Mr. G. (more in sorrow than in anger). There it is, yer see. Yer afraid. Afraid o' 'earing the truth. Carn't trust yerself to listen to both sides. But I don't despair of yer yet. See 'ere; is it 'Ome Rule that separates us? 'Cos, if so, it needn't. QUELCH don't care no more for 'Ome Rule than that 'ere penwiper do, between you and me! On'y, yer see, he carn't say so at present, d'yer ketch my meanin'? (Lady N. rings the bell in despair.) Oh, thankee, Mum,



"You know 'ow to do it!"



NEW FACES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(According to the Portraits that have appeared in the Illustrated Papers.)

if you are so kind, I'll take whatever yer goin' to 'ave yerself, I ain't partikler.

Lady N. (as the Butler appears). CLARKSON, show this—this gentleman the way out.

Mr. G. Don't you trouble, old pal, I can find it for myself. (To Lady N.) I b'lieve, if the truth was known, you're comin' round already, Mum. I'll tell yer what I'll do. I'll leave some o' these 'ere little pamphlets, as you might git your good man to run his eye over. "Why I am a Radikal," "The Infamy of Tory Gov'ment," "Ow we are Robbed!" &c. And 'ere's a picter—poster—"The 'Orrors of Coercion under the Brutal BALFOUR!" Yer might put it up in yer front winder—it don't commit yer to nothing, yer know!—it'll amuse the kids, if you've any family.

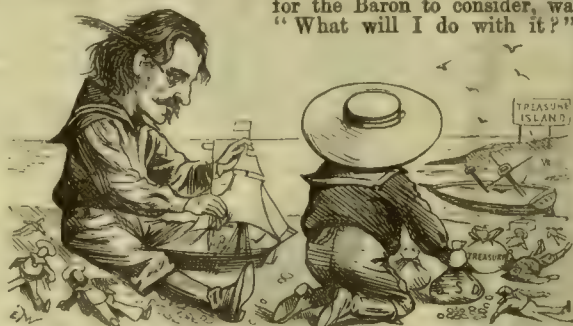
Clarkson (in his ear). Will you walk downstairs quietly, or shall I have to pitch you?

Mr. G. (roused at last). What, I'm to cop the push, am I? An' what for, eh? What 'ave I done more than you swells ha' bin doin' ever since the Elections started? (To Lady N.) You come pokin' into our 'ouses, without waitin' to be invited, arskin' questions and soft-sawderin', and leavin' tracks and coloured picters—and we put up with it all. But as soon as one of us tries it on, what do yer do?—ring for the Chucker-out! Ah, and reason enough, too—yer know yer'll get beaten on the argyments! (Here he is gently but firmly led out by CLARKSON, and concludes his observations on the stairs outside.) Stuck-up, pudden'-headed fossils!... battenin' on the People's brains!... your time'll come some day!... Wait till QUELCH 'ears o' this! &c., &c.

Lady N. (alone). Thank goodness he's gone!—but what an ordeal! I really must part with CLARKSON. And—whatever the Primrose League Council may say—I shall have to tell them I must give up canvassing. I don't think I can do it any more—after this!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"READ it!" said Everyone. "Read what?" asked the Baron. "The Wrecker," answered Everyone. "I will," quoth the Baron, promptly. And—it was done. It took some time to do, but of this more anon. The Baron's time is fully occupied, never mind how, but fully, take his word for it. A copy of *The Wrecker* was at once provided by its publishers, Messrs. CASSELL & Co., and the question for the Baron to consider, was not "What will I do with it?" but



How, when, and where, will I read it? Clearly 'twas no ordinary book. Everybody was saying so, and what Everybody is saying has considerable weight. A book not to be trained through at express pace, so that the beauties of the surrounding scenery would be lost, but something that when once taken up cannot be put down again, like the brass knobs worked by an electric-battery,—something giving you fits and starts, and shocks, as do the electric brass-knobs aforesaid; something that, if you begin it at 4 P.M., exhausts you by dinner-time, and after dinner, keeps you awake till you read the last line at 2 A.M., and then tumble into bed parched, fevered, exhausted, but in ecstasies of delight, feeling as if you were the hero who had experienced all the dangers, and had come out of them triumphantly.

Such were the Baron's anticipations as to the joys in store for him on reading *The Wrecker*, by Messrs. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and LLOYD OSBOURNE. The Baron hit on a plan, he must isolate himself as if he were a telephone-wire. "Good," quoth he, "Isolation is the sincerest flattery,—towards authors." The friend in need, not in the sense of being out at elbows, appeared at the right moment, as did the Slave of the Lamp to Aladdin. "Come to my house in the mountains," said this Genius, heartily; "come to the wold where the foxes dwell, not a hundred miles from a cab-stand, yet far far away,—amid lovely scenery, in beautiful air, to quiet reposeful rooms, with the silence of the cloister and the jollity of the Hall where beards wag all, in the evening, when the daily task is done." "Friend REGINALD SYDE, I thank thee," responded gratefully the Baron. "I am there!" And in less time than it takes to go the whole distance in a four-horsed coach with a horn blowing and the horses blown, the Baron, travelling by special express, was there,—

all there! The Authorities on the line made no extra charge for taking *The Wrecker* as luggage.

The weather was favourable for reading; an interminable down-pour, when one is grateful for any book, even a *Dictionary of Dates*, or the remains of a *Boyle's Court Guide*. The Brave Baron shut himself into his room, laid in stores of tobacco and grog, decided, in the course of half an hour, on a comfortable position, and then laid himself out for the perusal, not to say the study, of *The Wrecker*. Introductory Chapter excellent,—appetising. "Oliver asks for more," murmurs the Baron to himself, settling down to "the Yarn." Chapter I. Now a strange thing happened. The Story broke off! suddenly—inexplicably. Descriptions, yes, by the handful, by the cartload—all excellent, no doubt—and much to be appreciated by a reader with nothing on earth to do the whole year round; but, about page 53, the Baron began to be uneasy, shifted his pillows, refilled pipe, took "modest quencher," and then turned to grapple with *The Wrecker*. No good. Where the deuce had the Story got to? When would the excitement come in? Where was the sensation? Toiling on, went the Baron, stopping frequently to wish he had a dictionary wherein he might ascertain the meaning of strange, uncouth words and phrases, and to anathematise the Authors separately or together. Had OSBOURNE interfered with STEVENSON, or was STEVENSON allowing OSBOURNE to have his say, reserving himself for a grand coup at half-price? Would OSBOURNE chuck STEVENSON overboard, or was it to be t'other way off? At page 90 the Baron decided he would take a walk round, even if it were pouring cats and dogs, and exclaiming, "Air, air, give me air!" he rushed forth. It was fine. A brisk walk and a talk—just like King CHARLES "who walked and talked"—with his genial host REAR SYDE, restored the Baron's circulation, and made him wonder to himself at the reported great circulation of the book. Back to his room again—into easy chair—p. 100—*Happy Thought*. This book is about ships and sea, The Baron will be a Skipper!—and so he skips, skips, with great relief, until "A sail in sight appears,"—spell it "sale," and there's a picture of it—"He hails it with three cheers!"

Now the Story, at p. 134, begins in good earnest, and, except for the idle dilettante reader, all the foregoing, from the first Chapter, might go by the board—that is, as far as the Baron can make out. He speaks only for himself. The Chapter describing the sale by auction is first-rate; no doubt about it. The Baron's spirits, just now down to zero, rose to over 100°. On we go: Throw over OSBOURNE, and come along with LOUIS STEVENSON of *Treasure Island*. Bah! that exciting Chapter was but a flash in the pan: brilliant but brief: and "Here we are!" growls the Baron, "struggling along among a lot of puzzling lumber in search of excitement number two, which does not seem to come until Chapter XXIV., p. 383." Then there is a good blow out—of brains, a scrimmaging, a banging, and a firing, and a scuffling, and a fainting, and one marvellous effect. And then—is heard no more. The Baron harks back, harks for'ard. No: puzzlement is his portion. Who was who, when everybody turned out to be somebody else? Where was the Money? or more important, Where is the Interest? "Well, that I cannot tell," quoth he, "but 'twas a famous queer Sto-ree!" Perhaps the Baron, reading against time, did not do it justice; or, perhaps he did. Anyway, meeting a Lady-Stevensonian admirer, the Baron ventured to communicate to her his great disappointment; whereupon she timidly whispered, "Well, Baron, to tell you the truth, I quite agree with you. I found it awfully tedious—except the sensations; but everybody is praising it; so please, O please, do not betray my secret!" "Madam, a lady's secret, even the universally-known *Lady Audley's Secret*, is inviolable when intrusted to

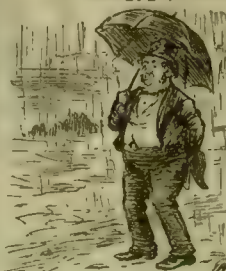
Your devoted Servant,

THE BARON DE B.-W."

SUMMERUMBRELLA.

I LONG for sunshine, such as there must be
In Egypt, blazing on the native Fellah;

I see no sun or sky, I only see
My own Umbrella!



"No sun, no moon," as HOOD wrote long ago,
"Nosky," no star—called, by the Romans,
stella—

Like negative November here below,
My own Umbrella!

Think not of "AMARYLLIS in the shade"!—
Can I play tennis in the rain with BELLA,
Holding aloft, while through the flood I
wade,

My own Umbrella?

I'm sick of sitting in the Club to scoff;
I'll take a walk. Hang me! Some English "fellah"
Has left his rotten gamp, and carried off
My own Umbrella!

DRURIOLANUS IN (MUSIC) AULIS.

THE Augustan Age is to be revived at the new Palace Theatre of Varieties, late CARTE'S English Opera House, for two of the imperial name of AUGUSTUS are foremost among the Directors of this new enterprise—which word "enterprise" is preferable to "undertaking." Sir AUGUSTUS leads, and GEORGIUS AUGUSTUS follows in the east as Second Director,—with or without song is not mentioned. In comparison with this transformation of an Opera House into a Theatre of Varieties, no political combination of any sort or kind, no change either in the Ministry or in our home or foreign policy, is so likely to cause trouble to The Empire; i.e., the Empire in Leicester Square.

We understand that Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, in addition to his interest in Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Royal English Opera House, and various enterprises in town, country, and abroad, is about to turn his attention to other matters. On dit that he is in treaty for St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the City Temple, for a series of Sunday Oratorios. It is also not improbable that he may become, for a short time, Lessee of Exeter Hall, Buckingham Palace, and the Banqueting-hall of Hampton Court, for a series of Popular Picture-Shows. No doubt he will bring from Russia a new and entire Cosmopolitan Opera Company, to give a performance on



'AFTER THE OP'RA IS OVER.'

Sir Augustus Coventgardenensis, the Singing-Bird Showman, bows his Acknowledgments.

the top of the Monument. Should there be an overflow, the audience turned away will be accommodated with seats in the Duke of York's Column. He is said to be in negotiation for novelties for next year's London Season in various parts of the globe. It is possible that he may bring over the entire "World's Show" from Chicago, to give a solitary performance on an eligible spot recently acquired for this purpose in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill. It is not unlikely that he may re-erect the ancient Pyramids at the back of Olympia, if satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Egyptian Government. Looking to the future, it is asserted that he has undertaken to accept the stage-direction of the next European War with those nations bound together in the Treaty of the Triple Alliance. Further—DRURIOLANUS MAXIMUS is considering the transport to London of the North Pole, laying the Zoological Gardens under contribution for a service of bears to climb it. Sir DRURIOLANUS mustn't overdo it. He holds a handful of cards, but he is so good a prestidigitateur that he is pretty sure to transform them into trumps. Likewise Sir DRURIO knows how to perform on the Trump of Fame.

TOAST—We beg to propose the health of the liberal-minded purchaser of the Althorp Library, who intends to keep the books in a building open to all readers, adapting the toastmaster's phrase for the occasion, and giving, "Our Noble Shelves!"

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

No. 4.—CHLOE'S APPROPRIATION CLAWS.

ALL ye who bless the wedded state
With tributes born of generous blindness,
Bemoan the fate that well may wait
Your gifted kindness.

My CHLOE's ultra-modern mind
Transforms your Dresden's grace and
Chelsea's,
The toys for special use designed,
To something else's.

For CHLOE reads each weekly print,
Where Art's resource is blent with Scandal's,
Where decorative females hint
Their cure for Vandals.

Your large, expensive Wedgwood bowls,
She bids her "Lor!"—exclaiming waitress
To cram with large, expensive coals,
The pretty traitress!

On daintiest overmantel's ledge
She sets enshrined your prosy platter;
Your salt-cellars she stocks with vegetable matter.

And when the Summer comes (if hail
For once not hails the sunny swallows)
Our fenders hold your statues pale
Of chipped Apollos.

With out-of-fashion toilet sets,
Their sprigs of ringstands, bits of boxes,
She picturesques her cabinet's
Quaint heterodoxies.

My blue tobacco-jar she'll hoard
For party-nights, and on the basket
Whereon my manuscripts are stored
Will throne—a casket!

"Ingenious" CHLOE, sure, opines
Is Genius' proper derivation;
"Appropriate" with her defines
Appropriation.



Poor STREPHON, fond, bewildered wight!
He doubts, amazed by changes showy,
If CHLOE's own be STREPHON quite,
Or STREPHON's, CHLOE!

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

["He (Mr. GLADSTONE) has not as yet even secured the spoil, but the Vultures are already gathered together."—Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham.]

The Vultures, dear JOE? Nay, it needs no apology

To say you are out in your new ornithology.
The Vultures are carrion-birds, be it said;
And the Man and the Cause you detest are not dead!

Much as his decease was desired, he's alive,
And the Cause is no carcase. So, JOE, you must strive
To get nearer the truth. Shall we help you?
Are not Vultures. For instance, dear JOE, there are Owls, [croaking,
(Like JESSE) and Ravens much given to
(In Ulster they're noisy, though some think they're joking).

Then Parrots are plentiful everywhere, JOE,
(They keep on repeating your chatter, you know,

As they did in the days when you railed about ransom;
[handsome);
But Parrots are never wise birds, JOE, though

Then Geese, Jays, and Daws; yet they're birds of a feather,
And they, my dear JOSEPH, are gathered together, [foil]

To hiss, squeal and peck at the Party they'd
But who're like to secure—as you phrase it—"the spoil."

Yes, these be the birds most on evidence now;
And by Jingo, my JOE, they are raising a row.
They're full of cacophonous fuss, and loud spite;

And they don't take their liking as well as in fact, they're a rather contemptible crew;
And—well, of which species, dear JOSEPH, are you?

THE BEWILDERED TOURIST AND THE RIVAL SIRENS.

(A long way after Tennyson's "The Deserted House.")

"June and July have passed away,
Like a tide.
Doors are open, windows wide.
Why in stuffy London stay?"
Sing the Sirens (slyboots they!)
With a Tennysonian twang,
To the Tourist,
(Not the poorest
You may bet your bottom dollar,
Which those Sirens aim to "collar."
Demoiselles, excuse the slang!)

"All within is dark as night,
In Town's windows is no light,
And no caller at your door,
Swell or beggar, chum or bore!
Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' windows folks will see,
The nakedness and vacancy,
Of the dark deserted house!"

"Come away! no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.

The house is shut, and o'er the earth
Man roves upon the Regular Round
Come away! Life, Love, Trade,
Thought,
Here no longer dwell;
Shopkeepers censorious
Sigh, "What swells would buy, they've
bought.
They are off! No more we'll sell.
Would they could have stayed with
us!"

"Come away!" So Sirens sing—
 Sly, seducious, and skittish—
 To the Tourist, wealthy, British,
 When Society's on the wing,
 Or should be, for "Foreign Parts."
 British BULL mistrusts their arts.
 "Come away!"
 (One doth say),
 "Our Emperor is quiet to-day!"
 Cries another,
 "Come, my brother,
 "Avalanches down again!"
 Sings a third, with beckoning fingers,
 "Come, come, where the Cholera lin-
 gers!"
 While a fourth—is it her fun?—
 With the wide blue eyes of Hope
 (As though advertising Soap),
 Shouts, with glee,
 "Come with me,
 Unto Norway, o'er the foam,
 Far from home,
 Wait there to see
 Our (invisible) Midnight Sun!"

BULL, the tweed-clad British Tourist,
 Muses—"Home seems the securest,
 On the whole. Why widely ramble,
 Tramp, and climb, and spend, and gamble,
 Face infection, dulness, danger,
 All the woe that waits "the Stranger,"
 And the Tourist (rich) environs,
 At the call of foreign Sirens,
 When home charmers, bright-eyed, active,
 Offer "metal more attractive?"
 Four such darlings who'll discover
 O'er the seas? Shall I, their lover,
 Still discard them for yon minxes,"
 Harpies with the eyes of "lynxes?"
 ALBION dear, and CAMERIA mild,
 CALEDONIA stern and wild,
 As your poet said, but pretty;
 HIBERNIA mavourneen, jetty-
 Hair'd, and azure-eyed, I greet ye!
 Darlings, I am charmed to meet ye.
 Why go wandering o'er the foam,
 Like a latter-day ULYSSES,
 When warm charms and wooing-kisses
 Of such Sirens Four wait me at home?"



UNLUCKY COMPLIMENT.

Shoeblack (wishing to please liberal and important Customer). "SHOULDN'T LIKE TO GET A
 KICK FROM YOU, SIR!" [Gets one on the spot.]

"L'HOMME PROPOSE—"

[Gentlemen are now coached "How to Propose."]

THEY sat it out upon the stairs,
 Those dear old stairs! Ah me: how many
 A time they've cost, all unawares,
 A pretty penny!

Why they were fools enough to go
 To sit on stairs, and miss the fun,
 Quite baffles me; but still, you know,
 It has been done.



The lights were
 low — lights
 often are—
 I deem the fact
 though worth
 the noting,
 And strains of
 music from
 afar
 Came softly
 floating.

So whilst she pondered what Mamma
 Would think, the band commenced to play
 The epidemical "Tu-ra-
 ra-boom-de-ay!"

He gazed into her eyes (of blue),
 Sighed once as if it hurt him badly,
 Then told her how 'twas but too true
 He loved her madly.

With highly creditable skill
 He turned the well-worn platitude—
 His own unworthiness—until
 You really could

Not but admire each word, each look.

His speech was quite unrivalled in its
 Intensity—in fact it took
 At least ten minutes.

A peroration full of flowers,
 A moisture in his other eye,
 And then a pause—it seemed of hours—
 For her reply.

Her answer came. He thought of it,
 It haunted him for long years after,
 She simply burst into a fit
 Of ribald laughter.

And certainly it was absurd,
 She laughed till she could laugh no more;
 She'd heard the same thing, to a word,
 The day before.

Two tyros in the Art of Love,
 Each ARABELLA's ardent suitor,
 Unluckily were pupils of
 The self-same tutor!

So, should you fail to understand
 A maiden's answer, this may show
 Why sometimes Man proposes and
 The Girl says "No!"

SKIRTS AND FIGURES.—M. JACOBI, of the
 Alhambra, has composed a "Skirt-dance,"
 which has recently appeared in the *Figaro*.
 That the skirts for which the Composer has
 written are brand-new, and require no mend-
 ing, is evident from the fact that, from first
 to last, there is no "Skirt-sew"—in Italian,
Scherzo—movement.

A ROLLYING SHOW.

IN the International Horticultural Exhi-
 bition is, as advertised, "the Kiosk of the
 Australian Irrigation Colonies (CHAFFEY
 Bros.)." What fun the CHAFFEY Brothers
 must make of everything in the Exhibition!
 As long as the other exhibitors don't mind
 the chaff of the CHAFFEY Brothers, all will
 be harmonious. No doubt, round their Kiosk
 there are crowds all day, in roars of laughter,
 at the chaffing perpetually going on. The
 travelling Cheap Jack, were he in the build-
 ing, would have some difficulty to hold his
 own against even one of the CHAFFEY
 Brothers, but pitted against an unlimited
 number of CHAFFEY Brothers, for their
 number is not stated in the advertisement,
 the unfortunate Cheap Jack would not be let
 off cheaply. Apart from BUFFALO BILL,
 whose Show with a variety of novelties, is
 still a very big attraction, and the other
 amusements, this exhibit of CHAFFEY
 Brothers engaged in chaff-cutting, must be
 about one of the most attractive things in
 the Horticultural. By the way, in this
 same advertisement, there is a mysterious
 announcement "Stand 48." Of course, if
 in addition to their entertainment, they
 "stand 48"—though with this vintage we are
 not acquainted; perhaps it should be "4 Pom-
 mery,—then the Brothers are simply *hors de*
concours, and competition would be hopeless.

THE VERY PLACE FOR THE NEXT SPARRING
 MATCH.—"Box Hill."

ON THE SANDS.

(A Sketch at Margate.)

Close under the Parade Wall a large circle has been formed, consisting chiefly of Women on chairs and camp-stools, with an inner ring of small children, who are all patiently awaiting the arrival of a troupe of Niggers. At the head of one of the flights of steps leading up to the Parade, a small and shrewish Child-nurse is endeavouring to detect and recapture a pair of prodigal younger Brothers, who have given her the slip.

Sarah (to herself). Wherever can them two plegs have got to? (Aloud; drawing a bow at a venture.) ALBERT! 'ENERY! Come up 'ere this minnit. I see yer!

'ENERY (under the steps—to Albert). I say—d'ye think she do?—'cos if—

Albert. Not she! Set tight.

[They sit tight.]

Sarah (as before). 'ENERY! ALBERT! You've bin and 'alf killed little GEORGIE between yer!

'ENERY (moved, to Albert). Did you 'ear that, BERT? It wasn't me upset him—was it now?

Albert (impenitent). 'Oo cares! The Niggers'll be back direckly.

Sarah. AL-BERT! 'ENERY! Your father's bin down 'ere once after you. You'll ketch it!

Albert (sotto voce). Not till Father ketches us, we shan't. Keep still, 'ENERY—we're all right under 'ere!

Sarah (more diplomatically). 'ENERY! ALBERT! Father's bin and left a 'ap'ny apiece for yer. Ain't yer comin' up for it? If yer don't want it, why, stay where you are, that's all!

Albert (to 'ENERY). I knoo we 'adn't done nothin'. An' I'm goin' up to git that 'ap'ny, I am.

'ENERY. So 'm I.
[They emerge, and ascend the steps—to be pounced upon immediately by the ingenious SARAH.]

Sarah. 'Ap'ny, indeed! You won't git no 'apence 'ere, I can tell yer—so jest you come along 'ome with me!

[Exit ALBERT and

'ENERY, in captivity, as the Niggers enter the circle.
Bones. We shall commence this afternoon by 'olding our Grand Annual Weekly Singing Competition, for the Discouragement of Youthful Talent. Now then, which is the little gal to step out first and git a medal? (The Children giggle, but remain seated.) Not one? Now I ask you—What is the use o' me comin' 'ere, throwin' away thousands and thousands of pounds on golden medals, if you won't take the trouble to stand up and sing for them? Oh, you'll make me so wild, I shall begin spittin' 'alf-sovereigns directly—I knoo I shall! (A little Girl in a sun-bonnet comes forward.) Ah, 'ere's a young lady who's bustin' with melody, I can see. Your name, my dear? Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the pleasure to announce that Miss CONNIE COCKLE will now appear. Don't curtsy till the Orchestra gives the chord. (Chord from the harmonium—the Child advances, and curtsies with much aplomb.) Oh, lor! call that a curtsy—that's a cramp, that is! Do it all over again! (The Child obeys, disconcerted.) That's worse! I can see the s'rimps blushin' for yer inside their paper bags! Now see Me do it. (Bones executes a caricature of a curtsy, which the little Girl copies with terrible fidelity.) That's ladylike—that's genteel. Now sing

out! (The Child sings the first verse of a popular Music-hall song, in a squeaky little voice.) Talk about nightingales! Come 'ere, and receive the reward for extinguished incapacity. On your knees! (The little Girl kneels before him while a tin medal is fastened upon her frock.) Rise, Sir CONNIE COCKLE! Oh, you lucky girl!

The Child returns, swelling with triumph, to her companions, several of whom come out, and go through the same performance, with more or less squeakiness and self-possession.

First Admiring Matron (in audience). I do like to see the children kep' out o' mischief like this, instead o' goin' paddling and messing about the sands!

Second Ad. Mat. Just what I say, my dear—they're amused and educated 'ow to beyave at the same time!

First Politician (with the "Standard"). No, but look here—when GLADSTONE was asked in the House whether he proposed to give the Dublin Parliament the control of the Police, what was his answer?

Why....

The Niggers (striking up chorus). "Rum-tumty-diddly-umpty-doodah dey! Rum-tumty-diddly-um" was all that he could say! And the Members and the Speaker joined together in the lay, Of "Rum-tumty-diddly-umty doodah-dey!"

Second Pol. (with the "Star"). Well, and what more would you have 'ad him say? Come, now!

Alf. (who has had quite enough ale at dinner—to his fiancée). These Niggers ain't up to much, Loo. Can't sing for nuts!

Chorley (his friend—perfidiously). You'd better go in and show 'em how, old man. Me and Miss SERGE'll stay and see you take the shine out of 'em!

Alf. P'raps you think I can't. But, if I was to go upon the 'Alls now, I should make my fortune in no time! Loo's 'eard me when I've been in form, and she'll tell you—

Miss Serge. Well, I will say there's many a professional might learn a lesson from ALF—whether Mr. PERKINS believes it or not. [Cuttingly, to "CHORLEY."]

Chorley. Now reelly, Miss Loo, don't come

"Come to these legs!"

down on a feller like that. I want to see him do you credit, that's all, and he couldn't 'ave a better opportunity to distinguish himself—now could he?

Miss Serge. I'm not preventing him. But I don't know—these niggers keep themselves very select, and they might object to it.

Alf. I'll soon square them. You keep your eye on me, and I'll make things a bit livelier!

[He enters the Circle. Miss Serge (admiringly). He has got a cheek, I must say! Look at him, dancing there along with those two Niggers—they don't hardly know what to make of him yet!

Chorley. Do you notice how they keep kicking him beyind on the sly like? I wonder he puts up with it!

Miss S. He'll be even with them presently—you see if he isn't.

[ALF attempts to twirl a tambourine on his finger, and lets it fall; derision from audience; Bones pats him on the head, and takes the tambourine away—at which ALF only smiles feebly.]

Chorley. It's a pity he gets so 'ot dancing, and he don't seem to keep in step with the others.

Miss S. (secretly disappointed). He isn't used to doing the double-shuffle on sand, that's all.



The Conductor. Bones, I observe we have a recent addition to our Company. Perhaps he'll favour us with a solo. (*Aside to Bones.*) 'Oo is he? 'Oo let him in 'ere—you?

Bones. I dunno. I thought you did. Ain't he stood nothing?

Conductor. Not a brass farden!

Bones (outraged). All right, you leave him to me. (*To ALF.*) Kin it be? That neekie! them familiar coat-buttons! that paper-dicky! You are—you are my long-lost Convick Son, 'ome from Portland! Come to these legs! (*He embraces ALF, and smothers him with kisses.*) Oh, you've been and rubbed off some of your cheek on my complexion—you dirty boy! (*He playfully "bashes" ALF's hat in.*) Now show the comp'ny how pretty you can sing. (*ALF attempts a Music-hall ditty, in which he, not unnaturally, breaks down.*) It ain't my son's fault, Ladies and Gentlemen, it's all this little gal in front here, lookin' at him and makin' him shy! (*To a small Child, severely.*) You oughter know worse, you ought! (*Clumps of sea-weed and paper-balls are thrown at ALF, who by this time is looking deplorably warm and foolish.*) Oh, what a popular fav'rite he is to be sure!

Chorley (to Miss S.). Poor fellow, he ain't no match 'for those Niggers—not like he is now! Hadn't I better go to the rescue, Miss Loo?

Miss S. (pettishly). I'm sure I don't care what you do.

[*"CHORLEY" succeeds, after some persuasion, in removing the unfortunate ALF.*]

ALF. (rejoining his fiancée with a grimy face, a smashed hat, and a pathetic attempt at a grin). Well? I done it, you see!

Miss S. (crushingly). Yes, you have done it! And the best thing you can do now, is to go home and wash your face. I don't care to be seen about with a laughing-stock, I can assure you! I've had my dignity lowered quite enough as it is!

ALF. But look 'ere, my dear girl, I can't leave you here all by yourself, you know!

Miss S. I daresay Mr. PERKINS will take care of me.

[*Mr. P. assents, with effusion.*]

ALF. (watching them move away—with bitterness). I wish all Niggers were put down by Act of Parliament, I do! Downright noosances—that's what they are!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ULYSSES has been travelling again, and the record of his journeyings is set forth in *The Modern Odyssey*, which CASSELL & Co. publish in one volume, with some charming illustrations in callotype.



Ulysses on Tour.

scenery in the Greater Britain that girdles the world. ULYSSES must have been much struck with the change since he first went a gipsying. But of that he discreetly says nothing.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

WE'VE GOT OUR LYNX EYE ON HIM!—In the *Times*' legal reports for Tuesday, July 28, 1892, Queen's Bench Division, Colonel FITZGEORGE sued a Mr. ROLLS CALVERT LINK. Mr. CANNOT defended LINK. But CANNOT Could Not do much for his client LINK, who did not appear. Evidently, "The Missing Link."

"COURT ON!"

THE "Triple Bill" still going strong at the Court. The *New Sub*, a smartly-written little One-Act Play, by SEYMOUR HICKS, notable for good performance all round, but especially for the rendering of *Mrs. Darlington*, by Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON, of *Major Ensor*, by BRANDON THOMAS, and of *Second-Lieutenant Darlington*, by Mr. ERNEST BERTRAM — uncommonly Earnest BERTRAM. The



Stephensonius, B.C. (date uncertain), qui Jacobum Fidelem scripsit. (From an old Bronze Medal.)

Scene is in a Hut at Shorncliffe. Hutertera. If Lieutenant Crookendon's catch - phrase about "a funny world" were repeated just about five times less frequently than it is, the piece, the part, and the public would be distinctly gainers. At 9.10, appears *Faithful James*, represented by Mr. WERDON GROSSMITH. It is a finished and quietly droll performance. The author, Mr. B. C. STEPHENSON ("B.C.") makes him quite a classic—date uncertain, so his plot may have been done in collaboration with PLAUTUS or TERENCE has reproduced from the French a neatly-constructed One-Act piece, in which are all the possibilities of a Three-Act Criterion or Palais Royal Farcical Comedy. So rapid is the action, all over in about forty-five minutes, and so much to the point of the plot is the dialogue, that an inattentive auditor would soon lose the thread of the argument, never to pick it up again anywhere. Miss ELLALINE TERRIS is just that very *Mrs. Duncan*. BRANDON THOMAS is a breezy, brusque, and Admirable Admiral;

and Mr. DRAYCOTT a hearty husband, very much in love with his pretty little wife. Mr. LITTLE makes much, perhaps almost a little too much, of his small but essentially important part,—they are all important parts. —and of Miss SYBIL GREY can be said "Nous savons Gré à Mlle. Sybil." Mr. SIDNEY WARDEN's Character Sketch of the young and rather raw German Waiter, is excellent; the Waiter being "raw," is not overdone. Not a dull second in the farce. Will our B.C. Author give us some of his adaptations from PLAUTUS, TERENCE (some good old Irish plots of course, in the writings of this author), and a few other ancients with whom he was, it is most probable, personally and intimately acquainted. To think that the *Wandering Jew*, who can only sign himself "A.D.," is "not in it" in point of time with our STEPHENSON "B.C."!



Faithful James, as originally seen on the walls of Winchester College.

After this comes the *Pantomime Rehearsal*, which everybody should see, and which nearly everybody must have seen by this time. Success to the Triple Bill, which, in the political world, might mean Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and WILLIAM GLADSTONE, the latter WILLIAM "counting two on a division."

EXACT.—"He is something in the Church," said Mrs. R., trying to describe the social position of a clerical friend of hers. "I forget what it is, but it's a something like 'Dromedary'; only, you needn't smile, of course I know it couldn't be that, as a Dromedary has two humps on his back. Or, stop!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "am I confusing him with a Minor Camel?"



WELL MEANT, BUT AWKWARDLY PUT.

"SO GLAD YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ME, DEAR LORD VARICOSE; I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD, AFTER SO MANY YEARS!"
 "OH, NO, MISS EVERGREEN; I NEVER FORGET OLD FACES!"

WOT CHER!

OR, KNOCKED 'EM IN THE WEST-MIN-IS-TER ROAD.

(With Mr. Punch's respectful apologies to the Great Coster Laureate, Mr. Albert Chevalier.)

Coster Bill sings:—

LAST week down our way there come a chap,
 Sort o' "Sausage." Lots o' go and snap.
 Twigs my Missus, and takes off 'is cap,
 In a (German) gentlemanly way.
 "Me'am," says 'e, "I've 'appy news to tell.
 SOL, of 'Atfield (rich old Tory Swell),
 Snuffed it recent, to 'is sort a sell,
 Leaving you this little Donkey Shay."

Chorus.

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried,
 "Who're yer goin' to meet, BILL?"
 'Ave yer bought the street, BILL?"
 Laugh! I thought I should 'ave died.
 Knock'd 'em in the West-min-is-ter Road!

Some says nasty things about the moke,
 "Won't got fur afore 'is back is broke!"
 That's all envy, cos we're kerridge folk,
 Like the Tory Toffs wot 'ave to go!
 Straight! it woke the Tories up a bit.
 Thought BRUM JOE would go and 'ave a fit,
 When my Missus, who 'as Irish wit,
 Sez "I 'ate Brum Brooms" becoss they're
 low!"

Chorus.

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried.
 "Who're yer goin' to meet, BILL?"
 'Ave yer bought the street, BILL?"

* The Hibernian lady doubtless means
 "Broughams."

Missus, she the Shamrock waved with pride.
 Knock'd 'em in the West-min-is-ter Road!

Some sez werry soon the moke 'll stop;
 Not hup to our weight, but bound ter drop.
 No use whackin' 'im with pole or prop,
 'Cos the warmint wasn't made to go.
 Well, it ain't hexact a four-in-'and;
 But me and the Missus hunderstand,
 If we drive together we shall "land,"
 Wich to Tory toffs 'll be a blow.

Chorus.

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried.
 Who're yer goin' to meet, BILL?
 'Ave yer bought the street, BILL?
 Win? You bet! with BIDDY by my side.
 Knock'd in the West-min-is-ter Road!

Wait till arter August four or five!
 Me and Missus, we will take a drive.
 Toffs say, "Wonderful they're still alive!"
 You shall see that little Donkey go!
 I'll soon show 'em wot we mean to do;
 Just wot my old Missus wants me to;
 And in spite of all that rowdy crew,
 'Ollerin' "Woa! Steady! Neddy, woa!"

Chorus.

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried.
 "Who're yer goin' to meet, BILL?"
 'Ave yer bought the street, BILL?"
 Laugh? We'll make 'em laugh on 'tother
 side,
 And knock 'em in the West-min-is-ter Road!

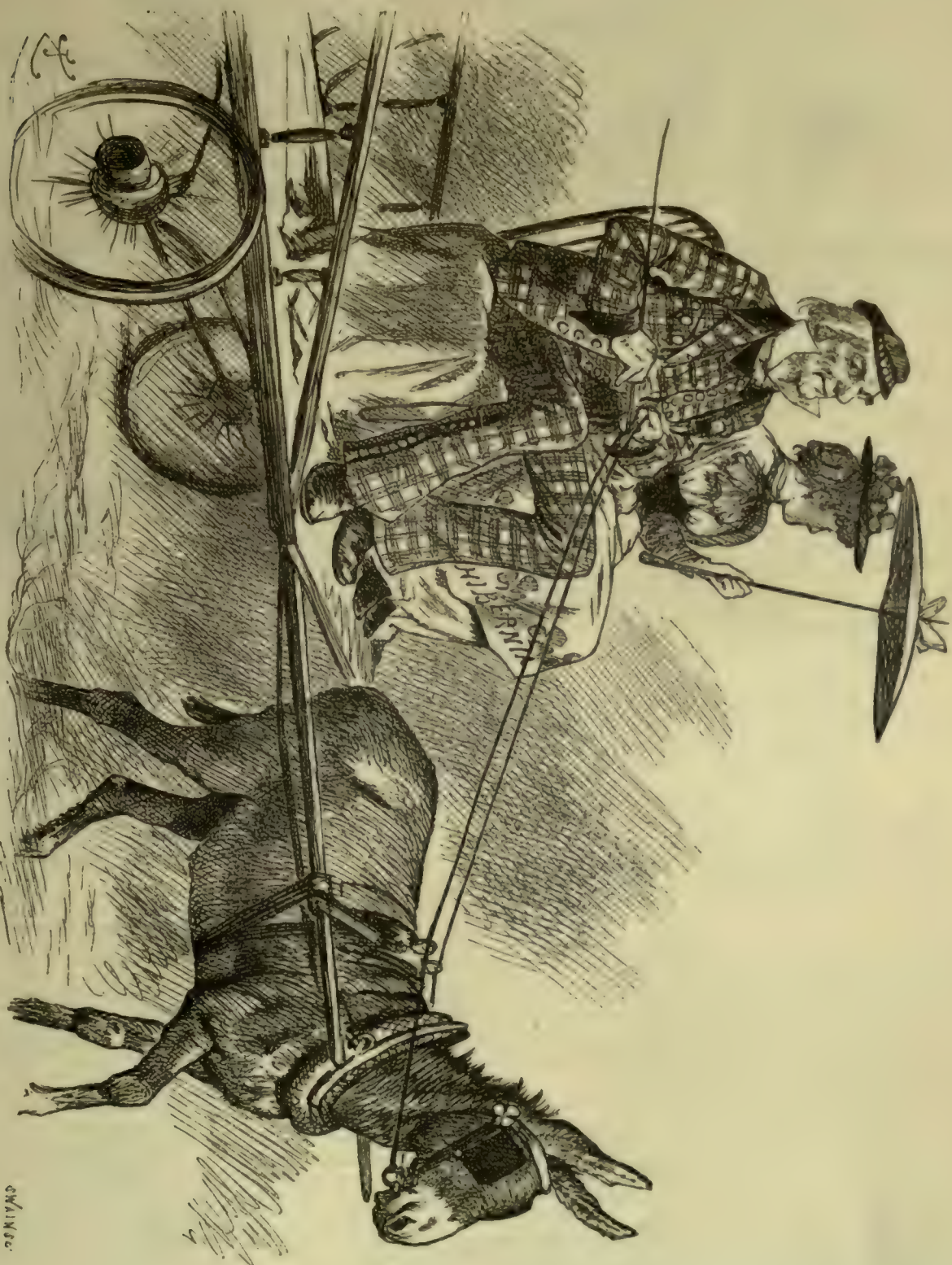
VOLUNTEER VITICISM.—Definition of
 "Marksmen"—Writers on the *Financial*
News.

ALONE IN LONDON!

I FOUND her crouching in the lonely street;
 Scarce six years' old she was: Her little
 feet
 Were worn with endless pacing, up and
 down,
 And round and round the cruel thoughtless
 town.
 Her limbs were shrunk, and in her large
 round eyes
 The light of coming madness seemed to rise.
 No word she spoke, but sat, a prey to scorn,
 Forsaken, friendless, feeble and forlorn.

And, as I pondered on her sorry tale,
 One weird, unearthly, melancholy wail,
 Broke from her lips:—a cry of agony,
 Of hopeless, mad, despairing misery:
 Then grim starvation on her little head
 Laid his cold fingers, and she fell back dead!

I raised her tenderly with pitying arms,
 And in a garden, far from Life's alarms,
 I buried her, and left her all alone,
 And wrote this epitaph upon the stone:—
 "Peace to her ashes, but not peace to those,
 Her erewhile friends, the cause of all her
 woes,
 Who fondled and caressed her for a space,
 Who loved to stroke her soft, confiding face,
 Who gave her food and shelter from her
 birth,
 Who joined in all her harmless youthful
 mirth;
 But, when they went for holidays to roam,
 Shut-to the door of what had been her home,
 And thoughtless left to die upon the mat,
 Their faithful but forgotten Tabby-cat."



“KNOCKED ‘EM IN THE WEST-MIN-IS-TER ROAD.”

“WHO’EE YER GOIN TO MEET, BILL?
JAVE YER POITCE THE STREET DIT I?”

CHAMBERLAIN



A SATISFACTORY PATIENT.

Family Doctor. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, AND HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNING?"
 Young Hopeful. "OH, NURSEY SAYS I'M NEVER SO MUCH NORMALLER TO-DAY!"

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.

"The Yacht," Jersey.

You will see *par mon adresse* that I am *encore une fois* on my travels! At present, in fact, the Channel Islands "claim me for their own," as Lord Marmion says in *BULWER LYTTON*. *Pardonnez-moi*, if I occasionally lapse into French, for *vraiment il y a* such a mixture of tongues that we might almost rename them the Babel Islands—even my noted Parisian accent is scarcely understood. *C'est étonnant!* and were it not for EULALIE, I should *quelquefois* be in a fix *agaçant*.

I told you in my last letter that I should be unable to brighten Goodwood with the sunshine of my smile. But what is Goodwood compared to racing at Jersey? Indeed, it was unfortunate for Goodwood that the meetings clashed, and it should be avoided in future.

It has been blowing hard for some few days, and we had rather a rough passage, and though the yacht was not a wreck, I was I am afraid, in spite of the compliment paid me by Mr. SPOOPENDYKE K. SIDNEY, the well-known American Four Millionaire, who said he thought me "a real smart sailor!"—and he was very near the truth, too, for the salt water got in my eyes and they *did* smart; but I resolutely declined to go "below," and hung on to "the shrouds." I think they called them—a most unpleasantly suggestive name, when you are dreading a watery grave every moment. However, we got to our "moorings" at last (as *Othello* would call them), and having chartered the inevitable "sharry-bang" started for the course.

By the way, *en passant* (I have not dropped into French for a long time), what a strange thing it is, that the moment you land at one of these islands you are immediately advised to proceed to another.

I was told at Guernsey that I must on no account miss seeing "Sark," so I didn't—but was careful to observe it from a distance—for really, in these days of eruptions one doesn't know what might happen on such a volcanic-looking island!—and besides, I *always* carry a pocket "Ætna" in my dressing-bag, so that I can have a flare-up whenever I like. But let me see, where was I? Oh, yes! sharry-banging out to the races at Jersey. Well, really now, judging from some of the lovely toilettes worn by the Jersey "Daughters of Eve" (an old-established journalistic expression, and to my mind, most idiotic and insulting—we are *not* all tempting!)—they are in front of a good many of their Main-land sisters!—and the Hospitality—

Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke.

BORN, 1811.

DIED, JULY 27, 1892.

GREAT fighter of lost causes, gone at last!
 A meteoric course, by shade o'ercast
 Long ere its close, was thine. A star that slips
 At brightest into shadow of eclipse,
 Leaves watchers waiting for its flaming forth
 In a renewed refulgence. Wit and worth,
 Satire and sense, courage and judgment keen,
 Were thine. What flaw of weakness or of spleen,
 What lack of patience or persistence, doomed
 Thee to too early darkness? Seldom bloomed
 So sudden-swift a flower of fame as thine,
 When BRIGHT and GLADSTONE led the serried line
 Of resolute reformers to the attack,
 And dauntless DIZZY strove to bear them back.
 Then rose "White-headed Bon," and foined and smote,
 Setting his slashing steel against the throat
 Of his old friends, and wrung from them applause.
 The champion was valiant, though the cause
 Was doomed to failure, and betrayal. Yes!
 The subtle Chief thus aided in the press
 By an ally so stalwart, turned and rent
 The flag he fought for, and the valour spent
 In its defence by thee, was wasted all.
 Yet 'twas a sight when, back against the wall,
 White-headed BOB would wield that flashing blade,
 That BRIGHT scarce parried, and that GLADSTONE stayed
 Only with utmost effort.

Yes, 'twill live
 In record, that fierce fight, and radiance give
 Through Time's dense mist, when lesser stars grow dim,
 And though the untimely ermine silenced him,
 The clear and caustic critic, though no more,
 That rhetoric, like the Greek's, now "fulmined o'er"
 Democracy's low flats, but silent sank
 In those dull precincts dedicate to Rank;
 Still its remembered echoes shall resound,
 For he with honour, if not love, was crowned,
 Whom those he served, and "alated," like to know,
 Less as Lord SHERBROOKE than as "BOBBY LOWE."

(always a capital H, I believe)—shown by the 1st South Lancashire Regiment is not to be beaten anywhere! The Lawn was well patronised, and the enthusiasm was tremendous—seven events—all over two miles, and two over hurdles, where one came down! What more could you want—together with a glorious day, "and all the fun for the Fair!"

The great event of the day was "Her Majesty's Cup," for three years' old and upwards—(one went *downwards*)—and it was won, for the —th time in succession by *Jersey Lily* (I won't tell the exact number of times, as it is rude to hint at a lady's age)—amid a scene of excitement almost as big as the Eclipse at Sandown!—she was "followed home"—(racing expression—patented)—by *Lady West-hill* and *Lady Steeplehill*—so you see we were quite among the *haut-ton*—though some of us had never heard of these aristocratic thorough-breeds before!

And so the Jersey Goodwood is once more over!—and we have again from the springy turf of the Solent—(a most insecure footing)—caught in the flush of the sunlight the gleaming white sails of the vessels on the Goodwood Downs!—(this may sound a little wrong—but I prefer it to using a more stereotyped and matter-of-fact description).

As to the racing of next week—I have not the faintest idea *where* it is, *what* it is, or *why* it is!—but such trifles do not disturb me, and I will proceed to my usual prophetic utterance on the event of the week!

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

THE BANK HOLIDAY STAKES SELECTION.

In the sweet month of August no longer I choose,

By the river or seaside to tarry!

Preferring, in depths of the country to lope

All chance of encounter with "ARRY!"

"MINTIME!"—The other day the SPEAKER admitted that he couldn't remember the Latin for "Yes." What a lot of time, trouble, and money our own countrymen would be spared could they only occasionally forget that there is such a word as "Yes" in English! How many marriages, which have ended in misery, would never have come off but for this mischievous monosyllable! But to continue this is to be Hamletising, and to consider too curiously. For the SPEAKER to own it, stamps him as the genuine article, a Candid PEEL.



TROP DE ZÈLE.

Clerical Customer. "I WANT TO BUY A NICE DIAMOND BROOCH FOR MY BETTER HALF."

Over-anxious Shopkeeper. "CERTAINLY, SIR. WE HAVE JUST THE VERY THING. WE CAN ACCOMMODATE YOU ALSO FOR YOUR OTHER HALF, IF YOU WISH." [They did not trade.]

THE WAIL OF A PESSIMIST POET.

O LIFT me out of this weary world,
And put me on a tree,
For life is all noughts
And crosses, or thoughts
That are busy for brawl and spree!

For where is the man would strike the lyre,
Or spurn with his foot the thief,
Or melt all day,
In a Midsummer way,
At the sight of repentant grief?

No! Lift me up to a leafy bough,
Where my feet may play in the breeze,
If my hot head there
Still singe my hair,
My heels may be ready to freeze!

MINOR MISERIES.

NO. II.—THE WINGED HAT.

My hat, my hat—away it flew— [strong—
The Strand was damp, the wind blew
My tall silk hat, so bright and new;
Ye Bishops, tell me was it wrong
That, in that moment's agony,
My language, like my hat, flew free?

Away in swift pursuit I dashed,
The hat went scudding fast before;
By Busmen mocked, by Hansoms splashed,
The more I ran, it flew the more.
While boys screeched forth, in chorus vile,
"I'll lay the toff don't catch 'is tile."

On, on—at last it seemed to tire
Of pavements and pursuing feet.

It soared, then settled in the mire,
Full in the middle of the street,
A mud-stained, shattered relic—not
The bright new hat I bought from SCOTT.

Now was my time; I rushed—but no—
Fate ever mocks an ardent man;
Even as I rushed, unwieldy, slow,
Bore down a ponderous Pickford-Van,
And under two broad wheels crushed flat
My loved but suicidal hat.

Have hats got souls, and can they hate?
Are street-boys higher than the brute?
Avaits it to discuss of fate,
Free-will, fore-knowledge absolute?
Nay, why of all created things
Should new silk hats be made with wings?

I know not. Wherefore, oh ye powers,
Speed me to some deserted land,
Where blow no winds and fall no showers,
Far from the street-boys and the Strand.
There all unfriended let me dwell,
A hatless hermit in a cell.

THE CYCLE-RIDING DUSTMAN.

A VERY NEW SONG TO A VERY OLD TUNE.

AIR—"The Literary Dustman."

["A resolution on the Agenda of the Greenwich Board of Works runs as follows:—"That, in order to enable the foreman of the dustmen in the Parish of St. Paul, Deptford, to get about that parish with more expedition, and so superintend the work of the men under his control to greater advantage than is now possible, a tricycle be obtained for his use, at a cost not exceeding \$21 1s. 6d.""]
Daily Chronicle.

BUMBLE will ope his eyes, egad,
In hutter consternation.
He'd think as soon of a park-prad
For covies in my station.
Our Board o' Works knows wot is wot,
And has a feller-feeling.
About the parish must I trot?
No, hang it! I'll go Wheeling!

Chorus.

Out o' the road! The highway clear!
OSMOND's the Cyclist's fust man;
And I, by co-in-side-ance clear,
Am the fust Cycling Dustman!
The happy foreman Dustman!
The Cycle-riding Dustman!
Yes, by a co-in-side-ance queer,
I'm the fust Cycling Dustman!

Old fogies to the papers write,
Grumbling about their dust, Sirs.
They says we're scarce and imperlite,
Unless we're well tipped fust, Sirs.
When I wheels round on my machine,
Like ZIMMERMAN on hisn,
If we don't keep their dustbins clean,
Wy, pop me into prison!

Chorus

Their refuse-pails we'll promptly clear,
When on the wheels I'm fust man;
And even sour old maids shall cheer
The Cycle-riding Dustman! &c.

Cycles for Dust-hos! Arter that,
It's Hosborne to my hattie
That Dusty Box of the flap 'at
Will turn haristoeratic.

BUMBLE, old buck, I cannot tell
'Ow bloomin' proud I feel, man.
Old Shanks's mare I once knew well,
But now I'm turned swell Wheelman.

Chorus.

Good Greenwich Board o' Works! Hurroo!
Elated? Ain't I just, man!
Show the Big D! 'Twill bring to you
The Cycle-riding Dustman! &c.



SOME UPS AND DOWNS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.



"BUMBLE BARNARDO; OR,
THE BUZZY B."

"I feel almost compelled to concur in the widely-known dictum of the redoubtable Mr. Bumble."—
Extract from Letter of Dr. Barnardo to the "Times."

Written Seven Years later.—I have found this document amongst the late Miss HEAVISIDES' papers. It is common knowledge that she took proceedings against Dr. MARCELLUS to produce PITT WELLINGTON. At the time of her death she had not succeeded. However, there is a fair sum mentioned in her will to carry her point. I drew the document myself at her dictation, and made it safe for the profession. There ought to be some nice pickings before "it is all over but the shouting," as my ancient client, the late Lord DASHOVER, used to observe. (Signed) RICHARD ROE, Solicitor to the late Miss MARY HEAVISIDES.

Added Four Years after.—This case of PITT WELLINGTON and Dr. MARCELLUS is a troublesome matter; however, as trustee under the will I suppose I have no option, at least that is the opinion of Mr. RICHARD ROE. We are seeking to get Dr. MARCELLUS before the Court. After delays from various reasons the matter is now practically settled. Is PITT WELLINGTON to be brought up as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion, or is he not? Well, we shall know soon. (Signed) JAMES BROWN, Trustee and Executor under the Will of Miss MARY HEAVISIDES.

Added Five Years' later.—A great joke. Just found this paper in poor old Uncle JIM's strong box. How that case about PITT WELLINGTON did worry him! Five years ago, and still at the first stage! Nothing much could be done as Dr. MARCELLUS had taken PITT WELLINGTON out of the country. (Signed) TOM BOY, Nephew to the late JAMES BROWN.

Added Two Years' later.—This paper commenced seriously and treated with levity by the last writer has fallen into our hands. As we find the note of one of our partners we add to it. The case of *Brown v. Marcellus* is still before the Court. The second Judge had to have the whole matter explained to him anew. It is a pity that there is not a law forcing occupants of the Bench to hear their own cases before they are allowed to retire. But that is beside the question. As to *Brown v. Marcellus*, we got the defendant before the Court and Mr. Justice ROBINSON has issued a writ of *habeas corpus*. We shall now have PITT WELLINGTON before us to see if he should be made a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion or not. By the way, as these proceedings were commenced some years ago, he must be becoming a fine boy by now! (Signed) JOHN DOE, Junior Partner of the firm of ROE, SONS, DOE, TOMPKINS and DOE.

Written after Another Year.—Strange to find this paper full of notes. Well I may as well continue them, and put them back in the bundle from which I have taken them out. The bundle will tell its own story. It is full of summonses, copies of affidavits, draft instructions, and I know not what. It came out of the box marked *Brown v. Marcellus*. That's been a nice case. Fifteen years of it, and we are still waiting our turn in the list of the Court of Appeal. Not that we haven't been there before. Oh yes; we argued whether we had any right to take the matter before them. Strong Bar. Two Law Officers of the Crown on one side, and the Ex-Attorney and the Ex-Solicitor on the other. By the way, how the infant must be getting on! He must have taken to moustaches and a beard by this time! (Signed) BOBBY BINKS, Clerk to Messrs. ROE, SONS, DOE, TOMPKINS, DOE, SONS and MARVEL.

Written a Year later.—This is really a most interesting find. So the cause of *Brown v. Marcellus* was commenced many many years ago! I know it had the reputation of being pretty ancient, but had no idea it was so old. Fancy, that I should write on the same page under the signature of my grandfather? Well, old Dr. MARCELLUS stood to his guns, and declared that we had no right to move in the

JUST LIKE JUSTICE.

(Notes on the Next Case.)

Commencement of the Case.—I am an enthusiast, and I am jotting down on this sheet of paper the story of my last exploit. A few days since I saw a dear little fellow in long clothes deserted by its mother, and took quite an interest in it. The next I hear of the sweet little boy is that he had been caught up by Dr. MARCELLUS and carried to his Home! Shall I permit this? No, from the view I had of the mother before she deserted the little lad (who, by the way, was called PITT WELLINGTON, after two statesmen recently deceased), I imagine she must have been a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion. PITT WELLINGTON shall be brought up as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion. (Signed) MARY HEAVISIDES, Spinster and Landowner.

matter at all. We were only a trustee under a Will, and it was not our matter. Then we ran through the Courts, Divisional, Appeal, right into the House of Lords. And the worthy Doctor won! However, BROWN's heir was a bit of a sportsman, and made him a Ward in Chancery. Just could do it, PITT WELLINGTON only in his twentieth year. That has put us right. Should go on straight now. (Signed) LUKE ROE, Junior Partner of ROE, SONS, DOE, TOMPKINS, DOE AND ROE.

Written after an indefinite Period.—This is a most useful memorandum, as it gives an idea of what has been done hitherto. Our firm seems to have wisely kept the action open by paying the term-fee. As our late respected client's heir has for a son a young Barrister not in very large practice, I am not surprised that we are requested to continue the action. Of course, the son of our late respected client's heir, is to be briefed. Well, I dare say we shall be able to do something. Have perhaps quite a pleasant time of it. At any rate, we have made a move by taking out a summons before the Chief Clerk. (Signed) JAMES TOMPKINS, Surviving Partner of Messrs. ROE & Co.

Written Three Years after the last Entry.

—I am very glad I insisted upon looking through the papers when I accepted the brief in *Brown v. Marcellus*. This paper is fairly accurate, save that it describes me as "a Barrister not in very large practice." That is a misstatement. I have been called only ten years, and yet last term I made enough to pay for my share of our Chambers and half the salary of our Clerk in common. Not in large practice, indeed! But to return to *Brown v. Marcellus*. We have done splendidly. We have been before the Courts, and taken it again up to the Lords. The contention I have held for the last three years is at last said to be correct. We have a right to the body of PITT WELLINGTON, and when we have brought that body before the Court, the Court will order it to be educated as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion. I consider the establishment of this point a great forensic victory. (Signed) ARTHUR BRIEFLESS, Barrister-at Law.

Written Six Years later.—After five years' diligent search, we have discovered the whereabouts of Mr. PITT WELLINGTON, according to the instructions furnished us by Messrs. ROE, NEPHEWS, TOMPKINS and BACKGAMMON. We regret, however, to say that it will be impossible to carry out the instructions of the Court to produce him, that he might be brought up as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion (a sect, we fancy, that disappeared some twenty years ago), as the alleged infant, the object of our search, died at the advanced age of ninety-two during the past summer. We add this mem to this paper, as the document seems to have reference to the matter we have in hand, and which now must ever be an incomplete suit. (Signed) HAND AND GLOVE, Private Inquiry Agents.



An Incomplete Suit.

Final Endorsement.—Messrs. DIGGE AND DELVE having had the honour to be commanded to make the necessary arrangements for the obsequies of the late Mr. PITT WELLINGTON, beg to say (on this memorandum) that they have not been fortunate enough to carry out the transaction to their entire satisfaction. Messrs. D. AND D. were able to ascertain the funeral rites of the Reformed Revivalists of the New Connexion (very poor and inexpensive rites), but have found out that the late Mr. PITT WELLINGTON himself placed a difficulty in their path. Messrs. D. AND D. have ascertained with regret that the late Mr. PITT WELLINGTON has been cremated, having died a Buddhist.

ADVICE GRATIS.—STARTING IN TRADE. (To "FRUGALITY.")—You say that you have opened a "general shop" for the sale, among other things, of milk, paraffin oil, tobacco, sweetmeats, and fried fish, and you ask whether it will be necessary to take out any kind of licence, and if so, what?—Surely you are joking. If so, a game-licence might suit you; or why not try the Examiner of Plays? If you are serious, it seems to us no further licence is needed; you have taken enough already.

"LES DEUX CHARLIES," s.e. the Common Serjeant (resigned) and the Recorder. The one is "Not there at all" and the other is "HALL there." (N.B.—Mem. to the Recorder, this is "a Short Sentence.")

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Yacht "Ibez," Weymouth.

ONCE again "my foot is on my native heath."—(I don't know where this quotation comes from, but presume the author of it had lost a leg, or he would have placed his *feet* there—or else he must have had one leg shorter than the other, and so *couldn't* put both down at once!)—and heartily glad I am to be there—we had a most alarming passage from Jersey, and I thought every moment would be my last—(for a time)—but I was cheered and stimulated to endurance by the noble example of my friend and fellow-passenger The MacDOUGAL—Chief of the Clan—who was obtrusively well up to lunch-time!—but I had my revenge then, for he was unable to face the dish of Haggis that I am given to understand every right-minded Scotchman thinks it his duty to eat at least once a day.

However, "I pulled through all right," as Lord ARTHUR would say, and was so delighted with my sailor-like indifference to the "rolling-sea," that I adopted a rolling-walk on landing, which was most impressive, to judge from the staring of the inhabitants of Weymouth!—(I may confess to you that I couldn't help myself; everything was going up and down and sideways, for hours after I landed, and I really think the sea ought to be done away with, or flattened out by some means!—there's a fortune for the man who invents the machine which will do it!) I should prefer it done away with myself, as then there would be no mackerel-fishing!

I have no personal animosity against the humble but lovely-looking mackerel; but I was weak enough to accept an invitation to go fishing for them, and you may imagine my horror at being "roused out,"—(yachting expression, very significant)—at three in the morning to go and capture them!—or at least to *try*—for as a matter of fact, we didn't get a single one—and my temper was "roused out" before we'd finished, for no well-conducted woman cares to be balked in her efforts to "hook a big fish,"—and all I could catch were a few small "Pollock" and "Pout." By the way, who on earth christens the fish, I wonder?—and why on earth—or rather in sea—are there so many varieties which you must either remember or submit to have your ignorance jeered at by the practised fisherman, who has probably acquired his information concerning them only the day before?

The English "Bay of Naples" is a wonderful place, and its resemblance to its Italian prototype is admirably sustained through the liberality of the Local Board in encouraging the importation of Italian penny-ice men! I really think this wholesale importation of foreigners is being carried to excess, and has already created a feeling that England is no place for the English! And then the concerts you can hear for nothing!—that is, if you harden your heart when the man comes round with the tin pail!—everyone has a spade or a pail at the seaside—all the latest London successes, from TOSTI to "Ta-ra-ra," accompanied by a strong contingent of the Salvation Army Brass Band!—and there is a lot of "brass" about the Army still unaccounted for! What an enervating part of the world this is! One quite realises what "lotus-eating" means, even though there are no lotuses about!—(I wonder if that's the correct plural?—or is it "*Loti*"? which looks like French, only wants a "PIERRE" as Christian name. Or if additional "*t*" introduced, it would be "*Lotti*," suggestive of COLLINS' Ode to *Boom*, &c.; but I am wandering)—and it requires enormous energy to do anything more than loll about and bathe; even on the Island of Portland, where the air is rather more invigorating, I am told there are numbers of people who express a strong disinclination to perform any hard labour whatever, in spite of the fact of a short residence there having been recommended as calculated to improve their general "tone"! I only wish the aforesaid Salvation Army Band would go there on a lengthy visit, as its "tone" leaves much to be desired at present.

I hear that the Brighton Meeting was a great success both in weather and racing; and the present "Horse of the Century," *Buccaneer*, fully maintained his reputation, winning his race in what they call "gallant style," and beating *Lady Rosebery*—not, perhaps, a gallant thing to do, but *Buccaneers* have always been notoriously rough to the sex!

I am afraid thousands of my readers must be getting impatient

for more of my excellent prophecies, but I really cannot run the risk of ruining my health by reading the papers when in the country; and, as patience is an admirable virtue, I feel I am doing my duty in encouraging it as much as possible. So, for yet another cycle of time (poetic, and usefully vague), I am,

Yours, in idleness, LADY GAY.

ODE TO BUCCANEER.

SING hey for the life of a Convict	Sing hey for his peaceful days
Bold!	when old,
Sing ho for his healthy life!	Secluded from care and strife!

THE DIARY OF AN EXPLORER À LA RUSSE.

Introduction.—Delighted to have the opportunity of exploring the Ironice Mountains. Hearing they abound with frozen mud which would be most useful if it could be removed to the plains below without melting. The watercress plant too might be grown on the summit, if it is practicable to take up orchid-forcing houses. Ought to get the Gold Medal of the Geographical Society if I open out this region that will be fraught with such blessings to commerce. So far as I can judge, it will only be necessary to take twenty batteries of Artillery, a dozen squadrons of Cavalry, and (say) sixteen battalions of Infantry. And I think we might as well take a Naturalist.

A little Later.—Made a good start. Appointed Professor POPOFF to be our Naturalist. He is a little out of practice, but passed the preliminary examination very satisfactorily. Only made one trifling mistake. Said that tea-roses belonged to the cactus family. Fancy they don't, but am not sure. The suggestion that cucumbers were dug out of the ground like potatoes, was only an error of judgment. Anyone might have made it. But although rusty in his science, he is well up in machine-gun drill. He will suit the expedition to a nicety. Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry in first-rate condition.

Later still.—Made our first important scientific discovery to-day. Find that you can't grow broad beans on the soil at the base of the Ironice Mountains. At least you may plant them, but they won't grow to any size within the space of half-a-dozen hours. Tried the experiment. To clear the necessary space of ground, had to remove the natives. Did this in gallant style with the assistance of all branches of the Service. The Professor rendered valuable support with his Gatling. Hadn't time to bury the killed, but said some kind things, when bidding them adieu, to the wounded.

Further on.—Most anxious to discover whether canaries sing half-way up the Ironice Mountains. Had some little trouble in establishing a footing on the plateau. After eight hours' hard fighting got

to the required spot. The natives seem to have no respect for scientific research. Had to remove them in the usual fashion. The Cavalry had to abandon their horses, but the dismounted men were most useful in burning villages. The Professor continued to carry up his Gatling, and used it with the customary result. When we got to the plateau, disappointed to find no canaries. So we could not ascertain whether they would sing at that altitude. However, when we have completed the proposed railway, it will be quite easy to bring up a few of those charming birds, and continue the interesting experiment.

Later.—After six weeks' hard fighting, have at last got to the summit. Cleared the place of the natives according to the recognised scientific formula. The Infantry had to use their bayonets freely. The Professor again well to the front with his Gatling. He is a wonderful man, and seems to have been accustomed to it all his life. It is almost a pity that he should be so devoted to science. He would have made a first-rate soldier.

Nearly the Latest.—Sorry that our expedition has not been entirely successful. I am very much afraid that it will be impossible to grow watercresses at this altitude, even with the genial aid of orchid-forcing houses. I do not see how we could get up the necessary materials to the summit, although assisted by proposed railway. Still, when the line is constructed, we might make the attempt. But from a commercial point of view, I do not believe that the experiment would repay the cost.

Sequel.—Delighted to find that our scientific expedition has one result. I have consulted the Professor, and we are both of the opinion, that from the summit of the Ironice Mountains it is possible to get a splendid bird's-eye view of India.



A SYMPATHISER.

MASTER TOMMY NEVER MISSES THE AMERICAN NEWS NOW, AS HE IS MUCH INTERESTED IN THE CASE OF PRIVATE JAMS!!! (Vide Daily Papers.)



GOING ON BOARD.

FORTE SCUTUM SALUS DUCUM.

IN ST. SWITHIN'S forty days
Comes the end of voting-frays;
Forty extra then arrays

Mr. G.

He had hoped for many more,
But he cannot even score
Forty-four, that fought he for—

Mr. G.

Fortified with fortitude,
Rule your motley multitude,
And so earn our gratitude

Mr. G.!

Oh majority, you know
"Gently does it;" therefore go
Quite *piano*, Forty—show

Mr. G.

Though his forty is not fat,
It is fair at least; so that
JOHN shall not be taxed for PAT,

Mr. G.

Spare him income tax that grieves,
Lest he think that he perceives
ALI BABA'S Forty—

Mr. G.!

WALKER!—Mr. TOOLE is going into the country, and Mr. GARDEN is to take his place. This sounds like a seasonable change, as Londoners who cannot get away to a Garden, will now have a GARDEN coming to them.

"NO FEES."

(*In re Payne v. Henry Hawthorn Jones.*)

ALAS, poor JONES, how sad your fate!
The Law's stern coldness comes to freeze
Your burning wish to captivate
With words you know will always please—
"No fees!"

When "bang goes saxpence" for a page
Of poorest paper, where one sees
More puffs than programme, then your rage
Seems right. One cries, "At least for
these No fees!"

If Dr. BEAMWELL,* who they say
Cures psychological disease,
Had known he would have willed away
Your PAYNE, like tooth-ache—he would
seize "No fees!"

You've lost the case, and now, "that's flat,"†
Must pay those eminent Q.C.'s
Your Bill of Costs! No Play-bill that!
You will not find the Law decrees
"No fees."

* Mentioned in *Times* Leading Article, Aug. 3.

† "That's flat." HENRY (AUTHOR SHAKESPEARE) IV., Part I., Act I., Scene 3.

A TRIO.—Congratulations to Sir WILLIAM CUSINS, who from his known admiration for WAGNER, is generally known as "Cusins German." He was a "King's Scholar," and KING, whoever he was, must have found him a remarkably apt pupil. He has composed a Comic Opera called *Giddy 'Un*. The next Knight is JOSEPH BARNBY, a name suggestive of pure rustic music. The last of the Knights, Sir WALTER PARRATT, has chosen as his device the ancient legend always associated with the head of the PARRATT family, i.e., "Scratch a Poll." This dates from very ancient times, and was an inscription found in a temple of Apollo.

OMINOUS.—Unfortunate name for a piece is *Cigarette*. So suggestive of "paper," and of "ending in smoke." *Absit omen!*



STUDIES IN IDIOCY.

She. "MRS. MOFFAT'S THE ODDEST WOMAN! SHE'S FOND OF MEETING CLEVER PEOPLE, YOU KNOW, AND SHE NEVER OPENS HER LIPS, BUT LISTENS TO EVERY WORD THEY SAY, AND PUTS IT ALL DOWN IN A DIARY AFTER!"

He. "HAW—BY JOVE! SHALL TAKE PRECIOUS GOOD CARE WHAT I SAY BEFORE HER!"

AIDS TO LARCENY.—(By an "Outside Croaker.")—I find that since I started off shopping this morning, I have lost my purse, my handkerchief, the keys of all my boxes and drawers, a silver-mounted scent-bottle, my season-ticket, and a pocket-book containing priceless materials for the plot of a three-volumed novel. This comes of riding on the outside of an omnibus with garden-seats.—Conductor, the gentlemanly person who sat just behind me, and who is now proceeding rather quickly up Chancery Lane, seems to have been unable to resist the

temptation afforded by my hanging coat-tails, and has walked off with a few unpaid bills which were in the pockets, under a mistaken impression that they were bank-notes. Would you mind explaining to him his mistake?—Would it be possible for the excellent Directors of the London General Omnibus Company and the London Road Car Company, so to board up the open backs of their otherwise delightful garden-seats as to prevent a ride on the top of an omnibus from being a constant series of (generally unwarranted) suspicions of the people seated in one's rear?

AN AFTERNOON SAIL.

SCENE—A Landing Stage under Margate Pier. Excursionists discovered embarking in two rival sailing-boats, the "Daisy" and the "Buttercup," whose respective Mates are exchanging repartees.

Mate of the "Daisy". This gangway, Marm—(to a Stout Lady)—not that one, if you want to enjoy yourself. That one'll take you aboard the "Buttercup," Marm!

[The Stout Lady patronises the "Daisy." Mate of the "Buttercup." You may 'ave that little lot! Don't you go overloadin' that 'ere old tub o' yours, that's all!

M. of the D. No fear o' you bein' crowded, anyhow. Folks ha' got more sense!

M. of the B. Why, we can outvail you any day. Spoke you off the Tongue light, we did, close in to ye, we were—and back ten minutes afore ye—come! The "Buttercup" 'll answer any way we put her—a'most speak to us, she will!

M. of the D. Ah, it's lucky for you she can't quite speak—you'd 'ear some plain langwidge if she did!

M. of the B. Our boat ain't never mis-stayed with us, 't all events; ye can't deny that!

M. of the D. We don't go out for sailing, we don't—we go out for pleasure! (As the "Daisy," having received her complement of passengers, puts off.) Tralla! we'll resoom this conversation later on; you won't ha' got off afore we're back, I dessay! [The Mate of the "Buttercup" is reduced to profanity.

On Board the "Daisy," during the Trip.

The Stout Lady. Very 'an'some they fit these yachts up—garding-seats all across the deck, and all the cushionings in red plush. It do give you sech a sense of security!

A Llugubrious Man. Oh, we shall be all right, so long as this squall that's coming up don't catch us before we're in again. Else we shall take our tea down at the bottom, along with the lobsters!

A Chirpy Little Man with a red chin-tuft (to a female acquaintance). Well, how are you feelin', eh?

The Acquaintance. Oh, all right, thanks—so long as I keep still. There's more waves than it looked from the Pier.

The Chirpy Man. Waves? These ain't on'y ripples. When we're off the Foreland, now, you may talk!

The Aeq. If it's worse than it is now, I shan't.

The Chirpy Man. Why, you ain't afraid o' being queer already? I'm reg'lar enjoyin' it, I am. You don't object to me samplin' a cigar? You enjoy the flavour of a smoke more when you're on the water, yer know.

First Girl. I can see our lodgings; and there's Ma out on the balcony—see? Let's wave our handkerchiefs to her.

Second Girl. Ma, indeed! Did you ever know Ma stir off the sofa after her dinner? I wouldn't make myself ridiculous waving to somebody else's Ma, if I was you!

First Girl (unconvinced). I'm sure it is Ma—it's just her figger.

Second Girl. You are such an obstinate girl! If it's Ma, what's become of the verander?

First Girl (conquered by this unanswerable argument). I forgot we had a verander—it's one of those old cats next door!

The Stout Lady (to the Captain who is steering). Shall we be out long, Captain?

The Captain. I hope not, Marm, because I'm dining at the tabbly dote at the Cliftonville this evenin', and I've got to be home in time to dress.

[The passengers regard him with increased respect. The Mate (familiarily to the Captain). Yes, dear; you don't want to die in here, do you? (explanatorily) "die in"—dine—you'll excuse me, but the ocean always makes me feel so facetious. Captain, dear, if you'll pardon a common sailor like myself for making the suggestion, I beg to call upon you for a song. (The Captain obligingly bellows "The Stormy Nore—The Jolly old Nore," to the general satisfaction.) Ah, they didn't know what a canary-bird you were, Captain! Here's a lady asking you to drink at her expense.

[The Captain is prevailed upon to accept a tumbler of "the usual;" the Stout Lady says "Captin, your 'elth!" and pledges him in a whiskey-and-soda.

First Female Friend (to Second Do. Do.). That's Mrs. EDLING, all over, puttin' herself so forward! Look at her now, 'anding him up two cigars in a paper-bag. I call it sickenin'!

Second Do. Do. I'm not surprised. She's a woman that 'ud do anythink for notoriety. I've always noticed that in her.

Captain (to Mate). Ease the brails!

Mate (frivolously, after obeying). They're feeling better now, darlin'! If no one else 'll sing a song, I'll give you "The Midshipmite."

The Stout Lady. I do like the way those two go on together; it's as good as a play. I shall begin laughin' presently; it takes a deal to set me off, but when I once am off, I can't stop myself. (The Mate sings.) A sweet singer he is, too. Lor! it's like goin' for a sail in a Music-All!

The Chirpy Man. Yes, I'm comin' to set down a bit. Not so much motion 'ere, yer know. No use trying to smoke in this breeze. No, I was on'y yawning. Makes yer sleepy, this see-saw does. Don't you find it so?

Mate (to Sailor). Now, WILLIAM, it's your turn—you're goin' to sing us something?

William (gruffly). No, I ain't. But there's a gen'lman 'ere as says he 'll recite.

[After some persuasion, a Mild Young Man is induced to step forward on the foredeck, and recite as follows:—

The Mild Young Man (balancing himself with some difficulty).

"Pirate, that's what I was, Sir. Talk about Captain KIDD—

His cruellest acts were kindness, compared with the deeds I did!

Never a pitying pang felt I for youth, sex, age, or rank—

All who fell into my clutches were doomed to pace a protruded plank!

Yet the desperate demon of those days is now a Churchwarden mild,

Holding the bag at Collections—and all through a golden-haired child!"

[Here the Mate suppresses a groan, and is understood to remark that he "knows that golden-haired child;" the Stout Lady sighs, and inwardly reflects that you can never go by appearances; the Chirpy Man becomes solemn and attentive.

The Ex-Pirate (who meanwhile has sighted an East-Indiaman, and given chase).

"Well, soon as we'd overhauled her, our 'Jolly Roger' we flew,

We opened our dummy deadlights, and the guns gleamed grinning through.

And, panther-like, we were crouching—"

[Here he attempts to suit the action to the word; the boat heels over—and the Pirate's crouch becomes a sprawl.

I—I beg your pardon.—(Picking himself up.) "Under the Indiaman's side;

When—a baby-face from her bulwarks, looked down on us open-eyed:

I can see him now—with his fluttering curls, and his cheeks so chubby and round,

Which a cherub might have been proud of, in snowiest linen bound!

Then—he hailed us, in infant accents, so innocent, fresh, and blithe—

That our nest of human snakes was stirred to a conscience-stricken writhe!

(In soft falsetto, as Child). "Dear Pirates, I am so sorry—I did want to see you so.

I'm afraid you'll be disappointed—but you mustn't come near, you I wish I could ask you on board to tea, for I feel so down in the dumps,

But I can't invite you—for, if you came, you'd be certain to catch my Mumps!"

[Crew, I've given it all of the passengers, and the Captain, and Mate, and And it would be a dreadful pity if you were to catch it too!"

[Pause. The Chirpy Man hides his face. We looked at each other; our utterance choked by irrepressible lumps,

Though we feared neither man nor devil—we all had a horror of And, but for this Cherub's candour, ere many mere days had sped—

[Here the Pirate is stopped by uncontrollable emotion, and his audience, from the Captain downwards, express sympathy.

The Reciter (hushily, after wiping his eyes. I'm very sorry—it's





“ WITH THE H



OURS OF WAR."

foolish, I know, but I always do break down
ust here. I—I think I can go on now.

"Had sped,
Each buccaneer would have kept his bunk,
with a bandage about his head!"

[Here a fresh diversion is effected by The
Chirpy Man, who suddenly achieves
unpopularity by becoming aggressively
ill, and causing a general stampede from
his neighbourhood.

The Reciter—

"We wouldn't have boarded her, after that,
for all the treasure on earth,
So we sailed away—to the sweet salute of a
peal of childish mirth!"

The Chirpy Man (resuming his seat, much
relieved, and almost as chirpy as ever, to his
neighbours, confidentially). I'm all right
agen now. It was takin' a glass o' stout on
top of black currant pudden done it, yer
know!

[This piece of information is coldly received,
which evidently both surprises and pains
him; the Pirate brings his experiences
to an end by relating how he realised his
effects, and retired from business on a
modest competence, and the "Daisy"
regains the Pier.

'WITH THE HONOURS OF WAR.'

AFTER long fight and strenuous defence,
Tenacity tremendous, toil immense,
The garrison surrenders!

'Tis the doom
Of desperate war; and though a sombre gloom
Sits on each brow, each brow is lifted high,
No petulant pusillanimity
Makes poor this last parade of stout defenders,
Or shames this most unwilling of surrenders.
Six lingering years, and more, of hot attack,
By confident cool valour beaten back!
Six baffling years of sortie, and of sally,
Sudden alarm, stubborn stand, stout rally!
How the besiegers in their bannered host
Banded at first around this bastion'd post,
In sanguine, fierce assault, and shook their
spears, [fears.
Strong hopes derided, mocked at fancied
The Citadel's defence, was all in vain,
They vowed; a year should end the brief
campaign;

Yet year to year succeeded slow, and still
The garrison held out. Strategic skill
And hot impetuous onset nought availed;
The battering-ram and scaling-ladder failed.
Brief breaches scarcely made were swift re-
paired,

United still all deadly arms they dared,
Those linked defenders who, aforetime foes,
Their lately-banded ranks could firmly close
Against old friends, now common enemies.
Black CECIL was Commander, BALFOUR brave
The Union Standard in his wake would wave,
The Reiter JOACHIM, of German breed,
And the Scot swordster RITCHIE, good at
need,
With him, the fox-eyed Freelance, JOE DE
BRUM,
Brave with the trumpet, valiant with the
drum,
Proud to be capped and curled with Cava-
liers,
The Gentlemen of England, now his peers,—
These, and a many more good men and true,
The ramparts manned, the warning clarion
blew;
Stood in the breach, and to the bastion
swarmed,
Whene'er loud blares that citadel alarmed.

But now slow sap and steady siege have
wrought
The conquest long delayed. The Chiefs that
fought



Edward Hopkins

SO MATTER-OF-FACT.

Jones (who prides himself on his French). "DÉSOLÉ, MON CHER, NOT TO BE ABLE TO
ACCEPT YOUR HOSPITALITY, BUT TO-NIGHT I AM DINING EN VILLE."

Brown (who is so matter-of-fact, and never will understand Jones's French). "DINING 'ON
VEAL,' ARE YOU? WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE; IF YOU COME TO ME, YOU'LL
HAVE A LEG O' MUTTON!"

So long together, feel the touch of fate,
Bow to its bidding. Calm though not elate,
Swart CECIL yields him at discretion. So
The garrison marches forth! But e'en the
foe

Gives chivalrous salute to beaten men
Unshamed by forced surrender. Hail them,
then,

With sympathetic cheers! The white-haired
Chief

Lifts hat in greeting. He, all brawn and
beef,

WILLIAM of Malwood, bears the banner high,
But scarce looks fired with conquest's
ecstasy.

JOHN of Newcastle, reins a restive horse;
He's none too eager for another course.

The one-armed Irish Chief looks pale and
grim;

E'en cheery LARRY, of the cynic whim,
Hath a less careless chuckle than his wont.

"Beshrew me! but they bear a gallant
front!"

Mutter the pikemen ranged in order round.
Sore-battered RITCHIE,—may he soon be
sound!—

Bates not a jot of courage; that stark fighter
And shifty swordsman, JOACHIM the Reiter,
Snuffs the air proudly; with his nose a-cock
Steps JOE DE BRUM, and, steady as a rock,
Strides forth Chief CECIL!

Hail the beaten band,
You Grand, and grey-haired, Old Cam-
paigning Hand;

For you have seen good fighting, and you
know

Game foemen when you see them. Conquest's
Mantles that pallid cheek. After long strain,

Victory at last is yours, nor all in vain,
Perchance, although its fruits precarious be.

What you will do with it, we wait to see.
Meanwhile you'll own the foes you've put to
rout.

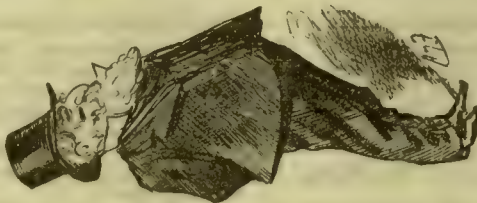
With all war's honours unashamed march
out.

MAKE IT HOT.—Dean KITCHIN says that
one of his reasons for voting for the Glad-
stonians is that he is "a warm Liberal."
Quite so. A cold KITCHIN would be a con-
tradiction in terms.

MEMBERS WE SHALL MISS.



F. A. Hankey.



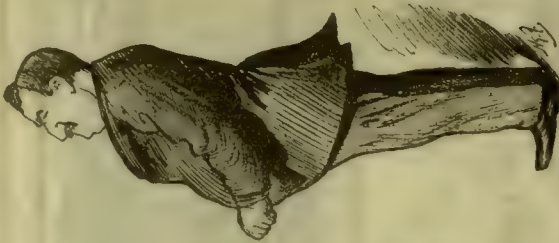
Sir E. Tyler.



M. W. Matkinson.



J. Bazley White.



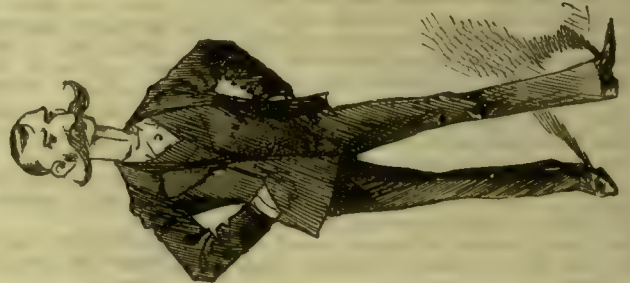
J. Slack.



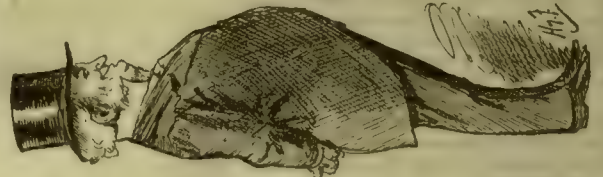
The Bruce.



T. L. Bristowe.



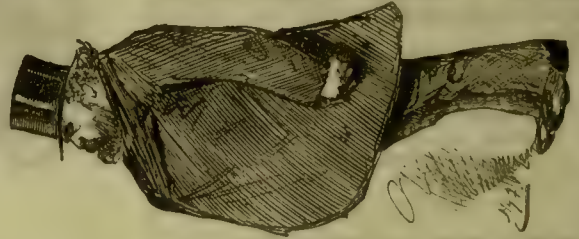
Hernon-Hodge.



Alfred Giles.



J. Woodhead.



Baron Dimsdale.



T. Milvain.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, August 4.—New Parliament met to-day in great force. Ambition stirs noble minds in different ways. Some embark on Parliamentary life with determination to outshine BRIGHT or GLADSTONE in field of oratory. Others will not be pacified till they emulate PITT. Others again aim at the lofty pedestal on which stands through the ages the man who is first in his place, on first day, of first Session, of new Parliament. Exciting race to-day. At night, both BROWD and SPENCER (not BOBBY, who has affairs of graver State to look to just now) sailed in together. At a quarter to ten SAVORY turned up, sermon in hand, and found he was forestalled.

"What, MOORE of them!" cried SAVORY. "The bane of my life."

"Yes," said LOGAN, arriving a few minutes later; "wherever there's one SAVORY you're sure to find MOORE, and in this case they precede you."

Six minutes later DIXON-HARTLAND arrived, mopping his forehead. When he found others on spot, pretended he'd only looked in accidentally. "Passing by, you know; thought I'd see how old place looked." But it wouldn't do. Other men, especially BROWD, saw through it all. Then DIXON-HARTLAND grew anecdotal. Told fabulous story about imaginary Scotch Member, who, at opening of Parliament of 1880, brought down his plaid, a stoup of whiskey, and a thimbleful of oatmeal. Camped out all night in Palace Yard, and staggered into House as soon as doors were opened.

"That beats you, BROWD," the Evesham Banker said, with a tartness of voice that betrayed his chagrin.

Rest of the 665 Members content to look in later. By one o'clock House full, Lobby overflowing. Difficult to move through the close ranks, and yet there were many gaps. Ranks of old House more than decimated. "There they go," said my young but fiery friend FURNISS, whom I came upon in corner of Lobby, rapidly sketching with blurred eyesight.

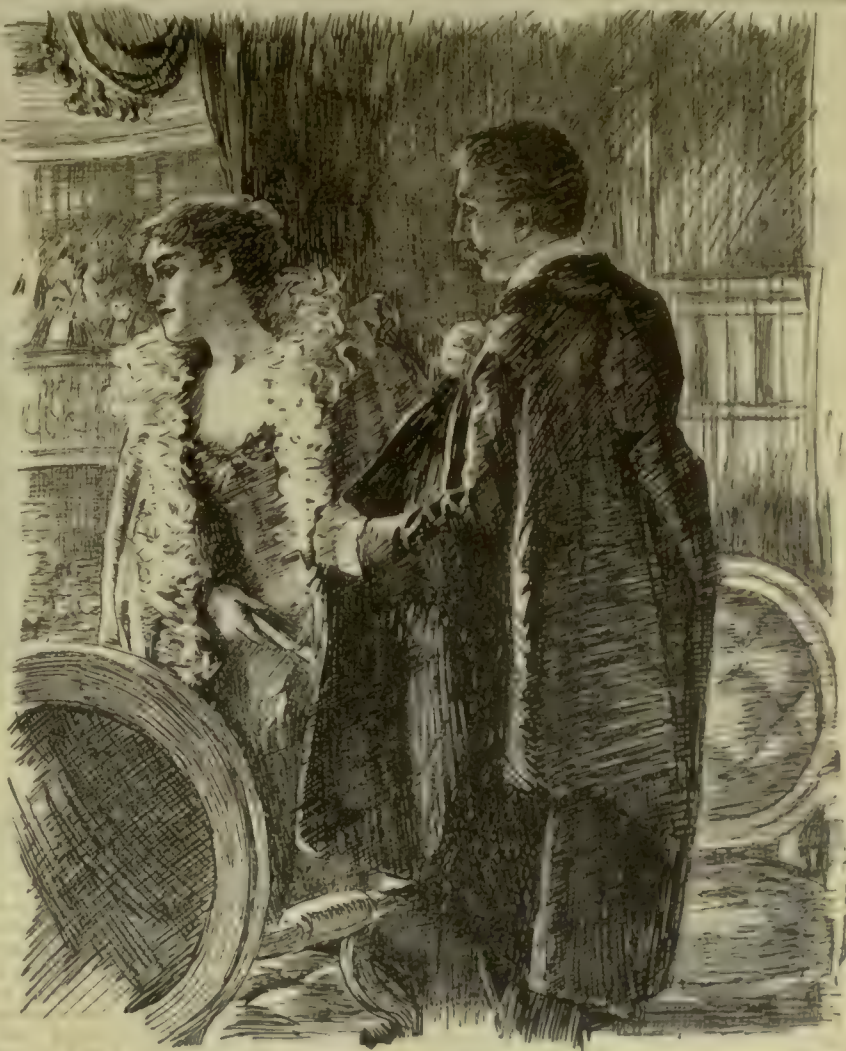
"Who go?" I asked, remembering with a start I had left my gold-nobbed stick in the corner by the Post Office.

"The Members we shall miss," he sobbed, lingering fondly over the truculent curl of HERMON-HODGE's moustache.

But if gone are some familiar faces, others come back. Glad to see MACFARLANE in his old place below Gangway, and to find him later in old seat in smoking-room. MACFARLANE didn't often speak in debate, but usually had something to say. Was a Home-Ruler long before the majority found salvation. Remember across the years how he put whole case in crisp sentence when he adjured the deaf Government of the day "not to attempt to enforce Greenwich-time at Dublin." If BRIGHT had said that, or DIZZY, or Mr. G., the happy phrase would have echoed down the corridors of time. But it was only an Irish Member; MACFARLANE, then Member for Carlisle. So it passed unnoticed—unremembered rather than forgotten.

Business done.—Speaker elected. ARTHUR WELLESLEY PERL for the fourth time. House evidently under impression it can't have too much of good thing.

Friday.—Pretty to watch growth of full-blown SPEAKER in New Parliament. First stage—enters in ordinary morning dress, and seats himself with other Members, diligently trying to look as if he expected nothing to happen. Sore temptation for Members sitting near him. Would like to slap him on



BLASÉ.

Enthusiastic Lady Amateur. "Oh, what a pity! We've just missed the First Act!"
Languid Friend. "Have we? Ah—rather glad. I always think the chief pleasure of going to a Theatre is trying to make out what the First Act was about!"

the back, and ask how he got on through his Election. Short of that, feel they must ask if he wants a pair? Is he dining here? Is he going to have a smoke, or a stroll on the Terrace? Next day, having meanwhile been proposed, seconded, and inducted to Chair, SPEAKER-ELECT turns up in Court-dress, with Bob-wig. This is Development-stage. Having reached it, proceeds to the House of Lords, where he is patronisingly received by LORD CHANCELLOR. ("HALSBURY," SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE says, "peculiarly well up in patronage.") This done, returns to Commons; disappears behind Chair; SERGEANT-AT-ARMS counts twenty-three; presto! door re-opens; SPEAKER re-appears in butterfly-trim, with full-bottomed wig, silk gown, and shoon on which shimmer the sheen of silver buckles.

No trifling with SPEAKER when this final stage reached. KEIR-HARDIE took early opportunity of trying a fall with him—and got it. HARDIE fresh from the coal-pit, represents West Ham; evidently determined to pose as Stage Workman. "Don't KEIR-HARDIE is my name," he said, swaggering into House just now. "Don't kee a — for SPEAKER, or any black-coated bloke. I'm

the true British Workman, and will soon make all you blooming gentry sit up."

"Are you going to take the Oath?" said COBB. COBB always asking questions.

"Oath!" cried DON'T KEIR-HARDIE, "I'll take 'em in a moog."

Put on his cap, and swaggered towards the table. "Order! order!" cried SPEAKER, in tones of thunder. "DON'T KEIR-HARDIE is my name," said Hon. Member for West Ham; "and blow me if——". Turned, and saw flashing eye of SPEAKER bent upon him. slowly his hand went up to his head; the cap came off, was crumpled up, and put in his pocket.

"Will you take the oath, or make affirmation?" asked MILMAN, stuck between two tables, but always ready to oblige.

"Don't kee which," said DON'T KEIR-HARDIE; but, possibly from force of habit, took the oath.

"If OLD MORALITY was still with us, my friend," said BURT, gravely, "he would be able to cite for your edification a copy-head showing how Don't Care came to a bad end."

Business done.—Swearing going on in both Houses. Our Army in Flanders quite respectable by comparison.



A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

LITTLE MISS FACING-BOTH-WAYS AND HER DOG DOUBLE-OR-QUITS!

ASPIRATION.

By a Weary Secular Scribe.

OH, to be a Pulpititeer!
 Purists may fie-fie, or sneer,
 But, when wit and fancy fail,
 To produce your twice-cooked kail
 (As "a traveller") must be nice.
 Nor are you confined to twice;
 Hashed, rehashed, and hashed again,
 Garnished—from another brain,
 Seasoned—from another cruet,
 You may roast, or boil, or stew it
 O'er and o'er, year in year out,
 As you perorate about,
 Seek, when weary,—o'ertasked elves!
 "Inspiration" from your shelves.
 Salt it here, and sauce it there,
 Saying nothing, since none care
 To make question, taking pay,
 Yes, and praise upon your way,
 For—well, ere the thing is through,
 What is what and who is who,
 It might puzzle you to tell;
 Still you "think it right"! Ah, well!
 This philosophy peripatetic
 Strikes a chord that's sympathetic
 In the breast of secular scribe;
 Nothing, it is true, would bribe
 Him to play the pious prig,
 But—he heaves a sigh that's big
 Murmuring, enviously I fear,—
 Oh, to be a Pulpititeer!

A Caudal Lecture;

Or, Darwinism in the Cricket Field.

WHEN Man first arose from the primitive Ape,
 He first dropped his tail, and took on a new shape.
 But Cricketing Man, born to trundle and swipe,
 Reversion displays to the earlier type;
 For a cricketing team, when beginning to fail,
 Always loses its "form," and "developes a tail"!

ROBERT ON THINGS IN GINERAL.

I WAS only jest a thinkin the other day, what werry distinguisht honner Her Most Grashus Madgesty the QUEEN would bestow on the Rite Honerabel the LORD MARE, when the rite time cum. But I was ardy prepaired for the achsal fack!

I reelly couldn't have bleeved it if I hadn't a had it red out to me from a most respectfool Mornin Paper; so in course it must be trew. Yes, the Rite Honerabel the LORD MARE is not only to be a Nite, like other Lord Mares, but the QUEEN has achshally made him a Nite Commander of the most xtinguisht Order of Saint Mikel, and, not sattsifide with ewen that, Her MADGESTY has also made him a Nite Commander of the other most xtinguisht Order of Saint George!

It is fortnit that Sir DAVID's year of offis will soon end, or he mite have fownd it difikult to carry out his ushal LORD MARE's numerus dootys, while Commanding two sitch xtinguisht Orders as them as is named above.

My Americane Friend has turnd up agane at our bewtifool Grand Otel. He says as they has had orful whether wear he has cum from, but all the hole week he has had in grand old London has bin most luvly Sun-Shine, as it amost allers is in Spring, he says he's told. As he luckily didn't appen for to arsk for no arser, of course I didn't give him not none; but I couldn't help a thinkin as how as if he had bin here in our late hurly Spring, he might ha bin inclined jest a leetel to halter his good opinyon.

We had qwite a plezzent chat while I atended upon him at Lunch. He wants to kno more about our LORD MARE. Fust of all, how much munney he gits; and, when I told him jest ten thousand pounds for his year of offis, he xelaimd, "Why, that's the werry same sum as we gives our President, who, you know, is reelly our King!" So I said, "Does he find it enuff for him, Sir?" "Oh yes," he says, "quite." "Well," says I, "it don't seem a werry big salery for the King of such a big plaice as Amerrikey, when I appens to know that the LORD MARE of our little London, which is only about one mile big, has to spend more than another ten thousand pounds out of his own pocket afore he's finished his year!" "Well," he says, "you do estonish me; but everythink's estonishing in your grand old Citty! How do they

send him his money?" I told him as the Chamberlane, who was allers cram full of munney, took it him every quarter-day. "Ah," says he, "we send our President, on the 26th of evry month, exakly eight hundred and thirty-three pounds, six-and-eight pence." "Ah," I said, "I am rayther serprized as he shoud condersend to take the odd six-and-eight. I'm quite shure our LORD MARE woudn't do so. I bleeve as he never has not nothink less than Bank-notes and suvreigns, but allers plenty of 'em." "How many dinners does he give during the year?" says he. "Ah, Sir," says I, "that's rayther a staggering qwesthun to arnsen. Me and BROWN has offen tried our hands at it, but ginerally breaks down about Witsuntide; but I shoud say sumwares about three thowsand, and about twice as many lunchons." "Good grayshus!" says the Americane, "what a number!" "Yes," says I, "and so much is they thort on, that p'raps the werry greatest trubbel that has worrited the manly bussoms of Lord SORESBURY and all his brother Ministers is the mellancolly fack, that they has bin compellid to decline the LORD MARE's customery Ministerial Bankwet this year, coz they couldn't tell for serten whether they would be the Ministers to go to it! And the LORD MARE to drown his sorer has gone and berried hisself in the 'art of Scotland!" "What a sad story to be shure!" said my Americane, with a sigh! "Yes, Sir," I replied, "these are sum of the many trubbels as our werry greatest men has to endewr, and happy is he who does not quiver when he has his arrow full of 'em!" And so we parted.

ROBERT.

TO MISS AIDA JENOURE.

(On the Withdrawal of "The Mountebanks.")

DEAR AIDA, good-bye; since it must be, it must;
 Yet your slaves view your absence from Town with disgust.
 For myself, I'd as soon live at Shipston-on-Stour
 As endure life in London without our JENOURE.
 Sprightly Mountebank AIDA, sweet Mistress of Arts,
 You smiled as you danced yourself into our hearts.
 And now from the Strand to the Vale of far Maida
 There's only one chorus—"Come back to us, AIDA!"
Les absents, you know the old maxim, *ont tort*.
 Wherefore dance yourself back, and be present once more.

AD PUELLAM.

["Detective cameras have become favourite playthings with ladies of fashion." — *Ladies' Paper*.]

You used to prate of plates and prints
And "quick developers" before,
In spite of not unfrequent hints
That these in time become a bore;
But then this photographic craze
Seemed little but a foolish fad,
While now its very latest phase
Appears to me distinctly bad.

Since even your devoted friends
At sight of you were wont to fly,
You manage still to gain your ends,
And photograph them on the sly;
The muff, the cloak with ample folds,
The parcel, and the biscuit-tin,
I know that each discreetly holds
Detective lenses hid within.



NOT MEMBERS OF "BRITISH ASSOCIATION."

First Passenger (reading Morning Paper). "PSYCHICAL CHARACTER OF HYSTERICAL AMBLY-
OPIA!! DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT 'PSYCHICAL' MEANS! WHAT DOES IT MEAN, OLD MAN?"
Fellow Passenger. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE, DEAR BOY! SOMETHING TO DO WITH BRAINS,
I BELIEVE. NOT AT ALL IN MY LINE!"

Should Christ greet you with a smile,
A "brouide" will record the fact:
Should Sturges help you o'er a stile,
The film will take him in the act.
Yet this renown, if truth be said,
Is fame they'd rather be without;
Nor, I assure you, will they wed
A lady photographic tout.

ANTIQUITY OF GOLF.

THAT Golf was a game probably known to and played by pre-Adamite Man (whoever he may have been: name and address not given) is evidenced by the learned Canon TRISTRAM's observation in the Biology Section of the British Association Meeting last week, to the effect that "he (the Canon) had never seen a better collection of these Links connecting the present with the past world." This must be most interesting to all Golf-players.

'ARRIET.

A REALISTIC RHAPSODY.

(With Apologies to Mr. Henry Kendall, Author of "Astarte," in the "Bookman.")

ACROSS the wind-blown bridges,
O look, lugubrious Night!
She comes, the red-haired beauty
Illumined by gaslight!
By London's dim gaslight
So hush, ye cads, your roar!
Behind her plumes are waving
Her oil'd fringe flaps before.

O 'ARRIET, Cockney sister,
Your face is writhed with jeers;
How awful is the angle
Of those protuberant ears!
Those red, protuberant ears!
And your splay feet—O lor!!!
My loud, my Cockney sister,
Where oil'd fringe flops before!

Ah, 'ARRIET! gracious 'eavens,
How your greased locks do glow!
I swoon! The "hodoration"
(I heard you call it so)
Sickens my senses so;
'Tis "Citronel"—no more,
That scents, like a cheap barber's,
That oil'd fringe hung before.

'ARRIET, my knowing darling,
Your eyes a cross-watch keep,
You're toggled in shop-girl's fashion,
Your cloak is bugled deep,
Black-bugled broad and deep,
With buttons dappled o'er,
Good gr-racious! how it's grown, too—
That oil'd fringe flopped before!

That "bang" is awfully trying,
That odour maddens me.

By Jingo! you've been dyeing
Those rufous locks, I see,
Those sandy locks, I see,



They're darker than of yore.
Avaunt! I'd be forgetting
That oil'd fringe flopped before

RATHER APPROPRIATE.

UNDER the heading "Military Education," there appears in *The Tablet*, an advertisement concerning preparation for examinations at Woolwich and Sandhurst by "the Rev. E. VON ORSBACH, F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., late Tutor to their Highnesses the Princes of THURN-AND-TAXIS." What a suggestive name for a tutor preparing young men for a Cavalry Regiment is "VON ORSBACH!" Not only would pupils surmount all difficulties of EUCLID's propositions, but being brought up by VON ORSBACH, they would dare all "riders!" Then as to the Princes, his pupils, cannot we conceive of the first Prince THURN how he has been turned out a perfect 'orseman by VON ORSBACH, and how it would tax all an Examiner's ingenuity to pluck TAXIS. Pity that when one Prince was called TAXIS the other wasn't named RATES. But evidently this was an oversight. A neat couplet might head this advertisement, and add to its attractiveness, as for instance:—

Every question, whatever they ax is,
Will in its THURN be answered by TAXIS.
TAXIS and THURN, for a win you'll of course back,
The pick of the stable, the trainer VON ORSBACH.

We wish him a continuance of the successes which, from his list, this Equestrian Military Tutor—he can't be a "coach" as he is an Orsbach—has already obtained. It's a German name, but it sounds more like 'Orsetrian' (!)

CUI BONO?—"It is a mistake," quoth *The World* last week, "to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE complacently regards Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT as his 'Alter Ego.' Mr. G. being the 'Ego,' it is not very likely that Sir WILLIAM V. HARCOURT is likely to "alter" any of his Leader's plans. Still an "Alter Ego" is very useful whenever Mr. GLADSTONE may want to "wink The Other I."



1492 V. 1892.

Christopher Columbus. "WHAT! GO OVER IN FIVE DAYS! WHY, IF I'D HAD A SHIP LIKE THAT, I'D HAVE DISCOVERED EVERYTHING BEFORE NOW!"

ELECTION AGONIES.

(By a Re-elected M.P.)

Yes, there I stood beside my wife,
And called it—whilst the mob cheered
wildly—

"The proudest moment of my life,"
Which it was *not*, to put it mildly.

Heavens, how they cheered! Up went their
caps,

To see their Member safely seated;
Who in his inmost soul, perhaps,
Had almost wished himself defeated.

The girls are pleased. And Mrs. T.,
Has fairy visions of a handle
To grace the name she shares with me;
But is the game quite worth the candle?

Six years of unremitting work,
Of flower-shows, bazaars, and speeches,
Of sturdy mendicants who lurk
In wait to act as sturdy leeches.

The faddists—Anti-This-and-That—
Blue-spectacled "One Vote, One Person"—
Extract a promise, prompt and pat,
The while their heads you hurl a curse on.

And in return? The dull debate,
The dreary unimportant question,
The pressure of affairs of State,
A muddled brain, a lost digestion.

Six years of it. I cannot stand
At any cost another bout of it;
But, given away on every hand,
I don't quite see how to get out of it.

Ah, happy thought! My seat is safe,
And so 'mid general adulation,
I'll rescue some poor party waif
By Chiltern Hundreds resignation.

The world will quickly roar applause,
Of martyrs I shall be the latest;
But I'm the party and the cause
To whom the service will be greatest!

SONG OF GRATITUDE (by a Nervous Equestrian on the exceptional absence of 'Arry-cyclists or "Wheelmen" from the road to Wimbledon).—

"Oh, Wheelie, have we missed you?
Oh no, no, No!"



A MATTER OF "COURSE."

Eminent German Specialist. "VAT VATERS 'AVE YOU BEEN IN ZE 'ARIT OF TAKING?"
English Gouty Patient. "WATER! HAVEN'T TOUCHED A DROP, EXCEPT WITH MY TEA,
FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS!"
[Upon which a mild course of Homburg, Kissengen, Marienbad, and Karlsbad is at once prescribed.

HOW INSULTAN'!

British Envoy, Timbuctoo, to Foreign Minister, London.

No end of a row! Grand Vizier, Lord Chamberlain, Keeper of Privy Purse, and other high Officials, assembled outside my house, and smashed windows, aided by furious crowd. Certain that Sultan is at bottom of it. Mayn't I say something vigorous to him?

Foreign Minister, London, to British Envoy, Timbuctoo.

Awkward, as General Election going on. Temporise. Appear not to notice stone-throwing. Very difficult to get to Timbuctoo with British Force. If hit with stones, try arnica. Rather think Timbuctoo was discovered by an Irishman, and called after him, TIM BUCKTOO. Eh?

British Envoy to Foreign Minister.

Please don't jest; especially not in Irish. Glad to say aspect of affairs completely changed. Sultan frightened about the stone-throwing. Beheaded Grand Vizier, and sent Lord Chamberlain, heavily ironed, to be imprisoned in cellar under my own apartment. Gratifying. Treaty on point of being signed.

Foreign Minister to British Envoy.

Your action quite approved of. Get Treaty signed quick! France, not unnaturally, seems rather galled. See joke? Play on word "Gaul."

British Envoy to Foreign Minister.

Quite see joke. Saw it years ago. Please don't send any more of 'em. Treaty settled! Gives absurdly generous bounty to all British subjects trading with Timbuctoo. Abolishes all Tariffs. Draft,

with Sultan's signature, returned to him to be properly copied out. Mere formality. Packing up, and off to Coast to-night.

Same to Same.

Arrived at coast. Treaty in carpet-bag. Regret to say, that on examining it, find that Sultan has slipped in the little word "not" in every clause. Makes hash of whole thing. What shall I do?

Foreign Minister, London, to British Envoy.

Do nothing! Former Foreign Minister no longer in Office. General Election has taken place. Whole subject will be reconsidered, with quite new lights, before long. Off for a holiday just now, and can't attend to it. You'll hear from me again in about six months. Meanwhile, your motto must be—"Faz-tina lente!" Last joke. Brilliant. Just going to let it off at dinner-party. P.S.—Great success.

REEF-LECTION.—Delivering judgment in the case of *Osborne v. Aaron's Reef, Limited*, Mr. Justice CHITTY, in the interests of the public, was justly severe on both plaintiff and defendants, declining "to give any costs in this action to such a Company." Everyone is familiar with the nautical expression of "taking in a reef," which seems to have been a slightly difficult operation for anyone to perform with AARON'S Reef, which, after the manner of AARON'S Rod, when it was transformed into a serpent, appears to possess the faculty of swallowing to a very considerable extent. Knowing brokers, if consulted, would not have sung to unwary clients the popular ditty "Keep your Aarons," but would have recommended them, being in, to be out again in double-quick time, if there were any chance of an immediate though small ready-money profit to be made, before one could have said "Scissors!"

MARGATE BY MOONLIGHT.

It is about nine P.M. : in the West, a faint saffron flush is lingering above the green and opal sea, while the upper part of the church tower still keeps the warm glow of sunset. The stars are beginning to appear, and a mellow half moon is rising in a deep violet sky. Lamps are twinkling above the dusky cliffs, and along the curve of the shore.

The Reader will kindly imagine himself on a seat at the end of the Pier, where the Band is playing, and scraps of conversation from his neighbours and passing promenaders, reach his ear involuntarily.

Fair Promenader (roused to enthusiasm by the surroundings). Oh, don't it look lovely at night? (Impulsively.) I can't 'elp sayin' so.

Her Companion (whose emotions are less easily stirred). Why?

The Fair P. (apologetically). Oh, I don't know exactly—these sort o' scenes always do take my fancy.

Her Comp. (making a concession to her weakness). Well, I must say it's picturesque enough—what with the gas outside the 'All by the Sea, and the lamps on the whilk stalls.

First Girl (on seat—to Second). Here comes that young SPIFFING. I do hope he won't come bothering us! (Mr. S. gratifies her desire by promenading past in bland unconsciousness.) Well, I do call that cool! He must have seen us. Too grand to be seen talking to us here, I suppose!

Second Girl. I'm sure I wouldn't be seen talking to him, that's all! Why, he's on'y— [They pick him to pieces relentlessly.]

First Girl. Take care—he's coming round again. Now we shall see. Mind you don't begin laughing, or else you'll set me off!

[As a natural consequence, Mr. S.'s approach excites them both to paroxysms of maidenly mirth.]

Mr. S. (halting in front of them). You two seem 'ighly amused at something. What's the joke?

Second Girl (as the first is compelled to bury her face behind her friend's back). Don't you be too curious. I'll tell you this much—(coquettishly)—it's at your expense!

Mr. S. Oh, is it? Then you might let Me 'ave a a'porth!

First Girl. BELLA, if you tell him, I'll never speak to you again.

[As there is nothing particular to tell, Miss BELLA preserves the secret.]

Mr. S. (reconnecting his rear suspiciously). There's nothing pinned on to my coat-tails, is there? (Renewed mirth from the couple.) Well, I see you're occupied—so, good evenin'.

[Walks on, with offended dignity.]

Second Girl. There! I knew how it would be—he's gone off in a huff now!

First Girl. Let him! He ought to know better than take offence at nothing. And such a ridio'lous little object as he's looking, too! What else can he expect, I'd like to know!... Don't you feel it chilly, sitting still?

Second Girl (rising with alacrity). I was just thinking. Suppose we take a turn—the other way round, or he might think—

First Girl. We'll show him others have their pride as well as him.

[They disappear in the crowd.]

Mr. Spiffing (repassing a few minutes later, with one of the young Ladies on each arm). Well, there, say no more about it—so long as it wasn't at Me, I don't mind!

[They pass on.]

A Wheezy Matron (in a shawl). She was a prettier byby in the fice than any o' the others—sech a lydylike byby she was—we never

'ad no bother with her! and never, as long as I live, shall I forgit her Grandpa's words when he saw her settin' up in her 'igh cheer at tea, with her little cheeks a marsk o' marmalade. "LOUISER JYNE," he sez, "you mark my words—she's the on'y reelly nice byby you ever 'ad, or will ave!"

Her Comp. An' he wasn't given to compliments in a general way, neither, was he?

Anxious Mother. I can't make him out. Sometimes I think he means something, and yet,— Every morning we've been here, he's come up to her on the Pier, and brought her a carnation inside of his 'at.

Her Confidante. Then depend upon it, my dear, he has intentions. I should say so, certingly!

The Mother. Ah, but CARRIE tells me she's dropped her glove, accidental-like, over and over again, and he's always picked it up,—and handed it back to her. I reelly don't know what to think!

The Confidante. Well, I wouldn't lose heart—with the moon drawin' on to the full, as it is!



"Some people will tell yer, now, that Margit's vulgar."

A Seaside Siren (conscious of a dazzling complexion—to a suburban Ulysses). I wish I could get brown—I think it's so awfully becoming—but I never can!

Ulysses. Some people are like that. On'y turn red, you know, specially the nose—catches 'em there, y'know!

The Siren. I'm obliged to you, I'm sure! Is that meant to be personal?

Ulysses. Oh, I wasn't thinking of you when I said that.

The Siren. You're very complimentary. But do tell me—am I like that? (She presents her face for his inspection.) Candidly, now.

Ulysses (conscientiously). Well, I don't notice anything particular—but, you see, colours don't show up by moonlight.

[The Siren coldly intimates that her Mother will be waiting supper for them.]

An Habitué. Some people will tell yer, now, that Margit's vulgar. They must be precious 'ard to please, that's all! I'm as partickler as what most are, and I can assure yer if there was anythink o' that sort about, I shouldn't come down 'ere reglar, season after season, like I do!

His Companion. In course not—and no more shouldn't I, neither!

Along the Esplanade.

Female Voice (from the recesses of a glazed shelter). But if you're on the sands all day, how is it I never see you?

Male Voice (mysteriously). Would you like to know? Really? You shall. (With pride.) I'm one of the Niggers!

Fem. V. (deeply impressed). Not "GUSSIE," or "Uncle ERNIE!"

Male V. (with proud superiority). Not exactly. I conduct, I do—on the 'armonium.

Fem. V. (rapturously). Oh! I 'ad a sort o' feeling, from the very first, that you must be Somebody!

A Lodging-House Keeper. Yes, nice people they was—I don't know when I've 'ad such nice people. I'll tell you what they did... They come on a Thursday—yes, Thursday it was—and took the rooms from the Saturday followin' to the next Saturday—and then they stopped on to the Saturday after that. I do call that nice—don't you?

A Mystic Plaintiff from a Bench. Many and many a time I've borrowed the kittles for them when the School Inspector was comin'—and now for them to turn round on me like this! It's a shame, it is.

A Lady of Economical Principles (at a Bow-window, addressing her Husband at the railings). Why, my dear feller, why ever did you go and do that—when there was a bed empty 'ere for him?

The Husband (sulkily). No one ever said a word to me about there being a bed. And I've taken one for him now at the Paragon, anyway—so that's settled!

The Economical Lady. I call it downright foolishness to go paying 'alf-a-crown a night for a bed, when there's one all ready 'ere for him! And you don't know how long he may mean to stop, either!

The Self-invited Visitor (suddenly emerging from the shadow).—You'll be 'appy to know, Mum, that your 'ospitality will not exceed the 'alf-crown. Good evenin'.

The Econ. L. (regretfully). And a lobster ordered in for supper a-purpose for him, too!

A Street Musician (with a portable piano). I will next attempt a love-song. I feel full of love to-night. Oh, Ladies and Gentlemen—(earnestly)—take advantage of a salubrious night like this!

Anyone who has not yet contributed will kindly embrace this opportunity of placing his offering upon the instrument; after which I shall endeavour to sing you "In Old Madrid." Oh, what a difficult ditty it is, to be sure, dear Ladies and Gentlemen—especially as it makes the twenty-seventh I've sung since tea-time—however, I will do my best. (He sings it.) That will conclude my *al-fresco* Concert for this evening. And now, thanking you all for your generous patronage of my humble efforts, and again reminding those who have not yet expressed their appreciation in a pecuniary form, that I am now about to circulate with the hat for the last time, I wish you all farewell, and balmy slumbers!

[He collects the final coins, and wheels away the piano. The crowd disperses; the listeners in the lodging-house balconies retire; and the Crescent is silent and deserted.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of the Baron's "Merry Men All" has been reading and enjoying Mr. BARRY PAIN'S *Stories and Interludes*. The book has a wondrously weird and heavily-lined picture in front, which is just a little too like a "Prophetic Hieroglyphic" in *Zutkeil's Almanack*. An emaciated and broken-winged devil is apparently carrying an engine-hose through a churchyard, whilst a bat flits against a curious sky, which looks like a young grainer's first attempt at imitating "birds'-eye maple." Upon a second glance it seems possible that the "hose" is a snake, the tail of which the devil is gnawing. The gruesome design illustrates a yet more gruesome Interlude, entitled, "*The Bat and the Devil*." But it gives no fair idea of the contents of the volume, some of which are charming.

Read *White Nights*, stories within a story, told by a tragical "Fool," of the breed of Hugo's *Rigoletto*, and Poe's *Hopfrog*—with a difference. They are told with force and grace, and with unstrained, but moving pathos. Read "*The Dog That Got Found*," a brief, sketch indeed, but abundantly suggestive. Poor *Fido*—the "dog that got to be utterly sick of conventionality," and came to such bitter grief in his search for "life, poignant and intense!" He might read a lesson to many a two-legged prig, were the bipedal nincompoop capable of learning it.

The Glass of Supreme Moments is, perhaps, needlessly enigmatical, and *Rural Simplicity*, *Concealed Art*, and *Two Poets*, strike one as superfluously "unpleasant." Mr. PAIN seems slightly touched with the current literary fad for making bricks with the smallest possible quantity of straw. One half-pennyworth of the bread of incident to an intolerable deal of the sack of strained style and pessimist commentary, make poorish imaginative pabulum, though there seems an increasing appetite for it amongst those who, unlike *Lucas Morne* in *The Glass of Supreme Moments*, plume themselves upon possession of "the finer perceptions." *The Magic Morning* is a "scrap," elaborately aucced and garnished; the fleeting flavour may possess a certain sub-acid piquancy, but such small dishes of broken meats are hardly nourishing or wholesome.

Mr. PAIN has a delicate fancy and a graceful style, a bitter-sweet humour, and a plentiful endowment of "the finer perceptions." He has done some good work here, and will do better—when he finds his subject, and loses his affectations. Read *White Nights*, again says the Baron's "retainer."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

COMING BARONETCY TO BE MUSICALLY NOTED.—Song for a "Lullaby" or a "Good Knight" from *Don Giovanni*, and dedicated by nobody's permission to Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, would be "*Barty! Barty!*" Will Sir EDWARD SOLOMON be in it? Probably this is "another night."

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

NO V.—BUTLERLESS.

Oh! bring my Butler back to me;
I stray and lapse alone!
If this be freedom, to be free
Were something best unknown.
He used to look so grand and grave—
So sad when I was slack;
'Twas difficult to misbehave—
Oh, bring my Butler back!
In him was nothing flash nor green—
A Seneschal confessed;
Most people deemed his reverend mien
Some family bequest.
And yet but three short, happy years
Had seen him on our tack,
And made us verge on VERE DE VERES—
Oh, bring my Butler back!



A Pedigree in
swallow-
tails,
He gave our
household
"tone."

My soul ple-
beian trips
and fails
(See stanza
first) alone.
I fall on low
Bohemian
ways,
I doll my even-
ing black;
I dine in blazer
all ablaze—
Oh, bring my
Butler back!

I breakfast now
and smoke in
bed;
I wrench the
bell for coals;
Nomaster-hand
and master-
head

The day's
routine con-
trols.
No stately form
in homage
curved,
Our commis-
sariat's lack,
Veneers with,
"Dinner, Sir,
is served"—
Oh, bring my
Butler back!

A few old friends drop in at times,
But ah! their zest is gone;
No organ voice with awe sublimed
BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.
They sound to me quite commonplace,
Who seemed a ducal pack:
'Twas he who lent them rank and race—
Oh, bring my Butler back!

And they must think me very queer,

Each unennobled guest:
I munch my chop, I quaff my beer
At meal-times unrepented,
I laugh a laughter rude and loud;
My little jokes I crack;
The parlour-maid with mirth is bowed—
Oh, bring my Butler back!

Yes! bring that paragon to me—
'Tis true he drank my wine;
But, as I found it disagree,
I don't so much repine:
'Tis true we missed a little plate
When he gave us the sack.
But 'all things come to them that wait"—
Oh, bring my Butler back!

That gorgeous grace, that smile severe,
That look of Lords and Barts,
These are the charms that most endear
His image to our hearts.
The standard of my broken life
With him has gone to rack,
And, if it were not for my wife,
I'd bring my Butler back!

FINE, OR REFINE?

[An Educational Journal recently suggested the formation of a "Guild of Courtesy," with especial view to refining the manners and language of the youth of the working classes.]

HAIL, noble Guild! By all means drive
Expletives from our highways;
They are the ruin of our roads,
The byword of our byways!
And rowdies too—to teach them grace
A philanthropic art is;
These subjects for the Guild may well
Be called the "Guilty parties".

The lumbering horse-pool of the streets,
Can we its spirits soothe?
Will blarneying do? Or can "the Rough"
Be "taken with the smooth"?

And there's the working girl: can we
From yells and romps wean her?
For the demeanour of a Miss
Is oft a mis-demeanour.

O worthy Guildsmen! Take in hand
All ages and all classes!
Show how to hearts Good Manners' arts
Supply the freest passes.

Do not such terms as these of hope
Your undertaking rob—
The "common people"—"lower class,"
"The vulgar," and "the mob"?

And there's our worship of the purse;
'Gainst it pray have a tilt
Oh, gild our manners! But take care
They are not silver-gilt!

ALL AT SEA.—The KAISER is reported to be so delighted with his visit to the Isle of Wight, that he proposes to repeat the journey next year. Fond of military display, if he goes to Hyde he will be appropriately accompanied by an escort of German Mounted Marines.



INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES.

Count Peter von Strubel (just arrived in England, in time for Her Grace's Concert). ACH! TOTCHESS! HOW IS IT ZAT IN ENKLAND YOUR LATIES ARE ZÖH PRAUDIFUL, AND YOUR CHENDLEMAN ZÖH OCKLY!"
Her Grace. "TO-NIGHT NEARLY ALL THE LADIES ARE ENGLISH, COUNT, AND THE GENTLEMEN ARE MOSTLY FOREIGN, AS IT HAPPENS!"

READING THE STARS À LA MODE.

(Extract from the Note-book of the Secretary of the Earth and Mars Intercommunication Company, Limited.)

August 10, 1899.—Open this book just to jot down briefly the results of our efforts to hold a conversation with the people living in the adjacent planet. Get a better notion by this means of what we are doing than the minutes can afford. Shall leave this book as an heirloom to my successors in office. In 1892, when we were last nearest Mars (only at a distance of 35,000,000 miles or thereabouts), we came to the conclusion that the Marsians were trying to speak to us. They seemed to be making signals. With the assistance of our new telescope (six times as powerful as that of seven years ago), we made out what we took to be at first an old man waving a white hat. On more careful inspection, found that the old man was a volcano in a state of eruption. White hat evidently the smoke. Could distinctly locate the ocean. Unable to discover more, as the planet went off for another seven years' cruise.

August 10, 1906.—Jot down, in compliance with the wishes of my predecessor, the transactions of the Company. By the way, my new berth is a very pleasant one. Have nothing to do except every seven years, when we all have to watch Mars like anything. This time we have a first-class telescope. Fifty times as powerful as the one of seven years ago. Can count the hairs on a man's head at ten miles' distance. Mars seems quite close to us. There is a first-class hotel on one of the mountains, and apparently a very good paper, which by the way (like everything else on the planet), is red. Distinctly made out a man in a boat. Could not attract his attention. Stupid donkey! Have to wait for another seven years.

August 10, 1913.—Again ready. Better telescope than one in use seven years ago. Find we can now read the Marsian newspapers. They are written in same language as our own. Nothing in them worth quoting. Evidently "silly season" over there as well as here. Account of the Sea Serpent. Let off patent sky-shattering rockets, but the inhabitants of the adjacent planet failed to observe them. They have arranged bonfires in geometrical order, so far as we can

understand it, as a signal (if it is one); they seem to wish to observe something like "*Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*." Interesting. Popular song of fourteen years ago just reached our nearest neighbour in the Solar System. Cannot observe more, as the planet is off for another seven years.

August 10, 1920.—We ought to do something this time. Improved telescope; can see everything. So excellent that we can almost hear the Marsians talking. Great advance, too, in through-space-hurling machinery. We applied this new power to a pea-shooter, and, at the first shot, was sufficiently fortunate to hit a Marsian policeman on the nose. He first arrested an innocent person for the assault, but, on our repeating the signal, he looked up, and shook his fist at the Earth. Eventually he traced the source of the pea-shooting. They then began to watch our signals. They were just about to reply when we started off for another seven years.

August 10, 1927.—I take up my predecessor's book to continue these observations. Deeply interested to see if the inhabitants of the neighbouring planet would remember the date, and be on the look out for us. Yes, there they were. We have just signalled "How are you?" But it has received, as yet, no reply. The Marsians seem to be signalling, but not in our direction. We have just tried another message, "Good morning; do you use soap?" Ah, this has woke them up! They do understand us. They have replied, "Don't be rude." We are greatly encouraged by this, and have signalled "The planet Mars, we believe?" This has elicited no response. Strange! We have begged for a reply, and it has just come. Here it is:—"Don't bother; can't attend to you just now. We are talking with the planet Jupiter." Time up! Off for another seven years!

August 10, 1934.—Just one line to add to the other communications of my predecessors. The Earth and Mars Intercommunication Company, Limited, has been merged into the London, Jupiter, Venus, Mars, and North Saturn Aërial Railway Company. During the present near approach of Mars to the Earth, an excursion electric air-torpedo train will leave the Victoria Station for Pars the Capital of Mars. The excursion will be personally conducted by Baron Cook of Ludgate Circus. Return tickets, Second Class, £1,000; First Class (with hotel coupons), Half an ounce of coal.



“WILL THEY WORK?”

LORD ROSEBERRY (*aside to MCHARECOVER, the Gullie*). “WONDER WHAT SORT OF A BAG HE’LL MAKE—OVER THOSE DOGS!”

HOW IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SETTLED.

(Supplementary and Imaginary Despatch not yet received at the Foreign Office.)

It will be remembered that I had the honour to report that amongst my *suite* I had the pleasure to be accompanied by Herr VON POPOFF, the celebrated Germano-Russian *prestidigitateur*. When I received a despatch from the Foreign Office informing me that I was premature in destroying the Draft Treaty, although that Draft Treaty contained provisions that were entirely different to those which the Sultan had already at the time accepted and promised to sign, I made up my mind to return to His Sheriffian Majesty with a view to setting things right. I considered it advisable to be accompanied by Herr VON POPOFF, as I counted upon that eminent conjuror's valuable aid to assist me in carrying out what I venture to submit, was my praiseworthy object.

When we reached the room the Sultan was occupying, we found His Sheriffian Majesty regarding with some indignation, the remains of the Draft Treaty that had been brought back to him by the messengers the Sultan had sent to me.

His Majesty was very angry, and had given orders for the immediate execution of Herr VON POPOFF and myself, when my talented assistant gently placed his hand upon the head of the swarthy and irate Sovereign, and by a clever pass produced an egg. This amused and amazed the Sultan immensely, and his Sheriffian Majesty desired that the feat should be repeated. This request received immediate practical acquiescence as the wonder-worker deliberately extracted eggs from the Sultan's arms, legs, and whiskers. Having obtained some dozen eggs by this means, Herr VON POPOFF borrowed a turban from the Prime Minister, and breaking the eggs into his improvised saucepan, mixed the mess into a compact mass with the assistance of a scimitar kindly lent for the occasion by the Commander-in-Chief.

"High cock-alorum jig, jig, jig!" exclaimed the Wizard, and in a trice, the eggs had disappeared, and in their place appeared a pound-cake. I have the honour to report that the cake was then cut into small portions and passed round for consumption. His Sheriffian Majesty was good enough to partake of the rather stale comestible. The remainder of the cake was devoured by the *suite*.

By this time the Sultan was in great good humour, when unfortunately his eyes fell upon the remains of the destroyed Draft Treaty which were still lying unheeded on the palace floor. Seeing them his Sheriffian Majesty rolled his eyes savagely, and sent for the Lord High Executioner.

It was at this crisis that Herr VON POPOFF showed great presence of mind and absolute coolness. Without a moment's hesitation he requested that the fragments of paper might be given to him. Taking them in his right

hand, he placed them in the turban he had previously used for manufacturing his pound-cake, and once more repeated his magic formula.

To the general surprise (and I must not omit my own individuality from the universal astonishment) he produced a new Treaty, which I then had the honour of handing to the Sultan for signature.

The Treaty (which was subsequently discovered to contain several important concessions to the country I have the honour to represent) was then signed, and the *prestidigitateur* and I retired loaded with honours.

I have, in conclusion, to beg permission to wear the Sheriffian Order of the Diamond-eyed Pig of the Second Class. The Sun-Star of the Emerald Life-sized White Elephant of the Double First-Class has already been accepted by Herr VON POPOFF, as that gentleman, being a foreign subject, has no need to desire official authorisation to use his recently-acquired and extremely bulky decoration.



"GROUSE DRIVING."

THIS IS WHAT SHE IMAGINED IT TO BE IN HER DREAM OF THE 12TH OF AUGUST.

MEMORABLE.

SIR,—So many punning Epitaphs have recently appeared in the *Times à propos* of "BOB LOWE," that I am sure you will now allow me to produce and publish what was rejected by your Editor, long before the decease of the above-mentioned eminent Statesman. I thought it, and still think it, uncommonly good; but the then Editor said, "No—it is unseemly to joke about the decease of a living celebrity." Now on the good old maxim of "*Nil nisi bonum*," I beg you will produce this, as I'm sure it is, and always was, uncommonly *bonum*, and like good wine, all the better for keeping. Here it is:—

ON THE LATE B. L.

BOB! has he gone above the sky?

We hope that it is so.

Yet when above, however high,

He'll always be B.-LOWE.

I've seen nothing to equal this; at least, being a judge of such things, I may safely say so, adding humbly, "A poor thing, but mine own." Yours, L. S. PRIT D'ESCALIER.

ACCIDENTAL JOKE.—When does an explosion do no harm? When a husband blows his wife up—and she deserves it.

INFRA DIG.

SWEET, in a sordid age, it is to find
One Abdiel to enticement bravely blind,
One class not thrall to Plutus. But, hurroo!
England rejoice aloud, for thou hast two.
Sweet are the uses of—Advertisement,
To huckster souls, whose god is Cent-per-

cent.
The Mart, the Forum, and—alas!—the Fane.
Self-trumpeting, in type, cannot restrain;
The leaded column and the poster smart
Seduce the Histrion; e'en the thrall of Art
Bows to the modern Baal of Pot and Paste,
That deadly foe of Modesty and Taste.

The Poet poses publicly, the Scribe
Knows how to vaunt, to logroll, and to bribe.
But there be those share not the general
taint;

The pestle-wielding Sage, the silk-gowned
Saint.

Redeem our fallen race from the dark shade
That would confuse Professions with mere
Trade.

No, briefs and bills of costs may loom too big,

Harpagon hide beneath a horsehair wig,

Sangrado thrive on flattery and shrewd knack.

And Dulcamara, safe in silence, quack;

But—chortle, oh ye good, rejoice, ye wise!

Physic and Law will never—Advertise!

"THE PARIAH."—In the latest copy to hand of that wonderful penn'orth of gossip and information, *Sala's Journal*, Vol. I. No. 16, and in the very first line of the light and leading article, our "G. A. S." asks "Is Woman a Pariah?" Of course she is not, we reply, not even if she be the very masculinest of females. Some, if they are "Riahs" at

all, are "Ma-riahs." "Riah," it may be remembered, is the abbreviated form of the name as in the once popular Coster's song of "*What cheer Riah?*" Whether spelt with or without an "h" is of no consequence, the Coster not being particular.

TO DR. LOUIS ROBINSON.

(Who said at the British Association that a Baby was an animal as interesting as any which had been brought from the uttermost parts of the Earth.)

QUITE right, DR. ROBINSON, perfectly right,
No longer the need to repair to the Zoo;
No longer we'll see with increasing delight
The quarrelsome Monkey, the blithe Kangaroo.

But the "animal's interest" shall charm us instead,

Though it's scarcely a charm you've discovered,—at least

There's many a father who's pointedly said,
That his int'resting Babe was a "mere little beast!"

SEASONABLE BUT UNFAIR.—When you have to pay heavily for light refreshments.



ATAVISM.

Proud Mother. "BUT REALLY NOW, DR. BIRCH, DON'T YOU THINK IT RATHER EXTRAORDINARY THAT WE SHOULD HAVE THREE SUCH CLEVER SONS?"

Dr. B. "WHY, NO, MY DEAR MADAM; NOW YOU HAVE TOLD ME WHAT A REMARKABLY CLEVER GRANDMOTHER THEY HAD!"

THE NEXT VIVÂ VOCE.

["Due consideration will be given in the selection of Candidates for Scholarships to proficiency in athletics."—*Daily Paper.*]

Examiner (courteously). Have you studied any Latin author?

Candidate (with hesitation). I once looked into CORNELIUS NEPOS, but never could construe half a dozen lines.

Exam. What have you studied in Greek?

Can. Tried the first page of VALPY, and got through the present of ΤΥΡΤΩ—then gave it up.

Exam. Do you know anything about Mathematics?

Can. Fancy I have heard of the Rule of Three, but hanged if I know much about Fractions.

Exam. (a little despairingly). Can you give the dates of the four WILLIAMS in English History?

Can. No. Suppose followed one another, as shillings of the time of WILLIAM THE FOURTH still in use. Suppose WILLIAM THE FIRST must have been about the end of the Eighteenth Century.

Exam. (with new hope). Do you know anything about Geography?

Can. Not without a *Continental Bradshaw*.

Exam. (nothing daunted). Can you tell me the name of the spot which is supposed to be the centre of the universe?

Can. I haven't the faintest idea, but suppose you mean Monte Carlo.

Exam. (as a last resource). Do you know anything about Law?

Can. Nothing at all, except 'that one of my friends had to pay five pounds, the other day, for assaulting a Policeman.

Exam. (losing his temper). Then what on earth do you know?

Can. Only how to break the record of the quarter mile.

Exam. (brightening up). And can you play Cricket?

Can. (contemptuously). Can I play Cricket? Why I carried my bat out for 184 against Leamshire, with GRACE bowling his swiftest.

Exam. (cordially grasping his hand). My dear Sir, after the satisfactory examination you have just undergone, I shall have much pleasure in recommending you for a Scholarship.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 8.—Think I mentioned, just before Prorogation, how DUNBAR BARTON, offended at disregard paid to his warnings by Ministers, protested that he would never speak again, and should thenceforth be known as DUM BARTON. Finding him to-night fagged out, prepared to move Address, reminded him of the incident. "Quite so, TOBY," he said; "you're perfectly right. I never did speak again in that House. This is a different thing. Besides, I'm not going to make a speech, but to read a paper."

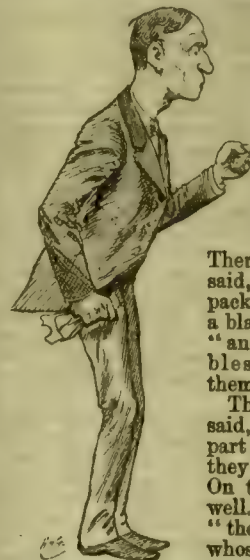
Rather quibbling this; but temptation to accept invitation to move Address at opening of new Session understood to be irresistible. Believe I'm the only Member who ever begged to be excused. W. H. CROSS seconded Address; speech much mystified House; remains to this day disputed point whether he meant to be funny, or was merely maladroitness. Fancy he really meant it. GRAND CROSS in Peers' Gallery, looking on with fond affection. Life been for him, of late, a troubled sheet of water. His counsel about not dissolving Parliament till very last moment, over-ruled; consequence is, Government are going out; how India is to get on without him, GRAND CROSS really doesn't know. Situation not soothed by reprehensible frivolity of Prince ARTHUR. Meeting GRAND CROSS just now, moodily crossing Corridor, Prince said,—"Well, we're not the only parties changing places. I see, from the newspapers, that the planet Mars has already gone into Opposition."

GRAND CROSS severely shook his head. There are some things too sacred for a joke; his leaving the India Office is one. Moreover, not free from certain jealousy in the matter. Fact is, been, so to speak, "on the joke" himself. Modest merit, like murder, will out. No use attempting to burke what is open secret. All those funeral jokes in young CROSS's speech—his "course of obituary notices" as ASQUITH happily put it—were really GRAND CROSS's. CROSS *père* composed them in the seclusion of Eccle Riggs, and made them over to his son.

"Would never do, WILLIAM HENRY, for a man in my position to publicly make a joke. I am not sure how it befits the Junior Counsel for England in the Behring Sea Arbitration. But we must risk that."

There they are," he said, handing him a packet of manuscript in a black-edged envelope, "and may a father's blessing accompany them."

There was, as I have said, some hesitation on part of House as to how they were to be received. On the whole, went off well. The reference to "the Government, at whose last hours we have now arrived," and the proposal to write their epitaph, brought down the House. GRAND CROSS sitting in Gallery nervously watching result, decidedly encouraged. In larger



Asquith, Q.C.

epitaph, brought down the House. GRAND CROSS sitting in Gallery nervously watching result, decidedly encouraged. In larger



OFF TO THE COUNTRY AGAIN.

leisure of Opposition we shall probably have more of these vicarious flashes of latent humour.

Business done.—Address moved, met with Vote of No Confidence, submitted by ASQUITH in brilliant speech.

Tuesday.—Imminence of change in Ministry brings into prominence and close proximity what is likely to happen in Ireland when Home Rule is established. Irish Members of all sections on the alert. SAUNDERSON in his war-paint, which assumes shape of luminous white waistcoat. Always know, when the Colonel puts that on, he means business. Made to-night good Derrydown speech punctuated



Honest John Burns.

by howls of execration from Irish brethren opposite. That is just what Colonel enjoys; moved him to higher flights of oratory. His lurid picture of ASQUITH, Q.C., "sitting on the lips of Irish volcano," extremely effective. Irish Members cruelly and effectually retorted by putting up REDMOND JUNIOR to reply. Colonel gallantly smiled, but it was a gashly effort. Device evidently effective. REDMOND did admirably; nothing could have been better than his grave remark, to presumably alarmed House, that, having for seven years sat opposite Colonel, he was able to assure them that he was "perfectly harmless—perfectly harmless."

"Now that," said ASHBORNE, in London just now winding up his ministerial affairs, "is the cruellest thing I ever heard said of SAUNDERSON."

Later, more serious evidence of seething condition of feeling in Ulster brought under notice of House. ROSS, Q.C., was returned at General Election, in place of CHARLES LEWIS—a character useful as a study for young Members, showing how a man of considerable ability, and distinct Parliamentary aptitude, may prove a hopeless failure. ROSS born and brought up in Derry; accustomed to controversial practices. Familiar from boyhood with the concrete form dialectics are apt to take when indulged in beyond space of half an hour.

"If they mean business," ROSS said confidentially to Honest JOHN BURNS, "they'll find the Derry Boy in it."

So, before coming down to House, he carefully filled his trouser-pocket with convenient-sized paving-stones. When he got up just now, House stared with amazement at curious appearance presented by the Orator. ROSS, pleased with attention created, threw back his coat, placed hands on hips, stiffened his legs, and made the most of the paving-stones. Members opposite whispered, and tittered.

"Let them laugh that win," said ROSS. "In case of a row, a paving-stone in trouser-pocket is worth a Krupp's Battery in the bush."

So it proved. Prevention better than cure. Nobody threw anything at New Member for Derry, and, when he had concluded successful Maiden Speech, went out and emptied his amazing pockets into his locker.

"I'll save 'em up for a rainy day, as the man said when he pawned his landlord's umbrella," was Mr. ROSS's remark as he hurried off home, at least a quarter of a hundredweight lighter.

Business done.—More debate on Address.

Thursday.—Splendid House; full from floor to topmost tier of seats in Strangers' Galleries. The last scene in history of Government. All the actors on. Boxes full; Stalls full; Pit full. Contrary to LORD CHAMBERLAIN's regulations, chairs placed in gangways. Great rush for these, as affording novel position. MATHEWS, who got front seat, says it was very nice, but not without compensating disadvantage. "Expected every minute, you know, the man coming round for your penny, as they do in the Parks."

CHAMBERLAIN had first call; greatly cheered by Conservatives when he stood before footlights. Little bit of farce to begin with. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS rose with JOSEPH. Submitted as point of order that, in moving Adjournment on Tuesday night, JOSEPH had exhausted his right to speak. House howled. Just as if, Lyceum crowded to see IRVING play *Charles the First*, JOHNNIE TOOLE came before Curtain and explained that, as CHARLES THE FIRST was indubitably beheaded some hundreds of years ago, IRVING would be out of order in appearing to-night. Very well done, and added something to interest of moment. But unnecessary. JOSEPH equal to occasion without adventitious aid.

A fine speech, equal to the magnificent audience. Even DON'T KEIR-HARDIE took off his cap to listen. JOSEPH never better with his quick sharp thrust, his lunging blow, and his apt tripping up. As usual, best where speech broken in upon with rude interruption. Note the incident when launched upon his peroration,

carefully prepared and perilously adventured upon. House not passionately fond of perorations. Will suffer them only from Mr. G. and one or two others. CHAMBERLAIN rarely rises to peroration point. To-night a great occasion. Solemn enough even for peroration. Rising with its swelling tide, he came to ask "the wisest and the most sensible among you to consider the situation." Standing at the moment with face turned to Liberals above Gangway; from Irish camp behind his back rose shouts of ironical cheers and noisy laughter, "Boo-oo!" CHAMBERLAIN stopped perforce, and with scornful gesture of thumb over his shoulder at mob behind, said, "Yes, to the others I do not speak;" then went on and finished his sentence.

"A great day this, for JOSEPH," I said after, to SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

"Ah," said THE PERSONAGE, meditatively stroking a chin made for Cabinets. "Yes, he's very important; he reminds me of a story I heard when I was in Scotland. There was a funeral going on in a quiet street in Glasgow. Among the company present was observed a man whom nobody seemed to know, but who was bustling about as if he were in charge of most things. At last the undertaker, jealous of his own position, suggested he had better take a back seat. 'Losh man!' cried the Unknown, his eyes blazing with indignation, 'I'm brither to the corpp.' Dis-sentient Liberalism is dead; but JOE is brither to the corpp, and we must bear with him a little."

That's all very well; but they haven't done with JOSEPH yet. There may come times of distress and famine when he will be heard of from Egypt.

Business done.—The Government's. Wound up by a majority of 40 in turbulent House of 660 Members.

OVIDIUS REMARK.

(From a confirmed Tea-Drinker, who, suffering from Gout, has been forbidden his favourite beverage.)

DEAR TOPEE.—Alas, no more of "The generous" for some time to come, and, what afflicts me most is, I am out off from my Tea! "What, no soap! So he died." Substitute "Tea" for "Soap,"

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



Ovid quite at Tomi.



Tomi not quite at Tomi at Ovid.

and there I am. My boy TOMMY, who is at home for the holidays, reminds me of what OVID said at Tomi, not to TOMMY, as they were not contemporaries. "Nec tecum vivere possum, nec sine te." For "te" read "tea," and that's my case to a T.

Goughy Street, Old Portman Square.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.—Dear Mr. Punch,—Now for another glance at Racing. Next week we have meetings at Stockton and Wolverhampton, and the most important race is the Stockton Handicap, for which I will append my usual poetic selection:—

Stockton Handicap Selection.

A difficult river to cross, I am told, [Styx] But, if rider and horseman be equally bold, [Pyx]!
Is the one that is known as the [Styx] You can do it by aid of "The
This will rejoice the hearts of my followers, who have been "selectionless" for some weeks, and have therefore been unable to bet, unless they have accepted the absolutely unreliable information given by all the other sporting writers, but never by, yours truly,
Nash Hotel, Bournemouth. LADY GAY.

TWO-PENN'ORTH OF THEOSOPHY.

(A Sketch at the Islington Arcadia.)

SCENE—*The Agricultural Hall. A large Steam-Circus is revolving with its organ in full blast; near it is a "Razzle-Dazzle" Machine, provided with a powerful mechanical piano. To the combined strains of these instruments, the merrier hearts of Islington are performing a desultory dance, which seems to consist chiefly in the various couples charging each other with desperate gallantry. At the further end of the Hall is a Stage, on which a Variety Performance is in progress, and along the side of the gallery a Switchback, the rolling thunder of which, accompanied by masculine whoops and feminine squeaks, is distinctly audible. Near the entrance is a painted house-front with two doors, which are being pitilessly battered with wooden balls; from time to time a well-directed missile touches a spring, one of the doors opens, and an idiotic effigy comes blandly goggling and sliding down an inclined plane, to be saluted with yells of laughter, and ignominiously pushed back into domestic privacy. Amidst surroundings thus happily suggesting the idyllic and pastoral associations of Arcadia, is an unpretending booth, the placards on which announce it to be the temporary resting-place of the "Far-famed Adepts of Thibet," who are there for a much-needed change, after a "3500 years' residence in the Desert of Gobi." There is also a solemn warning that "it is impossible to spoof a Mahatma." In front of this booth, a fair-headed, round-faced, and Spectacled Gentleman, in evening clothes, and a particularly crumpled shirt-front—who presents a sort of compromise between the Scientific Savant and the German Waiter—has just locked up his Assistant in a wooden pillory, for no obvious reason except to attract a crowd. The crowd collects accordingly, and includes a Comic Coachman, who, with his Friend—a tall and speechless nonentity—has evidently come out to enjoy himself.*

The Spectacled Gentleman (letting the Assistant out of the pillory, with the air of a man who does not often unbend to these frivolities). Now, Gentlemen, I am sure all those whom I see around me have heard of those marvellous beings—the Mahatmas—and how they can travel through space in astral bodies, and produce matter out of nothing at all. (Here the group endeavour to look as if these facts were familiar to them from infancy, while the Comic Coachman assumes the intelligent interest of a Pantomime Clown in the price of a property fish.) Very well; but perhaps some of you may not be aware that at this very moment the air all around you is full of ghosts.

The Comic Coachman (affecting extreme terror). 'Ere, let me get out o' this! Where's my friend?

The Sp. G. I am only telling you the simple truth. There is, floating above the head of each one of you, the ghostly counterpart of himself; and the ghost of anybody who is smoking will be smoking also the ghost of a cigar or a pipe.

The C. C. (to his attendant Phantom). 'Ere, and me down one o' your smokes to try, will yer?

The Sp. G. You laugh—but I am no believer in making statements without proof to support them, and I shall now proceed to offer you convincing evidence that what I say is true. (Movement of startled incredulity in group.) I have here two ordinary clean clay pipes. (Producing them.) Now, Sir, (to the C. C.) will you oblige me by putting your finger in the bowls to test whether there is any tobacco there or not?

The C. C. Not me. None o' those games for me! Where's my friend?—it's more in 'is line!

(The Friend, however, remains modestly in the background, and, after a little hesitation, a more courageous spirit tests the bowls, and pronounces them empty.)

The Sp. G. Very well, I will now smoke the spirit-tobacco in these empty pipes. (He puts them both in his mouth, and emits a quantity of unmistakable smoke.) Now, in case you should imagine this is a deception, and I produce the smoke from my throat in some manner, will you kindly try my esoteric tobacco, Sir? (To a bystander, who, not without obvious misgivings, takes a few whiffs and produces smoke, as well as a marked impression upon the most sceptical spectators.) Having thus proved to you the existence of a Spirit World, allow me to inform you that this is nothing to the marvels to be seen inside for the small sum of twopence, where I shall have the honour of introducing to you Mlle. SCINTILLA, who is not only the most extraordinary

Scientific Wonder of the World, but also the loveliest woman now living!

The C. C. 'Ere, I'm comin' in, I am. I'm on to this. Where's my friend? he'll pay for me. He promised to take care o' me, and I can't trust myself anywhere without 'im.

(He enters the Show, followed by the Tall Nonentity, and the bulk of the bystanders, who feel that the rest is about to be lifted, and that twopence is not an exorbitant fee for induction. Inside is a low Stage, with a roughly painted Scene, and a kind of small Cabinet, the interior of which is visible and vacant; behind the barrier which separates the Stage from the Audience stands Mlle. SCINTILLA, a young lady in a crimson silk blouse and a dark skirt, who if not precisely a Modern Helen, is distinctly attractive and reassuringly material.)

The C. C. Oh, I say, if this is a Mahatma, I like 'em!

(The Sibyl receives this tribute with a smile.)

The Sp. G. (appearing on the Stage as Showman). Now, Ladies and Gentlemen! (There is one Lady present, who stands at the side, by way of indicating that she declines to give the proceedings any moral support whatever.) You all know that Adepts have the power of disintegrating material objects and re-integrating them when they please. I have here a hollow mask. (He exhibits a Pantomime demon head.) I place it upon the roof of this cabinet, which as you perceive is empty. I raise it and underneath you will see materialised a wonderful young lady who consists of a head and nothing else. (He discovers the head of a very human young person with short curly hair.) Now those of you who are unmarried would find this young lady an admirable wife for a man of small income, for, having no body, she will cost him nothing whatever for her food or frocks.

The C. C. (with a touch of cynicism). She'd make it up in 'ats and bonnets, though; trust 'er!

The Showman. She is extremely sweet-tempered; and, when she observes a number of good-looking gentlemen in the front row, as there are to-night, she will smile affectionately at them.

(The Head gives a very practical confirmation of this assertion, and the Lady in the corner sniffs with strong disapproval.)

The C. C. 'Ere, I say—where's my friend? I want to take my 'look out o' this—the young Lady's 'ed is a smilin' at me, and it ain't good enough, yer know—she's left too much of herself at 'ome to suit me!

The Showman (after extinguishing the Head, which is giggling helplessly, in the Mask). Now this other young Lady, Mlle. SCINTILLA, known to her friends as "SPARKS," is equally wonderful in her way. It may surprise you when I inform you—(here he puts his arm affectionately round the Sibyl's neck)—that, beautiful as she is, she has never been kissed in her whole life!

The C. C. (with chivalrous indignation). What? 'Ere, if that's all!—

(He intimates, in pantomime, his perfect readiness to repair this omission at once.)

The Showman. This is owing to the fact that she is impregnated with electricity to such an extraordinary degree, that any contact with her lips will produce a shock which would probably prove fatal!

The C. C. Oh, where is that friend o' mine? (To the Sibyl.) I come out without my lightnin' conductor this evenin', Miss; but I've got a friend somewhere in 'ere as 'll be 'appy to represent me.

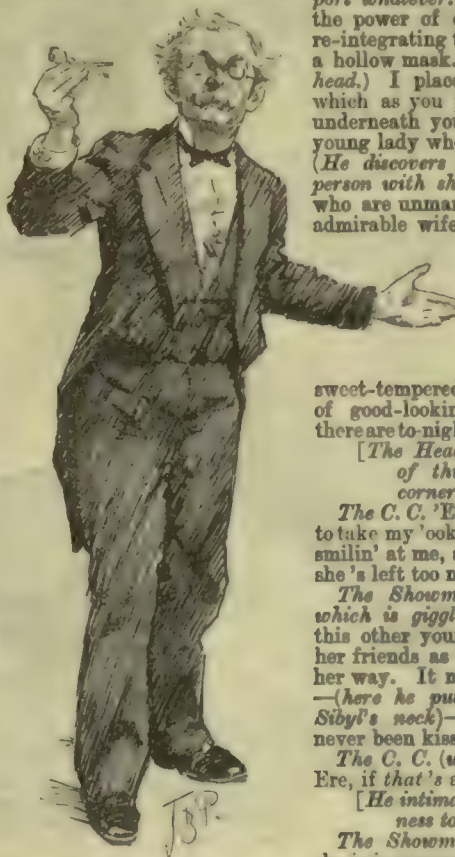
(The Tall Nonentity tries to efface himself, but is relieved to find that the Sibyl does not take the offer seriously.)

The Showman. As a proof that I am not speaking without foundation, this young lady will allow you to feel her hands, when you will at once become aware of the electric current.

(The Sibyl leans across the barrier, and tenders a decidedly pretty palm for public pressure, but there is the usual reluctance at first to embrace the opportunity. At length a seeker after truth grasps the hand, and reports that he "can feel a somethink," whereupon his example is followed by the others, including the C. C., who, finding the sensation agreeable, pretends to be electrified to such an extent that he is unable to let go—which concludes the entertainment.)

Spectators (departing). She may have 'ad one o' them galvanic belts on for all you can tell. But, mind yer, there's a lot in it, all the same. Look at the way he brought smoke out o' them clays.

The C. C. (to his Friend). That was a lark, Jim! But look 'ere—don't you go tellin' the Missus; she ain't on the Me-atmer lay—not much, she ain't!



"I have here two ordinary clean clay pipes."



HONOURS EASY.

Sir E. L. (gaily). "BARONETTED? OF COURSE, MY BOY—RIGHT THING TO DO! THANKS. TA-TA!" [*Careers away, to keep up his circulation.*
Mr. P. "AND YOU, MR. LABBY?" *H. L. (languidly).* "OH—AH—AS FOR ME—I'M OUT OF IT—THAT'S THE TRUTH."

WOT CHER, LABBY?

[*"Mr. LABOUCHERE, so he says, has come to London to enjoy the smiles of the new Ministry."*—*Morning Paper.*]

ENJOY them, dear LABBY, smile back, if you can—

Though your lip has a curl that portends something sinister—
 It is painful, I take it, to flash in the pan,

While a rival goes off with a bang as a Minister.

But you (you're a cynic, that's one of the ways,

And by no means the worst, to get credit for kindness),

You can smile at this struggle for titles and praise,

You can laugh at your friends while you envy their blindness.

A time, so I fancy you saying, will come;

They are not done with LABBY, for all their sweet smiling;

And they're vastly mistaken who think he'll be dumb,

Or abandon his amiable habit of riling.

"GREAT SCOTT!"—*Mr. Punch's* congratulations to the new Bart. of Scott's Bank, Cavendish Square, with the classic name of HORACE. His friends will be able to adapt MACAULAY's lines, and tell—

"How well HORATIUS kept the Bank,
 In the brave days of old."

Of course, be it understood that "keeping the Bank" has nothing whatever to do with Monte Carlo, or with any game of speculation. *Ad multos annos!* And to adapt again—

"On HORACE's head Honours accumulate!"

BALFOUR AND SALISBURY.—The late Government couldn't help having a good dash of spirit in it, seeing it was a "B. and S." mixture. Now, "B. and S."—off! *Vide Mr. Punch's* Cartoon this week.

IN OFFICE WITH THE LABOUR VOTE.

(How to deal with an Awkward Matter, according to Precedent.)

SCENE—A Smoking-Room and Lounge. Eminent Statesman discovered filling a pipe. Private Secretary in attendance.

Em. S. Now I think all's ready to begin. Mind, my lad, and have the tea and decanters in readiness when I ring for them. Enough chairs?

Pri. Sec. Only half-a-dozen expected, Sir; so I thought if I got six that would be enough.

Em. S. Quite so. And now, my dear fellow, show in the Deputation.

[Private Secretary opens door, when enter several Workmen in their Sunday best, headed by Fussy M.P.]

Fussy M.P. (with effusion). My dear Sir, this is a great pleasure. I hope I see you well. (Shakes the hand of Eminent Statesman with profuse cordiality.) And now, if you will allow me, I will introduce these Delegates. It would have pleased them better if they could have had an Autumn Session, but they are quite prepared to be satisfied with an interview, as it is in the Recess. (Speaking in the soft tones of the House at Westminster.) Sir! My Right Hon. Friend! It is my privilege as well as my duty—a most pleasant one—to introduce what I may aptly declare to be the most representative body of men it has ever been my good fortune to meet. I, my dear Sir—

Em. S. (interrupting). Thank you very much, but I fancy we can get on better by talking it over quietly. It's very hot, so if you don't mind, I will take off my coat and sit in my shirt-sleeves. [Removes his coat.]

Fussy M.P. (taken aback). My dear Sir!

Members of the Deputation. Thankee, Sir! We'll follow suit.

[They remove their coats.]

Em. S. Now you would like to smoke? Well, my Private Secretary will hand round cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco. Don't be shy, Consider my house Liberty Hall. Well, tell me—what's it all about?

First Mem. of Dep. (pointing to Fussy M.P.). Why he said as how he would do all the speaking.

Em. S. Very likely, and do it (bowing to him) very well. But I would far rather that you should speak for yourselves. Come let us meet as old friends. Now—what do you want?

Second Mem. of Dep. Why, Sir, if you put it in that pleasant way, I may say, payment for hours of labour put in by some one else.

Em. S. Yes, very good. Capital



NEVER SATISFIED.

Grumpy Husband. "HOW BADLY INFORMED NEWSPAPERS ARE! WHY, HERE THEY SAY, 'SIR THOMAS GRIMSBY ENTERTAINED US AND A NUMBER OF OTHERS AT DINNER LAST NIGHT!' ENTERTAINED! WHY, I NEVER WAS SO BORED IN MY LIFE!"

Em. S. Yes, I know the old-fashioned plan; but I prefer the new. Pray go on. How will you get your work done gratuitously?

Fourth Mem. Oh, come! That's putting it a little too strong! We are not accustomed to it. What does it all mean?

Em. S. I think I can answer you. My good friends, until you can get an idea of what you really want, you can do nothing—nor can I. So now, if you have another appointment to keep, please don't let me detain you. All I can wish you I do wish you. May you all prosper in your undertakings. And now, farewell!

First Mem. Well, Sir, if you won't see us any more, good-bye!

Em. S. Good-bye! Mind the steps! Good-bye! [The Deputation leave. Eminent Statesman turns his attention to other matters with a smile of satisfaction.]



"EXCELSIOR! OR STRAIGHT UP!"
—Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT was knighted last week. N.B.—Would have been mentioned earlier, if we had had the straight tip.

'ARRY IN VENICE.

DEAR CHARLIE,—"Ow 'ops it, my 'earty? Yours truly's still stived up in Town.

Won't run to a 'oliday yet, mate. I'm long-ing to lay on the brown

By a blow from the briny, but, bless yer, things now is as bad as they're made.

Hinfluenzas, Helections, and cetrer, has bloomin' nigh bunnicked up Trade.

My screw's bin cut down by a dollar; along of 'ard times, sez our bloke.

I did mean doin' It'll this year; but sez Luck, "Oh, go 'ome and eat coke!"

Leastways, that's as I hunderstand 'er. A narsty one, Luck, and no kid;

Always gives yer the rough of 'er tongue when you're quisby, or short of a quid.

When I 'eard about Venice in London, I thinks to myself, mate, thinks I, 'Ere's a 'oliday tour on the cheap! 'Ere's a barney as 'ARRY must try.

No Continong this year, that's certain, old man, for the likes of poor me; But whilst I've a bob I've a chance for a boss at the Bride o' the Sea.

Them posters of IMRE KIRALFY's for gorgeous-ness quite takes the cake.

Friend IMRE's a spanker, you bet, and quite fly to the popular fake.

"Stupendious work," IMRE calls it, and I. K. is O. K. no doubt.

Your old Country Fair Show takes a back seat when ikey young I. K.'s about.

Oh, the jam and the mustard, my pippin, the crimsing, the blue, and the gold!

Scissorsree, CHARLIE, rain-bows ain't in it, and prisums is out in the cold.

I do like a picteresk poster, as big as a bloomin' back yard,

With the colour slopped on quite regardless; if that ain't 'Igh 'Art, wy it's 'ard.

'Owsomever I mustn't feelo-serphise. Off to Olympia I 'ooks,

To see Venice the Bride of the Sea, as set forth in them sixpenny books.

Bless his twirly merstache, he's a twiceer, this IMRE KIRALFY, dear boy, And he give me a two hours' spektarkle old LEIGHTON hisself might enjoy.

Bit puzzling the "Pageant" is, CHARLIE, until that Synopsis you've read;

Wish I'd mugged it all up overnight; but I can't get it straight in my 'ead.

Sort o' mixture of *Shylock* and *BYRON*, with bits of *Othello* chucked in,

Muddled up with "Chioggian wars," as seemed mostly blue fire and bright tin.

But the scenes was 'splendiferous, CHARLIE. About arf a mile o' stage front,

With some thousands of 'eroes and supers, as seemed all the time on the 'unt.

Lor! 'ow they did scoot up and down that there stage at the double, old man,

All their legs on the waggie, like flies, and their armour a-chink as they ran!

Old *Shylock* turns up quite permiskus, and always upon the full trot;

He seemed mixed up with *Portias*, and *Doges*, smart gals, and the dickens knows wot.

All kep waving their arms like mad semy-phores, doin' the akrybat prank,

As if they was swimming in nothink, or 'ail-ing a 'bus for the Bank.

I sez to a party beside me, "Old man, wot the doose does it mean?"

Sez he, "A dry attic, yer know, of wich Venice, yer see, wos the Queen.

That cove in a nightcap's the Doge; for an old 'un he can move about.

They had G. O. M.'s, mate, in Venice; of that there is not the least doubt.

'Ad a seat in my ship, and seemed skeery. I cheered 'er up—wot do you think?

"No danger," sez I, "not a mossel! Now is there, old lollipop-legs?

Sit 'ere, Miss, and trim the old barky! Go gently now, young 'Am-and-Eggs!

'Ow much for yer mustard-striped kiksies? Way-oh! Wy, you nearly run down

The Ryhalto that time, you young josses. Look hout, Miss, he'll crack your sweet crown!"

Larf, CHARLIE? She did a fair chortle. I 'ave sech a way with the shes.

We 'ad six sixpennorths together—I tell you 'twos go-as-you-please!

Modern Venice, took out of a toy-box, with palaces fourteen foot high.

And Bridges o' Sighs out in pasteboard, is larks all the same, and no fly.

Sort o' cosy romanticky feel-ing a-paddling along them canals,

With the manderlines twangling all round, and the larf of the gayest of gals

Gurgling up through the Hightalian hair—though it do 'ave a cockneyfied sniff,—

Wy it's better than spooning at Marlow with MOLLY MOLLOY in a skiff.

I felt like Lord BYRON, I tell yer; I stretched myself, orty-like, hout,

And wished it could go on all night, wich my pardner did ditto, no doubt.

Modern Venice in minichure, CHARLIE, ain't really so dusty, you bet;

I wos quite a Bassanio in breeks, and I ain't lost the twang of it yet.

My *Portia* wos POLLY MARIA; she tipped me her name fair and free;

And a pootier young mossel o' muslin, I never 'ad perch on my knees.

No side on 'er, nothink low-lived, CHARLIE, lady-like down to the ground,

I called 'er my fair "Bride of Venice." In fact, we wos 'appy all round.

She said I wos 'er form to a hounce, and if anyone looked more O. K.,

In a nobby Gondoler than me, well that chap 'adn't travelled 'er way;

Wich wos Barnsbury Park—so she whispered, with sech a sly giggle, dear boy!

I sez "Bully for IMRE KIRALFY! His Show is a thing to henjoy!"

And so it is, CHARLIE, old hoyster. The music is twangly, I own,

And if I've a fancy myself, 'tain't hexactly the Great Xylophone;

But the speeches of musical scratch-backs the dancers keep time with so pat,

In that fairy-like Carnival Bally, fetched POLLY, ah, all round 'er 'at!

That 'at wos a spanker, I tell yer; as big as the Doge's State-Barge,

And like all the "Four Seasons" in one! "Well," sez POLLY, "I do like 'em large,

Them Venetian pork-pies ain't my fancy, no room for no trimmings above.

They wouldn't suit Barnsbury Park, though they might do 'The Castle of Love'!"



"That's VETTORE PISANI, the Hadmiral; t'other is General ZENO

Defending the State, I persoom, and they're 'aving a fust-class old beano.

Wy PEDRO THE SECOND, of Cyprus, and *Portia* is made a rum blend

With Turps Siccory's Revels, and so on, no doubt we shall twig at the hend."

I sez, "Thankee! that's werry instructive. You do know a lot, mate, you do!"

Then the fight at Chioggia came on. Sech a rum pully-haully all through.

But the Victory Percession wos proper, and so was the All Frisky feet,

And the way as they worked the gondolers, them streaky-legged chaps, wos a treat.

But the best o' the barney came arter. I took a gondoler, old man,

Sort o' wobbly black coffin afloat, and per-pelled on the rummiest plan

With one oar and a kind of notched post. But a dressy young party in pink

Sort o' needled her somehow, I fancy; but, bless yer, I soon put that straight.

Gals is wonderful touchy on togs! Covent Garden piled high on a plate With a blue hostrich-feather all round it, mayn't be man's hidea of a tile,

But I flattered her taste a rare bat, and soon 'ad her again on the smile.

Well, "Venice the Bride of the Sea," is wuth more than one visit, old pal,

And I've got a hengagement next week to go there with the same pooty gal.

I'm going to read up the subjeck, I'll cram for it all I can carry,

For I'm bound to be fair in the know if young POLLY should question

Yours, 'ARRY.

INNS AND OUTS.

No. I.—"MISTER."

IN a "Grand Hôtel" again; abroad; never mind which or where; have experienced many Inns and many outings, but find all Grand Hôtels much the same. "Lawn-tennis, English Church in the Spacious Grounds, good station for friends of the *Fisch-Sport*."—But the quintessence of Grand-Hotelism is "Mr." in his Bureau.

The main thing about "Mr." is his frock-coat ("made in Germany"). It is always buttoned; he is never without it; I believe he sleeps in it. Divest him of this magician's robe (so to speak) and he would be powerless.

The Hôtel omnibus clatters in; "Mr." confronts us, smiling and serene, with his two Secretaries of Legation. He discriminates the Inn-comers at a glance.—"Numero 10, 11, 12, *entresol*;" for Noah-like Paterfamilias with Caravan; "Numero 656, for se Leddy's med;" "Numero 80, for me, the *soi-disant Habitué*;" it's the room I'm supposed to have always had, so I pretend to like it. One Unremunerative-looking Pedestrian, in knickerbockers, is assured that, if he waits half a day or so, he may get an attic—"Back of se house; fine view of se sluice-gate and cemetery."—U.-L. P. expostulates; he has telegraphed for a good room; it's too bad.—"Ver' sawy, but is quite complete now, se Hôtel." U.-L. P., furious; "Hang it," &c. "Mr." deprecates this ingratitude—"Ver' sawy, Sor; but if you don't like," (with decision), "se whole widé wurld is open to you!" Pedestrian retires, threatening to write to the *Times*. Preposterous! as if the Editor would print anything against "Mr."! "Mr.'s" attitude majestic and martyred; CASABIANCA in a frock-coat! Bless you! he knows us all, better than we know ourselves. He sees the Cook's ticket through the U.-L. P.'s Norfolk-jacket.

When "Mr." is not writing, he is changing money. The sheepish Briton stands dumb before this financier, and is shorn—of the exchange, with an oafish fascination at "Mr.'s" dexterous manipulation of the *rouleaux* of gold and notes. Nobody dares haggle with "Mr." When he is not changing money, he is, as I have said, writing, perhaps his *Reminiscences*. It is "Mr." "What gif you se informations;" and *what* questions! The seasoned Pensionnaire wants to know how she can get to that lovely valley where the Tiger-lilies grow, without taking a carriage. The British Matron, where she can buy rusks, "real English rusks, you know." A cantankerous tripper asks "why he never has bread-sauce with the nightly chicken." And we all troop to "Mr." after breakfast, to beg him to affix postage-stamps to our letters, and to demand the precise time when "they will reach England;" as if they wouldn't reach at all without "Mr.'s" authority. It gives the nervous a sense of security to watch "Mr." stamping envelopes. It is a way of beginning the day in a Grand Hôtel.

"Mr." gives you the idea of not wishing to make a profit; but he gives you nothing else. You wish to be "*en pension*"—"Ver' well, Sor, it is seventeen francs (or marks) the day;" but you soon discover that your room is extra, and that you may not dine "apart;" in a word, you are "Mr.'s" bondsman. Then there is the persuasive lady, who perhaps, may be stopping a week or more, but her plans are undecided—at any rate six days—"Will 'Mr.' make a reduction?" "Mr." however, continues his manuscript, oh ever so long! and smiles; his smile is worse than his bite! I, the *Habitué*,

approach "Mr." with a furtive clandestine air, and observe cheerily, "I hope to remain here a month." "Certainly, Sor; is better you do; will be se same as last year; I gif you se same appartement, you see."—This with an air of favour. I thank him profusely—for nothing. My bill turns out to be higher than if I had been over-charged separately for everything. "Mr." is the Master of the Arts of extras. He does not wish to make a profit; oh no! but—ahem—he makes it. As for the outsiders who straggle in casually for luncheon and want to be sharp with "Mr." afterwards, they are soon settled. One who won't be done, complains of a prince's ransom for a potato-salad.—"If you haf pertataa, you pay for pertataa."—TAILLEYRAND could not have been more unanswerable.

"Mr." is immense at entertainments; it is "Mr." who organises "Se Spanish Consairt," "Se Duetto of se Poor Blinds," and, of course, "Se Bal"; he is very proud of his latest acquisition—the Orchestration that plays the dinner down. To see "Mr." dispatch itinerant minstrels would do our County Council good.

"Mr." knows our compatriots *au fond*; he makes no extra charge for toast at breakfast, and you only pay half-a-crown for a pot of George the Third Marmalade, to lubricate it withal. Five-o'clock tea comes up at six, just as at home. He makes much of Actors, Peers, and Clergymen. Sunday is a great day for "Mr." He directs everyone to the English Church in "The Grounds"—(fifteen benches and one tree, with a fountain between them); and then goes off to play cards, but always in his frock-coat. The "Chaplain" gets his breakfast-egg gratis; and a stray Bishop writes, "Nothing can exceed the comfort of this Hôtel," in that Doomsday Book of Visitors.

When you depart—and, abroad, this is generally about daybreak—"Mr." is always on the spot, haughty, as becomes a man about to be paid, but considerate; there is a bouquet in petticoats for the *Entresol*—even, for me, a condescending word. "When you see Mr. SHONES in London, you tell him next year I make se Gulf-Links." I don't know who the dickens JONES may be, but I snigger. It all springs from that miserable fiction of being an *Habitué*. "Sans adieux!" ejaculates "Mr." who is great at languages; so am I, but, somehow, find myself saying "Good-bye" quite naturally. A propos of languages, "Mr." is very patient with the Ladies who will speak to him in so-called French or German, when they say, "Où est le Portier?" or "Es ist sehr schön heute," he replies, in the genuine tongue. I once overheard a Lady discussing the chances of rest and quiet in the "Grand Hôtel." "Oui c'est une grande reste," said she. It only puzzled "Mr." for a moment. "Parfaitement, Madame; c'est ravissant, n'est-ce pas?" and then "Mr." sold her the little Hand-book, composed by the Clergyman, on which he receives a commission.

NEED I SAY MORE?

I LOVED—and need I say she was a woman?

And need I say I thought her just divine?

Her beauty (like this rhyme) was quite uncommon.

Alas, she said she never could be mine!

My Uncle was a Baronet, and wealthy,

But old, ill-tempered, deaf, and plagued with gout;

I was his heir, a pauper young and healthy;

My Uncle—need I say?—had cut me out.

I swore—and need I say the words I muttered?

Sir HECTOR married KATE, and changed his will.

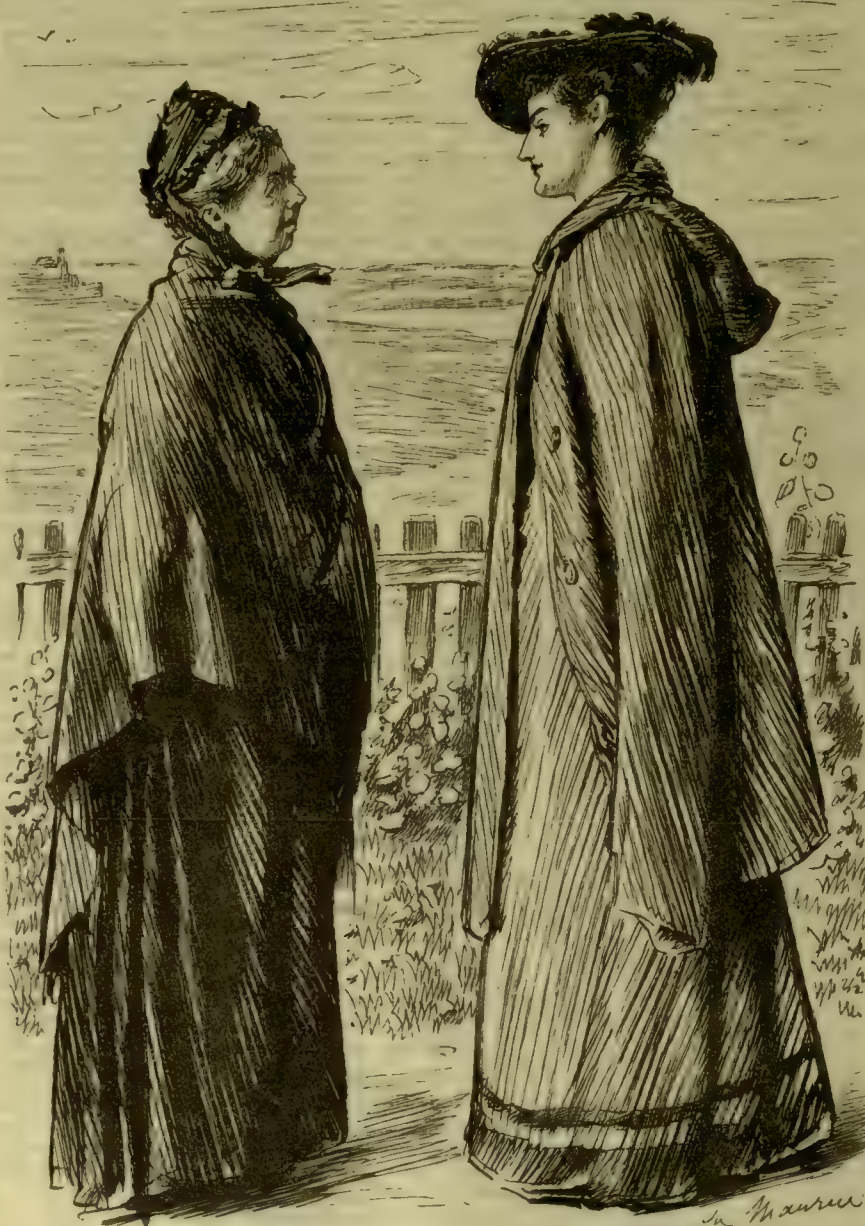
Dry bread for me! For her the tea-cake buttered.

I starved—and, need I say, I'm starving still!

"A CARPET KNIGHT"—SIR BLUNDELL MAPLE. Likewise that Sir B. M. is "a Knight of the Round Table." [N.B. Great rush to let off these. Contribution-Box joke-full of 'em. Impossible, therefore, to decide "who spoke first." Reward of Merit still in hand.]

SUGGESTION.—The Music-and-Hartland Committee will permit the performance of brief "Sketches" in the Music Hall. Wouldn't "Harmonies" by our own WHISTLER be more appropriate?





AN EARNEST POLITICIAN.

"I'M VERY GLAD SIR PERCY PLANTAGENET WAS RETURNED, MISS!"

"WHY,—ARE YOU A PRIMROSE DAME?"

"No, Miss,—BUT MY 'USBAND IS!"

TIP TO TAX-COLLECTORS.

(After Herrick's "Counsel to Girls.")

A SONG OF THE EXCHEQUER.

AIR—"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may."

GATHER ye Taxes while ye may,
The time is fleetly flying;
And tenants who'd stump up to-day,
To-morrow may be shying.

That annual "Lump," the Income Tax,
Still higher aye seems getting;
The sooner that for it you "ax,"
The nearer you'll be netting.

That payer's best who payeth first
The Exchequer's pert purse-stormer:
As the year wags still worse and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not lax, but keep your time,
And dun, and press, and harry;
Tax-payers shirk, nor deem it crime,
If long Collectors tarry.

"WHERE SHALL WE GO?" is of course an important subject in the holiday-time, and one to which *Sala's Journal* devotes a column or two weekly; but a still more important one is "*How shall we go it?*" and having totted up the items there comes the final question, "*Where shall we stay?*" And the wise, but seldom-given answer is—"At Home." In any case, the traveller's motto should always be, "Wherever you go, make yourself quite at Home"—and stay there, may be added by the London Club Cynic, who wants everything all to himself.

THE LOST JOKE.

(A Song of a Sad but Common Experience.)

AIR:—"The Lost Chord."

SEATED one day in my study
I was listless and ill at ease,
And my fingers twiddled idly
With the novel upon my knees.
I know not where I was straying
On the poppy-clustered shore,
But I suddenly struck on a Sparkler
Which fairly made me roar.

I have joked *some* jokes in my time, Sir,
But this was a Champion Joke,
And it fairly cut all record
As a humoristic stroke.
It was good for a dozen of dinners,
It was fit to crown my fame
As a shaper of sheer Side-splitters,
For which I have such a name.

It flooded my spirit's twilight
Like the dawn on a dim dark lake,
For I knew that against all rivals
It would fairly "take the cake."
I said I will try it to-morrow,—
I won't even tell my wife,—
It will certainly fetch Lord FUMFUDGE,
And then—I am made for life!

It links two most distant meanings
Into one perfect chime—

Here my servant broke the silence,
And said it was dinner-time!

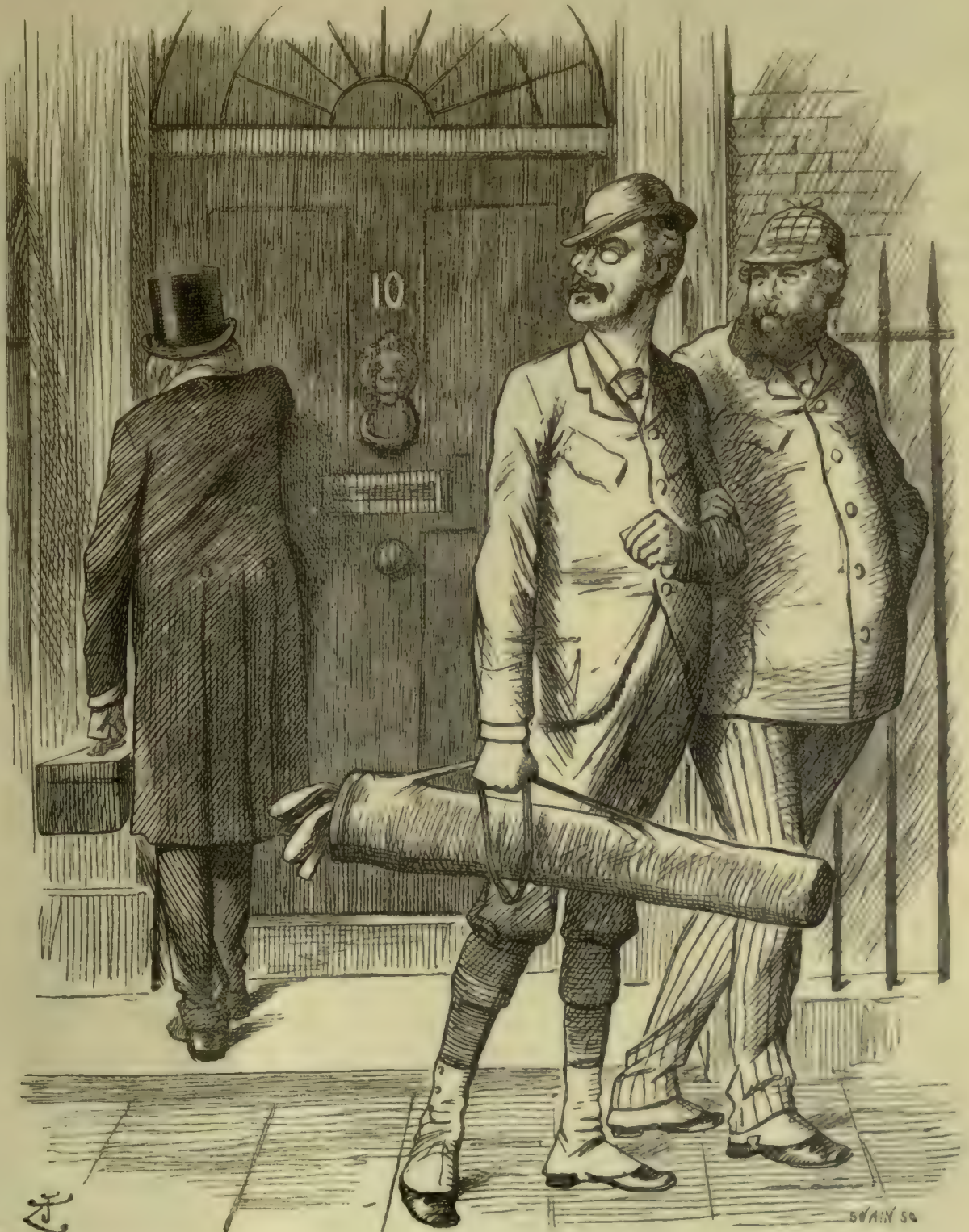
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That great Lost Joke of mine,
Which had slipped from my mind en-
tirely

When I sat me down to dine.
It may be that something some day
May bring it me back again;



But I only wish—confound it!—
I had fixed it with pencil or pen.
It may be that luck—bright Angel!—
May inspire me once more with that
stroke,
But I fear me 'tis only in Limbo
I shall light on my great Lost Joke!

MRS. R. who has been busy with her juniors, tells us that she has been horrified to learn from her Nephew, who has been fighting the Slave-hunters on the Congo, that in that country they "preserve" the bodies of their enemies. He writes to her—"I have 'potted' several Arabs."



“AU REVOIR!”

SCENE—No. 10, Downing Street. Exterior.

S-L-SB-RY AND B-LF-R. “TA! TA! TAKE CARE OF THE HOUSE, OLD MAN! BACK AGAIN SOON!”
[Exeunt “B. and S.”]



FROM THE PARTICULAR TO THE GENERAL.

"I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE—WHAT TREMENDOUS HIGH CHAIRS YOU'VE GOT—ONE'S FEET POSITIVELY DANGLE!"

THE SONG OF THE BAR.

Work, work, work!
Sang Hood, in the "Song of the Shirt,"
Of the seamstress slave who worked to her grave
In poverty, hunger, and dirt.
Work, work, work!
The Bar-maid, too, can say,
Work for ten hours, or more;
Oh, for "eight hours" a day!

Is she a happier slave
Where gilding and mirrors abound?
Of what can she think when eternal drink
Is the cry of all around?
Stand, stand, stand!
Serving sots from far and near;
Stand, stand, stand!
More whiskey! More brandy! More beer!

Possibly some one may say,
"What can that matter to us?
She is frail, frivolous, gay;
She is not worth a fuss."
Prig, all her life is a snare,
You, so excessively good,
Would pity her rather if there
Once for ten hours you stood.

How would you feel at the end?
You may not think she is fit,
Quite, for your sister's friend—
Is she too wicked to sit?
Stand stand, stand!
In the smoke of pipe and cigar,
Always to think of eternal drink;
Oh, pity the Slave of the Bar!

BY A RIBBON GIRL WHO HAS BEEN TO FRANCE.—"Sure the town itself must be full of go-a-head young women that a decent female wouldn't be seen spaking to—else why is it called *Belle-Fast*?"

THE OPERA IN THE FUTURE.

(As suggested by "Musical Pauvers.")

SCENE—Interior of Covent Garden on a Subscription Night. The house is filled in the parts reserved for Subscribers. The remainder of the Auditorium is less crowded. The Overture is over, when there is a loud cry for the Manager. Enter before the Curtain Courteous Gentleman, who bows, and waits in an attitude of respectful attention.

Person in the Amphitheatre. I say, Mister, look 'ere, after charging me sixpence for a seat, I'm 'anged if they don't want an extra penny for a bill of the play.

Courteous Gentleman. Highly improper, Sir. I will look into the matter to-morrow, and if you are kind enough to identify the attendant who has attempted this overcharge, I will have him dismissed. And now, with your permission, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, we will go on with the Musical performances.

[The Opera continues. At the end of the Third Act there is another cry for the Manager. The Courteous Gentleman re-enters before the Curtain, as before.

Very Stout Person in the Amphitheatre Stalls. I say, look here—I paid two shillings for this seat, and the back's coming off.

Cour. Gen. Perhaps, Sir, you have been leaning with a weight it is unable to bear.

Very S. P. Never mind about that. As I pay two shillings for my seat, I expect you to stop the show until it's mended.

Cour. Gen. As the show (as you call it, Sir) costs about two pounds a minute, I fear that would be rather an extravagant proceeding. If I may suggest, I would counsel you to change your seat to a more perfect one.

Very S. P. I like that! and get turned out by someone who had reserved it. No,

thankes! But there, after all, I am rather heavy, so let's say no more about it.

Cour. Gen. I am infinitely obliged to you.

[Exit. The Opera continues until the commencement of the last Act, when there is a frantic cry for the Manager. The Courteous Gentleman again appears before the Curtain.

Voices from the Cheaper Parts of the House. Here, out it short! Let's get to the end. Let's see how the story finishes!

Cour. Gen. I am at your disposal.

Spokesman. Well, look here, Mister. There's a lot of us here who want to catch the 11:40 train, so can't you cut the performance?

Cour. Man. Although your proposal, Sir, may cause some trouble and complications, I will honestly do my best. [Bows and exits.

Curtain.

TO THE ROLLER-SKATING FIEND.

O boy!—O injudicious boy!—

Who, swayed by dark and secret reasons,
Dost love thine elders to annoy

At sundry times and frequent seasons,

Why hast thou left thy tempting top—

Thy penny-dreadful's gory garble—

Thy blue-and-crimson lollipop—

Thy aimlessly meandering marble?

Thy catapult, so sure of aim,

In cold neglect, alas! reposes,

And even "tip-cat's" cherished game

No longer threatens eyes and noses;

Thy tube of tin (projecting peas)

At length has ceased from irritating;

But how much worse than all of these

Thy latest craze—for roller-skating!

For, mounted on twin engines dread,

Thou rushest (with adventures graphic)

Where even angels fear to tread,

Because there's such a lot of traffic.

At lightning-speed we see thee glide,

(With malice every narrow shave meant),

And charge thine elders far and wide,

Or stretch them prone upon the pavement.



Round corners sharp thou lov'st to dart,
(Thou skating imp! Thou rolling joker!)
And hit in some projecting part
The lawyer staid, or solemn broker.
Does pity never mar thy glee,
When upright men with torture double?
Oh, let our one petition be
That thou may'st come to grievous trouble!



Everard Hopkins

A FATAL OBJECTION.

"MOTHER, ARE THE WONDERGILTS VERY RICH?" "YES, SILVIA, VERY."
 "MOTHER, I HOPE WE SHALL NEVER BE RICH!" "WHY, DARLING?"
 "IT MUST BE SO VERY EXPENSIVE!"

ADVERTISING IN EXCELSIS.

SCENE—Interior of the Universal Advertisement Stations Company's Offices. Managing Director discovered presiding over a large staff of Clerks. Enter Possible Customer.

Possible Customer. "I see from the papers that it is proposed to turn the Suez Canal to account by erecting hoardings—have you anything to do with it?"

Managing Director. No, Sir; but we do a very large cosmopolitan business of the same sort. Have you anything to advertise?"

Pos. Cus. Well, yes—several things. For instance, I am bringing out a new sort of Beer. Can you recommend me good stations for that?"

Man. Dir. Certainly, Sir. We have contracted for the whole of the best positions in the Desert of Sahara. If you get out a good poster in Arabic, it should be the means of furthering the trade amongst the Arabs.

Pos. Cus. Thanks. Then I have a fresh Pill. What about that?"

Man. Dir. Well, Sir, pills (excuse the pleasantry) are rather a drug in the market;

but I think we might try it amongst the Esquimaux. We have some capital cross-roads in the Arctic Regions, and a really commanding position at the North Pole.

Pos. Cus. What can I do with a newly-patented Disinfectant?"

Man. Dir. We have the Spire of Cologne Cathedral, and both sides of the Bridge of Sighs; in fact, if you like to push the sale in Venice, we would offer you the front of the Doge's Palace on the most advantageous terms.

Pos. Cus. Then I have an Everlasting Boot.

Man. Dir. I must confess, Sir, that boots (you will excuse the pleasantry) are rather worn out; but perhaps the Himalayas (where we have all the summits vacant) might suit your purpose.

Pos. Cus. Well, I will give your suggestions my best consideration.

Man. Dir. (anxious to trade). Can't I tempt you, Sir, with a million bills or so? We have all the best Royal Palaces in Europe, and the most frequented of the Indian Temples. There is scarcely a spot of any historical interest that we have not secured for our hoardings. Just added the Field of

Waterloo, the Temple Gardens, and site of ancient Carthage to our list. We can do it very cheaply for you, Sir, if your order is a large one.

Pos. Cus. How about the papers?"

Man. Dir. Well, we insert advertisements in them, too. Shall we begin with three columns in all the leading journals of the world?"

Pos. Cus. No, thank you. I think I will commence on a somewhat smaller scale. (Gives document.) Here is an order for three inches for one insertion on the leader-page of the *Pimlico Pump*. [Exit.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 15th.—Lords met to-day in charmingly casual way. Since they were last here, Government been defeated; the MARKISS out, Mr. G. in, and all that means or portends. Not many present, but the MARKISS in his place smiling in unaffected joyousness, just as Prince ARTHUR did in Commons when the end came.

"Very odd," said PICKERSGILL, pressing his hat to his bosom; "it seems nothing amuses the CECILS and their family belongings so much as a reverse at the Poll."

The MARKISS in such exuberant good humour at seeing KIMBERLEY opposite to him, could not resist temptation to try on little joke. It was not, he said, either desirable or usual that he, as outgoing Minister, should say anything on present occasion. But perhaps KIMBERLEY would oblige, and would give House full exposition of intentions of new Ministry with respect to foreign and domestic affairs. KIMBERLEY gravely answered, that not yet being Minister of the Crown, nor having had opportunity of consulting with his colleagues, he was unprepared to make statement on subject.



"Very odd!"

In this dilemma DENMAN came to front. "My Lords—" he said. What more he would have uttered is lost to posterity. MARKISS had moved adjournment of House, and HALSBURY, who has had long practice on this particular wicket, promptly bowled DENMAN out, by putting question and declaring it carried. DENMAN stood moment



THE NEW CABINET.

looking, more in sorrow than anger, at noble Lords hurrying out with unwonted agility.

"They made a mistake," he murmured; "especially HALSBURY. All I wanted was to propose vote of thanks to him for the grace and dignity with which he has presided over Debates in this House, and the manner in which he has, by his dispensation of patronage, preserved the highest traditions of his office, and even raised its lofty tone. Too late now, too late;" and the old gentleman putting his crumpled papers in his pocket, and wrapping his soiled pocket-handkerchief round the knob of his walking-stick, strode sadly forth.

Perhaps it was sight of this pathetic figure that sobered the MARKISS. Anyhow, as we walked out together, found him in subdued mood, more fitting the occasion than that assumed when addressing House. "All over at last, TOBY," he said; "and I may go down to Hatfield, take off my coat, and have a day's, or even a week's serene pleasure in my workshop. I'm nobody of any account now, *ni* Premier, *ni* Foreign Minister. Do you remember the lines written by an unknown hand on the ruins of Berytus, which TRYPHON, King of Syria, sacked a hundred and forty years before the Star rose at Bethlehem? I was thinking of them just now, even when I was chaffing KIMBERLEY:—

"Stay not your course, O Mariners, or me,
Nor furl your sails—is not my harbour dry?
Nought but one vast, forsaken tomb am I.
But steer for other lands, from sorrow free,
Where, by a happier and more prosperous shore,
Your anchor ye may drop, and rest your oar."

"Not at all," I said.

Rather an inadequate remark, I see, when I come to write it down. I'd say something better if the MARKISS would repeat the lines.

Business done.—MARKISS announces Resignation of Ministry.



"Bless me!"

House of Commons, Thursday.—House seems to have been meeting all day. Began at three o'clock; Sitting suspended at half-past; resumed at 4'30; off again till nine; might have been continued indefinitely through night, till thunderstorm of unparalleled ferocity burst over Metropolis, and put an end to further manœuvring. "Bless me!" tremulously murmured Lord SALISBURY's Black Man, as a peal of thunder shook Clock Tower, and lighted up House of Lords with lurid flame, "if these are home politics, wish I'd stayed in far-off Ind."

At first gathering in Commons, parties changed sides. "The sheep to the right, the goats to the left," as WILLIAM FIELD, Esq., M.P., said, daintily crossing the floor.

This remark does not imply anything rude. Fact is FIELD, when at home in Dublin, holds lofty position of President of Irish Cattle-Traders' and Stock-Owners' Association. Similes from the stockyard come naturally to his lips. Promises to be acquisition to Parliamentary life. Is certainly lovely to look upon, with his flowing hair, his soft felt hat, the glossy black of his necktie contrasting with glossy white of his boundless shirt-front. Thought at first he was a poet; rather disappointing to find he's only a butcher. Whatever he be, he's refreshing to the eye, wearied with monotony of last Parliament.

Writs moved for new Elections consequent on acceptance of Office. Lobby seems full of new Whips, whom JACOBY grimly eyes. CAUSTON with unusually troubled look on manly brow. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Afraid you'll be chucked?"

"Oh, no!" he said; "Southwark's safe enough. But they're such doose of fellows down there. Remember at General Election one took me neat. After I had made speech to crowded meeting, lot of questions put. Answered them all satisfactorily. At last one fellow got up, asked me, in voice of thunder, 'Are you in favour of temperance?' Rather ticklish thing that, you know. As many

against it as for it. Looked all round the room; seemed remarkably decent lot; the man who was heckling me a little rubicund as to the nose; but that might be indigestion. Anyhow, felt unless I could satisfy him, I'd lose his vote. 'Are you in favour of temperance?' he roared again. 'Yes, I am,' I said, heartily. 'Then I ain't!' he roared back; and stamped his way out of the room. That's the sort of fellows they are down at Southwark. Never know where you have 'em. Generally turns out they have you."

Business done.—Thunderstorm and Prorogation.

THE BUILDER AND THE ARCHITECT.

THE sun was shining on the fog,
Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
The London day look bright—
And yet it seemed as though it
were

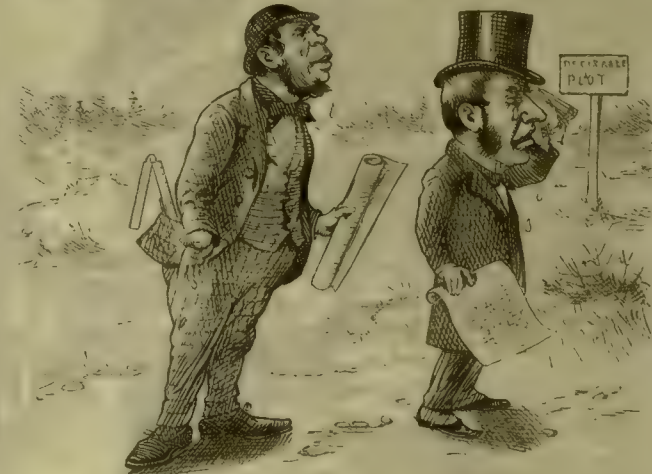
The middle of the night.

The Builder and the Architect
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such eligible land:

"If this were only built upon,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

The Builder and the Architect
Went on a year or so [ground
Building damp villas on damp
Conveniently low:
And still some little houses stood
Quite empty in the row.

"I cannot think," the Builder
said,
"Why people should complain
Of mortar made of mud from roads,
Or roofs that let in rain,
Or sewer-gas that comes from an
Unventilated drain."



"Oh, Tenants, come and live
with us!"

The Builder did entreat,
"And take a little villa in
This countrified retreat,
Where stand straight rows of
houses,
So very new and neat!"

The elder Tenants looked at him,
But never a word said they;
The elder Tenants winked their
eyes,

As though they meant to say,
"Old birds, like we, are never
caught
By chaff in such a way."

But four young Tenants hurried
up,
Each eager to rent one;

Their looks were pale, their faces
white,
Like muffins underdone—
Which was not odd, because, you
know,
They never saw the sun.

"A fair return," the Builder said,
"Two hundred, say, per cent.,
Is all the profit that I want
On anything I've spent. [dear,
Now, if you're ready, Tenants
I'll take the quarter's rent."

"But not from us," the Tenants
said, "The houses are so new, [cried,
They've made us all so very ill
We don't know what to do."

"The County Court," the Builder
said, "Is very near to you."

"I tell you what," the Builder
said,

"I fear that I must seize
Your furniture, unless you pay;
So fork out, if you please."

And even he, in that damp air,
Began to cough and sneeze.
"Oh, Tenants," said the Architect,
"Just think what I have done,
Designing such æsthetic homes!"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd perished every one.

Under Consideration, August 21.

No appointment could be more appropriate and in accordance with the fitness of things than to make a GARDNER the new Minister of Agriculture. Of course it has been suggested that a Rural Dean should succeed to the vacant Chaplaincy.

NOT GOING AWAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Cookson Gaze, Q.C. Because MARIA votes East-bourne vulgar, and the girls (sorry now I sent them to that finishing-school at Clapham) laugh so consumedly whenever I open my mouth to address a native if we go to Trouville or Dinard.

C. Jumper. Because the Governor thinks three days in the year enough for anybody.

Eastend Dr. Because that fiver will just give little SALLY the breath of sea-air she wants, and she'll never make a good cure unless she has it.

Reg. Rake. Because wife says she shall certainly accompany me.

Barmaid. Because I've just been ill for a fortnight from overwork, and the Company say they can't give any more leave.

Eastend Clergyman (of any church). Because there are hundreds who want it more than I do, and I must help them to get a change first.

Major Hornblower. Because MACCRACKHOTT (the only man who has asked me) was in the smoking-room the night I was fool enough to tell that Snipe and Rhinoceros Story of PEYTON's in the first person.

Quiverful. Because there's another pair.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD CRICKETER'S TOMBSTONE.—"Out at 70."



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Obliging Country Butcher. "LET ME CUT IT INTO CUTLETS FOR YOU, MA'AM, —LEAVING JUST ENOUGH BONE FOR YOU TO HOLD 'EM BY, WHILE YOU'RE EATING 'EM!"

MUSICAL NOTES.

Popping a Question.—The *Daily News*, in its last week's "Music and Musicians," informs us that "Mr. CHAPPELL has now definitely decided that the season of Monday Popular Concerts shall this year commence on a Tuesday." Sure then it must be Mister O'CHAPPELL, the CHAPPELL by the hill-side, who arranges to have his first "Monday Pop" on a Tuesday? If he be going out shooting on his own native heath, his name O'CHAPPELL, then there's no reason why he shouldn't have his first pop on a Tuesday, only it couldn't be his Monday Pop, could it now? Or if he drinks Mr. P.'s health in Pommery '80 (*grand vin*), or let's say Poppery '80, he could do so on a Tuesday, only it would no longer be the "Monday Pop." That's all. Sure 'tis mighty confusing and upsets the week entirely. If Tuesday is to have all the Pop, what's to become of Monday? For further particulars inquire at the Pop-shop, Bond Street.

The next great Musical Event is at the Gloucester Festival—it is Dr. HUBERT PARRY "on the Job." This, though the work of a thoroughly English Composer, may yet be considered as an "Article de Parry."

"MARS IN OPPOSITION."—"Mother says I mustn't."

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

(Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of the Beautiful.)

First Extract.—Really an excellent notion to buy an estate, instead of picking up what Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING calls a "smeared thing." Got one, too, pretty cheap. Twenty miles from a railway station, but so much the better. RUSKIN hates railway stations, and so do I. Never can make them look picturesque. The Agent tells me my place is famous for its sunsets; also good moonlight effects on occasions. Pretty village, too, in the background. Altogether, most satisfactory. After all, Nature is much better than Art.

Second Extract.—Dullerton-on-the-Slush is a charming spot, but it has its drawbacks. Pretty, but damp. Fog interferes a good deal with the sunsets, and hides the moon at the wrong moment. Village deliciously out of repair. But tenants unreasonable. Offered to put up some red brick roofs for them, which would have looked charming, but they insist upon having slates. Wish they would consent to having a few cows in the fields, but they say they prefer pigstyes. Have consulted a builder and a gardener, and they think that they could "run up" a sty between them, and cover it over with shrubs. Tenants object. They say the pigs would not like it, and might eat the shrubs with fatal results. All this annoying, but still the view from my dining-room window charming. It reminds me not a little of CONSTABLE, LINNELL, not to say Old CROME.

Third Extract.—Further troubles. Tenants are really very disagreeable, and they have no feeling for Art. They have cut down a lot of ornamental trees, and they won't grow the right sort of crops,—I mean from a picturesque point of view. As agriculturists they may be all right, but that's not my point. I did not buy the estate to try how "roots" would thrive. Then they will burn

weeds, and hang out clothes to dry—clothes without any regard to contrast of colour. Eyesores meet me everywhere. I am really not sure whether I acted wisely in trusting to a House-agent instead of a Picture-dealer. "Pictures by Nature" are not as reliable as they should be.

Fourth Extract.—This is really too bad! A perambulating Circus has pitched its tent on the Village Green! When I say tent, I make a mistake; it is a beastly ugly iron thing, that looks simply hideous, and from the durable stoutness of its construction, it evidently is going to be a fixture for some time. My tenants support the Circus people, and my Agent tells me, that if I interfere, my life will be made a burden to me. It appears my tenants are "a very unruly lot when they are irritated." Pleasant!

Fifth Extract.—The Circus won't go. And now I find I can't get any of my rents. My agent tells me, that my tenants never would settle with their last landlord. Besides, they expect me to pay for the damage done to their dwellings by the floods. They say it was my fault, because I would put up a bank and plantation in my back garden. Only light in the general gloom is, the prospect my Agent holds out to me of getting rid of the property for me to another lover of the picturesque. Scarcely fair; but after all, or rather before all, must take care of Number One.

Last Extract.—Hurray! Sold my estate to another fellow. However, on looking over my accounts, I fancy I should have found it cheaper if, in the first instance, I had bought a chromo-lithograph!

EPITAPH.—An Alpinist Traveller sends us, on the "Bär" Hotel lately destroyed at Grindelwald, the following adapted and reversed quotation:—

"Good-bye to the Bär—
And it's meaning" we are!



"SUMMER VOLUPTAS."

Toby (sings). "MY BARQUE IS ON THE SEA!"

SONGS OUT OF SEASON.

No. I.—DISORGANISED.

STILL in London now you'll find me,
Still detained against my will;
And I wish, distinctly, mind me,
To accentuate the "still";
It's a sort of consolation,
As I sit, and fume, and frown,
That the greatest botheration
Of my life is out of town.

He who used to grind "*She Wore a
Wreath of Roses*" every day,
And "*Selections from Dinorah*,"
And—"Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay."

With his execrable smiling,
And exasperating din,
Must, I needs infer, be riling
Some one else with grind and grin.
He who seemed, in fact, delighted,
And a kiss—the fiend!—would blow,
When I got a bit excited,
And exclaimed "*Al Diavolo!*"
Who, with unabashed assurance,
Only beamed the more, and kissed,
If, incensed beyond endurance,
In his face I shook my fist.
He has earned his little outing,
This excruciating cove,
And his instrument is flouting
Bath, or Scarborough, or Hove.

For the moment I can get a
Peaceful interim, and free—
But he cherishes vendetta,
This Italian count, to me.

Yes! Perhaps, indeed, 'twere kinder,
Had he ne'er relaxed his track;
He'll return, that grinning grinder,
Reinvigorated, back!
Then, as I remarked before, a
Spell of doom for me remains,
With "*Selections from Dinorah*,"
And his other worse refrains.

WHY I DON'T GO OUT OF TOWN FOR THE
AUTUMN?—Because I've been pretty well
everywhere, but always quite well in London

THE GERMAN WATERS.

A PROMENADE with tongues alive
That every phrase of OLLENDORFF use ;
And "Luther's Hymn" at half-past five
To drag you from the arms of Morpheus ;
Fat Germans in their awful "Fracks,"
Pale Frenchmen, too, a bit *décolletée*,
And dapper Britons with attacks
Of livers and digestions faulty.

A garden fair with "Quellen" foul—
Ach, Himmel! How they taste those "Quel-
Then rolls and coffee, next a prowl [len"]!
Among the shops with JANE or ELLEN ;
The mid-day meal at *table d'hôte*,
All windows closed—a climate hellish !—
With dishes too crackjaw to quote,
And sometimes difficult to relish.

An afternoon of drowsy drives—
How these poor foreigners love driving
To places where, when one arrives, [ing] !—
There's nought for which it's worth arriv-
A "Belvedere"—like Primrose Hill,
A "Gartenhaus," tobacco-scented ;
Yet there they smoke, and moon, and swill,
Quite adipose, and self-contented.

A "Kursaal," very large, and fine ;
A Theatre, small, and shabby-splendid ;
More beer, more music, ditto wine
(This latter can be much commended).
The Military (each salutes !)
With HANNCHEN on their arm or MARIE ;
I wonder where they get those boots—
I mean, of course, the Military.

Lawn-Tennis and an "English Club,"
Frequented now by Lords and Princes,
Where every snobbling likes to rub
His elbows with a Peer, who winces ;
The tittle-tattle of the cliques,
Some half-proposals for our daughters—
Such is the life that makes for weeks
A fortune—for the German Waters !

CHOOSING HIS WORDS.

(Made in Germany.)

ACCORDING to the *Hochliche Zeitung*, His Imperial Majesty said that although the sky was apparently cloudless, the atmosphere might be charged with electricity. He knew what that electricity denoted. There were thunderbolts in the clouds and thunderbolts on earth. Those on earth meant war and invasion. He warned those who threatened the Fatherland, that there were a million

of swords ready to spring forth from a million of scabbards. It was well enough to be neighbourly when those who lived in your vicinity were benevolently inclined. But when they showed a disposition to be offensive, then it was necessary to sharpen your swords and keep your powder dry. They had already con-



Nose everything.

quered France, and were not afraid of Russia. Besides, the Army contained young soldiers who would be the better for a real campaign. He himself had no objection to visiting Paris and St. Petersburg, as a German Emperor should—at the head of a German Army. Still he might again remark, it was splendid weather, he saw nothing but blue sky.

According to the *Nichtgeboren Zeitung*, His Imperial Majesty said that, although



BRIC À BRAC.

Lady Cressus. "OH, WHAT A SWEET TABLE! WHERE DID YOU GET IT, MY DEAR? OH, I SEE HERE'S THE MAN'S CARD." (Spelling the label.) "'TABLE—LOUIS QUINZE.' LOUIS QUINZEY! WHAT A HORRID NAME! AND WHY HASN'T HE PUT HIS ADDRESS!"

the sky was apparently cloudless, he recognised dangers a-head. He was willing to put himself forward as the Leader of the toilers. It was their duty to secure the best possible constitution, and then to force that constitution upon all neighbouring people. If needs be, at the point of the bayonet. He was not an alarmist, and said exactly what he meant. He had no wish to beat about the bush. War was the Hand-servant of Peace, and the sooner that servant came back the better. He did not wish to threaten, but he told Russia and France that Germany was ready to begin, when and where they chose to meet him. But he might again remark it

was splendid weather, and he saw nothing but blue sky.

Authorized Version (all others declared to be misleading and inaccurate).—His Imperial Majesty merely observed that it was a fine day.

ON BOARD A YACHT.—The conversation at lunch-time had turned on recent publications. A learned Theban from Oxford inquired of the Skipper, if he had seen the "*Rig-Veda*." "What sort of Rig's that?" asked the Skipper, a bit puzzled. But the Oxonian wisely declined a rigmorole explanation, and told him that all further inquiries must be made to Professor MAX MÜLLER.

FEELING THEIR WAY.

(A Study in the Art of Genteel Conversation.)

SCENE—The Drawin'-room of a Margate Hotel. Time—evening.

Mrs. ARDLEIGH (of Balham), and Mrs. ALLBUTT (of Brondesbury), are discovered in the midst of a conversation, in which each is anxious both to impress the other, and ascertain how far she is a person to be cultivated. At present, they have not got beyond the discovery of a common bond in Cookery.

Mrs. Allbutt. You have the yolks of two eggs, I must tell you; squeeze the juice of half a lemon into it, and, when you boil the butter in the pan, make a paste of it with dry flour.

Mrs. Ardleigh. It sounds delicious—but you never can trust a Cook to carry out instructions exactly.

Mrs. All. I never do. Whenever I want to have anything specially nice for my husband, I make a point of seeing to it myself. He appreciates it. Now some men, if you cook for them, never notice whether it's you or the Cook. My husband does.

Mrs. Ard. I wonder how you find time to do it. I'm sure I should never—

Mrs. All. Oh, it takes time, of course—but what does that matter when you've nothing to do? Did I mention just a small pinch of Cayenne pepper?—because that's a great improvement!

Mrs. Ard. I tell you what I like Cayenne pepper with, better than anything—and that's eggs.

Mrs. All. (with elegant languor). I hardly ever eat an egg. Oysters, now, I'm very fond of—fried, that is.

Mrs. Ard. They're very nice done in the real shells. Or on scallops. We have silver—or rather—(with a magnanimous impulse to tone down her splendour), silver-plated ones.

Mrs. All. How funny—so have we! (Both women feel an increase of liking for one another.) I like them cooked in milk, too.

[The first barrier being satisfactorily passed, they proceeded, as usual, to the subject of ailments.]

Mrs. Ard. My doctor does do me good, I must say—he never lets me get ill. He just sees your liver's all right, and then he feeds you up.

Mrs. All. That's like my doctor; he always tells me, if he didn't keep on constantly building me up, I should go all to pieces in no time. That's how I come to be here. I always run down at the end of every Season.

Mrs. Ard. (feeling that Mrs. ALLBUTT can't be "anybody very particular" after all). What—to Margate? Fancy! Don't you find you get tired of it? I should.

Mrs. All. (with dignity). I didn't say I always went to Margate. On the contrary I have never been here before, and shouldn't be here now, if my doctor hadn't told me it was my only chance.

Mrs. Ard. (reassured). I only came down here on my little girl's account. One of those nasty croopy coughs, you know, and hoops with it. But she's almost well already. I will say it's a wonderful air. Still, the worst of Margate is, one isn't likely to meet a soul one knows!

Mrs. All. Well, that's the charm of it—to me. One has enough of that during the Season.

Mrs. Ard. (recognising the superiority of this view). Indeed one has. What a whirl it has been to be sure!

Mrs. All. The Season? Why, I never remember one with so little doing. Most of the best houses closed—hardly a single really smart party—one or two weddings—and that's positively all!

Mrs. Ard. (slightly crushed, in spite of a conviction that—socially speaking—Balham has been rather more brilliant than usual this year).

Yes, that's very true. I suppose the Elections have put a stop to most things?

Mrs. All. There never was much going on. I should rather have said it was Marlborough House being shut up that made everything so dull from the first.

Mrs. Ard. Ah, (that does make such a difference, doesn't it? (She feels she must make an effort to recover lost ground.) I fully expected to be at Homburg this year.

Mrs. All. Then you would have met Lady NEURALINE MENTHOL. She was ordered there, I happen to know.

Mrs. Ard. Really, you don't say so? Lady NEURALINE. Well, that's the first I've heard of it. (It is also the first time she has heard of HER, but she trusts to be spared so humiliating an admission.)

Mrs. All. It's a fact, I can assure you. You know her, perhaps?

Mrs. Ard. (who would dearly like to say she does, if she only dared). Well, I can hardly say I exactly know her. I know of her. I've met her about, and so on. (She tells herself this is quite as likely to be true as not.)

Mrs. All. (who, of course, does not know Lady NEURALINE either).

Ah, she is a most delightful person—requires knowing, don't you know.

Mrs. Ard. So many in her position do, don't they? (So far as she is concerned—they ALL do). You'd think it was haughtiness—but it's really only manner.

Mrs. All. (feeling that she can go ahead with safety now). I have never found anything of that sort in Lady NEURALINE myself (which is perfectly true). She's rather odd and flighty, but quite a dear. By the way, how sad it is about those poor dear CHUTNEYS—the Countess, don't you know!

Mrs. Ard. Ah (as if she knew all the rest of the family), I don't know her at all.

Mrs. All. Such a sweet woman—but the trouble she's had with her eldest boy, Lord MANGO! He married quite beneath him, you know, some girl from the provinces—not a county-family girl even.

Mrs. Ard. (shocked). Dear, dear! not a county family!

Mrs. All. No; somebody quite common—I forget the name, but it was either GHERKIN or ONION, or something of that sort. I was told they had been in Chili a good while. Poor MANGO never had much taste, or he would never have got mixed up with such a set. Anyway, he's got himself into a terrible pickle. I hear Capsicums is actually to be sold to pay his debts.

Mrs. Ard. You don't say so! Capsicums! Gracious!

Mrs. All. Yes, isn't it a pity! Such a lovely old place as it was, too—the most comfortable house to stay at in all England; so beautifully warm! But it's dreadful to think of how the aristocracy are taking to marry out of their own set. Look at the Duke of DRAGNET—married a Miss DUCKWEED—goodness only knows where he picked her up! but he got entangled somehow, and now his people are trying to get rid of her. I see so many of these cases. Well, I'm afraid I must wish you good evening—it's my time for retiring. (Patronisingly.) I've quite enjoyed this conversation—such a pleasure in a place like this to come across a congenial companion!

Mrs. Ard. (fluttered and flattered). I'm sure you're exceedingly kind to say so, and I can say the same for myself. I hope we may become better acquainted. (To herself, after Mrs. ALLBUTT has departed.) I've quite taken to that woman—she's so thoroughly the lady, and moves in very high society, too. You can tell that from the way she talks. What's that paper on the table? (She picks up a journal in a coloured wrapper.) Society Snippets, the Organ of the Upper Ten. One Penny. The very thing I wanted. It's such a comfort to know who's who. (She opens it and reads sundry paragraphs headed "Through the Keyhole.") Now how funny this is! Here's the very same thing about the dulness of



"Dear, dear! not a county family!"

the Season that she said. That shows she must be really in it. And a note about Lady NEURALINE being about to recruit at Homburg. And another about her reputation for eccentricity, and her "sweetness to the select few privileged to be her intimates." And here's all about Lord MANGO, and what a pleasant house Capsicum is, and his marriage, and the Duke of DRAGNET's too. Her information was very correct, I must say! (*A light begins to break in upon her.*) I wonder whether—but there—people of her sort wouldn't require to read the papers for such things.

(*Here the door opens, and Mrs. ALLBUTT appears, in some embarrassment.*)

Mrs. All. (*scrutinising the tables*). Oh, it's nothing. I thought I'd left something of mine here; it was only a paper—I see I was mistaken, don't trouble.

Mrs. Ard. (*producing Society Snippets*). I expect it will be this. (*Mrs. ALLBUTT's face reveals her ownership.*) I took it up, not knowing it was yours. (*Meaningly.*) It has some highly interesting information, I see.

Mrs. All. (*slightly demoralised*). Oh, has it? I—I've not had time to glance at it yet. Pray don't let me deprive you of it. I dare say there's very little in it I don't know already.

Mrs. Ard. So I should have thought. (*To herself, after Mrs. ALLBUTT has retired in disorder.*) Fancy that woman trying to take me in like that, and no more in Society than I am—if so much! However, I've found her out before going too far—luckily. And I've a good mind to take in this *Society Snippets* myself—it certainly does improve one's conversation. She won't have it *all* her own way next time!

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

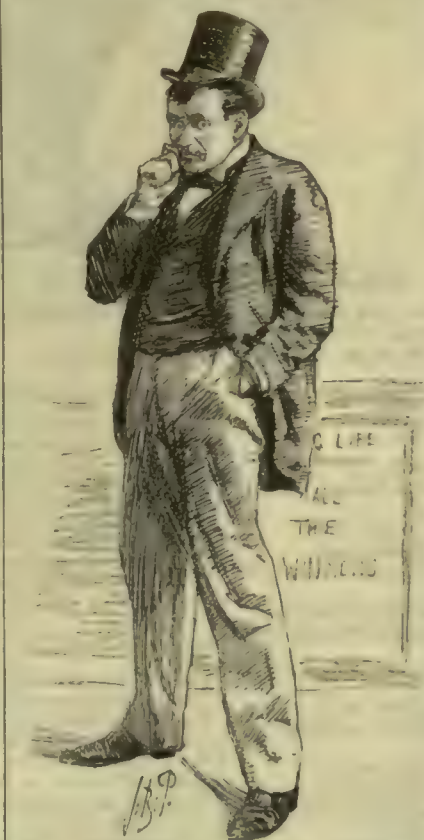
No. IX.—"IN THE MORNING."

THE Music-hall Muse, if not exactly impeccable moral, is, at least, good at moralising. Not only to toppers, Totties, larky Benedicts and spreeish servant-maids, is there pregnant meaning in the warning words "But oh! what a difference in the morning!!!" As may thus—*pace* "NORTON ATKINS" and "FELIX MCGLENNON"—be made manifest:—

AIR—"In the Morning!"

I'd sing of the singular triumphs we see,
At night, at night!
In Politics, Pleasure, Love, Art, L. S. D.,
At night, at night!
The "Johnnies" of Sport and the "Oof-birds" of Cash,
The Statesmen who shine, and the Beauties who mash,
Are in champagne spirits and out quite a dash,
At night, at night!
But oh! don't their hearts ache,
In the morning?
Then cometh disillusion and self-scorning.
Things look their natural size
Unto hot awaking eyes,
For no gingerbread is gilded,
In the morning!
A Premier potent may perorate free,
At night, at night!
And pretty Primrosers will shout and agree,
At night, at night!
He'll say those brave Orangemen Home Rule will quash,
He'll hint that raised Tariffs trade rivals must smash,
And his eloquence sounds neither rabid nor rash,
At night, at night!
But oh! what a difference
In the morning!
He vows he merely meant a friendly warning,
But fuss and fad 'twill boom,
And his colleagues growl with gloom
O'er the "Times" upon their tables,
In the morning!
Observe what the Specials call "News of the Day"
At night, at night!
The Dalziel Telegrams startle, and slay,
At night, at night!
There's war in the East, or the CZAR is laid low,
Financiers have failed—Fifty Millions or so!—
Or they've found Jack the Ripper in far Jericho,
At night, at night!
But oh, what a difference
In the morning!
Those Latest Wires were lies, small facts adorning.
"It is not as we stated,
For the cable's mutilated,"
And "we hear 'tis contradicted"
In the morning!

Regard the young Clerk who's been out for the day,
At night, at night!
First to the Derby, and then to the play,
At night, at night!
He "spotted a winner" at twenty to one,
His winnings will far more than pay for his fun;
He's happy, free-handed, and "sure as a gun,"
At night, at night!
But oh, what a difference
In the morning!



"He curses speculation in the morning!"
The bookie bolts, his "gaffer" gives him
He's not worth half-a-dollar, [warning,
His prospect's "out of collar,"
And he curses speculation
In the morning!
Behold the young playwright who hears his own piece,
At night, at night!
He thinks that (ironic) applause will ne'er cease,
At night, at night!
His "little one-act thing" is stodgy and slow,
[a glow,
But the Pit is good-natured, the youth's in
And he thinks—with some "cuts"—it will be "a great go,"
At night, at night!

But oh, what a difference
In the morning!
The critics call the thing "an awful warning,"
They "guy," and sneer, and scoff,
And his bantling's taken off,
"To make room for some old farce, Sir!"
In the morning!

TAKING THE OAT-CAKE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was very much interested in the statement I saw in the papers the other day, that the best preservatives of a Lady's complexion are—Oatmeal and Oranges! I at once began the diet, but have not succeeded very well at present. Porridge, even with milk and cream, and plenty of sugar, is such commonplace stuff, and one can't really be expected to eat oatmeal *raw*, though Scotch gamekeepers are said to do so. But then they are out in the open air all day, and I am not. Oranges are nice enough—but oh, Mr. Punch, what a lot of them one has to take before one feels as if one had had a meal! As I have stopped all other food, I am becoming rather weak. My complexion is, I think, improved—at all events, it is far less red or pink than it used to be—but I really haven't the strength to go out of doors to show it off. Even writing is a burden—so I will close, hoping that my experiences may benefit others who like to try the regimen.

LYDIA LANGUISH.

P.S.—My Doctor has just stopped the diet!

DEAR SIR,—We are sure that the Oatmeal-and-Orange prescription is an invaluable one for the complexion. We recently tried it on a Street Arab, and after one or two doses—accompanied by the employment of soap and water—he developed such a beautiful pink-and-white skin, that his parents failed to recognise him. This was unfortunate in one way, as he has now become chargeable on the rates. Talking of rates, we may mention that we supply finest Midlothian Campaign Oatmeal at a more reasonable figure than any other firm in the trade. Price-list on application.

Yours obediently,

Edinburgh.

McCANNY & Co.

SIR,—I am not less than fifty years' old, and marked with small-pox, and therefore I think that Oatmeal and Oranges would be sure to do my complexion good. As mine is perhaps a rather unusual case, I am trying the remedy in a peculiarly thorough way. I have an Oatmeal-bath twice a day, during which I suck six oranges. My breakfast consists of porridge and marmalade. I have engaged a policeman to knock at my front door three times every night, to wake me. I then sit up in bed and consume oat-cakes soaked in orange-juice. I also dress in yellow, and I have written to Belfast to ask if I can be admitted to an Orange Society there, but hitherto I have received no reply. You will, I think, agree with me that I am giving the new treatment a fair trial.

Yours truly,

TABITHA NUPKINS.



UNLUCKY COMPLIMENTS.

Shy but Susceptible Youth. "ER—COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THAT YOUNG LADY IS—SKETCHING?"

Affable Stranger. "SHE HAS THE MISFORTUNE TO BE MY WIFE!"

Shy but Susceptible One (desperately anxious to please, and losing all presence of mind). "OH—THE MISFORTUNE'S ENTIRELY YOURS, I'M SURE!"

THE RAMSGATE SANDS.

It's hey for the sands, for the jolly Ramsgate Sands,
Where the children shout and tumble, spade and bucket in their hands.

Where sandy castles rise in scores, I trow a man might float
A fleet of six-inch pleasure-skiffs on many a deep-dug moat.
Where, while the banjos discord make, the German bands make noise,

And nursemaids by the hundred shepherd flocks of girls and boys.
Where the boys tuck up their trousers, and the girls tuck up their frocks,
A paddling tribe who scorn their shoes and customary socks.

Ye loud-voiced men of cocoa-nuts, what is it that you say?
"Come try yer luck, roll, bowl, or pitch; the lydies stand 'alf-way."

One youth I saw who took his stand, a clerk of pith was he,
He shut one eye and aimed with care, then let the ball fly free.
Twice, thrice, nay, thirty times he flung, his BETSY standing by,
And scornfully advising him to close his other eye.
Yet, when at last he had to own he could not do the trick,
No solitary cocoa-nut had toppled from its stick.

Papa is in his glory here, that proud and happy man,
But in spite of all his efforts, he can't get coloured tan.
Yet every week-day morning, from ten o'clock till one,
He turns that British face of his unflinching to the sun.
Mamma she sits beside him; I overheard her say,
"Lor, Pa, you'll soon be brown as brown, you're not so red to-day."

But wives can't flatter tints away, and when he leaves the place,
I'd guarantee to light my pipe at Pa's tomato face.

A front-row stall I quick secured, a green and gandy bench,
And paid my humble penny to a very buxom wench.
The tide was running out amain, and slowly, bit by bit,
She moved her back seats forward till she left me in the pit.
Stout Mr. Biggs, the hair-dresser, the Bond-Street mould of form,
Sat next me with his family, and seemed to find it warm;

And, while admiring Mrs. B. hung on her Biggs's lips,
He favoured me, as is his wont, with all the sporting tips.

But the most delightful object I saw upon that shore
Was a ruddy-faced and chubby-legged philosopher of four.
Though his sisters capered round him, the sage refused to budge,
He continued quietly digging just as solemn as a judge;
And if he fell, as men may fall, he spurned their proffered aid,
But lay awhile and pondered, while he clutched his wooden spade;
Then, having thought some problem out, and found that life was vain,
He slowly raised his three-foot form, and set to work again.

And so the round of pleasure goes; a man could scarce believe
How swift the merry hours spin by from dewy morn to eve.
The goat-carts never want for fares fresh from their nurses' arms,
All day the patient donkeys bear some maid's or matron's charms.
The haughty ones may carp and sneer, we know their sorry style,
But we who revel on this shore can hear them with a smile.
We may be vulgar; what's the odds? We're cottage-folk, not
"Grands."

And our simple pleasures please us on the jolly Ramsgate Sands.

DRURIOLANUS'S NEXT.—*The Prodigal Daughter* is to be produced, when she's of proper age to come out, at Drury Lane. Who gave her that name? Is it her "*Pettitt nom*," or was it her Godfather, Sir DRURIOLANUS LE GRAND, or was it the joint effort of GRAND *et* PETTITT, so as to satisfy all comers Great and Small? *The Prodigal Son* has already served as the title of an Opera directly founded on the Scriptural parable of the Prodigal, and has recently been used as the title of the now famous *ballet d'action*. There was also a *Père Prodigus*—which the English schoolboy thought was French for an uncommonly big Marie Louise specimen; so there is justification and authority for bringing this new member of *The Prodigal* family before the Public. Having once started, there may be no end to the family of Prodigals. There will follow—*The Prodigal Aunt*, *The Prodigal Uncle*, *The Prodigal Second Cousin by First Husband's Marriage*, and so on, *ad infinitum*.



“THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY.”

MASTER LABBY (*to the Butler*). “WON’T GIVE ME A SITUATION, WON’T YER? THEN I’LL BREAK YER WINDOWS! YA-AH!!”

THE LAND OF THE (RATHER TOO) FREE.

SCENE—The Landing-Stage of an English Port.

Custom-House Officer (through an interpreter). Do you speak English?
 Emigrant (ditto). No.
 Cust.-H. Off. (as before). Have you any money?
 Emi. (ditto). Not a kopeck.
 Cust.-H. Off. Where do you come from?
 Emi. Polish Russia.
 Cust.-H. Off. Have you any family?
 Emi. A sick wife and eight sick children.
 Cust.-H. Off. Do any of you know a trade?
 Emi. None of us.
 Cust.-H. Off. Are you well enough to work?
 Emi. No.
 Cust.-H. Off. Have you any friends in England?
 Emi. Don't know a soul.
 Cust.-H. Off. Have you any luggage?
 Emi. Only the Cholera!

A COMPENDIOUSLY GRAMMATICAL TREE.—
 A Yew Tree. First it may be a 'Igh Tree, but it is a Yew Tree. It is either a He Tree or a She Tree. If small, it represents the first person plural by being a "Wee Tree;" the second person plural is the Manager and Manageress of the Haymarket, "Ye Trees;" and the third person plural would be expressed by a Devonshire Gardener indicating this talented couple as "They Trees."

TEE, TEE, ONLY TEE!

(Song of the Golf Enthusiast. After Thomas Moore.)



AIR—"Thee, thee, only thee."
 THE dawn of morn, the daylight's
 sinking,
 Shall find me on the Links, and think-
 ing
 Of Tee, Tee, only Tee!
 When rivals meet upon the ground,
 The Putting-green's a realm en-
 charmed,
 Nay, in Society's giddy round
 My soul, (like Tooting's thralls) is
 haunted
 By Tee, Tee, only Tee!
 For that at early morn I waken,
 And swiftly bolt my eggs and bacon,
 For Tee, Tee, only Tee!
 I'm game to start all in the dark
 To the Links hurrying—resting
 never.
 The Caddie yawns, but, like a lark,
 I halt not, heed not, hastening ever
 To Tee, Tee, only Tee!
 Of chilly fog I am no funkier,
 I'll brave the very biggest bunker
 For Tee, Tee, only Tee!
 A spell that nought on earth can break
 Holds me. Golf's charms can ne'er
 be spoken;
 But late I'll sleep, and early wake,
 Of loyalty be this my token,
 To Tee, Tee, only Tee!

INNS AND OUTS.

NO. II.—THE HEAD-WAITER.

I ENTITLE him as self-pronounced. If "Mr." is the Grand-Hôtel Jupiter, the Head-Waiter is its Mercury. Nothing modern is so versatile as the Head-Waiter. The first thing about the Head-Waiter is his cigars. These are covered with tinsel and colours: very gay—almost as gay as the Head-Waiter. They are of unpronounceable and unknown brands. They vary in price and size, but agree in flavour—liquorice, tempered by ink. Like the fabled fruit, they crumble to ashes in your mouth. If you are only a bird of passage, you will often find a box or so in your room. "Great opportunity—veritable Pestarens of Nockudaun—one whole box for a sovereign English," the Head-Waiter assures you. The memory of that man is astounding; he remembers all the numbers, all the wines, all the names, and all the Lady's-maids. For he is a bit of a *Leporello*, is the Head-Waiter.

After dinner, where he takes a dozen orders, makes a dozen recommendations, and tells a dozen lies at once, you may see him philandering by the Lake with MARY ANN, JEANETTE, and KLARA, all jealous, and all adoring, teaching each the language of the other, and all the art of love. I have often envied him. The Head-Waiter's life is a "happy one." He is ubiquitous; Egypt, The Riviera, Switzerland, and Italy, see him by turns; in each he has a white waistcoat, of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might be proud, infinite occupation, and infinite diversion; his nimbleness, his light-heartedness, his languages, and his cigars, are inexhaustible.

How we besiege him in the morning! "Luncheon, ADOLF, for a party of seven, in a basket—a nice basket, you know—and don't forget the corkscrew." "Yes, yes, I know—and you take the bottle-bier—it is much better nor the warne. Ha! Ha!" What a laugh!—a roguish, child-like merriment of a Greek-godlike character—or want of it. Old Ladies talk to him quite trustingly at first sight; it's "ADOLF, have you such a thing as a bottle of gum—gummi, gum, you understand"; or, "Could you get me another cushion"? He can, and does. As for the children, they love him; he romps with them, and does conjuring tricks, and warbles innumerable songs. That man gets through more in one day

than the Prime Minister of England—and, between you and me, I believe he is fully as capable—and yet he finds time to write a letter to his old mother at Hamburg—I have seen him do it. Perhaps it was about the cigars! The only people who hate ADOLF are the

Under-Waiters; he rules them with a rod of iron, marshalling their heated battalions at *table d'hôte*, and plundering them of their sweethearts; if he breaks anything (hearts included), it is they who have to pay. It is ADOLF's only weakness—he is a bully to underlings of his own trade. But then he has been an Under-Waiter once himself, and suffering brutalises; however, he is outside the sphere of morality, and I could pardon him almost anything.

From time to time his fascinations induce an Englishman or Englishwoman to take this treasure home as a servant. But ADOLF in livery, and ADOLF with his magic order-book, are two very different people. Little things are missing; he becomes quarrelsome; the gipsy-spirit returns—and he is off again, blithe as ever, on his travels. "London very naice," he says, as you buy that infernal Pestarena; "Porebier, very naice; 'Ampton Court, very naice; I know dem, hein? But, is no sunshine, no air, no gaiety." And ADOLF cannot exist without sunshine, air, and gaiety. Also he prefers being his own master, which, as Head-Waiter, he practically is.

How insinuating he is about the food, "Some naice fishes? Dey was laiving dis morning." And then, how accommodating! I was once in the Grand Hôtel during the usual "exceptional season," when it rained uninterruptedly for a fortnight; the place was empty; "tristeful," as ADOLF styled it. The genius played billiards with me every day, and always won, though I rather fancy myself; and then how mindful he is of your individual bettings. "I gif you dis place by de window—to do you joy." he ejaculates. The simple creature, he is constantly trying to "make you please."

I always present ADOLF with ten shillings—five on arrival, and five on departure. This procures me many harmless little privileges; and when old Brown calls him an impertinent brute, I know that Brown and ten shillings are difficult to part.

There is nothing ADOLF will not do for you for a sovereign—but I cannot run to this; and yet this is the impression he has made.



"One whole box for a sovereign English."



A LITTLE VAGUE!

Affable Landlady (to her new Artist Lodger). "AND I SUPPOSE, SIR, YOU COMES FROM ABROAD?"
Foreign Lodger. "SO! I GOME VROM AUSTRIA."

A. L. "DO YOU HINDEED, SIR? FROM HOSTRIA! AH! NOW THAT'S WHERE THE HOSTRICHES COMES FROM, I SUPPOSE!!!"

AN OLD AND NEW PEER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Look here! I've done good service in my time, and no one likes to see himself deprived of an honoured title, or forced to take a back seat. I've been trodden under-foot over and over again—but I've borne it with fortitude, and never, never given way. Now, what do I hear? That a Gentleman, a Government Whip, for whom I have the highest esteem and respect, is now to assume the title which, by right of position, place, time, and prescription, belongs to me, and to me only. I can bear much, but, after so many years of devoted service, during which, with all my opportunities, I have never once made any attempt to leave my place to go higher up, or to go lower down, or, in either case, to go with the tide, I cannot, and, indeed, will not, yield my title to anyone, however good and useful to his Party he may have been, but proudly declaring myself as good as any "Sprig of Nobility," even as this one who cometh up as a Flower, I beg, protestingly, to remind the world at large that I am "*Nulli Secundus*," and *de facto et de jure*,

THE ONLY BATTERSEA PEER.

P.S.—Spell it with an "i" or "e," it's all one. If my "i" is put out, and "he" has got in instead, that's a mere quibble or quibble.

MEMBERS WE SHALL MISS.

OUR Old Parliamentary Artistic Hand been at it again; looking with eyesight blurred with sorrow on familiar forms of some Members stranded at General Election. Dis-membered, and, for some time at least, not to be re-membered. COWLEY LAMBERT always been a rover. Went Midland Circuit for short time, and having made the Circuit, made for home. Then he accomplished "A Trip to Cashmere and Ladāk." Opportunity now for varying itinerary, and making a "Trip to Ladāk and Cashmere." Must be moving

PULESTON seems quite pleased to find LLEWELLYN sitting there, all unconscious of his doom. PULESTON a little astonished himself when things went bad at Carnarvon. Only short time ago made Constable of Castle; thought P. C. PULESTON sure to come in at head of poll; but, "from information received," appears he didn't.



Cowley Lambert.

H. Campbell.

somewhere. Wrote himself down in *Dod* "a Progressive Conservative." Has now progressed out of sight of the Chair. This particular CAMPBELL is neither coming nor going. He's gone.



E. H. Llewellyn.

Sir J. H. Puleston.

Observe the eye of HAVELOCK-ALLAN on the alert. He cannot see behind his back, but instinctively knows there is an Irish Member in the vicinity. His teeth close, his moustache curls, his eyes glare. He once publicly, in course of debate, sat upon an Irish Member; not metaphorically, but physically. Irish Member, when he wriggled from under, appealed to SPEAKER on point of order. SPEAKER ruled proceeding decidedly out of order. "But I sat on him, TOBY, dear boy," HAVELOCK said, triumphantly; "and I shall retain the impression to end of my life."



THE GRAND OLD GARDENER.

"So will he," I observed, when HAVELOCK was safe out of hearing. He doesn't like retorts.



Sir H. Havelock-Allan.



A. A. Baumann.

The sketch of BAUMANN evidently taken at the moment he heard the announcement of poll at North Salford. Seems to have knocked him rather of a heap. Was known in House as Cupid's Bowman; a smart able, useful Member, whom we shall all be glad to see back again.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"OVER the Hills and far away!" follow yours faithfully CLEMENT SCOTT. This is the full title, and signed advice to the public given on the frontispiece of his little shilling book published by ECLINTON. It is dedicated to Sir EDWARD LAWSON—"right thing to do my boy!"—and appropriately so, as if the Baron's memory runneth not to the contrary, most if not all the articles in this author's little holiday-book have appeared at some time or other in the D. T., and do not suffer any D.T. rioration by being bound up together in this shilling volume. It tells of a visit to Hayling, where he picked up health, strength, and an aspirate, when he went there ailing; he



A Poppylar Writer in Poppy Land.

tells of Suffolk, where a branch of the Great Punchian Family is settled, known as The Suffolk Punches; he prattles of *Honeymoon Land*, where he met the man with seven wives, each of whom had a cat, and to each cat there was a kit, and to each wife a kit too, it is to be hoped, in the shape otherwise of a *trousseau*, and of many other pleasant restful places and refreshing jaunts he tells delightfully. "But of all the pleasant places in which his lines have fallen, commend me," quoth the Baron,—"and the lines he has written will send many to these pleasant places—(But O the Trippers!)—of all these give me the *Flower Farm at Holy Vale* and the *Valley of Ferns*." If the reader cannot go to all the sweet resorts herein mentioned, let him be induced by the first article to visit *Holy Vale*, and he will find CLEMENT SCOTT an admirable guide for "the Scilly Season." Of course

our NOT-YET-DUN-SCOTUS hath visited the Cyril-Flower-Farm on the Norfolk Coast. Advice: Stand not on the money—order of your going, but go at once, and stop there. As to money, remember your Uncle dwells in Poppy Land, quoth their true friend,

THE TRAVELLED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—A youthful shootist bought the Poppyland book because he thought that it would tell him all about where to go popping. Also a bashful suitor was misled by the title, hoping that in Poppy Land he would learn how to "Pop—the question." The Learned Author has not said one word about the "weasels that go pop," which, of course, are natives of Poppy Land.

"THE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE."

It surely sounds a pretty phrase,
Some pöesy for woe it wins,
Commemorating roundelays
And troubadours and mandolins:
We seem to view some minstrel-boy
Beside his shattered music-mute,
The shattered string, the ruined
joy—
The Rift within the Lute.

How swift the slip from tune to
twang! [did;
Sweets bitter grow, as aye they
For 'e'en the Roman poet sang
"Surgit amari aliquid."

Our pigmy worries
turn us grey;
And sorrows fierce
are less acute;
Our hearts are rid-
dled every day
With Rifts within
the Lute.

You envy FORTU-
NATUS—rich—
A charming bride
—subservient
friends.

To rival him were
something which
The dream of Awa-
rice transcends.

That charming
bride a mother
owns

Whom FORTUNA-
TUS brands a
brute:

She mars his life's entrancing
tones—
His Rift within the Lute!

Then, PEREGRINE—he journeys
far;

Unshackled, he by toil's routine:
By turns he quaffs a samovar
Or sherbet, as he shifts his
scene.

"Strong as a horse!"—ah! there's
the string
That snaps asunder—"to re-
cruit."

He wanders, manufacturing
A Rift within his Lute.

And DULCINEA! What a life!
Adorning crowds, adornments
rare,

And many fain to call her wife,
And sue her smiles in Belgrave
Square.

And yet her Fetch-and-carry
swears

He heard her, while he pressed
his suit,
Sigh, "Bored to desperation!"—
there's

A Rift within that Lute.

What need more trivial ills to
quote,
The freshly-furnished house
that shines,



The coxcomb's fashionable coat,
Both brushed and polished "to
the nines,"

Both yielding to some fatal flaw;
A crack; a fiend who plays the
flute;

Both, both examples of the law
Of Rift within the Lute.

Whate'er the dulcet instrument
We favour, still the lilt will
stop;

And with a gorgeous chalice blent
Off lurks the tiny poisoned
drop.

I'm not so spry myself to-night;
I'll try a dose of arrowroot.

You'll own that Indigestion's
quite
A Rift in any Lute!

"WALKER ART GALLERY."—Show commences this week at Liverpool. The WALKER was a Genius. But is this show all "Walker," or the genuine article? Has Mr. J. L. TOOLE, of *Walker, London*, anything to do with it? No doubt it's quite "O.K. WALKER, Liverpool."

POLITICAL PRIZE RING RIDDLE.—Why was the win of the Gladstonian Party at Newcastle like the triumph of a single-fisted pugilist over his two-handed opponent? Because the victory was achieved with one "MORLEY."

WHY I DON'T WRITE PLAYS.

(From the Common-place Book of a Novelist.)

BECAUSE it is so much pleasanter to read one's work than to hear it on the Stage.

Because Publishers are far more amiable to deal with than Actor-Managers.

Because "behind the scenes" is such a disappointing place—except in Novels.

Because why waste three weeks on writing a Play, when it takes only three years to compose a Novel?

Because Critics who send articles to Magazines inviting one to contribute to the Stage, have no right to dictate to us.

Because a fairly successful Novel means five hundred pounds, and a fairly successful Play yields as many thousands—why be influenced by mercenary motives?

Because all Novelists hire their pens in advance for years, and have no time left for outside labour.

And last, and (perhaps) not least, Why don't I send in a Play? Because I have tried to write one, and find I can't quite manage it!

ACCORDING to recent accounts, the attitude of the Salvation Army in Canada may be fairly described as "Revoltant."



EQUIVOCAL.

Rising Young Physician (who cured so many Patients in last year's Epidemic).
"NOT MUCH CHANCE OF MORE INFLUENZA IN ENGLAND THIS WINTER, I FANCY!"
His Wife. "LET US HOPE FOR THE BEST, DEAREST!"

A DIARY OF THE DEAD SEASON.

(Suggested by the Contents Bills.)

Monday.—First appearance of the Epidemic. Good bold line with reference to Russia. Not of sufficient importance to head the Bill, but still distinctly taking.

Tuesday.—Quite a feature. Centre of the Bill with sub-lines of "Horrible Disclosures," and "Painful Scenes." Becoming a boom. To be further developed to-morrow.

Wednesday.—Bill all "Epidemic." Even Cricket sacrificed to make room for it. "News from Abroad." "Horrors at Hamburg." No idea it would turn out so well. A perfect treasure-trove at this quiet season of the year!

Thursday.—Nothing but "Epidemic"—"Arrival in England"—"Precautions Everywhere." Let the boom go! It feeds itself! Nearly as good as a foreign war!

Friday.—Still "the Epidemic," but requires strengthening. "Spreading in the Provinces," but still, not like it was. Falling flat.

Saturday.—A good sensational Murder! The very thing for the Contents Bills. Exit "the Epidemic," until again wanted.

SONGS OF SOCIETY;

I.—INTRODUCTORY. TO MY LYRE.

[*"Smoothly written vers de Soci  t  , where a boudoir decorum is, or ought always to be, preserved; where sentiment never surges into passion, and where humour never overflows into boisterous merriment."*—*Frederick Locker's Preface to "Lyra Elegantiarum."*]

DEAR LYRE, your duty now you know!
If one would sing with grace and glow
Songs of Society,
One must not dream of fire, or length,
Or vivid touch, or virile strength,
Or great variety.

Among the Muses of Mayfair
A Bacchanal with unbound hair,
And loosened girdle,
Would be as purely out of place
As Atalanta in a race
O'er hedge or hurdle:

Our Muse, dear Lyra, must be trim,
Must not indulge in vagrant whim,
Of voice or vesture.
Boudoir decorum will allow
No gleaming eye, no glowing brow,
No ardent gesture.

Society, which is our theme,
Is like a well-conducted stream
Which calmly ripples.
We sing the World where no one feels
Too pungently, or hates, or steals,
Or loves, or tipples.

And should you hint that down below
The subtle siren all men know
Is hiding her face,

Our answer is: "That may be true,
But boudoir bards have nought to do
Save with the surface."



And therefore, though Society feel
The Proletariat's heavy heel
Its kibe approaching,

Some luxuries yet are left to sing,
The Opera-Box, the Row, the Ring,
And Golf, and Coaching.

Not e'en the Socialistic scare
The dandyish and the debonair
Has quite demolished;
Whilst Privilege hath still a purse,
There's yet a chance for flowing verse,
And periods polished.

If IBSEN, BELLAMY, and GEORGE,
Raise not the boudoir critic's gorgo
Beyond all bearing,
Light lyrics may aye not endure,
On social ills above her cure,
Below her caring?

Muse, with Society we may toy
Without impassioned grief or joy,
Or boisterous merriment;
May sing of Sorrow with a smile;
At least, it may be worth our while
To try the experiment.

QUITE THE TREBLE GLOUCESTER CHEESE!
—The Three Quires' Festival this week. Do the Three Quires appear in the Cathedral? If so, as each quire means twenty-four sheets, there'll be quite a "Surplice Stock."

CONTRIBUTION BY OUR OWN "MULEY HASSAN."—Puzzle—To find "three Single Gentlemen rolled into one?" Answer—Sir EVAN SMITH. Explanation—Sir, You, an' SMITH. [Exit MULEY HASSAN going to Bray.]

WHY ought a Quack's attendance on a patient to be gratis?—Because he is No-Fee-sician.



"LA-BOUCHE-RE(-NARD) ET LES RAISINS."



A MERE PREJUDICE.

Tourist. "I SEE YOU EMPLOY A GOOD MANY WOMEN ABOUT HERE, FARMER."

Farmer. "HAVE TO DO, HARVEST-TIME, SIR; BUT FOR MYSELF I MUCH PREFER MANUAL LABOUR!"

MORE REASONS FOR STOPPING IN TOWN.

Commodore Buncombe. Because I know those infernal Tentonniers, and — Chartrreuse jaune only makes me worse.

William Sikes. Because of the gross incompetence of my Counsel, and the ridiculous adverse prepossessions of the Jury at my recent appearance in public at the C. C. C.

McStinger. Because there's bonny braw air on the braes of Hampstead, and it costs but a bawbee to get intil it.

Fitz-Fluke. Because, since that awkward affair at the Roulette Club, my country invitations haven't come in.

Capel Courtney. Because those beastly bucket-shops have collared all our business.

Bumpshus, M.P. Because the Lords of the Treasury (shabby crew of place-hunters) declined to adopt my suggestion, and to place a trooper, thoroughly well found, victualled, and overhauled, at the disposal of any Members of the Lower House whose profound sense of duty, and of the importance of the Imperial Federation idea, impelled them to take a six-months' trip round the world at the nation's expense.

Theodore John Hook Straight. Because of the old trouble—"got a complaint in the chest."

PHILLIPOPOLIS.

Toper Major (over their third bottle of a Grand Vin). I shay, ol' f'ler, neksh year thinksh'll go see ex'bishun at Ph-Phipp—at Philip-poppo—



Toper Minor. I know, ol' f'ler. You mean Philipoppoppo—poppo— *Toper Major.* Thatsh it—shame place. Have 'nother bo'l! [They drink.]

"THE SPEECH OF MONKEYS."—Professor R. L. GARNER, who is a great hand at "getting his Monkey up" (he was naturally a bit annoyed at being, quite recently, accidentally prevented from giving his Monkey lecture), is about to commence operations by adapting the old song of "Let us be Happy Together" to Monkey Language, when it will re-appear as "Let us be Apey Together." It will be first given at Monkey Island on Thames.

CRICKETERS WHO OUGHT TO BE GOOD HANDS AT PLAYING A TIE.—"The Eleven of Notts."

UN-BROCKEN VOWS.

WALPURGIS Brocken Night at Crystal Palace last Thursday—Grand! Jupiter Pluvius suspended buckets, and celestial water-works rested awhile to make way for Terrestrial Fire-works. "Todgers's can do it when it likes," as all Martin-Chuzzlewitters know, and Brock can do it too when he likes. A propos of DICKENS' quotation above, it is on record that Mr. Pickwick was once addressed as "Old Fireworks." Where? When? and How? Mr. Pickwick, we are led to infer by the commentary thereon, somewhat objected to the term, unless our Pickwickian memory fail us—which is not improbable—but Mr. Brock would appropriate it to himself with pleasure, and be "proud o' the title" as the Living Skeleton said. Despite wind and weather, and contretemps generally, Brock has never broken faith with the public. "Facta non verba" is his motto: and "Facta" means (here) Fire-works.

"GREAT BRITAIN AND THE GILBERT ISLANDS."—Captain DAVIS of H.M. Screw Cruiser *Royalist*, on May 27, formally annexed "The Gilbert Islands." Where was SUL-LIVAN? Or is it that Sir ARTHUR, having been annexed as a Knight, was unable to interfere? Will D'OTLY CARTE explain?

THE MENAGERIE RACE.

SCENE—The terrace in front of Hauberk Hall, which the LARKSPURS have taken for the Summer. TIME—An August afternoon. Miss STELLA LARKSPUR—a young lady with great energy and a talent for organisation—has insisted upon all the Guests taking part in a Menagerie Race.

The Rev. Ninian Headnote, the Local Curate (to Mr. PLUMLEY DUFF—after uneasily regarding Miss STELLA, as she shakes up some pieces of folded paper in a hat). Can you give me any idea of the precise nature of this amusement—er—nothing resembling a gambling transaction, I suppose?—or I really—

Mr. Plumley Duff. Well, I'm given to understand that we shall each be expected to take an animal of some sort, and drive it along with a string tied to its leg. Sounds childish—to me.

The Curate (relieved). Oh, exactly, I see. Most entertaining, I'm sure! (He coos.) What wonderful ingenuity one sees in devising ever-fresh pastimes, do we not? Indeed, yes!

Miss Stella. There, I've shuffled all the animals now. (Presenting the hat.) Mr. HEADNOTE, will you draw first?

The Curate. Oh, really. Am I to take one of these? Charmed! (He draws.) Now I wonder what my fate— (Opening the paper.) The Monkey! (His face falls.) Is there a Monkey here? Dear me, how very interesting!

Dick Gatling (of H.M. Gunboat "Weasel"). Brought him over my last cruise from Colombo. No end of a jolly little beast—bites like the—like blazes, you know!

Miss Stella (to her Cousin). Now, Dick, I won't have you taking away poor Jaoko's character like that. He's only bitten BINNS—and, well, there was the gardener's boy—but I'm sure he teased him. You won't tease him, will you, Mr. HEADNOTE?

The Curate. I—I shouldn't dream of it, Miss STELLA,—on the contrary, I— (To himself.) Was it quite discreet to let myself be drawn into this? Shall I not risk lowering my office by publicly associating myself with a—a Monkey? I feel certain the Vicar would disapprove strongly.

Dick (to Colonel KEMPTON). Drawn your animal yet, Sir?

The Colonel (heatedly). Yes, I have—and I wish I'd kept out of this infernal tomfoolery. Why the mischief don't they leave a man in peace and quietness on a hot afternoon like this? Here am I, routed out of a comfortable seat to go and drive a confounded White Rabbit, Sir! Idiotic, I call it!

The Curate. Pardon me, Colonel KEMPTON; but if you object to the Rabbit, I would not at all mind undertaking it myself—and you could take my Monkey—

The Colonel. Thanks—but I won't deprive you. A Rabbit is quite responsibility enough for me!

The Curate (to himself, disappointed). He's afraid of a poor harmless Monkey—and he an Army man, too! But I don't see why I—

Miss Gussie Grissell. Oh, Mr. HEADNOTE, isn't it ridiculous! They've given me a Kitten! It makes me feel too absurdly young!

The Curate (eagerly). If you would prefer a—a more appropriate animal, there's a Monkey, which I am sure— (To himself, as Miss G. turns away indignantly). This Monkey doesn't seem very popular—there must be someone here who—I'll try the American Lady—they are generally eccentric. (To Mrs. HEBER K. BANGS.) I hope Fortune has been kind to you, Mrs. BANGS?

Mrs. Bangs. Well, I don't know; there are quadrupeds that can trot faster over the measured mile than a Tortoise, and that's my animal.

The Curate (with sympathy). Dear me! That is a trial, indeed, for you! But if you would prefer something rather more exciting, I should be most happy, I'm sure, to exchange my Monkey—

Dick Gatling (bustling up). Hallo, what's that? No, no, Mrs. BANGS—be true to your Tortoise. I tell you he's going to romp in—Æsop's tip, don't you know? I've backed you to win or a place. I say, what do you think I've drawn—the Mutton! Just my luck!

The Curate. DICK, just come this way a moment—I've a proposition to make; it's occurred to me that the Monkey would feel more—more at home with you, and, in short, I—

Mr. Plumley Duff (plaintively, to Miss CYNTHIA CHAFFERS). I shouldn't have minded any other animal—but to be paired off with a Goose!

Miss Chaffers (consolingly). You're better off than I am, at all events—I've got a Puppy!

Mr. Duff. Have you? (After a pause—sentimentally.) Happy Puppy!

Miss C. He'll be anything but a happy Puppy if he doesn't win.

Mr. Duff. Oh, but he's sure to. I know I would, if I was your Puppy!

Miss C. I'm not so sure of that. Don't they lodge objections, or something, for boring?

Mr. Funshawe. Can anybody inform me whether I'm expected to go and catch my Peacock? Because I'll be hanged if—

The Curate. Oh, Miss STELLA, it's all right—Mr. GATLING thinks that it would be better if he undertook the Monkey himself; so we've arranged to—

Miss Stella. Oh, nonsense, DICK! I can't have you taking advantage of Mr. HEADNOTE's good-nature like that. What's the use of drawing lots at all if you don't keep to them? Of course Mr. HEADNOTE will keep the Monkey.

[The unfortunate Curate accepts his lot with Christian resignation.]

Dick. Well, that's settled—but I say, STELLA, where's my Mutton's moorings—and what's to be the course?

Stella. The course is straight up the Avenue from the Lodge to the House, and I've told them to get all the beasts down there ready for us; so we'd better go at once.

THE START.

The Competitors. STELLA, my dear, mustn't Miss GRISSELL tell her kitten not to claw my Tortoise's head every time he pokes his poor nose out? It isn't fair, and it's damping all his enthusiasm!... Now, Colonel KEMPTON, it isn't the Puppy's fault—you know your Rabbit began it!... Hi, STELLA, hold on a bit, my Mutton wants to lie down. Mayn't I kick it up!... DUFF, old chap, your Goose is dragging her anchor again, back her engines a bit, or there'll be a foul... Miss STELLA, I—I really don't think this Monkey is quite well—his teeth are chattering in such a very... All right, padre, only his nasty temper—jerk the beggar's chain. More than that!

Chorus of Spectators at Lodge Gates. My word, I wonder what next the gentry'll be up to, I dew. Ain't Miss STELLA orderin' of 'en about! Now she's started 'en. They ain't not allowed to go 'ittin of 'en—got to go just wheeriver the animiles want. Lor, the guse is takin his genl'm'n in among the trees! Well, if iver I did! That their tartus gits along, don't he? Passon don't seem com'fable along o' that monkey. I'll back the young sailor gent—keeps that sheep wunnerful stiddy, he do. There's the hold peacock puttin' on a bust now. Well, well, these be fine doin's for 'Auberk 'All, and no mistake. Make old Sir HALBERD stare if he was 'ere, &c., &c.

The Colonel (wrathfully to his Rabbit, which will do nothing but run round and round him). Stop that, will you, you little fool. Do you want to trip me up! Of all the dashed nonsense I ever—!

Mrs. Bangs. My! Colonel, you do seem to have got hold of a prettysubordinate kind of a Rabbit, too!

The Colonel (looking round). Well, you aren't getting much pace out of your Tortoise either, if it comes to that!

Mrs. Bangs. He puts in most of his time in stoppages for rest and refreshment. I'm beginning to believe that old fable's a fraud. Anyway, it's my opinion this Tortoise isn't going to beat any hare—unless it's a jugged one.



"It makes me feel too absurdly young!"

Dick Gatling (in front, as his Sheep halts to crop the turf in a leisurely manner). We've not pulled up—only lying-to to take in supplies. We're going ahead directly. There, what did I tell you! Now she's tacking!

The Curate (in the rear). Poo' little Jacko, then—there, there, quietly now! Miss STELLA, what does it mean when it gibbers like that? (*Sotto voce.*) I wonder, if I let go the chain—

Mr. Duff (hauling his Goose towards Miss CHAFFERS). It's no use—I can't keep this beast from bolting off the course.

Miss C. Do keep it away from my Puppy, at all events. I know it will peck him, and he's perfectly happy licking my shoe—he's found out there's sugar-candy in the varnish.

Mr. Duff (solemnly). Yes, but I say, you know—that's all very well, but it's not making him race, is it? Now I am getting some running out of my Goose.

Miss C. Rather in-and-out-running, isn't it? (*Cries of distress from the rear.*) But what is the matter now? That poor dear Curate again!

The Curate (in agony). Here, I say, somebody! do help me! Miss STELLA, do speak to your monkey, please! It's jumped on my back, and it's pulling my hair—ow!

[*Most of the Competitors abandon their animals and rush to the rescue.*]

Dick Gatling (coming up later). Why on earth did you all jack up like that? You've missed a splendid finish! My Mutton was forging ahead like fun, when FANSHAW'S Peacock hoisted his snail, and drew alongside, and it was neck and neck. Only, as he had more neck than the Mutton, and stuck it out, he won by a beak. Look here, let's have it all over again!

[*But the Monkey being up a tree, and the Colonel having surreptitiously got rid of his Rabbit among the bracken, and the Tortoise having retired within his shell and firmly declined to come out again, sport is abandoned for the afternoon, to the scarcely disguised relief of the Curate, who is prevented from remaining to tea by the pressure of parish-work.*]

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

ONCE more I am back in my London "*pied-à-terre*"—(but how it can be a *pied-à-terre*, I don't quite know, considering it's a flat on the fourth floor!—*ridiculous* language French is to be sure!)—and very glad to get home again I assure you. I have spent the last few weeks in the Isle of Wight, which is a British Possession in the latitude of Spithead—(I don't know why Spithead should want any latitude, but it seems to take a good deal!)—sacred to Tourists, *Char-à-bancs*, and Pirates—the latter disguised as Lodging-letters!

While there we suffered severely from Regattas; which swarm in the Island at this season, and are hotly pursued by the visitors, with the deadly telescopes. I myself was bitten once by the Regatta Bacteria, and very painful it was. My friend, Baron VON HODGE-MANN, owner of the *Anglesea*, persuaded me to go on board for a race, and we travelled the whole thirty miles sitting at an angle of forty-five degrees, and singing the war-cry of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club!—



THE ONLY MAN IN ROTTEN ROW.

SCENE FROM THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

To the mast-head high we nail the Burge,*
When the north wind snores its dismal dirge!
In the trough of the sea with a mighty splurge,
The quiv'ring Yacht beats down the surge,
And weathers the Warner Light!

This experience having inspired me with courage, I indulged in another flight of daring which required all the *aplomb* of a leader of Fashion to carry out successfully; and, though few of the "smart" Ladies of my set habitually indulge in the habit. I am happy to think I am encouraging them in a healthy and amusing pastime, which, in the Summer, may in time even rival Lawn Tennis! However—not to beat about the bush any longer—(what an utterly absurd expression this is!—as if it could hurt the bush to beat it!—to say nothing of the difficulty of keeping a bush always handy to beat!)—it is time I told you what this great achievement of mine was—*I went paddling!* There!—the secret is out!—the Fashion is set!—the new Summer Amusement discovered! The Rules of the Game are being written, and will shortly be published under the title, "*Routledge's Etiquette of Paddling, for Ladies of Good Standing.*" I need hardly tell you that the first thing necessary is to find a secluded bay, and it is also advisable to collect a few children to take with you—(there are usually plenty left about on the beach from which you can make a selection)—as a sort of excuse;—no other implements are required for the game, in fact, superfluities are a nuisance and only get wet—thus equipped—the game can be played with freedom—(not from pebbles)—combined of course with propriety, and will be found amusing and invigorating—(quotation from the preface to the Book of Rules written by the eminent German Doctor, HERR SPLASHENWASSER—inventor of the Water-Cure.

The next Race meeting requiring attention takes place at Doncaster this week, and the most important race, I take it—at least, I don't take it—but the winner will—another senseless expression—is naturally the St. Leger, for which I make a poetic selection, which has cost me weeks of anxious thought, no "leger" task!—(French joke)—owing to the number of horses engaged, so few of which will run!

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

ST. LEGER SELECTION.

The best of the classic events of the year
We are told by the students of "form,"
Is a foregone conclusion, 'tis perfectly clear,
For the noble possessor of *Orme*.

* This should really be *Burge*, but then it wouldn't rhyme, and a Poet may drop a syllable, if he or she mayn't drop an H!



THE WOMAN THAT WAS!

Monsieur le Maréchal (who, during the Forties, was a dashing young Military Attaché at the French Embassy in London). "AH, DUCHESS, AND DO YOU REMEMBER ZE SO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY MARY GWENDOLEN VERE DE VERE, ZAT EVERYBODY VENT MAD ABOUT VEN I VAS IN ENGLAND! VEN I TINK OF 'ER, MY 'EART BEAT EVEN NOW!"

The Duchess (née Mary Gwendolen Vere de Vere). "OH YES, MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL, I REMEMBER HER ONLY TOO WELL!"

M. le Maréchal. "VAT 'AS BECAME OF 'ER, MADAME LA DUCHESSE?"

Her Grace (with a sigh). "ELLE N'EST PLUS!"

STUDIES IN THE NEW POETRY.

No. V.

It may be objected that *Mr. Punch's* fifth example does not strictly conform to the canons laid down by him in his prefatory remarks to No. I. *Mr. Punch* neither admits nor denies the charge. He is convinced, however, that those who do him the honour to read these Studies, might justly

complain if he failed to include in them an example of the work of a Poet who has shown our generation how rusticity and rhymes, cattle and Conservative convictions, peasants and patriotism, may be combined in verse. It is scarcely necessary to add that the author of the following magnificent piece is Mr. A-FR-D A-ST-N. Like others who might be named, he has not the honour to be an agricultural labourer; but no living man has sung at greater length

of rural life, and its simple joys. Many of his admirers have asserted that Britain ought to have more than one Laureate, and that Mr. A-FR-D A-ST-N ought to be among the number. Others are not prepared to go quite so far. They have been heard to complain that cows and trees, and woodmen and farms, and sheep and wains, and hay and turnips, do not necessarily suggest the highest happiness, and that it is not always dignified for an aspiring Poet to be led about helpless through the byeways of sense by those wilful, wanton playfellows, his rhymes. The two factions may be left to fight out their quarrel over the present example, which, by the way, is *not* taken from the collected edition of the Poet's works.

IS LUNCH WORTH LUNCHING?

(By A-fr-d A-st-n.)

Is Lunch worth lunching? Go, dyspeptic man,
Where in the meadows green the oxen munch.

Is it not true that since our land began
The horned ox hath given us steaks for lunch?

Steaks rump or otherwise, the prime sirloin,
Sauced with the stinging radish of the horse.
Beeves meditate and die; we pay our coin,
And though the food be often tough and coarse,

We eat it, we, through whose bold British veins
Bold British hearts drive bubbling British blood.

No true-born Briton, come what may, disdains
To eat the patient chewers of the cud.

Or seek the uplands, where of old Bo Peep
(So runs the tale) lost all her fleecy flocks;
There happy shepherds tend their grazing sheep
(Some men like mutton, some prefer the ox).

Ay, surely it would need a heart of flint
To watch the blithe lambs caper o'er the lea,
And, watching them, refrain from thoughts of mint,

Of new potatoes, and the sweet green pea.
Is Lunch worth lunching? The September sun

Makes answer "Yes;" no longer must thou lag.

Forth to the stubble, cynic; take thy gun,
And add the juicy partridge to thy bag.

Out in the fields the keen-eyed pigeons coo;
They fill their crops, and then away they fly.
Pigeons are sometimes passable in stew,
And always quite delicious in a pie.

Or pluck red-currants on some summer day,
Then take of raspberries an equal part,
Add cream and sugar—can mere words convey
The luscious joys of this delightful tart?

Is Lunch worth lunching? If such cates should fail,

Go out of country bread a solid hunch,
Pile on it cheese, wash down with country ale,
And, faring plainly, yet enjoy thy lunch.

Yea, this is truth, the lunch of knife and fork,
The pic-nic lunch, spread out upon the earth,

Lunches of beef, bread, mutton, veal, or pork,
All, all, without exception all, are worth!

NINETY-NINE OUT OF A HUNDRED CANDIDATES MUST BE "PILLED."—The Living of "Easington-with-Liverton, Yorkshire, worth £600 per annum," is vacant. Is it in the gift of the celebrated Dr. COCKLE? or of Dr. CARTER, of Little-Liverpill-Street fame?



"BACK!"

PLAYFUL HEIFERVESCENCE AT HAWARDEN.

[Mr. GLADSTONE met with an extraordinary adventure in Hawarden Park one day last week. A heifer, which had got loose, made for Mr. GLADSTONE as he was crossing the park, and knocked him down. Mr. GLADSTONE took refuge behind a tree. The heifer scampered off, and was subsequently shot.]



G. O. M. sings:—

How happy could I be with heifer,
If sure it were only her play.
Is't LABBY? or Labour? Together
In one? I'll get out of the way.
Singing (to myself)—With my tol de rol de
rol LABBY, &c.

She comes! On her horns she is playing
A tune with a flourish or two!

Latest.—After dinner, Mr. GLADSTONE fell asleep in his chair! He was seen to smile, although his repose seemed somewhat disturbed. Presently he was heard to murmur melodiously the words of the old song, slightly adapted to the most recent event,—“*Heifer of thee I'm fondly dreaming!*” Then a shudder ran through his frame as he pronounced softly a Latin sentence; it was “*Labor omnia vincit!*” Then he awoke.

No cow-herd am I, but my staying
To play second fiddle won't do.
Singing (to myself)—With my tol de rol
tol-e-rate LABBY, &c.

Don't chivey her! I would allot her
“Three acres,” and lots of sweet hay.
Alas! while I'm talking, they've shot her!
Well! heifers, like dogs, have their day!
Singing (to myself, as before)—With my tol
lol de rol-licking LABBY, &c.

SONGS OUT OF SEASON.

No. II.—KEW-RIOUS!

It's a pleasure worth the danger,
Deems your gorgeous DE LA PLUCHER,
To become the main arranger
Of a drive in your barouche;
And your Coachman, honest JOE too,
When approached thereon by JAMES,
Doesn't say exactly “no,” to
Such inviting little schemes.

JAMES has doffed them “‘orrid knee-
things;”

Plush gives way to tweed and socks;
And a hamper with the tea-things,
Fills his place upon the box;
With MARIA, JANIE, and HEMMA,
He is playing archest games,
And they're in the sweet dilemma,
Who shall make the most of JAMES.

MR. COACHMAN smokes his pipe on
His accustomed throne of pride,
And, through driving, keeps an eye 'pon
All the revellers inside.

MRS. COACHMAN there is seated;
Children twain are on her lapped,
Who alternately are treated,
And alternately are slapped.

While the painters haunt your mansion,
And you're “Hap” “The Halps” or
“Rhind,”

Your domestics find expansion
In diversions of the kind;
And on such a day as this is,
They will drink the health at Kew,
Of “The Master and the Missis,
And their bloomin' kerridge too!”

THE PALLIUM AND ARCHIEPISCOPAL OATH
CONTROVERSY IN THE “TIMES.”—No wonder
this is a very dry subject, when they've got
such a strong THURST-ON among them. Our
advice, by way of moistening it, is, “Drop it!”

“CLERGY FEES” (see “Times” Corre-
spondence).—Growl of the Archiepiscopal
Ogre & Co.:—

“Fee, fi, fo, fum!”

I smell the coin of a Clergyman!
Hath he fat glebe, be he ill-fee'd, ill-fed,
I'll grab his fees to butter my bread!”

A NIGHTLY CHEVALIER.

MUSIC-HALL Artists are not by any means “Fixed Stars.” During the evening they manage to accomplish the somewhat paradoxical-sounding feat of shining in the same parts, yet in different places and at different times, appearing everywhere with undiminished brilliancy. The Student of the Music-Hall Planetary system, has only by observation to ascertain the exact time and place of the appearance of his favourite bright particular Star, and then to pay his money, take his choice between sitting and standing, and like a true astronomer, he will—glass in hand, a strong glass too,—await the great event of the evening, calmly and contentedly.

If the Wirtuous Westender wandering down the Strand, after having on some previous nights exhausted the Pavilion and the elaborately gorgeous Variety Shows given at the Empire and Alhambra, seeks for awhile a resting-place wherein to enjoy his postprandial cigar, and be amused, if such an one will drop into the classic Tivoli, he will find excellent entertainment, that is as long as their present programme holds the field. The Holborn and the Oxford may delight him on other nights, for it seems that much the same Stars shine all around; but for the present, taking Tivoli as synonymous with Tibur, he may, with Horatian humour, say to himself (“himself” being not a bad audience as a rule):—

“Holborn Tibur amem ventosus, Tivoli Holborn,”

and he can then enter the Tivoli, now under the benign rule of that old Music Hall Hand, CAROLUS MORTONIUS, M.A., Magister Agens, while the experienced Mr. VERNON DOWSETT—“*Experientia Dowsett*”—manages the stage. Good as is the entire show, and especially good as is the performance of Mr. CHARLES GODFREY as an old Chelsea Pensioner recounting to several little Peterkins a

touching and heart-stirring tale of the Crimean War, yet for me, the Costermonger Songs of Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER are the great attraction. His now well-known “*Coster's Serenade*,” and his “*Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road*,” are supplemented by a song and dialogue about a Coster's son, a precocious little chap, about three years old, and “only that ‘igh, you know,” in whom his father takes so great a pride that it works his own temporary reformation. It is so natural as to be just on the borderland between farce and pathos, and recalls time past, when ROBSON played *The Porter's Knot*, and such-like pieces. Now what more do Music Halls want than what Mr. CHEVALIER gives them? This is the very essence of a dramatic sketch of character, given in just the time it takes to sing the song,—that is, about ten minutes, if as much. The compact orchestra, under the directorship of Mr. ASHER, discourses excellent accompaniments, and the music of the CHEVALIER's songs—composed, I believe, by himself—is not the least among the attractions. The CHEVALIER, who, as he takes more than one turn every evening, may be termed a Knight Errant, is certainly the Coster's Laureate and accepted Representative in the West; the mine, which is his own, is inexhaustible. He is a magician in his own peculiar line, and may write himself ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

“AL FRESCO,” the Lightning Artist, whose full name is “ALFRED FRESCO,” writes to suggest that the Alhambra under Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD's management should start a Rotten Row Galop and Kensington Gardens Quadrille to follow as in a series the highly successful *Serpentine Dance*.

NOVEL QUARTETTE.—At the next Hereford Festival there will be performed a concerted piece by four Short Horns.



STARTLING DISCOVERY ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST.

Young Tripper (on his first visit to the Sea, becoming suddenly conscious of the ebbing Tide). "Hi! BILL! JACK! T'WATTER BE A RUNNIN' OFF! BY GUM, LADS, BUT AI BET SHE'S BRUSSEN SOMEWHERE!"

THE POOR VIOLINIST.—An Episode, in the Style of Sterne.

"*Le Luthier de Crémone*," observed EUGENIUS, "is a pathetic story."
"Indeed, EUGENIUS," replied YORICK, "it is extremely touching. I protest I never read, or hear it, without emotion."

"The violin," pursued EUGENIUS, "most sensitive, and, as it were, soulful of human instruments, lends itself, with particular aptness, to the purposes of literary pathos."

"Dear Sensibility!" said I, "source inexhausted of all that is precious in our (poetical) joys, or costly in our (dramatic) sorrows!"

"It were well," continued YORICK, drily, "if it were also the source inexhausted of more that is quick in our sympathy, and practical in our beneficence. It is scarcely in the columns of the daily news-sheet that Sensibility usually seeks its much-sought stimulus. And yet but lately, in the corner of my paper, I encountered a piteous story that 'dear Sensibility' (had it been more romantically envired) might deliciously have luxuriated in. I protest 'twas as pathetic as those of MARIA LE FEVRE, or LA FLEUR. It was headed, 'Sad Death of a Well-known Violinist.'"

"Prithee, dear YORICK, let me hear it," cried EUGENIUS.

"'Twas but the prosaic report of a Coroner's Inquest," pursued YORICK. "Sensibility would probably have 'skipped' the sordid circumstance. 'FREDERICK MARTIN, aged seventy-two, a well-known Violinist, and Professor of Music, formerly a member of the orchestra of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's and Covent Garden Theatres,' found life too hard for him. That is all. 'The deceased, a bachelor.—Heaven help him!—' had of late been afflicted with deafness, which hindered his pursuit of his profession, and' (the witness an old friend feared) 'he was recently in straitened circumstances, but he was too proud and independent to ask or accept assistance.' The old friend, Mr. LEWIS CHAPUY, Comedian, had 'frequently offered him hospitalities, which he never accepted.' Offered him hospitalities! Worthy comedian! In faith, EUGENIUS, 'tis delicately worded. True 'Sensibility' here, supplemented by practical sympathy. Both, alas! unavailing. Somewhat of the doggedly independent spirit of the boot-rejecting Dr. JOHNSON in this poor deaf violinist apparently. Verily, EUGENIUS, the story requires but the 'decorative art' of the literary sentimentalist to make it moving, even to the modish. The ingeniously emotional historian of LA FLEUR would have made much of it."

"My gentle heart already bleeds with it," said I. "But the upshot, YORICK; the sequel, my friend?"

"'Tis short and simple," responded YORICK. "'The afflicted Violinist' occupied a room at 34, Compton Street, Brunswick Square, in which he lived alone. He suffered from lumbago, as well as from a proud spirit and a broken heart. He had a dread of 'coming to the Workhouse.' Spectral fear which haunts ever the sensitive and poverty-stricken! Unreasonable? Perhaps. But not the less agonising. What comfort may Political Economy and an admirable Poor Law yield to proud-spirited victims of poverty?"

"But surely," said I, "the compassion of the stranger would gladly have poured oil and wine into the wounds of his spirit—or into poor afflicted MARIA'S—had he only known."

"Doubtless," said YORICK. "But 'the great Sensorium of the World,' as—in 'mere pomp of words'—thou dost designate 'Dear Sensibility,' did not 'vibrate' to the case of this 'well-known Violinist'—until 'twas too late to vibrate to any useful purpose. He was 'found lying dead in his bed, fully dressed, with the exception of his hat and boots,' mute as the untouched strings of his own violin. 'He had died suddenly from syncope, or heart-failure.' Heart-failure, EUGENIUS. Doth not thy gentle heart fail at the thought? 'Dr. COLLEY found the body in an advanced stage of decomposition, and life had probably been extinct since the preceding Thursday night.' Prithee, Sir, is 'MARIA, sitting pensive under her poplar, more pathetic than this poor broken musician, dying alone, in his poverty and pride?"

"Indeed, no!" I responded, musingly.

"Those," continued YORICK, "who go, like the 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance,' in quest of melancholy adventures, need not to make deliberately 'Sentimental Journeys' through France, or Italy, or by forest or mountain, picturesque hamlet, or romantic stream. The purlieus of great cities amongst the poverty-stricken members of what it is usual to call the 'lower middle-classes,' will furnish multitudinous subjects for pensive thought, and—what were a whole world better—for practical benevolence. 'Tis too late, alas! to do aught for this dead Violinist, but were eyes and pen more sedulously and sympathetically employed about real, if sordid-seeming, in place of imaginary, if picturesque, woes, why verily, EUGENIUS, something more, perchance, might be done in such pitiful cases as that I have described to thee in non-journalistic language, than what was formally done by the Coroner's Jury, who—as they were bound to do, indeed—'returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony.'"



PUNCH'S PIC-NIC. THE PARLIAMENTARY MIRAGE.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XIII.—TO IRRITATION.

I HAVE just come home from my Club in a state bordering upon distraction. No great misfortune has happened to me, my dearest friend has not been black-balled, the Club bore has not had me in his unrelenting clutches. The waiters have been, as indeed they always are, civil and obliging, the excellent *chef* catered with his usual skill to my simple mid-day wants, my table companions were good-humoured, cheerful, and pleasantly cynical. What then, you may ask, has happened to shatter my nerves and impair my temper for the day? It is a simple matter, and I am almost ashamed to confess it openly. But I am encouraged by the fact that two eminently solid and, so far as I could see, perfectly unemotional gentlemen were as deeply pricked and worried by what happened as I was myself. To begin with, I do not admit that my nerves vibrate more easily than those of my fellow-men. I have never killed an organ-grinder, I am guiltless of the blood of a German band, I have even gone so far as to spare guards who asked for my railway-ticket after I had carefully wrapped myself up for a journey, and no tout-

After I had done with my luncheon, and had puffed a friendly cigar, I proceeded to that room in the Club which is specially dedicated to literature and silence. What a feast of multitudinous periodicals is there spread out, how brightly the variegated array of books from the circulating library attracts the leisurely, how dignified and awe-inspiring are the far-stretching ranks of accumulated volumes upon the shelves. And the carpet, how soft, and the chairs how comfortably easy. Into one of these chairs I sank with a religious novel (I merely mention the fact, whether for praise or blame I care not), and began to think deeply about various life-problems that have much distressed me. Why must men wear themselves out prematurely with labour? Why must we suffer? And why, granting the necessity for pain, should I occasionally sink under a toothache, while HARRISON, a blatant fellow with a red face and a loud voice, continues in a condition of robust and oppressive health? These speculations were not so painful and disturbing as might be supposed.

Indeed, they had a soothing effect. From the rhythmic breathing and the closed eyes of two other occupants of arm-chairs, I judged that they were similarly occupied in philosophic reflection. I was just composing myself to a bout of specially hard thinking, when, lo, the door opened, and in stepped Dr. FUSSELL!

Everybody, I take it, knows Dr. FUSSELL. He is a member of countless learned Societies. Over many of them he presides, to some he acts as secretary. He reads papers on abstruse questions connected with sanitation, he dashes with a kind of wild war-whoop into impassioned newspaper controversies on the component elements of a dust particle, or the civilisation of the Syro-Phoenicians. He is acute, dialectical, scornful and furious. He denounces those who oppose him as the meanest of mankind, he extols his supporters as the most illustrious and reasonable of all who have benefited the human race. In the Club he is always engaged in some investigation which keeps him continuously skipping from bookshelf to bookshelf, climbing up ladders to reach the highest shelves, rushing up and down stairs with sheaves of paper bulging in his coat-pockets, or stowed under his arms. He lays his top-hat on the table, and makes it a receptacle for reams of notes and volumes of projected essays. In a word, he is a human storm.

Well, in he came with his grey hair streaming over his forehead, and his eyes aflame. I knew in a moment that repose in his presence was out of the question, though I still sat on, hoping against hope. First, the Doctor bounded to the fire-place, seized the poker, and began to rummage the fire. It was a good fire, and had done nothing to deserve this punishment. I shifted on my seat; the two

other philosophers opened their eyes and frowned, and still Dr. FUSSELL continued to rummage. Now I knew, not only that that fire was being poked on an entirely wrong principle, but that I alone knew how it ought to be poked. My fingers itched, my whole body tingled with excitement. At last Dr. FUSSELL ceased. In a moment I was out of my seat and making a bee-line for the poker. I just managed to beat the other two by a short head, seized the poker, and relieved my soul by stirring the fire on strictly scientific principles. The others watched me hungrily. When I had finished, each of them took a short turn with the poker, and then we all returned, more or less appeased, to our seats.

But we had not done with the ineffable FUSSELL. By this time he was on the top of a step-ladder. Slowly he selected six tomes, and began his perilous descent. Our eyes were riveted upon him. Crash, bang! His arms were empty, and the unconscionable books fluttered and clattered to the floor. Slowly and ruefully did FUSSELL descend into the cloud of dust and gather his bruised treasures from the carpet. At last he heaped them on his table, and began to write. We hoped for peace, but it was not to be. A sudden thought struck him. He would sew his scattered leaves of MS. together. With dreadful deliberation he took needle and cotton from a little pocket housewife that he carried with him; and then began one of the most maddening performances I have ever watched. Carefully he held the needle to the light, carefully he wetted and trimmed his cotton to a point. And for ten stricken minutes we saw him miss the eye of the needle, sometimes by an inch, sometimes by a hair's breadth. It was a thrilling contest between obstinacy and evasiveness. I was fascinated by it. Every time, as the cotton neared the eye, my heart slowly ascended into my mouth, only to drop with a fatal swiftness into my boots as the triumphant needle scored another victory. I began to imitate FUSSELL's every movement. I threaded invisible needles by the gross with imperceptible cotton. I felt in my own breast all the ardour of the chase, all the bitter sorrow of repeated failures. My two companions in misfortune were similarly affected, and there we sat, three sane and ordinary men, feverishly going through all these itching movements with FUSSELL as our detested, but unconscious fugleman. The strain became too great. I sprang from my chair, "Sir," I said to the astonished FUSSELL, "permit me; I learnt the art of threading needles as a boy from an East End seamstress," and before he had time to protest, I had seized the offending instruments, and by a stroke of inspiration had passed the cotton through. Then without waiting to hear what FUSSELL might have to say, I flew



from the room. And here consequently I sit with my nerves shattered, and an untasted crumpet cooling on the tea-tray.

Am I singular? I think not. There are others whose mannerisms plague me too. For instance, TRUBERRY, whom I meet occasionally, has a wild and venomous habit of relating to be me his infinitesimal jokelets. That I could pardon. But when, having related one, he bursts, as he always does, into a helpless suffocation of purple laughter, the savage within me awakes and I murder TRUBERRY in fancy to an accompaniment of refined and protracted tortures. Once, as I helped him on with his overcoat, he joked and exploded. My fingers were horribly near his throat. But I mastered the impulse, and TRUBERRY will never know how near he was to destruction. And to make matters worse, he is one of the kindest and most considerably helpful of human beings. Oh, IRRITATION, IRRITATION, you have much to answer for. The fly in the ointment of the apothecary was a baby to you. *Avaunt, avaunt!* **DIODENES ROBINSON.**

THE VERY LATEST.—Mrs. RAM had a paragraph read to her from the *D. T.'s* "London Day by Day," recounting how the Archbishop of CANTERBURY when staying at Haddo House, had attended service in the parish Kirk, which conduct might have provoked High Churchmen to assail him for "bowing the knee in the House of Rimmon." Thinking it over afterwards, when she had muddled up the name in her usual fashion, our old friend Mrs. R. observed, with some humour, that she thought "the Archbishop had shown his good scents by going to the House of RIMMEL."

HEARING HIMSELF.

(Mysterious Mem. from a Hawarden Note-Book.)

EXCEEDINGLY kind and flattering of MAX MÜLLER! "I hope there are but few here present who have never enjoyed the privilege of listening to Mr. GLADSTONE." Ha! ha! He little thought there was one there who had not "enjoyed that privilege." Have enjoyed most privileges in my time, but never that of "hearing myself as others hear me"—more or less. "Unavoidable absence of Mr. GLADSTONE!" Ho! ho! Then my disguise was perfect. Get myself up as a Liberal Unionist, with wig and eye-glass. Not likely anybody would recognise me in that rig.

Rather enjoyed myself—and my paper, "Phœnician Elements in the Homeric Poems." Most seductive title! Such a popular touch about it! Think I shall have it printed as a "leaflet" for distribution among Workmen's Clubs and Radical Associations. Might conciliate those well-meaning but illogical Eight-Hour Men. Wonder if KEIR-HARDIE would like a copy. What more nicely calculated to cheer the scant leisure of Labour?

Funny to hear my own sinuous sentences coming back to me from mouth of another. Not quite sure MAX is so "fascinating in his voice, and so persuasive in his delivery" as—but no matter. Can't say—as MAX did—"I felt myself carried away, and convinced almost against my will." Not at all! Wonder what he meant by that? Why "against his will"? That's what Liberal Unionists, and other preposterous and illogical opponents of mine say in House, when they compliment me on my "eloquence," and then vote against me! Absurd! Wish they'd drop their compliments and vote straight.

"Small and exotic contribution" to Oriental Congress! Neat description of paper running to nearly four columns of Times. "Intense sentiment of nationality," which led the Greeks of later days to covet the title of Autochthones." Wonder if that reminded MAX, or anyone else, of another race with "an intense sentiment of nationality," and a passionate love of the land from which they sprang. Wonder whether, if Nationalists were to call themselves "Autochthones" instead of Home-Rulers, we should get along better? Must consult JUSTIN on this point. Should have to teach some of them to pronounce their new name, though. "Autochthones," spoken in wrath, with a rich brogue, after dinner, would, I should think, beat Phillippopolis, or "Ri' P'il, ti' li'l Isl'l" hollow.

Anax andrôn, too, might be useful. Say, as substitute for that everlasting G. O. M., of which I admit I'm heartily sick, Lord of Men! Not King of Men, of course. LARRY might kick at latter. "Nothing can be simpler than the meaning of the two words."

Exactly. Must get HARCOURT to popularise these. Applied to AGAMEMNON. Why not to "strong men" who live after AGAMEMNON? "Evidence from extraneous sources of connection between title of Anax andrôn and great Egyptian Empire." Aha! I may yet have to play the Anax andrôn in Egypt as before. Allegory—I mean Anax andrôn on banks of Nile! Good—and not a Malapropism, whatever WOLSELEY may say. "Title of Anax andrôn descendible" (good word, "descendible") "from father to son, and accorded in the poems to personages altogether secondary, viz., EUMÉLOS and EUPHRETES." Wonder what my EUMÉLOS—HERBERT—will say to that! Enjoyed it much whilst MAX was "mouthing out" (as Mrs. BROWNING says) my eulogy of that man of "Phœnician stamp,"

the "universal Odyseus," who expressed the many-sided, the all accomplished man; the polutropos, the polumētis, the tlemon, the polutlas, the polumekanos, the polikometis, the poluphron, the daiphron, the talasiphron. (What a peck of p's!) In battle never foiled! In council supreme! His oratory like the snow-flakes of the winter storm." Superbly representative Phœnician! "But over and above this universality of Odyseus in the arts of life, he bears the Phœnician stamp in what may be termed his craft." Aha! The "Old Parliamentary Hand" of his period plainly. Wonder if MAX thought of that! Hellas and Phœnicia combined! As a Statesman of classical culture, commercial instincts and craft, what a shining success Odyseus might have been in these days!

He went into the Cyclops' cave
To see what he could spy out;
He slew his oxen, stole his sheep,
And then he poked his eye out,

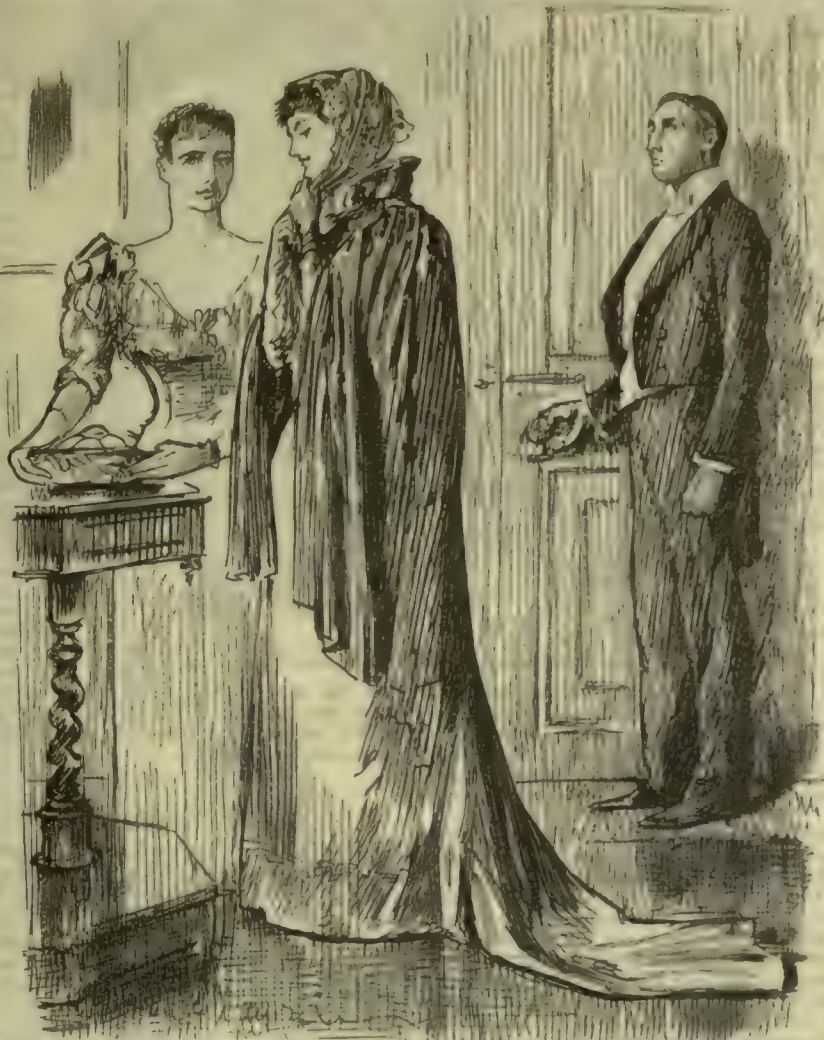
as the ribald doggerel-ist has it. Sounds a little "predatory," perhaps, as SALISBURY would say. But quite capable of being "spiritualised" into a sound Liberal policy, directed against the purblind Poluphemos of Property and Privilege.

On the whole, I had a high old time among

the Orientalists. But when discussion ensued, I longed to throw off my disguise and rush, Achilles-like, into the fray. But MAX might have thought that inconsistent with my "colossal humanity;" so, very unwillingly, I refrained.

UP ALOFT.—The most elevated title in the Peerage, and belonging to the uppermost part of the Upper House, is "Lord MOUNTGARRET." There can be but one higher, and that will have to be created in the person of a future "Lord TOPOCHIMNEPOT." Though, perhaps, the title of "Lord COWLEY," if it were altered into Lord CHIMNEPOT-COWL-Y, would be the highest of all.

ANGLICE-FRENCHIE EXCLAMATION (on any of the recent many shonery days when, after an interval of ten minutes, the next bucketful descended).—"Pour une autre fois!"



NATURE'S SECRETS.

"HERE ARE SOME NEW LAID EGGS FOR YOU, GEORGIE!"
"OH, THANKS! HOW NICE! I HAVEN'T SEEN A NEW LAID EGG FOR WEEKS! HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO GET THEM? OH, OF COURSE—YOU'VE GOT AN INCUBATOR!"

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INNS AND OUTS.

No. III.—THE PORTER.

I HAD intended to have written this week about "Loggosh"—including that mysterious canvass hand-box which contains all that a foreigner cares to carry about with him by day, and often pillows him when travelling by night; but the very mention of luggage brings me back to the Porter. I abominate him. I am "one who has suffered." So here goes!

"Imposing," best describes the Hôtel porter; a very Grand Hôtel has at least two of these impositions—the House Porter and the Omnibus Porter. The latter you only see twice in your Hôtel existence, but he is the most futile and the deadliest fraud of the two.

This Porter is part and parcel of that horrible deep-red-plush nuisance, the Hôtel-omnibus. He and it are inseparables, and make up a sort of Centaur between them. Once outside the Railway-station, I am besieged by a babel of these Porter-omnibuses—"Bear Hôtel, Sar;" "Grand Hôtel, Sor!"—This, from a very dilapidated specimen, which, on inspection, turns out to be "Grand Hôtel Du Lac;" a pirate porter-omnibus in fact; at last I find *The Grand Hôtel* vehicle, and functionary. The latter is of gigantic stature; quite a "chucker-out;" in a uniform between that of a German bandsman and a Salvation Captain—"Certinly, Sar. Dis Grand Hôtel; I see your Loggosh, Sar; gif me se empfangschein." "Do you speak English?" I retort—"Certinly; spik Inglesse—empfangschein!"—"Empfangschein" baffles me, and I am about to hand my keys to the monster, when a good-natured Courier explains that it signifies the luggage-receipt.

Away ambles the Porter, leaving me with that orphaned sort of feeling which a luggageless Englishman experiences; it is pouring cats and dogs; I am dead beat; I creep into the dark omnibus. I find myself quite alone. I wait impatiently—a quarter of an hour—twenty-five minutes—still no Porter; I am famished; to distract myself, I peer through the door, whence I can discern the messey vista of the railway-station in the rain; it's lucky I do so; for there I behold my own portmanteau, with its huge purple stripe, being hauled away on the back of a railway-man, followed by an alien Hotel Porter, *not mine*, doing nothing; they are always doing nothing. To rush out indignantly, seize my box, defy the brigands, and carry it back myself, seemed the work of an instant. Drenched and gasping, I find myself once more outside; the Porter of the Grand Hôtel Du Lac is at my heels, furious and impertinent. "Dis, *not* your loggosh: other shentleman's loggosh." He seized the portmanteau, and a struggle would certainly have ensued, when my own Hôtel Porter appeared on the scene triumphant, with a regiment of station-men carrying one small tin box. "What you do, Sar; see *here*, your loggosh!" The tin box belonged to a commercial-traveller, who was bound for the Hôtel Du Lac.

I am too exhausted to curse, and leave the rival Porters to fight it out themselves, after paying off the ragged regiment of Station-men. On the drive to the Hôtel, the Porter tries to propitiate me.

"Pity shentlemans like you, Sar, fetch de loggosh. I tell you, better leave it to me, Sar. You see, I get your loggosh. Dat bizley Porter of De Hôtel Du Lac, he change de empfangschein; but I sweep it from him, and bring to de 'Bus'"—"Bus" was good—and then he laughed!

I never saw the brute again until the time of my departure; I had taken a carriage to the Station this time, thinking thereby to avoid the Porter-omnibus. I had registered my traps myself, and was looking out for some one to carry them to the den in which

you are penned till the train arrives, when, lo! the chucker-out! smiling and bowing as if he had never seen me before—"Is better I retchistar de loggosh, Sar; pity shentlemans like you, Sar, retchistar de loggosh."



"Pity shentlemans like you, Sar, retchistar de loggosh."

who run may read. He is always offering to do something, and doing you instead. He is absolutely unnecessary, for there is seldom anyone in a Grand Hôtel to "chuck out," and this would be his only justification.

I turn on my heel with an imprecation which "Inglesse-spikers" understand. But he still waits there, smiling, and expecting to be tipped. Let him wait. So much for the Omnibus-Porter—at once the Gamp and Undertaker of my Grand Hôtel existence.

The House-Porter is of equal size, and equal uselessness. He sits in the hall, and always rises and salutes when you pass. If you want anything, he waits till you have got it, and then offers to procure it for you. If you ask to be called early, he chalks something on a slate, and you are safe not to be disturbed until you rise in your wrath and ring violently. Should you be in a town, and wish to secure theatre-tickets, he becomes more active; he implores you not to resort to "De Boxing Office, vare you pay premiums, you see;" but he has one or two left for sale. Should you be weak enough to yield, you will find that the worst seats at the highest prices are yours; and, if you remonstrate next day, he will sigh wearily, and remark,—"*Is acheslant places, Sar; but was Gala Night, you see.*"—an enigma, which those

THE "BLOWER" BURST UP!

THE "Blower" came down, like the braggart he was, And of winning the fight was peculiarly "poz;" And the voice of his backers was loud in their glee;—"We shall lick him in two rounds—or certainly three!"

Like the "Champion Slugger," in trunks of bright green, The "Big Fellow" at Eight fifty-two might be seen: Like a truculent Titan, blind, baffled, and blown, At Ten thirty-seven the brute was o'erthrown.

For CORBETT smote fiercely, and CORBETT fought fast, And the bullying bounder was beaten at last; And the cheeks of the coarse woman-puncher were chill, He rolled over, and struggled to rise, and lay still.

And there stood his foe with his nostrils all wide, And the shouts of his backers rolled on in their pride. The swells of the Ring and the stars of the Turf Surged round like the waves of the storm-beaten surf.

And there lay the "Blower," distorted and pale, With the blood on his brow where the blows fell like hail. His backers were silent, he lay there alone, His mawleys unlifted, his trumpet unblown.

And the "Sports" of the South are all loud in their wail. But *Punch*, who hates bullying brutes, can but hail That smart Californian's pluck, skill, and strength, Who has pricked the big SULLIVAN bladder—at length!

"FONS ET ORIGO."—As to London Water "seek Wells," that is if you wish to avoid unpleasant sequels. "*Don't leave Wells alone*" is our motto, meaning "Sir SPENCER" of that ilk, who has a deal worth hearing to say on this subject.



TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

Major Podmore. "CONGRATULATE YOU, DEAR BOY!"

Disappointed Cricketer. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN? BOWLED FIRST BALL—NEVER GOT A RUN!"

Major Podmore. "QUITE SO, DEAR BOY. BUT IN THIS HOT WEATHER—80° IN THE SHADE—SO MUCH BETTER, IF YOU CAN, TO TAKE THINGS COOLLY!"

A ROUNDABOUT RAMBLE.

(A Fact Founded on Fiction.)

THE sharp, bright little Traveller made his way to the Cabinet of M. CARNOT, and disturbed him at work.

"Do you know, M. Le Président," said he, "that the Russians are in secret treaty with the English, and the Russo-French Alliance is all nonsense—the most unreliable of broken reeds?"

"Well, no," replied CARNOT, "I have not heard anything of the sort; and, if anyone should be up in it—"

But the Traveller did not want to hear the rest, for he was once again on his road, telling everyone he met the disquieting intelligence, and, consequently, the French people were greatly troubled.

He was soon in Berlin. He did not ask for an interview with the KAISER, but took one.

"Your Royal and Imperial Majesty," said he, "are you aware that Italy is in secret accord with France, and that the Triple Alliance is a sham, and that the cry *A Berlin!* may be renewed at any moment?"

"Well, no," said the Emperor, "I have not heard this; and if anyone should know anything about it, I fancy—"

But the Traveller did not wait for the KAISER to finish the sentence, but was off again, telling everyone he met the disquieting intelligence. And, consequently, the German people were greatly troubled.

Then the Traveller obtained admission, in the same unceremonious fashion, to the apartment occupied by the Emperor of AUSTRIA.

"King of HUNGARY," said he, "are you aware that you cannot possibly rely upon your German neighbour, because the KAISER has a secret understanding with the CZAR, by which the Principalities will be included in Russian territory, and the Rhine secured from French invasion?"

"No, I have not heard it," was the answer; "and, if it had been the case, I imagine that—"

But again the Traveller left without waiting for the completion of the sentence, and went his way telling everyone he met the dis-

quieting intelligence. And consequently, the Austro-Hungarian peoples were greatly troubled.

And now the Traveller was in the presence of the Emperor of ALL THE RUSSIAS. Again he had obtained admission without the preliminary of an official introduction.

"Little Father," said the Traveller, "are you aware that your youthful relative in Berlin is coquetting with France and England, and you may find the whole of Europe marshalled against you?"

"Well, no I have not heard it," returned the CZAR; "and I really think—"

But the Traveller never learned what the CZAR really thought, for he was away before His Imperial Majesty had completed the sentence. And as he went away, after his usual fashion, he spread the disquieting intelligence, and consequently the Russian people were greatly troubled.

And now the Traveller was in Cairo. He presented himself before the KHEDEVE without waiting for the English adviser.

"Your Highness, do you know that the British Army of occupation is on the eve of departure?" said he.

"What, in spite of Lord ROSEBERRY going to the Foreign Office!" exclaimed the SULTAN's vassal, in a tone of considerable astonishment.

"Of course," replied the visitor. "Everything was settled long ago, and before Christmas there won't be a red-coat in Egypt!"

"Indeed," returned His Highness, "I certainly have not heard it, and I fancy—"

But the Traveller departed without ascertaining the drift of the KHEDEVE's fancies, and on his road, strictly according to precedent, spread the disquieting intelligence, and consequently the Egyptian people were greatly troubled.

And now the Traveller was once more back in London. He entered Capel Court and rested himself. He said nothing. It was unnecessary, for he was well known, and his stories had already been discounted.

"Ah, my little friend RUMOUR," said Mr. BULLDOZER; "you have come back again! And now you can rest for awhile, until we want you after the next account."

So RUMOUR is waiting in the Stock Exchange until he is wanted after the next account!

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XIV.—TO SWAGGER.

I APPROACH you with fear and trembling. Somewhere in the Cave of the Winds you have your home. The ancient Authors, to their discredit, make no mention of your existence there, but the fact is as I have stated it. The East wind blows into your gaping mouth, and forth you go, puffing and swelling with an alien importance, to do your hateful work. You hover over a second-rate Statesman, who has attracted the applause of a Party by an opportune speech, compiled by the industry of a humble Secretary. From that moment his nature changes. Though he may have been simple and beloved, yet, through you, he shall become pompous, and abhorred. His fellow-creatures are thenceforth mere material for his trampling feet; he swells into regions to which no criticism can reach; he covers himself in a triple hide of vanity, ostentation, and disdain; he hails himself continually as the unaided Saviour of his country, and dies in the odour of braggadocio, without a genuine friend to mourn his loss.

Or, again, you select some common, smug-faced Clergyman, capable, no doubt, if he were left alone, of guiding his flock quietly into the strait paths of goodness and humility. You turn him into a loud-voiced Clerical quack, vending his wretched patent medicines of salvation in a style of offensive denunciation that would have ruined a host of Dulcamaras, trained in the insinuating methods of the ordinary trade. But on this the Clergyman thrives, and weak women fall prostrate before his roaring insincerity.

Nor do you neglect the young. Heavens! I remember I was once favoured with the confidences of WILLIAM JOSKINS BACON, an Under-graduate, generally known to his intimates as "Side of Bacon." I shudder to recollect how that amazing creature discoursed to me about his popularity, his influence, his surprising deeds both of valour and of discretion. With one nod—and, as he spoke, he gave me an illustration of his Olympian method—he had awed his Head-master—a present ornament of the Bench of Bishops—into a terrified silence, from which he recovered only to bless the name of JOSKINS, and hold him up as a pattern to his schoolfellows. At a single phrase of scorn from those redoubtable lips, his College Tutor had withered into acquiescence, and had never dared to refuse him an *exeat* from that day forth. "I can't help pitying the beggar," said JOSKINS—"but I had to do it. You must make these fellows feel you're their master, or they'll never give you a moment's peace. Halloo!" he continued, as a brawny athlete sauntered into the room, "how's the boat going, BULLEN? Not very well, eh? Well, remember I'm ready to lend you a hand, and pull you through when things get desperate." The smile with which this offer was received had no effect upon my companion. He took it rather as a tribute to the subtle humour which, as he believed, lay lurking in his simplest utterances. "Always make 'em laugh," he observed, with pride. "It keeps up the spirits of these poor devils of rowing-men; and old BULLEN knows I'm all there when I'm wanted." But I had heard enough, and departed from him, feeling as though a steam-roller had passed over my moral nature, and flattened out my self-respect.

Then there was CHEPSTOWE, the poet. I am old enough to remember him; and it pleases me sometimes to call back to my mind this paltry and forgotten little literary *Bombastes*. As I write, I have before me some of the reviews that greeted his boisterous invasion of the regions of song. "Mr. CHEPSTOWE," said one, "has struck a note which is destined to vibrate so long as the English language is spoken in civilised lands. He is no ordinary rhymester, struggling feebly in the bonds of convention. With a bold and masterful on-rush, he cleaves his way unhesitatingly to the very heart of things, tears it out, and lays it, palpitating and bleeding, before the eyes of humanity. We have only space for a few lines from the magnificent *Ode to Actuality* :—

'Prone in the caverns of the vasty deep
I lay,
And slept not, though I seemed to sleep.
The day
Pierced not with sullen eyes of pallid scorn
The dark,
Unplumbed abyss, where, girt with red limbs torn,
The shark
Sported, and eyeless monsters crawled in slime—'

"No extract can, however, convey an adequate idea of this grand poem, on which, as on the bed rock, Mr. CHEPSTOWE's fame is established for ever. SHAKESPEARE himself might have been proud to have written it." I may remark, parenthetically, that in his "Ode" CHEPSTOWE pictured himself as a sort of animate skeleton :—

"Sockets where light once shone grinned emptiness;
The teeth
Were fallen from the gaping, gumless jaws; nathless
Beneath
The cold smooth skull, the brain retained her throne."

Amid these uncomfortable surroundings CHEPSTOWE described himself as penetrated with raptures of fierce joy at having shaken himself free from the world and its puling insincerities to dwell amid "Unpitying shapes of death's dread twin despair," where "Rapine and slaughter raged, and none rebuked." Another reviewer observed that "The soul of ARCHER's, the tavern-brawler's glorious victim, KIT MARLOWE, has taken again a habitation of clay. She speaks trumpet-tongued by the mouth of Mr. CHEPSTOWE. We note in these outpourings of dramatic passion an audacity, an energy, an enthusiasm, that are calculated to shake Peckham Rye to its centre, and make Balham tremble in its ridiculous carpet slippers. Who—to take only one example—but Mr. CHEPSTOWE or MARLOWE could have written thus of 'Rapture' ?—

'Not in the mouths of prating men who deem
That God dwells in the senseless clay they mould,
Who live their little lives and die their deaths,
Lapped in a smug respectability;
Who never dreamt of breaking puny laws
Formed for a puny race of grovellers;
But in the blood-stained track of flaming swords,
Wielded by knotty arms in Man's despite,
Or on the wings of crashing battle-balls,
Bone-shattering dealers of a thousand wounds,
The roaring heralds of indignant God,—
There rapture dwells, and there I too would dwell.'

Here is power that would furnish forth a whole legion of the poetasters who crawl through our effete literature!" But I cannot pursue these memories. They are too painful. For who speaks of CHEPSTOWE now? Who cares to cumber his bookshelves with the volumes in which this inflated arm-chair prophet of the tin pots delivered his shrieking message? His very name has flickered out; and when I spoke of him the other day, I was asked, by a person of some intelligence, if I referred to CHEPSTOWE who had just made 166 playing cricket for the Gentlemen against the Players. Not even the lion and the lizard keep his courts, and yet JAMSHYD CHEPSTOWE gloried and drank deep in his day. He blustered through many editions, he bellowed his contempt at a shrinking world, he outraged conventionality, he swung himself by the aid of newly-fashioned metres to lofty peaks of poetic daring, and to-day the dust lies thick upon his books, and his name is confounded with that of an eminent cricket-player!

My excellent SWAGGER, it was meanly done. If you meant to wipe him out so swiftly, why did you ever exalt him?

Farewell for a space. I may have to write to you again.

Yours, DIOGENES ROBINSON.

"USED UP."—Lord BRASSEY requested several papers last week to publish his denial as to having the finest collection of stamps in the world. His Lordship, it appears, "doesn't take the smallest interest in foreign stamps." Fortunate for Lord BRASSEY. There are some excellent people who can't get up any interest, or capital either, at all without a stamp of some sort. Lord BRASSEY wished it further known, that he was not a collector of curios, and had no curiosity of any kind. Lord BRASSEY must be a later edition of *L'Homme Blasé*, to whom the world was round like an indiarubber-ball and "nothing in it."

"IN NUBIBUS."—If the new Sky-signs with which we are threatened, *viz.*, advertisements reflected in the clouds, become the fashion, the aspect of the heavens by daylight will be as delightful and artistic as are the walls of our hoardings and Railway-stations. The anthem of "*The Heavens are Telling*" will have to be adapted for large towns. Perhaps pictures may be projected on the nebulous back-ground. If so, some of our best Artists may not object to taking a good sum, and then having their work "Sky'd."

PHANTASMA-GORE-IA!

Picturing the Various Modes of Melodramatic Murder. (By Our "Off-his"-Head Post.)

No. I.—THE DAGGER MURDER.

THEY stand alone on the moonlit spot,—
Sing Ho—ho! and Ha—ha! there!
One is the villain, and one is not,
But the heroine's father.

They stand alone on the patch of light
(Which comes from the left as well as
right)—

Oh, 'tis a glorious place and night
For a Murder Scene! Rather!

They talk of deeds (of the parchment
kind)—

Sing Ha—ha! and Ho—ho! there!
The heavy father, to reason blind,
Has them with him to show there!
The deeds relate to the old man's will;
The villain wants them to pay a bill!
The night is cold, and the night is still
Let the music be slow there!

They stand alone in the pale-green
light—

Sing Hey—hey! and he—he! there!
What is this flashing so keen and
bright?

What is this that I see there?
Oh! deed of darkness in light descried!
Oh! villain thrice damn'd that blade to
hide,

Right 'tween the arm on the farther side—
Certain death when it be there!

They're still alone on the moonlit spot—
Sing He—he! and Hey—hey! there!

Though one is Standing,* and one is not,
For one's cold as the clay there!



The villain covers the dead man's stare—
The corpse lies stiff in the limelight's
glare!

The act is done!—and for all I care,
The dead body can stay there!

* HERBERT.

TO MY LUGGAGE-LABELS.

WONDERFUL pictures of purple and gold,
Ultramarine, and vermilion, and bistre;
Splendid inscriptions of hostels untold,
Touching memorials breathing of "Mr.;"
"Schweizerhof," "Berlinerhof," "Hofa" by
the score; [Bellevue,
Signs of the Bear and the Swan, and the
Gasthaus, Albergo, Posada, galore— (you!
Beautiful wrecks, how I wish I could shelve

Visions of Venice—her stones and her smells!
Whiffs of Cologne—aromatic mementos;
Visiting cards, so to speak, of hôtels;
Como's, Granada's, Zermatt's and Sor-
rento's;

Ah! how ye cling to my boxes and bags,
Glued with a pigment that baffles removal;
Dogged adherents in dirt and in rags;
Labels, receive my profane disapproval!

Much as I prized you, when roaming afield,
Loved you, when Life was metheglyn and
skittles,

Wished you the spell of remembrance to wield,
Calling the scenery back and the victuals;
Still, when it blows and it rains, and it irks,
Here in apartments adjoining a seaview,
After a meal that would terrify Turks,
Somehow I feel I can scarcely believe you.

Yes! It's too much to remember the past—
Here, amid shrimps, and agilities nameless;
Glaciers gigantic, and Restaurants vast
Chime not with sands and a tablecloth
shameless;

Smoking a pestilent, sea-side cigar, [nurses,
Mewed in a lodging with children and
Epitaphs gorgeous of far "Dolce far,"
Curse you with paterfamilial curses!

THE UGLY FACE: A MORAL DITTY.

SOME years ago a babe was born—I need not name the place—
With a puffy, pasty, podgy, gutta-percha sort of face,
Which wrinkles sub-divided into funny little bits,
While beady eyes peered cunningly behind two tiny slits.

His nose was like a mushroom of the foreign button
sort, [extra short;
His form was quaint and chubby, and his legs were
That his nurse spoke like SAPPHEIA, I have always
had a fear,
When she said he was a "beauty," and a pretty little
dear."

Yes, such remarks were really of the truth, a dreadful
stretch, [wretch;
For, in point of fact, that baby was a hideous little
And in course of time he grew up—though a loving
mother's joy—
Into quite a champion specimen of the genius "ugly
boy."

At school his teasing comrades gave him many comic
names,
And he became the victim of all sorts of naughty games;
Nor did the master like him, for he felt that such a face,
Mid a row of ruddy youngsters, was extremely out of
place.

In time, his father placed him in the City—as a clerk—
Where his personal appearance excited much remark;
But he fell out with his principal, whose customers
complained,
That his clerk was making faces, and said "Bosh!"
when he explained.

On perceiving from the office that he never would be
missed,
As Mr. GILBERT puts it, he determined to enlist;
And so one summer afternoon he started forth in search
Of a Sergeant who perambulates close by St. Martin's
Church.

The Sergeant burst out laughing when he'd uttered his request,
And declared that, of a batch of jokes he knew, this was the best;
"Tis a pity you're too short, my lad," he then went on to say,
"For widd that face ye'd frighten ivery inimy away!"

In a fountain which played handy—it was near Trafalgar Square—
He was rushing off to drown himself, the victim of despair,
When he knocked against a person he'd not seen for quite an age,
Who had left his home some years before, and gone upon the Stage.



"A ready-made Comedian with
fifty quid a week."

To this friend he soon narrated his distressing tale of
woe,
And declared his case was hopeless. But the actor
said, "Not so.
There's one thing, my fine fellow, that as yet you
haven't tried,
Where your face will be your fortune, and a pound or
two beside.

"With a mouth like yours to grin with, and your too
delicious squint,
And the ears that Nature's given you with such a lack
of stint,—
No matter what an author may provide you with to
speak,
You're a ready-made Comedian—with your fifty quid
a week."

And it was so. Though he started at a figure rather
less
Than the one that I have mentioned, still the truth I
but express
When I say he now is earning such a wage as
wouldn't shock
A respectable Archbishop or a fashionable
jock.

And the face that all men sneered at, now is very
much admired,
And the public ne'er, apparently, of watching it grows
tired,
And the Merchant who dismissed him, in the Stalls is
wont to sit,
While the Sergeant and his sweetheart are applauding
from the Pit.

The moral of my narrative is easy to spy.
But still I'd better mention it, lest some should pass it by:
"Though it's often very troublesome indeed to find it out—
There's a proper sphere for everyone, beyond the slightest doubt.



TECHNICALITIES.

First Amateur Water-Colourist. "DO YOU WASH MUCH?"

Second Ditto Ditto. "No; I SCRATCH A GOOD DEAL!"

"PUTTING ON THE HUG."

[During President CARNOT's tour he received at Aix-les-Bains "a delegation of children." One of these, clad in a Russian dress, offered him a bunch of flowers, repeating a stanza written for the occasion. M. CARNOT, amid cries of "Vive la France!" "Vive la Russie!" "Vive Carnot!" "Vive la République!" kissed the little girl, saying, "J'embrasse la Russie!"]

Yes—"Vive la France!"—and "Vive la Russie!" too.

Vive—why not?—everybody!

Called once, "Monsieur le Président Faute-de-Mieux!"

(By Punch, that foe of shoddy).

I fancy I have justified the name,

Ay, to the very letter.

I may not be a THIEFS, but all the same, France has not found a better.

Tall-talk is tedious, but one must not flinch When asked the task to tackle;

And he's no Frenchman true who, at a pinch,

Cannot both crow and cackle. [then!]

Ah, Vive, once more, the Gallic Cock—and

These Talking-Tours are trying,

But 'tis with windy flouts of tongue or pen,

We keep the French flag flying.

A sop for SAVOY neatly put, elicits

Such "double rounds of cheering."

"Vive CARNOT!" To be sure! My annual

France to the Flag endearing [visits,

By sweet-phrased flattery of the Fatherland,

Are sure to swell our legions.

"I wish, France, to be thine!" The effect

was grand,

In "Allobrogian" regions.

Vive Everything—especially la Blague!
(What should we do without it?)

Fraternity! the Fatherland! the Flag!—

I work them—never doubt it!

Then "La République" and "La Russie,"

linked,

Pair off, 'midst acclamations:

Yes, I proclaimed—and never winced or

winked—

That "brotherhood of nations!"

"A delegation of young children," Ah!

And they were not the only ones.

"Men are but children of a larger—"

Bah!

Wise and strong men are—lonely ones.

Most men—French-men—have touches of the

child,

Fondness for show, fine phrases—

Pst! Here my rôle's not cynical, but mild,

And open as dawn-daisies.

"J'embrasse la Russie!" That was rather

neat

For Faute-de-Mieux," at any rate.

Wondrous the magic power of blague, and

"bleat"

On Man—mouton degenerate!

That "Bête Humaine," as ZOLA dubs him.

Gr-r-r!

The real brutes are braver;

The tiger, when in chase of prey, won't purr,

Nor will the Bear, then, slaver.

The Bear! Reminds me of a horrid dream

I had that night. A funny one,

But startling! I awoke with such a scream!

I dreamt some link (a money one?)

Bound me to a big Bruin, rampant, tall,

A regular Russian Shagbag,

In whose close hug I felt extremely small,

And squeezable as a rag-bag.

I, CARNOT, squeezable! 'Tis too absurd!

A President, and pliant! [heard

But—in my dream—the raucous voice I

Of that grim ursine giant.

"Come to my arms! You'll find them strong

and snug.

The North's so true—and tender!"—

And then that monster huge put on the hug!

I thought my soul I'd render.

A bear's embrace, like a prize-fighter's grip,

Is close as passion's clasping.

"Welcome!" he grunted. "I'll not let you

slip!"

"Thanks! thanks!" I answered, gasping.

"J'em-brasse-la-Rus-sie!" Here my

breath quite failed

In that prodigious cuddle. [vailed

'Twas but a dream—How was 'it sleep pre-

My meaning so to muddle?

"J'embrasse la Russie!" It was neatly

phrased

As MOHRENHEIM admitted,

A President, in doggerel stanzas praised,

Must be so ready-witted,

Yet mild Republican and Autocrat,

Hugging in friendly seeming,

Suggest that Someone may be cuddled flat—

At least in restless dreaming.

From the Vale of Llangolfyn.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just seen your Number with the Song of "The Golf Enthusiast." It occurs to me that no one has ever mentioned the fact that the Romans knew the game, for does not VIRGIL sing, "Tee veniente die—Tee decedente caneat?" I have not the book, and therefore can't give you the reference—but I know I am right, as I am

A WELSH GOLFER.



"PUTTING ON THE HUG!"

M. LE PRÉSIDENT (*breathlessly*). "J'EM—BRASSE—LA RUSSIE!!"

[“An interesting incident occurred during the official reception held by M. CARNOT at the Mairie. A child dressed in the Russian national costume presented the President with a bouquet, at the same time reciting a brief complimentary speech. M. CARNOT smilingly embraced the child, saying, ‘I embrace Russia.’”—Quoted from *Daily Papers*.]

WHY YOUNG MEN DON'T MARRY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The reason is obvious. It is entirely owing to your advice to those about to marry—Don't! I myself have been on the brink of proposing to several thousand delightful girls, a large per centage of which, I am convinced, would have gladly accepted me. I have in every case been restrained by the recollection of your advice.—Your obedient and obliged Servant.

HUGH ADOLPHUS LATCH-KEY.

Sept. 5, 1892.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The reason (which I confide to your ear, and yours alone, is obvious—the girls don't, and apparently won't propose. Of course they ought—what else do we have Leap Year for? Take my own case. I am genuinely in love with ETHEL TRINKERTON, who has just been staying with us in the country for three weeks. She has paid me every kind of attention. In our neighbourhood, if A. carries B.'s umbrella, where A. and B. are of opposite sexes, it is regarded as an informal, though perfectly definite way of announcing an approaching engagement. She knew the custom, and carried mine on no less than three occasions. (It is entirely beside the point that it rained heavily each time.) Yet she left us yesterday without an approach to a proposal. She's fair enough herself, but is her conduct? It isn't as if I hadn't given her enough chances. It cost me a small fortune to bribe my small brother to keep away; and, time after time, I've consented to sit alone with her in the summer-house. It isn't as if she couldn't afford it. They tell me she has at least a thousand a-year in her own right (whatever that may be), which would do capitally. I happen to be penniless myself; but, as I heard her say, her idea of marriage was the union of "soul to soul," my want of a few paltry pence could hardly matter. It's particularly humiliating for me, as, after the repeated umbrella-carrying, everybody here thinks it's all settled. That, Mr. Punch, is the reason why, at any rate, one young man doesn't marry.

Yours, thoroughly aggrieved,

Pickleton-in-the-Marsh, Kent.

BERTIE COOL-CHEEK.

P.S.—If ETHEL really didn't understand her position, and would like to reopen the matter, I would not be haughty about it.—B. C.C.

DEAR, KIND, GOOD MR. PUNCH,—The reason is obvious—the men don't and won't propose to the right girls. Take my own case. I've just stayed three weeks with the COOL-CHEEKS, and felt quite certain BERTIE would have proposed. He had all the symptoms badly. I saw him give his little brother half-a-crown to go indoors for ten minutes, and the way he would go in the summer-house and for long walks—with me—made it quite clear (as I thought) what was going to happen. Yet, he let me come away without a word! I'm sure I don't want to run after him (or anybody else), but I did think he meant something. We suited one another admirably. In fact, if he doesn't ask me with all the opportunities he had, he'd ask no one.

Yours, just-a-little-disappointed,

The Thorns, Bayswater.

ETHEL TRINKERTON.

P.S.—He carried my umbrella almost hourly—and you know what that means. If BERTIE was only nervous, and would like another chance—well, we are always at home on Sunday afternoons.—E. T.



W. J. HODGSON.

A REAL CONVERT.

Local Preacher (giving an account to the Vicar of a dispute he has had with the Leading Lights of his Sect). "YES, SIR, AFTER TREATMENT THE LIKES O' THAT, I SAYS TO 'EM, 'FOR THE FUTURE,' SAYS I, 'I CHUCKS UP ALL RELIGION, AND I GOES TO CHURCH!'"

A HINT TO EDITORS.

SCENE—The Sanctum of a Newspaper Office. Editor discovered (by Obtrusive Visitor) hard at work.

Obtrusive Visitor. I trust that I have not come at an unfortunate moment?

Editor (looking up from his desk). Dear me! You here! Delighted to see you. But don't let me disturb you. Good-bye!

Ob. Vis. (seating himself). No; I am afraid it is the other way. I know at this time of the week you must be exceptionally busy.

Ed. (with courteous impatience). Not at all, but—

Ob. Vis. Oh! thank you so much. Because it is the very last thing in the world I would like to do—to disturb you. And now, how are you?

Ed. Quite well, thanks. But now, if you don't mind, I will just finish.

[Turns to go on with his article.

Ob. Vis. (rejecting the hint). I said to myself as I came along, Now I will look him up.

Ed. Very kind of you, but—

Ob. Vis. Oh, not in the least; and you know, my dear fellow, how I enjoy a chat.

Ed. Yes,—and I, too. But just now—

Ob. Vis. Quite so. You want me to do all the talking, as we haven't met for the last three weeks. Well, you must know we have been to Herne Bay, and—

Ed. Yes; charming place. But just now I am—

Ob. Vis. Quite so. But I didn't come to tell you about Herne Bay, although it is really a delightful spot. The air—

Ed. Yes, I know all about it. First-rate, most salubrious, and the rest of it. But, my dear friend, you really must—

Ob. Vis. Quite so! Yes, everyone knows all about Herne Bay; and I really came to ask you if you had any room for an article.

Ed. (roused). My dear fellow, I assure you we are quite full for months. Any number of excellent things standing over.

Ob. Vis. Oh, yes, I know you are always full. You told me so the last time I called.

Ed. Quite so! Very sorry, but it can't be helped. Have to look so far ahead nowadays, you know.

Ob. Vis. Certainly; and that is why I thought I would just bring a half-finished article and show you what I had done, and complete it if you thought it would do. You can put it in whenever you like; so it would not hurt for standing over.

Ed. (with inspiration). What is it called?

Ob. Vis. "Russian Wheat and Chinese Tea or Free Trade in Australia." The subject is quite novel, and ought to attract considerable attention.

Ed. Novell! Why, my dear fellow, I do believe I have an article somewhere in that heap upon the very subject.

Ob. Vis. (uneasily). Oh, never mind. I will read you what I have written, and—

Ed. (genially). Oh, no, I won't give you the trouble. I will read you what he has written, and then you can see.—Ah, here it is!

[Produces enormous pile of MS.

Ob. Vis. (hesitating). Well, perhaps, if you don't mind—

[Suddenly remembers an appointment and exits. Editor resumes his work with an air of triumph. Curtain.

THE THIEF'S MOTTO.—"Take things quietly."



Jones. "How is it we see you so seldom at the Club now?"

Old Member. "Ah, well, you see, I'm not so young as I was; and I've had a good deal of worry lately; and so, what with one thing and another, I've grown rather fond of my own society." Jones. "Epicure!"

"THE GRATUITOUS OPINION."

(A Story for the Long Vacation.)

THE Eminent Lawyer was about to return to his private address, when there was a knock at the door of his Chambers. He attended to the summons himself, and found facing him an elderly and carefully dressed individual.

"That some of my suburban neighbours desire the information, must be my excuse for troubling you," said the visitor.

"Nay, do not apologise," returned the Eminent Q.C., "it is my pleasantest duty to give legal tips or applications to anybody. It is not altogether lucrative, as I deliver them for nothing, but then on the other hand, they are suitable for insertion in the papers, and that is a comforting consideration. What can I do for you?"

"I have to ask you on behalf of my suburban neighbours," continued the visitor, "whether there is any principle which is accepted by Judges to regulate their decisions in cases where drunkenness seems to be the incentive of crime?"

"I shall only be too glad to find a solution to a problem which appears one of great difficulty—the more especially as certain inhabitants of the suburbs are so deeply interested in the subject. It seems to me that some Judges think one way and some another."

"That is strange," murmured the visitor. "Cannot their Lordships come to a common conclusion?"

"I fear not," replied the Eminent Counsel, with a mournful smile. "It is merely a question of opinion. However, I take it that one

would be perfectly safe to commit a murder under the influence of *delirium tremens*."

"I am infinitely obliged to you for the information," said the visitor, "as now I know what to do."

"You are not homicidal, I trust!" exclaimed the Lawyer, jumping up from his chair, and taking protection behind a desk. "I have the greatest possible objection to homicidal clients."

"Be under no apprehension," was the reply. "I have a strong desire to shorten the life of a certain person, but have not the nerve to do it. If I ever succeed, will it be a case deserving capital punishment?"

The Lawyer pondered a moment, and then replied.

"I have no wish to offer my counsel; but, as you have exhausted my time for consideration, I would propose that you should try the matter for yourself. Become intoxicated, put yourself within the

clutches of the law, and then see whether his Lordship will assume the black cap."

"You are very good," returned the would-be homicide, "but I have one difficulty. When I make up my mind to remove a person by unconventional means (for choice, a carving-knife), and consume the necessary amount of alcohol to insure intoxication—"

"Yes," interjected the Lawyer, who had now opened the outer door.

"I find, on reaching intoxication, that I have entirely forgotten the identity of the man I have marked for my victim. Then I have got to grow sober before I can remember who it is. Annoying, isn't it?"

And, wishing the Eminent Counsel a pleasant holiday, the visitor disappeared into the Inner Temple.



TO A PHEASANT.

A SPORTSMANLIKE (?) SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

AIR—"You are Queen of my Heart To-night."

I STAND in the corpses sighing

As the cruel hours creep by,

And I see you slowly flying

Above the trees on high.

Your wondrous wealth of feather

Has weaved a subtle spell,

And I softly wonder whether

You'd really taste as well.

For my hand is fairly steady

Though my heart is beating fast,

Oh, tell me that you too are ready

To make this hour your last.

For repentance may come when we're

sober,

Let's seize on the chance while we

may;

Then why should we wait till Octo-

Oh! Why not be shot to-day?

Oh! tell me why, why should I

remember,

With a thought of wild alarm,

That all through the month of

sweet September

You should be free from harm.

Why, why does your beauty en-

slave me,

As it does, you're bound to

Oh! say but the word that will

save me,

And tell me to shoot you now.

For my heart is wildly beating

(As it's often done before),

And the moments madly fleeting

Are going to come never more.

For repentance may come when we're

sober,

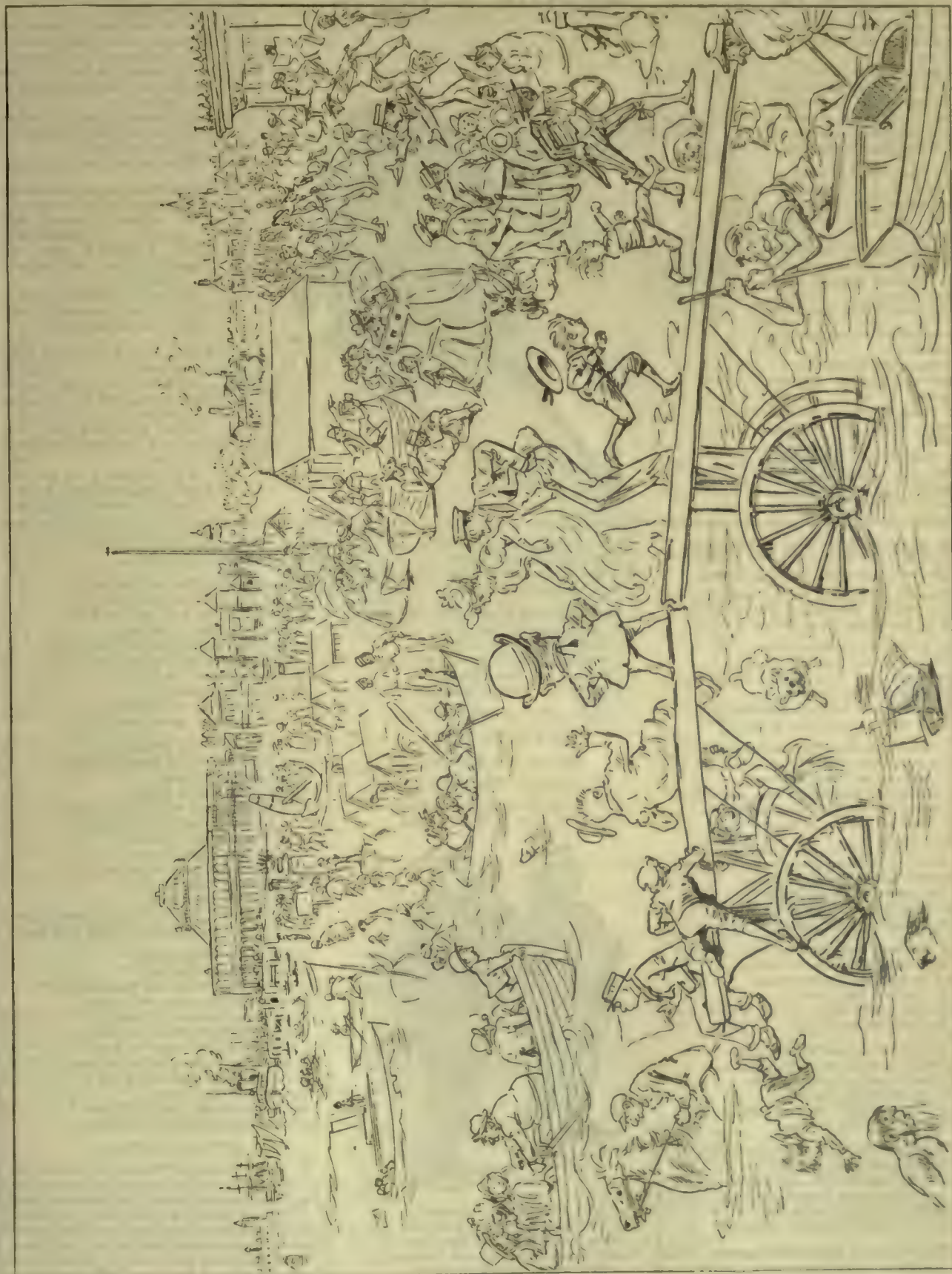
Let's seize on the chance while we

may,

Then why should we wait till

October?

Oh! Why not be shot to-day?



AT THE SOUTH SEA-SIDE.

REFLECTION polished of high-
bred
And unreflecting graces,
I scintillate o'er STREPHON'S
head

At gala, rout or races;
Mine is the black but comely
blend, [touches
And mine the crowning
That so demurely recommend
The dandy to the duchess.

Out on thee, cruel Parasol,
Of lace, the pearl, and satin;
And glinting like a fairy doll
With many a burnished
patin; [dame
Cool, charming as the dainty
Who twirls thy coromandel;
Thou flauntest proudly since
thy name, [handle!
Like hers, can boast its

The cynosure of wondering
beaux,
I boast a soul above thee;
No fate can mar my calm re-
pose, [thee;
Or make me cease to love
Supreme above the common
tile,
My own affronts unheeding,
I bow and compliment and
smile,
The Chesterfield of breeding.

THE HAT TO THE PARASOL.

(A Scherzo in Nobs and Sticks.)



Out on thee, trinket idly
swayed!
Could any courtier dare see,
Through such perfections so
displayed, [merci'?
The mere "*Belle Dame sans*
Could man believe a thing so
soft,
So framed for gentle passion,
Might wound, and wound not
once but oft
The jaunty glass of fashion?

Yet sooth it is; and here I stand
A martyr to my tenets—
That orthodoxy smooth and
grand [BENNETT'S;
Of LINCOLN'S fane and
Unruffled once and unper-
plexed,
Collapsing now like jelly,
And but a sermon on the text
Sic transit lux capelli.

I who have braved our fitful
climes drenches,
And laughed when tempest
And shaken off the dust that
grimes [benches,
Pews, cushioned stalls and
Survived the counterblasting
Row, [so—
And Summer gales that roar
I ne'er imagined such a foe
Could trounce me to a torso.

THE POTATO AND THE HEPTARCHY.

(A Sensible Song for the Silly Season.)

[*"Even the Potato and the Heptarchy will not
leave us perfectly equipped."*—*The Daily News*
on "*Why Young Men Don't Marry.*"]

THE Tater and the Heptarchy
Were walking hand-in-hand;
They wept like "first-night" Stalls to see
The folly of the land;
"If fools would not talk fiddlededee,"
They said "it would be grand!"

"If modest maids with towzled mops
On you and me were clear,
Do you suppose," the Tater said,
"More men would wed each year?"
"I doubt it," said the Heptarchy—
"They only mean to sneer!"

"O Maidens, come and cook for us!"
They—shamming love—beseech.
"Oh, tell us about Saxon times!
The course of history teach!"
But what they really want is "tin;"
A thumping share for each.

"A girl may cook like any chef,
And know all HALLAM through,
May be a dab at darning socks,
Or making Irish stew;
But what young cubs care for is cash,
And not for me or you.

"They want to lead an easy life,
And have good weeds and wine.
Without these luxuries, a wife
They scornfully decline.
For *Benedick's* life of manly strife
The fops are far too fine."

"The Season's come, the Tater said,
To write of many things:
Of frocks—and socks—and needle-work—
And babes—and bonnet-strings;
But all the lot talk utter rot.
Let the fools have their flings!

"Their jibes at girls, their games, their
curls,
Their wastefulness, their waist,

Their yearnings to hook Dukes and Earls,
Their matrimonial haste,
Are the crude chat of cubs and churls,
And in the vilest taste.

"But when they prate of you and me,
As the two gifts they want,
Say Classic lore and Cookery
Are things for which they pant;
Believe me, my dear Heptarchy,
They plumb profoundest Cant!"

SEA-SIDE ILLS.

(By Our Man Over-bored.)

SEA-SIDYLL—THE PIER BAND.

'Tis the Band of the Corporation—
And it plays on that body's pier;



And one knows by the way
That the instruments play,
That the talent is not too dear.
And the trombone is not too clear;
When it has to play quick
It is moistful and thick,

For the trombone is fond of beer—
It is nurtured on pots of beer.

'Tis the Band of the Corporation—
And the cornet is fat just here;
And he's short, and bull-necked.
When you come to reflect
How he wastes all his wind, 'tis queer
That the man should be stout just here!
But the noise of the throat
In the solos denote
That the cornet is fond of beer—
It's been brought up on pots of beer.

'Tis the Band of the Corporation—
And I know why that Band is queer,
For I see in the face
Of the trombone a trace
Of the blackguard who blows it near
Me in Town, at most times of year!
And I mark, too, the face
Of that beastly big-bass—
(Which has also been reared on beer)—
And I know, too, the face
Of that other disgrace,
The fat cornet! They've come down here—
They've been borrowed, and lent new gear!

But I know them of old,
And in spite of the gold
Round the hats, with the peaks just here,
I can see who they are while near.
They wear bowlers in Town,
And frock-coats which are brown,
On account of their age—or beer!
For they play to the public for beer;
For they stand and they blow
On the kerb in a row,
And then go to the public for beer!
And so this is the Band down here!

"THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL."—Curious co-
incidence, if true, that when Miss JESSIE KING
was charmingly giving the contralto song,
"*While my Watch I'm Keeping*," a gentle-
man in the crowded audience suddenly put his
hand to his waistcoat-pocket and exclaimed,
"Good gracious! it's gone!" He will never
forget the title of that song. The watch was
off its guard.

'ARRY AT 'ARRYGATE.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Rum mix this 'ere world is, yer never know *wot* 'll come next! Don't emagine I've sent yer a sermon, and treacle this out as my text; But really life's turn-ups are twistars. You lay out for larks, 'ealth, and tin, But whenever you think it's "a moral," that crock, "Unexpected," romps in.

Who'd ha' thought of *me* jacking up suddent, and giving the Sawbones a turn?

Who'd ha' pictered *me* "Taking the Waters"? Ah! CHARLIE, 'twos hods on the Urn

With Yours Truly, this time, I assure you. I fancied as Tot'nam-Court Road

Would be trying its 'and on my tombstone afore the green corn wos full growed.

Bad, CHARLIE? You bet! 'Twas screw-matics and liver, old Pill-box declared. Knooked me slap orf my perch, fair 'eels upparda. I tell you I felt a bit scared, And it left me a yaller-skinned skelinton, weak, and, wot's wus, stoney-broke. If it hadn't a bin for my nunky, your pal might have jest done a croak.

Uncle NOBBS, a Cat's-butcher at Clapton, who's bin in luck's way, and struck ile,

Is dead nuts on Yours Truly. Old jossar, and grumpy, but *he*'s made his pile.

Saw me settin' about in the garden, jest like a old saffron-gill'd ghost

A-waiting for cock-crow to 'ook it, and hanxious to 'ear it—a'most.

Sez *he*, "Wy, the boy is a bone-bag! Wot's that? Converlescent? Oh, fudge!

He's a slipping his cable, and drifting out sea-wards, if I'm any judge.

I was ditto some twenty year back, BOB, and 'Arrygate fust set *me* up.

Wot saved the old dog, brother ROBERT, may probably suit the young pup.

"Carn't afford it? O'course yer carn't, JENNY; but—thanks be to 'orse-flesh—I can—"

Well, he tipped us a fifty-quid crisp 'un—and ROOSE sent me 'ere; *he*'s my Man!

Three weeks' "treatment"! Well, threes into fifty means cutting a bit of a dash;

Good grub, nobby togs, local doctor, baths, waters, and everythink flash.

"'Appy 'ARRY!" sez you. But way-oh, CHARLIE! 'Arrygate isn't all jam.

Me jolly? Well, mate, if you arsk me, I can't 'ardly say as I ham.

To spread myself out with the toppers is proper, no doubt, bonny boy;

But—I wish it wos Brighton, or Margit, or somewheres a chap could enjoy.

Oh, them "Waters," old man!!! S'elp me never! yer don't kow wot nastyness is

Till you've tried "Sulphur 'ot and strong," fasting. The Kissing Gin, taken a-bizz,

Isn't *wus* than ditch-water and sherbet; but Sulphur!!! It's eased my game leg;

But I go with my heart in my mouth, and I feel like a blooming bad hegg.

B-r-r-r-r! Beastliness isn't the word, CHARLIE. Language seems out of it, slap.

When I took my fust twelve ounces 'ot, from a gal with a snowy white cap,

And cheeks like a blush-rose for bloominess—well, I'm a gent, but, yah-bah!

I jest did a guy at the double, without even nodding ta-ta!

Where the Primrose Path leads to, my pippin, I'm cocksure can't 'ave a *sous* smell. Like bad eggs, salt, and tenpenny nails biled in bilge water. Eugh! Old Pump Well? Wy then let well alone, is my motter, or leastways, it would be, I'm sure, But for BLACK—local doctor, a stunner!—who's got me in 'and for a cure.

I'm not nuts on baths took *too* reglar; but 'Arrygate baths ain't 'arf bad,

When you git a bit used to 'em, CHARLIE. I squirmed, though fust off, dear old lad!

They so soused, and so slapped, and so squirted me. Messing a feller about

Don't come nicer for calling it *massage*. But there, it's O.K. I've no doubt.

They squat you upon a low shelf, with a sort of a water-can "rose"

At the nape of yer neck, while a feller in front squirts yer down with a 'ose.



He slaps you as though you wos batter, *he* kneads you as if you wos dough, And gives yer wot for on the spine, till you git in a doose of a glow.

Then you're popped in a big iron cage, where the 'ose plays upon you like fun;

A lawn, or a house a-fire, CHARLIE, could not be more thoroughly done.

Sez I, "I'm insured, don'tcher know, mate; so don't waste the water, d'ye 'ear?"

But *he* didn't appear to arf twig. *He* seemed jest a bit thick in the clear.

Then the bars of yer cage bustes out like a lot of scent fountings a-play—

'Taint *oder colong*, though, by hods; sulphur strong seems the local *bokay*.

They call this the "Needle Bath," CHARLIE. It give me the needle fust off;

'Cos the spray would git into my eyes, and the squelch made me sputter and cough.

Then they wrop you well up in 'ot towels, and leave yer five minutes to bake,

And that's the "Air Douche," as they call it. I call it the funniest fake

In the way of a bath I've met with; but, bless yer, it passes the time, And I shan't want a tub for a fortnit when back in Old Babylon's grime.

Dull 'ole, this 'ere 'Arrygate, CHARLIE! The only fair fun I can find

Is watching the poor sulphur-swiggers, a-gargling and going it blind.

Oh, the sniffs and sour faces, old fellow, the shudders and shivers, and sighs;

The white lips a-working like rabbits', the sheepish blue-funk in their eyes!

Old Pump Room's a hootygon building, rum blend like of chapel and bar,

With a big stained-glass winder one side, hallygorical subject! So far

As I've yet made it out, it's a hangel a-stirring up somethink like suds.

"A-troubling the waters," I 'eard from a party in clerical duds.

You arsk, like you do at a bar, for the speeches of lotion you want.

Some say you git used to the flavioir, and like it! Bet long hods I shan't.

I've sampled the lot, my dear CHARLIE, Strong Sulphur and Mild, Cold and 'Ot;

And all I can say is, the jossers who say it ain't beastly talk rot.

You jest fox their faces! They enters, looks round, gives a shy sort of sniff,

Seem to contemplate doing a guy, brace their legs, keep their hupper lips stiff;

Take their tickets, walk up to the counter, assumin' a sham sort of bounce,

And ask, shame-faced like, for their gargle, 'as p'r'aps is a 'ot sixteen bounce.

When they git it, a-fume in a tumbler, a-smelling like hegg-chests gone wrong,

They squirm, ask the snowy-capped gurl, "Is this right?"—"Yes, Sir. Sixteen ounce, strong!"

Sez the minx with a cold kind o' smile. "Ah—h—h! percoisely!" they smirks,

and walks round,

With this "Yorkshire Stinko" in their 'ands—and their 'earts in their mouths I'll be bound.

Then—Gulp! Oh Gewillikins, CHARLIE! it gives yer the ditherums, it do.

Bad enough if you 'ave to wolf *one*, but it fair gives yer beans when 'tis *two*.

The victims waltz round, looking white, wishing someone would just spill their wet,

And—there's 'ardly a glass "returned empty" but wot shows its 'eel-taps, you bet!

This is "Taking the Waters" at 'Arrygate! Well, I shall soon take my 'ook.

Speshal Scotch, at my favourite pub, from that sparkling young dona, NELL COOK,

Will do me a treat arter this, mate, and come most pertikler A. I.

'Ow I long to be back in "The Village," dear boy, with its bustle and fun!

Still, the air 'ere's as fresh as they make it, and gives yer a doose of a peck,

And DUNNIE, the Boss at "The Crown," does yer proper. I came 'ere a wreck;

But sulphur, sound sleep, and cool breezes, prime prog, and good company tells;

So 'ere's bully for 'Arrygate, CHARLIE, in spite of rum baths and bad smells.

That Fifty is nearly played out, and my slap at the Ebor went wrong—

I'd a Yorkshire tyke's tip, too, old man; but I'm stoney, though still "going strong"

(As Lord Arthur remarks in the play), so no more at "The Crown" I must tarry,

But if 'Arrygate wants a good word—as to 'ealth—it shall 'ave it from 'ARRY.



THE FIGHTING "FOUDROYANT."



"TWO 'S COMPANY."

Newspaper Boy (suddenly, at window). "WANT AN OBSERVER, CAPTAIN?"

Mathilde (on Honeymoon Trip). "OH, FREDDIE, DEAR! NO! NO!! DO LET US BE QUITE ALONE!"

THE FIGHTING "FOUDROYANT"

BEING TUGGED TO ITS LAST BERTH—IN A SHIPBREAKER'S YARD.

(A Theme from Turner treated in Modern British style, with Apologies to the Patriotic Painter of "The Fighting 'Téméraire.'")

"MAYHAP you have heard, that as dear as their lives,
All true-hearted Tars love their ships and their wives."
So DIBDIN declared, and he spoke for the Tar;
He knew Jack so well, both in peace and in war!
But hang it! times change, and 'tis sad to relate,
The old Dibdinish morals seem quite out of date;
Stick close to your ship, lads, like pitch till you die?—
That sounds nonsense to-day, and I'll tell ye for why.

The good old *Foudroyant*—how memory dwells on
Those brave fighting names!—was once flag-ship to NELSON.
But NELSON, you know, died a good while ago,
And his flag-ship has gone a bit shaky, and so
JOHN BULL, who's now full of low shopkeeping cares,
And thinks more of the Stocks than of naval affairs,
Regards not "Old Memories" that "eat off their head."
Turn old cracks out to grass? No, let's sell 'em instead!

A ship's like the high-mettled racer once sung
By that same dashing DIBDIN of patriot tongue,
Grown aged, used up, is he honoured? No, zounds!
"The high-mettled racer is sold to the hounds!"
And so with a barky of glorious name,
(It is business, of course—and a *Thundering Shame!*)
Worn out, she is nought but spars, timbers and logs,
And so, like the horse, should be sold—to the dogs!

As for the *Foudroyant*, the vessel was trim
When it fought with the French, for JOHN BULL, under *Him*,
The Star of the Nile. Yes, it carried *his* flag,
When it captured the Frenchman. There's no need to brag,
Or to say swagger things of a generous foe.
Besides, things have doosedly altered, you know.
We're no more like NELSON than I to a Merman;
We can sell his flag-ship for firewood, to the German!

Sounds nice, does it not? If that great one-armed Shade
Could look down on the bargain he'd—swear, I'm afraid
(If his death-purged bold spirit held yet ought of earth).
And I fancy 'twill move the gay Frenchman to mirth
To hear this last story of shop-keeping JOHN—
Or his huckster officials. The Frenchman, the Don,
The Dutchman, all foes we have licked,—may wax bold
When they hear that the brave old *Foudroyant* is—Sold!!!

Great TURNER has pictured the old *Téméraire*
Tugged to *her* last berth. Why the sun and the air
In that soul-stirring canvas, seem fired with the glory
Of such a brave ship, with so splendid a story!
Well, look on that picture, my lads, and on *this!*
And—no, do not crack out a curse like a hiss,
But with stout CONAN DOYLE—*he* has passion and grip!—
Demand that they give us back NELSON's old Ship!

British hands from protecting her who shall debar?
Ne'er ingratitude lurked in the heart of a Tar.
"(Sings DIBDIN) That Ship from the breakers to save"
Is the plainest of duties e'er put on the brave.
While a rag, or a timber, or spar, she can boast,
A place of prime honour on Albion's coast
Should be hers and the *Victory's!* Let us not say,
Like the fish-hucksters, "*Memories* are cheap, Sir, to-day!"

ECCLESIASTICAL TASTE.—A condiment not much in favour with
High Churchmen just now, must be "Worcester Sauce." It is
warranted to neutralise the very highest flavour.

Impromptu.

Or "garnered leaves"	Perhaps e'er long
And "garnered sheaves"	Their simple song
Sing sentimental donkeys.	Will beef Garnered Monkeys!

"A RAILWAY from Joppa to Jerusalem" sounds like a Scriptural
Line. In future, "going to Jericho" will not imply social banish-
ment, as the party sent thither will be able to take a return-ticket.



OF MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

Cheery Official. "ALL FIRST CLASS 'ERE, PLEASE?"
Degenerate Son of the Vikings (in a feeble voice). "FIRST CLASS! NOW DO I LOOK IT?"

THE LAY OF THE LAST KNIGHT.

My name and style are ELLIS ASHMEAD BART—
 Ah! happy angry. Would I could
 Leave it so. But 'twill not do.
 Like soap of Monkey brand,
 It will not wash clothes,
 Or, in truth, ought else.
 'Tis but an accident of rhythm
 Born of the imperative mood that makes one
 Start a poem of this kind on ten feet,
 Howe'er it may thereafter crawl or soar.
 What I really was about to remark was that
 My name and style are ELLIS ASHMEAD BART-
 LETT, Knight; late Civil Lord of Admiralty
 You know me. I come from Sheffield; at least
 I did on my return thence
 Upon re-election.

II.

A sad world this, my masters, as someone—
 Was it my friend SHAKESPEARE?—
 Says. The sadness arises upon reflection, not
 That I'm a Knight, but that I am, so to speak,
 A Knight of only two letters.
 As thus—Kt. 'Tis but a glimmer of a night,
 If I, though sore at heart, may dally with
 The English tongue
 And make a pensive pun.

III.

Of course I expected different things from
 The MARKISS.
 What's the use, what's the purpose,

Of what avail, wherefore,
 That a man should descend from the
 Spacious times of ELIZABETH with nothing
 In his hand other than a simple Knighthood?
 Anyone could do that.
 It might be done to anyone.
 He, him, all, any, both, certain, few,
 Many, much, none, one, other, another.
 One another, several, some, such and whole.
 Why, he made a Knight
 At the same time,
 In the same manner,
 Of

MAPLE
 BLUNDELL!

IV.

Look here, MARKISS, you know,
 This won't do.
 It may pass in a crowd, but not with
 ELLIS ASHMEAD BART—
 (There it is again. Evidently doesn't matter
 About the feet)
 LETT.

V.

And yet MARKISS, mine,
 I shall not despair.
 You are somewhat out of it
 At the present moment.
 And I am not sure—
 Not gorged with certainty—
 That Mr. G. would be
 Inclined to make amends.

He is old; he is aged.
 Prejudice lurks amid
 His scant white locks,
 And forbids the stretch-
 ing forth of generous hand in whose
 Recesses coyly glint
 The Bart. or K. C. B.

VI.

But you are not everyone;
 Nor is he. Nor do both together
 In the aggregate
 Compose the great globe
 And all that therein is.
 I'll wait awhile, possessing my soul in
 Patience.
 Everything comes to the man who waits.
 (Sometimes, 'tis true, 'tis the bobby
 Who asks what he's loafing there for,
 And bids him
 Move on.
 That is a chance the brave resolute soul
 Faces.) The pity of it is
 That you, MARKISS, having so much to give,
 So little gave

To

Me.

VII.

Oh, MARKISS! MARKISS!
 Had I but served my GLADSTONE
 As I have served thee,
 He would not have forsak—
 But that's another story.

THE NEW HOPERA OF 'ADDON 'ALL.—The
 title finally decided upon for the SULLIVAN-
 GRUNDY Opera is *Haddon Hall*. Lovely for
 'ARRY! "Ave you seen 'Addon 'All?"
 Then the 'ARRY who 'as only 'eard a portion
 of it, will say, "I 'addn't 'eard 'all." As a
 Cockney title, it's perfect. Successful or not,
 Author and Composer will congratulate them-
 selves that, to deserve, if not command
 success, they 'ad don all they knew. If suc-
 cessful, they'll replace the aspirates, and it
 will be some time before they recover the
 exact date when they Had-don Hauling in
 the coin. *Prosit!*

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.—Says the *Pall
 Mall Gazette*:—"For knocking over a man
 selling watercress, with fatal results, a Ham-
 mersmith cabman has been committed for
 trial for manslaughter." If this is true, the
 HOME SECRETARY should immediately inter-
 pose. The action of knocking a man over is
 hasty, and may be indefensible. But if the
 Hammersmith Cabman had just grounds for
 belief that the man was "selling water-
 cresses with fatal results," he should rather
 be commended than committed for trial.

"KEEPING UP THE CHRISTOPHER."—(A
Note from an Old Friend).—"CHRISTOPHER
 COLUMBUS" indeed! As years ago I told
 Sairey Gamp about her bothering Mrs.
 Harris, "I don't believe there's no sich a
 person." That's what I says, says I, about
 COLUMBUS, wich ain't like any other sort of
 "bus" as I see before my blessed eyes every
 day. Yours, ELIZABETH PRIG.

P.S.—Mr. EDWIN JOHNSON, him as wrote
 to the *Times* last Saturday, is of my opinion.
 Good Old JOHNSON!

"HONORIS CAUSA."—To Mr. GRANVILLE
 MONEY, son of the Rector of Weybridge,
 whose gallant rescue of a lady from drowning
 has recently been recorded, Mr. *Punch* grants
 the style and title of "Ready MONEY."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—"Why don't I
 write Plays?" Why should I?

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XV.—TO SWAGGER.

Nor long ago I reminded you of CHEPSTOWE, the incomparable poet who was at one time supposed to have revolutionised the art of verse. Now he is forgotten, the rushlight which he never attempted to hide under the semblance of a bushel, has long since flickered its last, his boasts, his swelling literary port, his quarrels, his affectations—over all of them the dark waves of oblivion have passed and blotted them from the sand on which he had traced them. But in his day, as you remember, while yet he held his head high and strutted in his panoply, he was a man of no small consequence. Quite an army of satellites moved with him, and did his bidding. To one of them he would say, "Praise me this author," and straightway the fire of eulogy would begin. To another he would declare—and this was his more frequent course—"So-and-so has dared to hint a fault in one of us; he has hesitated an offensive dislike. Let him be scarified," and forthwith the painted and feathered young braves drew forth their axes and scalping-knives, and the work of slaughter went merrily forward. Youth, modesty, honest effort, genuine merit, a manifest desire to range apart from the loud storms of literary controversy, these were no protection to the selected victim. And of course the operations of the Chepstowites, like the "plucking" imagined by *Major Pendennis*, were done in public. For they had their organ. Week by week in *The Metropolitan Messenger* they disburdened themselves, each one of his little load of spite and insolence and vanity, and with much loud shouting and blare of adulatory trumpets called the attention of the public to their heap of purchasable rubbish. There lived at this time a great writer, whose name and fame are still revered by all who love strong, nervous English, vivid description, and consummate literary art. He stood too high for attack. Only in one way could the herd of passionate prigs who waited on CHEPSTOWE do him an injury. They could attempt, and did, to imitate his style in their own weekly scribbles. *Corruptio optimi pessima*. There is no other phrase that describes so well the result of these imitative efforts. All the little tricks of the great man's humour were reproduced and defaced, the clear stream of his sentences was diverted into muddy channels, the airy creatures of his imagination were weighted with lead and made to perform hideous antics. Never had there been so riotous a jargon of distorted affectation and ponderous balderdash. Smartness—of a sort—these gentlemen, no doubt, possessed. It is easy to be accounted smart in a certain circle, if only you succeed in being insolent. Merit of this order the band could boast of plenteously.

One peculiarity, too, must be noted in *The Metropolitan Messenger*. It had a magnetic attraction for all the sour and sorry failures whose reputation and income, however greatly in excess of their deserts, had not equalled their expectation. The Cave of Adullam could not have been more abundantly stocked with discontent. It is the custom of the *ratés* everywhere to attempt to prevent, or, if that be impossible, to decry success in others, in order to exalt themselves. The "Metropolitans" followed the example of many unillustrious predecessors, though it must, in justice, be added, that they would have been shocked to hear anyone impute to them a want of originality in their curious methods. In the counsels of these literary bravos, WILLIAM GRUBLET held a high place. At the University, where he had pursued a dull and dingy career of modified respectability, not much was thought or spoken of GRUBLET. If he was asked what profession he proposed to adopt, he would wink knowingly, and reply, "Journalism." It sounded well—it gave an impression of influence, and future power, and, moreover, it committed him to nothing. It is just as easy to say "Journalism," in answer to the stock question, as it is to deliver yourself over, by anticipation, to the Bar, the Church, or the Stock Exchange. Hundreds of young men at both our ancient Universities look upon Journalism as the easiest and most attractive of all the professions. In the first place there are no Examinations to bar the way, and your ordinary Undergraduate loathes an Examination as a rat may be supposed to loathe a terrier. What can be easier—in imagination—than to dash off a leading article, a biting society sketch, a scathing review, to overturn ancient idols, to inaugurate movements, to plan out policies? All this GRUBLET was confident of being able to do, and he determined, on the strength of a few successful College

Essays, and a reputation for smartness, acquired at the expense of his dwindling circle of intimates, to do it. He took his degree, and plunged into London. There, for a time, he was lost to public sight. But I know that he went through the usual contest. Rejected manuscripts poured back into his room. Polite, but unaccommodating Editors, found that they had no use for rapid imitations of ADDISON, or feeble parodies of CHARLES LAMB. Literary appreciations, that were to have sent the bull of fame spinning up the hill of criticism, grew frowzy and dog-eared with many postages to and fro.

In this protracted struggle with fate and his own incompetence, the nature of GRUBLET, never a very amiable one, became fatally soured, and when he finally managed to secure a humble post on a newspaper, he was a disappointed man with rage in his heart against his successful rivals and against the Editors who, as he thought, had maliciously chilled his glowing aspirations. His vanity, however,—and he was always a very vain man—had suffered no diminution, and with the first balmy breezes of success his arrogance grew unbounded. Shortly afterwards, he chanced to come in the way of CHEPSTOWE; he impressed the poet favourably, and in the result he was selected for a place on the staff of *The Metropolitan Messenger*, then striving by every known method to battle its way into a circulation.

It was at this stage in his career that I met GRUBLET. He was pointed out to me as a young man of promise who had a trenchant style, and had lately written an article on "Provincialism in Literature," which had caused some stir by its bitter and uncompromising attacks upon certain well-known authors and journalists. I looked at the man with some interest. I saw a pale-faced, sandy-haired little creature with a shuffling, weak-kneed gait, who looked as if a touch from a moderately vigorous arm would have swept him altogether out of existence. His manner was affected and unpleasant, his conversation the most disagreeable I ever listened to. He was coarse, not with an ordinary coarseness, but with a kind of stale, fly-blown coarseness as of the viands in the window of a cheap restaurant. He assumed a great reverence for RABELAIS and ARISTOPHANES; he told shady stories, void of point and humour, which you were to suppose were modelled on the style of these two masters. And all the time he gave you to understand, with a blatant self-sufficiency, that he himself was one of the greatest and most formidable beings in existence. This was GRUBLET as I first knew him, and so he continued to the end.

The one thing this puny creature could never forgive was that any of his friends should pass him in the race. There was one whom GRUBLET—the older of the two—had at one time honoured with his patronage and approval. No sooner, however, than the younger gained a literary success, than the sour GRUBLET turned upon him, and rent him. "This fellow," said GRUBLET, "will get too uppish—I must show up his trash"; and accordingly he fulminated against his friend in the organ that he had by that time come to consider as his own. This baseless sense of proprietorship, in fact, it was that wrecked GRUBLET. In an evil moment for himself he tried to ride rough-shod over CHEPSTOWE, and that temporary genius dismissed him with a promptitude that should stand to his credit against many shortcomings. GRUBLET, I believe, still exists. Occasionally, in obscure prints, I seem to detect traces of his style. But no one now pays any attention to him. His claws are clipped, his teeth have been filed down. He shouts and struts, unregarded. For we live, of course, in milder and more reasonable days, and the GRUBLETs can no longer find a popular market for their wares.

Only one question remains. How in the world can even you, oh respected SWAGGER, have derived any pleasure from witnessing the performances that GRUBLET went through, after you had persuaded him that he was a man of some importance?

I do not expect an answer, and remain as before.

DIODENES ROBINSON.

IN BANCO.—The stability of the concern having been effectually proved by the way in which the Birkbeckers got out of the fire and out of the trying pan-ic, and the ease with which they were quite at home to the crowds of callers coming to inquire after their health, should earn for them the subsidiary title of the Birk-beck-and-call Bank.





A GOOD BEGINNING.

Uncle Jack (Umpire). "LOVE ALL!"

Monsieur le Baron. "LOVE ALL! PARELEU! JE CROIS BIEN! ZEY ARE ADORABLES, YOUR NIECES!"

PAN THE POSTER.

(A Modern Perversion of Mrs. Browning's powerful Poem, "A Musical Instrument.")

"We are presented just now with two spectacles, which may help us to take modest and diffident views of the progress of the species. . . . At home there is an utterly unreasonable and unaccountable financial panic among the depositors in the Birkbeck Bank, while in America the free and enlightened democracy of a portion of New York State has suddenly relapsed into primitive barbarism under the influence of fear of cholera."—*The Times*.]

WHAT is he doing, our new god Pan,
Far from the reeds and the river?
Spreading mischief and scattering ban,
Screening 'neath "knickers" his shanks of a
goat,
And setting the wildest rumours afloat,
To set the fool-mob a-shiver.

He frightened the shepherds, the old god
Him of the reeds by the river; [Pan,
Afeared of his faun-face, Arcadians ran;
Unsoothed by the pipes he so deftly could
play,
The shepherds and travellers scurried away
From his face by forest or river.

And back to us, sure, comes the great god
Pan, [river;
With his pipes from the reeds by the
Starting a scare, as the goat-god can,
Making a Man a mere wind-swayed reed,
And moving the mob like a leaf indeed
By a chill wind set a-quiver.

* Pan, the Arcadian forest and river-god, was held to startle travellers by his sudden and terror-striking appearances. Hence sudden fright, without any visible cause, was ascribed to Pan, and called a Panic fear.

He finds it sport, does our new god Pan
(As did he of the reeds by the river),
To take all the pith from the heart of a man,
To make him a sheep—though a tiger in
spring,—

A cruel, remorseless, poor, cowardly thing,
With the whitest of cheeks—and liver!

"Who said I was dead?" laughs the new
god Pan

(Laughs till his faun-cheeks quiver), [plan.
"I'm still at my work, on a new-fangled
Scare is my business; I think I succeed,
When the Mob at my minstrelsy shakes like
a reed,

And I mock, as the pale fools shiver."

Shrill, shrill, shrill, O Pan!
Your Panic-pipes, far from the river!
Deafening shrill, O Poster-Pan!
Turning a man to a timorous brute [flute
With irrational fear. From your frantic
Good sense our souls deliver!

Men rush like the Gadaree swine, O Pan!
With contagious fear a-shiver,
They flock like *Panurge's* poor sheep, O Pan!
What, what shall the merest of manhood
In geese gregarious, panic-stricken [quicken
Like frightened fish in the river.

You sneer at the shame of them, Poster-Pan,
Poltroons of the pigeon-liver.
Your placards gibbet them, Poster-Pan,
Who crowd like curs in the cowardly crush,
Who flock like sheep in the brainless rush
With fear or greed a-shiver.

You are half a beast, O new god Pan!
To laugh (as you laughed by the river)
Making a brute-beast out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain
Of Civilisation, which seems but vain
When the prey of your Panic shiver!

SIR GEORGE AND THE DRAG ON.

By a Writer of Books.

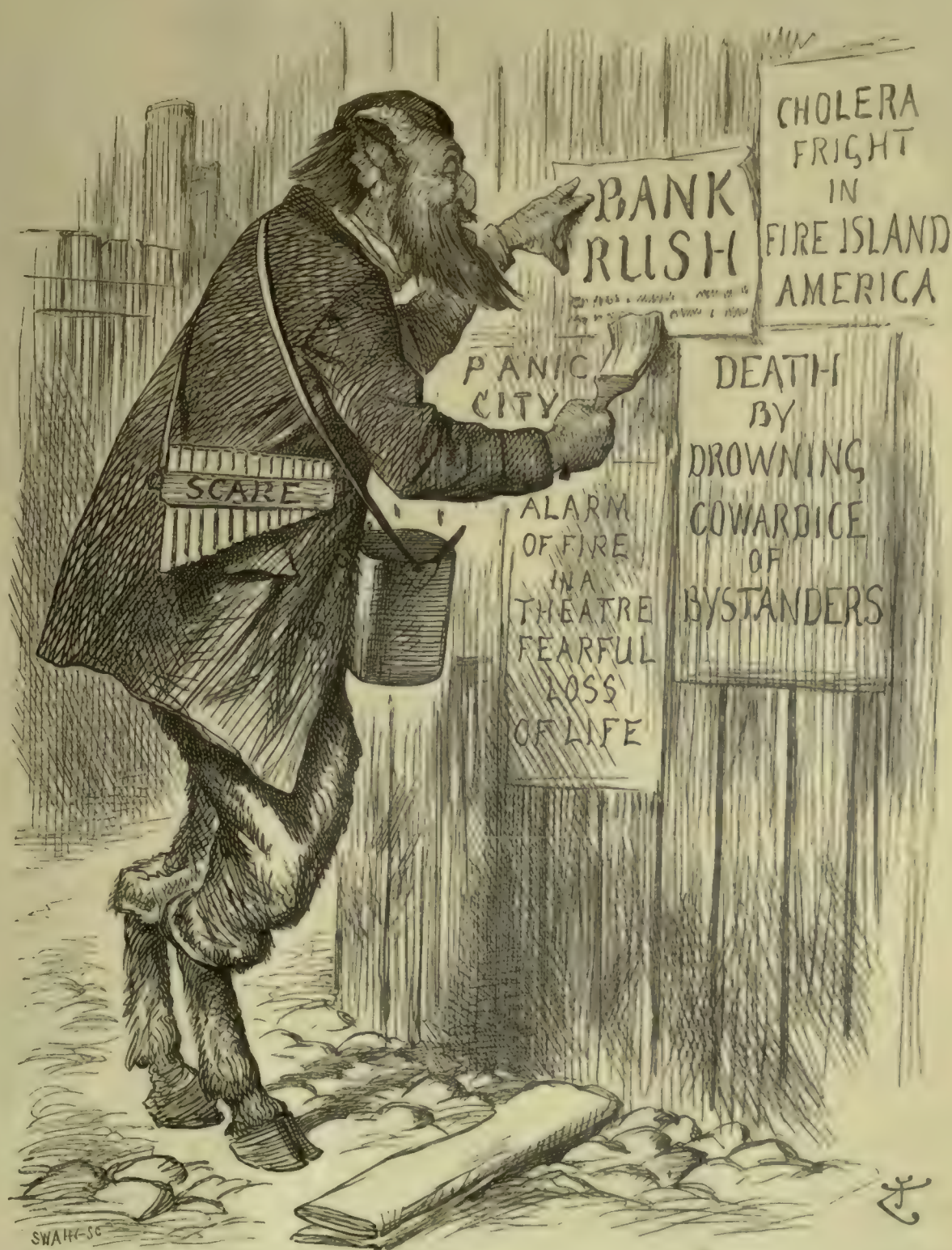
[Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, speaking to the Institute of Journalists, said that "No one was under the obligation of writing books, unless he was absolutely called to do so by a commanding genius."]

Oh! tell me quickly—not if Planet Mars
Is quite the best for journalistic pars,
My fortunes (and alas! my heart) are broken;
Not why to-day young men don't and won't
marry—

For these I do not care. Not to dissemble,
My pen is, as they say, "all of a tremble"—
The pen that once enthralled the myriad
crowd,
The pen that critics one and all allowed
Wrote pleasantly and well, was often funny,
The pen that brought renown, and—better—
money.

My pen is stilled. That happy time is o'er,
Like that old English King, I smile no more.
Now that Sir (Secretary) GEORGE has spoken,
My fortunes (and alas! my heart) are broken;
For though I may not lack all understanding,
My "genius" cannot claim to be "com-
manding."

FLOWERY, BUT NOT MEALY-MOUTHED.—To those who suggested that sending troops to compel the barbarous Long-Islanders to be humane would lose Democratic votes, Governor FLOWER is reported to have replied,—"I don't care a — for votes. I am going to put law-breakers down, and the State in possession of its property." There was an old song, of which the refrain was, "I don't care a — for the people, But what will the Governor say?" Now we know what the Governor says. 'Tis well said. Henceforth he will be known as *The FLOWER* of Speech.



PAN THE POSTER.

PAN (*chuckling*). "HA! HA! WHO SAID THAT I WAS DEAD, AND PANIC-FEAR A THING OF THE ARCADIAN PAST?"

SEA-SIDE ILLS.

(By Our Man Over-bored.)

A SEA S-IDYLL ON "BOARD AND RESIDENCE."

THAT we hurry out of Town
To the sea,
To be properly done brown,
I'll agree;
But of being nicely done,
There's another way than one—
Viz., the rays, besides of sun,
£ s. d.!

Now, it may be very cheap
For the chap
Who is rich, to pay a heap
For a nap
On a sofa that is prone
To a prominence of bone,
Or a table undergrown,
With a flap;

But a man who has not much
Of the pelf
To distribute freely, such
As myself,
And who's ordered change and rest,
Doubts the change is for the best
When he has to lie undress'd
On a shelf!

No; to slumber on a slant
Till you're floor'd,
Is a luxury I can't
Well afford;
And I'm sad to a degree
That, in Everywhere-on-Sea,
"Board and Residence" should be
Mostly board!

"DISCOVERY OF A NEW SAT-
LITE TO JUPITER."—Well, why
not? Why announce it as if a
noted thief had been arrested?
"Discovered! Aha! Then this
to decide"—cries the Melo-
dramatic Satellite. Poor Jupiter
must be uncommonly tired of his
old Satellites by this time! How
pleased, how delighted, he must
be to welcome a new one!



VIEW OF "MARS" AS SEEN THROUGH MR. PUNCH'S TELESCOPE.

MORE LIGHTS!

WHEN anyone now in town requires a change from the *De-lights* of Home, let him go to *See Lights of Home* at the Adelphi. Great scene of the Wreck not so great perhaps as some previous sensational Adelphi effects. In such a piece as "the Lights," it is scarcely fair that "the Heavies" should have it nearly all to themselves, but so it is, and the two Light Comedy parts capably played by Miss JECKS and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD, do not get much of a chance against the heartrending sorrows of Miss EVELYN MILLARD, and of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, the alighted, or sea-lighted heroine, known as "Dave's Daughter" (oh, how fond Mr. W. A. ELLIOTT must be of *Dave Purvis*, the weakest sentimentalist-accidental-lunatic-criminal that ever was let off scot-free at R. H. first entrance before the fall of the Curtain), and the undaunted heroism and unblushing villany of Messrs. CHARLES DALTON, COCKBURN, KINGSTON & Co. The title might well have been, *Good Lights of Home, and Wicked Livers all Abroad*.



A Straight Tip and a New Sensation.

"TOP-DRESSING."—Said Mr. G. to a Welsh audience, "I might as well address the top of Snowdon on the subject of the Establishment, as address you on the matter." Flattery! The top of Snowdon, of course, represented the highest intelligence in Wales.

"I PITY the poor Investors!" exclaimed Mrs. R. sympathetically, when she saw the heading of a paragraph in the *Times*—"Bursting of a Canal Bank."

A BIG BOOMING CHANCE LOST!—Miss LOTTIE COLLINS, according to the *Standard's* report of the proceedings on board the unfortunate *Cepheus*, said that, on seeing two jeering men rowing out from shore, holding up bread to the hungry passengers, she, "had she been a man, would have shot them." She wasn't a man, and so the two brutes escaped. But what another "Boom! *ts-ray,—Ta, ra, ra,*" &c., &c., this would have been for LA COLLINS!

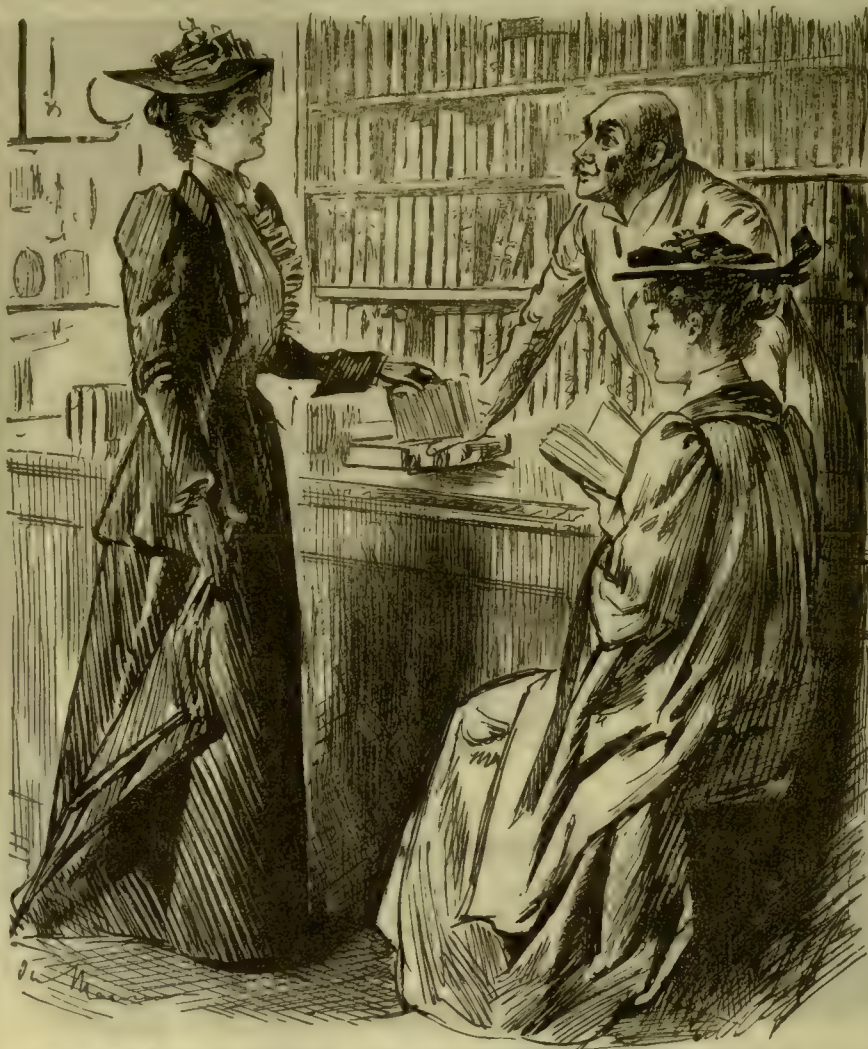
NOT IMPROBABLE.—Lord ROSEBERRY might have ended his diplomatic reply to Mr. THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES, M.P., who recently sent kind inquiries to the Foreign Office, as to the Pamirs and Behring Sea, Canadian Government, &c., &c., with a P.S. to the effect that "his correspondent probably considered him as a Jack 'in office,' and therefore a legitimate object to score off in the game of BOWLES."

THE Prodigal Daughter; or, The Boyne-Water Jump, by DEURIOLANUS MAGNUS and PETTIT PARVUS, was produced with greatest success, last Saturday, at Old Drury. The general recommendation to the authors will be, as a matter of course, i.e., of race-course, given in the historic words of DUCROW, "Cut the oackle and come to the 'osses." When this advice is acted upon, *The Prodigal Daughter*, a very fine young woman, but not particularly prodigal, will produce receipts beyond all oackelation.

FUTURE LEGISLATION FOR NEXT SESSION.—Mr. GLADSTONE will introduce a Bill to render criminal the keeping of heifers loose in a field.

BY A PARAGRAPHIC JOURNALIST.—Very natural that there should be "pars" about "Mars."

"SIGNAL FAILURES."—Most Railway Accidents.



CULTURE BY THE SEA.

"HAVE YOU BROWNING'S WORKS?"

"NO, MISS. THEY'RE TOO DIFFICULT. PEOPLE DOWN HERE DON'T UNDERSTAND THEM."

"HAVE YOU PRÆD?"

"PRÆD, MISS! OH YES; WE'VE TRIED THAT, BUT IT'S NO USE!"

THE CHÂTEAU D' "IF."

THE Castle that I sing, is not
The stronghold *pres Marseilles*,
Where *Monte Christo* brewed his plot
For DUMAS' magic tale:
It's one we all inhabit oft,
The residence of most,
And not peculiar to the soft,
Mediterranean coast.

The Castle "If"—If pigs had wings,
If wishes horses were,
If, rather more substantial things,
My Castles in the air;
If balances but grew on Banks,
If Brokers hated "bluff;"
If Editors refrained from thanks
And printed all my stuff.

If holidays were not a time
Beyond a chap's control,
When someone else prescribes how I'm
To bore my selfish soul;
If bags and boxes packed themselves
For one who packing loathes;
If babes, expensive little elves,
Were only born with clothes

If Bradshaw drove me to the train!
Were *mal-de-mer* a name!
If organ-grinders ground a strain
That never, never came;
If oysters stuck at eighteen pence;
If ladies loathed "The Stores;"
If Tax-collectors had the sense
To overlook my doors!

If sermons stopped themselves to suit
A congregation's pain;
If everyone who played the flute
Were sentenced to be slain;
If larks with truffles sang on trees,
If cooks were made in heaven;
And if, at sea-side spots, the seas
Shut up from nine till seven.

If I might photograph the fiend
Who mauls me with his lens,
If supercilious barbers leaned
Their heads for me to cleanse!
If weather blushed to wreck my plans,
If tops were never twirled;
If "Ifs and ands were pots and pans,"—
'Twould be a pleasant world!

SUMMARY OF RESULT FOR OLD CATHOLIC
CONGRESS.—*Lucernâ Lucellum.*

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I got so wet on the St. Leger day, that I've been in bed ever since—not because I had to wait till my things were dry—but because I caught a cold! What a day it was!—I am told that in addition to the St. Leger, Doncaster is chiefly celebrated for *Butter Scotch*—if so, I presume they don't make it out-of-doors, or it would have stood a good chance of being melted—(not in the mouth)—on Wednesday fortnight! But the excitement of the race fully made up for the liquid weather, and we all—(except the backers of *Orme*)—enjoyed ourselves. I was told that the Duke of WESTMINSTER had "left the Leger at Goodwood," which is simply absurd, as I not only saw it run for at Doncaster myself, but it is ridiculous to insinuate that the Duke went there, put the Leger in his pocket—(as if a Nobleman ever kept books)—walked off quietly to Goodwood and left it there deliberately!

I conclude it can only be an expression coined to discount—(another ledger term)—the victory of *La Flèche*,—to which not half enough attention has been drawn, solely (in my opinion) because *La Flèche* is of the gentler sex, and men don't like the "horse of the year" to be a mare.

I still maintain she was unlucky to lose the Derby, as she won the Oaks two days later in two seconds quicker time:—(which is an anachronism—as if you win *once* out of *twice*—how can it be two seconds?)

There was good sport at Yarmouth (last week, though owing to the rain the course must have been on the soft (roe) side,—by the way you can get them now in bottles, and very good they are. I am glad to see that staunch supporter of the turf, Lord ELTHAM, winning races again—as his horses have been much out of form lately, at least so I am told, but I was not aware that horses were in a "form" at all, unless being "schooled" over hurdles.

I shall have a word or two to say on the Cesarewitch shortly—having had some private information calculated to break a ROTHSCHILD if followed—but for the moment will content myself with scanning the programme of the Leicester and Manchester Meetings.

There are two races which seem perhaps worth picking up—one at each place; and, while giving my selection for the Leicestershire race in the usual verse, I will just mention that I should have given Lord DUNRAVEN's *Inverness* for the Manchester race, but that I see his Lordship has sent it to America—rather foolish, now that winter is coming on; but perhaps he has another, and may be doing a kindness to some poor American Cousin! *St. Angelo* might win this race without an Inverness, though I presume he will appear in some sort of clothing.

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

LEICESTERSHIRE ROYAL HANDICAP SELECTION.

On seeing an awkward, three-cornered affair,
Which I heard was a racer from Fingal,
And hearing him roaring, and whistling an air,
I said, he'll be beaten by *Windgall*.

P.S.—This is *awful*; but *what* a horse to have to rhyme to!

"SHUT UP!" AT BARMOUTH!—Mr. GLADSTONE having made up his mind not to utter another syllable during his holiday, selects as an appropriate resting-place, a charming sea-side spot where he stops himself, and where there is a "Bar" before the "mouth."



MR. PUNCH'S FISHING-PARTY.



THE FINDING OF PHARAOH.

Interesting Discovery in the Dead Season.

VERY ENTERTAINING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—So much is done by the organisers of the Primrose League in the shape of amusements for the people, that it seems strange "the other side" should not follow suit. Without having decided political opinions, I like both the Government and Her Majesty's Opposition to be on equal terms. Hence my suggestion. I see that, a few days ago, Mr. GLADSTONE, in speaking to an audience at Barmouth, made the following remarks. He said—He belonged to almost every part of the country. A Scotchman by blood, born in Lancashire, and resident in London, he had become closely attached to Wales by marriage, and had now become too old to get rid of that inclination. Surely these admissions conjure up the possibility of a really excellent entertainment. To show you what I mean, I jot down, in dramatic form, my notion of the manner in which the PREMIER's excellent idea should be worked out:—

SCENE—A large hall, with a platform. On the platform, Committee and Chairman. In front of the Chairman, large table, with cloth reaching to the floor. Water-bottle, and tumbler, and lamp.

Chairman. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in announcing that the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE (cheers), will give his entertainment entitled "The Man of Many Characters" almost immediately. The PREMIER's train is a little late, but—ah, here come his fore-runners. (Enter two Servants in livery with a large basket-box, which they place under the table and then retire.) And now we may expect the PREMIER immediately.

[Enter Mr. GLADSTONE in evening dress hurriedly. He is received with thunders of applause.]

Mr. Gladstone. Ladies and Gentlemen! (Great cheering.) I regret I have kept you waiting for some quarter of an hour. My excuse must be that I caused the train to be pulled up, because I noticed at a wayside station a crowd of villagers who, apparently, were desirous to hear me speak. You must forgive me, for it was for the good of the nation. (Cheers.) And now without preface, I will appear as my friend Farmer HODGE. (Loud applause, during which the PREMIER dives under the table and re-appears in character. Continued applause.) I be mighty glad to see ye. And now, I'll tell ye what I think about the Eight Hours' Bill. (Airs his opinions in "Zomerzeshire" for some twenty minutes. At the conclusion of his performance re-appears in evening dress-coat. Applause.) Thank you very much. But although Farmer HODGE is a very good fellow, I think SANDIE MACBAWBER is even better. With your permission, I will appear as SANDIE MACBAWBER. (Disappears under table, and re-appears in Highland Costume. Cheers.) Dinna fash yourselves! Ma gracious! It's ma opinion that you'll just hear a wee bit about Home Rule for Bonnie Scotland. Well, ye ken— (Airs his opinions upon his chosen subject in broad Scotch. After a quarter of an hour he re-appears, and receives the usual applause.) Thank you from the bottom of my heart. And now as I have shown you Scotland and England, I think you would be pleased with a glimpse of London. (Cheers.) You all like London, do you not? (Applause.) With your kind permission, I will re-appear as a noted character in the great tragic comedy of the world's Metropolis. (Dives down and comes up as a Costermonger. Prolonged applause.) What cheer! (Laughter.) Well, you blokes what are you grinning at? I am a chieekaleary cove, that's what I am. But I know what would knock you! You would like to 'ear about 'Ome Rule. Eh? What cheer! 'Ere goes. (Reveals his Home-Rule scheme with a Cockney twang and dialect. Then disappears and re-appears in his customary evening dress.) Thank you

most earnestly. (Loud cheers.) And now I am afraid I must bid you good-bye. But before leaving, I must confess to you that I have never had the honour of appearing before a juster, more intelligent, and more appreciative audience. (Bows and exits.)

Voices. Encore! Encore! Encore!

Mr. Gladstone (returning). I am deeply touched by this sign of public confidence. I would willingly continue my character illustrations indefinitely, but, unfortunately, I am required in another part of the country to repeat the same performances. I have only just time to catch my special train. Thank you again and again.

[Exit hurriedly, after kissing his hand. The Footmen reappear, and take away the large box. Applause, and Curtain.]

There, my dear Mr. Punch, is the rough idea. I feel sure it could be carried through with the greatest possible advantage.

Believe me, yours most truly,

AN EARNEST PATRIOT.

THE QUEEN OF MAN-O'-ER-BOARD.

A Novel in Little from a Drama in Full.

CHAPTER I.—Lady Violet Malvern at Home.

IT was a gorgeous entertainment, consisting chiefly of recitations and the "Intermezzo." Lady VIOLET MALVERN was the life and soul of the party. But there were lesser lights in a Baron FINOT, an old diplomatist, and a Major GARRETT, an officer in retreat. Then came ARMAND SEVARRO. He was an adventurer, and a friend of Baron FINOT, and had a solitary anecdote.

"I am going to be married to a young lady of the name of DOROTHY BLAIR, but cannot reveal the secret, because her mother is not well enough to hear the news."

Then ARMAND met Lady VIOLET.

"I dreamed years ago of going to the City of Manoa to find its Queen. I have found her this evening."

"And she is—?" queried Lady VIOLET.

"You!" hissed the Brazilian (he was a Brazilian), and departed.

"What folly!" murmured Lady VIOLET, in the moonlight.

And many agreed with her.

CHAPTER II.—The Garden of Dorothy Blair.

DOROTHY was on the Thames. There came to her ARMAND.

"Will you never publish our contemplated marriage?" she asked.

"How can I, child?" he replied. "How can I reveal the secret when your mother is not well enough to hear the news?"

It was his solitary anecdote.

She sighed, and then came a steam-launch. It contained Lady VIOLET, the other characters, lunch, and (played off) the "Intermezzo."

Then ARMAND preferred to flirt with Lady VIOLET to DOROTHY.

"What nonsense!" thought DOROTHY.

And her thoughts found an echo in the breasts of the audience.

CHAPTER III.—Smoke in the Smoking-room.

AND the Right Hon. RICHARD MALVERN, having had supper, was jealous of his wife. He told Lady VIOLET that he considered ARMAND *de trop*. But he did it so amiably that it touched Lady VIOLET deeply.

"I will send ARMAND away," she replied. Then she told the Brazilian that it was his duty to stay away until his engagement was announced.

"But how can it be announced?" he replied, repeating his solitary anecdote. "I am engaged to a young lady, but I cannot reveal the secret, because her mother is not well enough to hear the news."

Then Lady VIOLET bade him, haughtily, adieu! He departed, but returned, accompanied by the "Intermezzo." Then—probably at the suggestion of the music—she hugged him. Then he left her.

"This is very wearisome," murmured Lady VIOLET.

And the audience agreed with her.

CHAPTER IV.—A Weir on the Thames.

IT being moonlight, Lady VIOLET walked on a terrace, and admired a dangerous weir. There was a shriek, and the Brazilian rushed in accompanied by the "Intermezzo."

"Fly with me to any part of the Desert that pleases you most."

"I would be most delighted," replied Lady VIOLET; "I would sacrifice myself to any extent, but I would not annoy my husband."

"Then let me kiss you with the aid of MASCAGNI," and he pressed his lips to her brow, to the accompaniment of the "Intermezzo."

"I have been to Manoa, and kissed its Queen," said the Brazilian, as he jumped into the weir, wearily. "It would have been better had I died before."

"Yes," thought Lady VIOLET, as she leisurely fainted, "it would indeed have been better had he died in the First Act than in the last. Then the piece would have been shorter, more satisfactory, and less expensive to produce. Nay, more—a solitary Act might have been one too many!" And yet again the audience, "all o'er-board," entirely agreed with her!

"STUMPED!"

(A would-be laudatory Ode.
By Jingle Junior.)

[The young Indian Gentleman, Mr. H. RANJITSINHJI, has "secured his century" at Cricket no less than eleven times this season.]

O H. S. RANJIT—(spelling a wild venture is!)

Wielder of willow, runner-up of "centuries"!

What's in a name? A name like RANJITSIN—

(Can't finish it, was foolish to begin!)

How many miles was it you ran, O RAN—

(Bowled out again. Am sorry I began.)

In running out those hundreds, RANJITSINGH—

(A man were a patched fool, a perfect ninny,

Who'd try to spell that name, Ask Bully Bottom!)

With such a name to carry, how you got 'em,

O RANJ—(that sounds like Orange!)—those same "notches"

Is quite a wonder. Were they "bowls" or "cottes"?

That got you out at last, those times eleven?

(Where is GRACE now? He has not scored one even,

This season, though as close as ninety-nine to it.)

Applause has greeted you; let me add mine to it,

O RAN-JIT-SIN-HJI! (Those last three letters

What do they spell? Orthography's cold fetters

Shan't chill my admiration, smart young Hindoo!

Say, did you amite a sixer through a window,

Like Slogger THORNTON in his boyish prime,

O RANJITSINHJI? Got it this time!

That is, it *spelt* all right. E'en admiration

Shan't tempt me to attempt pronunciation!

Eleven centuries we to Indian skill owe!

Will the East lick the West at its own "Willow?"

Here's luck to India and young RAN—Ooh, murder!

RAN-JIT-SIN-SIN—How's that! Out? Can't get further!

"OH NO, WE NEVER MENTION IT."—The KENDALS have got a Play by a young American

Author with the very uncompromising name of DAM. He, or his Play, may be Dam good,

or just the reverse: still, if he does turn out to be the "big, big D," then all the Dam

family, such as Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Schiedam, and so forth, will be real proud of

him. Future Dams will revere him as their worthy ancestral sire, and American Dam may

become naturalised among us (we have a lot of English ones quite a *spécialité* in that line, so

the French say), and become Dam-nation-alised. What fame if the piece is successful,

and DAM is on every tongue! So will it be too, if unsuccessful. Englishmen will welcome

the new American playwright with the name unmentionable to ears polite, and will recognise in him, as the Dam *par excellence*,

their brother, as one of the uncommon descendants of A-DAM. By the way, the appropriate night for its production would be Christmas Eve. Fancy the cries all over the House, calling for the successful Author!!



IMMUNITIES OF THE SEA-SIDE.

"COME UNDER THE UMBRELLA, JACK, IT'S BEGUN TO RAIN, AND YOU'LL CATCH COLD, AND MAMMA'LL BE VEXED!"

"POOH! AS IF SALT WATER EVER GAVE ONE COLD!"

"PUNSCH."

(In the Reading-room of the Bernerhof.)

ALTHOUGH thy name is wrongly spelt
Upon thy case, what joy I felt

To find a place where thou hast dwelt,

My Punsch!

Yet wit and wisdom, even thine,

Can't wake up Berne, where folks supine

All go to bed at half-past nine,

My Punsch!

What art or jokes could entertain.

Such sleepy people? True, they feign

It's later, for they say "*halb zehn*,"

My Punsch!

My German "*Punsch*," what gender thine?

They who accept, likewise decline,

"*Das Weib*" might feminine assign—

Die Punsch!

No matter which, if I behold

Thy pages, worth their weight in gold—

It's true they're more than three weeks old,

My Punsch!

AN ODD FELLOW OUT.—The Church-breaking thief (*ride the Standard's* provincial news) who was arrested at Oswestry (fitting that a Church-thief should have been arrested by Os-Westry-men—which sounds like a body of mounted ecclesiastical police), explained that he was a "monumental mason of Dublin." Perhaps the Jury will find him monumentally deranged.

HEALTH AND HOPPINESS.

[It is reported that the latest move is for ladies to combine profit and pleasure by going "hopping."]

FAIR Woman longs for novelty,

Her daily task is apt to cloy her,

The pastimes that were wont to divert

Diverting now do but annoy her.

The common joys of life are so tired of tennis, shooting,

shopping,

She turns in her despair to Kent,

And tries her 'prentice hand at hopping.

Now girls whom you would scarce believe

Would not turn up their noses at soiling

Their dainty hands, to dewy eve

From early morn keep ever toiling.

There's ETHEL of the golden hair,

Who flutters through existence gaily

(Her father is a millionaire),

Hops hard and does her twelve hours daily.

Then pretty MAUD, with laughing eyes,

Who hardly knew what daily wage meant,

To everybody's great surprise

Proceeds to out this, that engagement.

Amid the vines she daily

And picks till weary fingers tingle,

The sweetest music now she knows

Is hearing hard-earned sovereigns jingle.

This latest move, it's very true,

Appears to be a rather rum thing,

But yet for idle hands to do

We know that Someone will find something.

Will fashionable hopping last?

Well, this it's safe to lay your cash on,

Before another year has passed

There'll be another female fashion.

VIVE LA RAIN DU BALLET À L'ALHAMBRA!

—"Certainly," says Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, "We've la rain. It comes pouring

down on the stage, and the people come pouring in to see it. I suppose," says he, "they'll

now call me 'The Wetter'un'?" The ballet is very effective, not a drop too much, and "not

a drop in the business" in front of the house, though there is, as is evident, on the stage.

If Manager JOHN liked to quote SHAKESPEARE with a difference, in his advertisements, he

might say, "With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain! For the Rain it raineth every night!" For some time to come this show

will be the raining favourite at the Alhambra. By the way, the *Sheffield Telegraph*, describing the alterations and improvements in front at the Alhambra, wrote—"The ceiling has been bevelled with porous plasters so as to hide the girders." We know that hand—it's our

"Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM," and she "comes from Sheffield." However, "porous plasters" would be another attraction at the Alhambra, or anywhere, as they certainly ought to *drone*.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

UNLUCKY Leicester was even more unlucky than usual—and when the big race was run last Wednesday, so thick was the rain, that the horses could only be seen for the last half mile! Of course this made all the difference to the horse I selected—*Windgall*—who finished second;—as he only gives his best performances in public, and as he doubtless knew he couldn't be seen, he thought it was only a private trial until he got close home, when his gallant effort was too late to be of any use!—at least, this is how I read the result of the race, and who can know more about a horse than the racing-prophet, I should like to know?

I was told by Sir WALTER GREENINGTON, that the public "tumbled over each other" to back *Breach*, but I must say I didn't notice anything of the sort, and it was not the kind of day anyone would choose for a roll on the turf, the state of which was detrimental to any kind of *Breach*!—The believers in "coincidences"—(of which I need hardly say I am one—a coincidence being a truly feminine reason for backing a horse)—had no option but to back the winner, *Rusticus*; as he drew the same berth he occupied in last year's race, which he also—(I mean also)—won for Mr. HAMAR BASS!—*Stuart* was a great eleventh hour tip—(why eleventh hour I wonder?—more than any other—and who fixes the precise moment when the eleventh hour commences?)—but history tells us the STUARTS were mostly unreliable; and though I am told he ran a "great horse"—I thought him rather on the small side myself!

I hear that Mr. LEONARD BOYNE has received a "licence to ride" from the Jockey Club, and that his ambition is to ride the winner of the "Grand National"—to which end he has started "schooling" a well-known chaser over the private training-ground in Drury Lane, belonging to Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS—if he hopes to escape observation by training at night, I fear his design will be frustrated, as, on the evening, I went to witness this "new departure" in training, I found most of the London racing-touts present, with the inevitable field-glasses!

Next week sees us once more at our beloved Newmarket First October—(this is a Jockey-Club joke, as the meeting *always* takes place in September! But what does a little paradox of this kind matter to such an *August* body!)—and I shall append my selection for the most important race of Wednesday, but I also wish to give a

hint to the "Worldly Wise" not to miss the October Handicap, or the match, for which *Buccaneer* will be favourite at the "fall of the flag!"—(The flag may fall, but such a *Buccaneer* as this is will never "strike his flag" I feel sure!) Being absolutely overloaded with prophecy, I must also have a word to say on the Rutland Plate, which aristocratically-named race could only be won by the aristocratically-named *Buckingham*!—Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

GREAT-EASTERN RAILWAY HANDICAP SELECTION:—

Though good his chance to win the prize, "Lord HENRY" soon detected, That greatest danger would arise, From Colonel NORTH'S "Selected."

SWORD AND PEN.

A FABLE.

(Translated from the Russo-French.)

PEN was a busy personage. He was flying from place to place, and had much importance. He was pompous and mysterious, and puzzled many people. Pen was accompanied by a sheet of paper that he called Treaty. Pen took Treaty everywhere. To Russia, to France, to Rome, and to Turkey. No one knew exactly what Treaty was like. Pen said he was satisfied with Treaty, and as Pen and Treaty were such constant companions, Pen's word on the subject was accepted as authentic.

But one fine day there was a breeze, and Treaty was blown away by the wind.

"Can I not assist?" asked Pen. "Things seem to have gone wrong."

"No, thanks," replied Sword, grimly; "when it comes to close quarters, we find ink not quite so useful as gunpowder!"

SUGGESTION FOR AN OUTSIDE ADVERTISEMENT TO BE DISPLAYED AT THE DOOR OF THE STRAND THEATRE.—"Niobe all tiers" (full).

Brief Interview.

"AND," asked our deferential interviewer, "what did your Lordship reply to the deputation about Uganda?"

Lord ROSEBERY at once answered, "I said little, but I—"
"Ment-more," interrupted the Private Secretary, sticking a label on his Lordship's travelling bag.

"Quite so," said Lord ROSEBERY, and off he went.

BAD FOR WOULD-BE "ENGLISH WIVES."—It is reported that "Yankee Girls and American Belles were the feature of the Miscellaneous Market." This should put our young men on their mettle—tin, of course, for choice. No reasonable offer refused.



"THE PERI AT THE ACADEMY GATES."

"On July 4th, Lieutenant PEARY, in his great sledge journey, commenced on May 15th last, in Greenland, came on a glacier which he named The Academy Glacier."—Times.



"HOW IT'S DONE!"

(Hard on Sketchley, who was there at the time and in the thick of it, and has just had his Picture photographed.)

"OH! MR. SKETCHLEY, HOW CLEVER OF YOU TO PAINT SUCH A LARGE PICTURE FROM SUCH A SMALL PHOTOGRAPH!"

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

No. V.—MY BUTTONS!

It wasn't that he blacked the plate
And rouged the boots, and breathed, half-
choking,



Half-snorting, when he leaned to wait;
Although these habits are provoking.
It wasn't that he sang his fill,
Although his mouth with food was giving;

This latter, as a feat of skill,
Might have procured the lad a living.

It wasn't that he'd purchase hosts
Of equibs and sweets to mess the pantry;
That horrid boy, and broomstick-ghosts
On timid JANE would oft, and ANN try.

These petty peccadilloes might
Have all improved with careful training.—
It was his shameless appetite
That gave us cause for most complaining.

He swilled and stuffed as never mere
Adult voracity can own to;
He was a "growing boy," I fear;
I wonder much what he has grown to!

He wore away our forks and spoons
With hard, incessant gormandizing;
The Baker's, and, for some blue moons,
The Milkman's bill were quite surprising.

He cost us more in Butcher's meat
And Grocer's tea, and things from Cutlers,
He cost, I solemnly repeat,
Far more than two or three big Butlers.

And thus his fat increased until't
Became a show that sight bewilders;
We trembled for our mansion built,
You see, by noted Jerry-builders.

At length (you'll scarce the fact believe)
One evening, as we sat at dinner,
And strove our senses to deceive
By just imagining him thinner;

We heard a crack, a burst, a groan,
We felt a broadside round us battered,

We saw his buttons fiercely blown
About our heads, and piecemeal scat-
tered!

The suit had split; the boy was bare
Of clothes designed to last for ages;



We gave him notice then and there—
This volume, so to speak, of pages!

SONG TO BE SUNG IN HAYMARKET ORCHESTRA
DURING OVERTURE.—"Oh, why should we
wait till to-morrow? See Queen of Manoa
to-night!"

ON A GUERNSEY EXCURSION CAR.

The car, drawn by four horses, and crowded with Excursionists on pleasure bent, is toiling up the steep streets of St. Peter Port, when it comes to a sudden halt.

Excursionists (impatiently). Now then, what's this? What are we stopping here for?

The Driver. Ladies and Gentlemen, you will thoroughly understand that it is customary for the car to stop here, in order that the party may be photographed, thus providing an agreeable souvenir of the trip, and a useful means of identification at Scotland Yard. (*A Photographer appears in the road with a camera, and the party prepare themselves for perpetuation in a pleased flutter.*) Praps, Sir—(*to a Mild Man on the box-seat*)—you'd like to be taken 'andling the ribbons? Most of our Gentlemen do.

[The Mild Man accepts the reins, and endeavours to assume a knowing and horsey expression.]

A Timid Lady (behind). I do hope no Gentleman will take the reins, unless he is thoroughly accustomed to driving four-in-hand. Suppose they took it into their heads to run away suddenly!

Driver (solemnly). Don't you alarm yourself about that, Ma'am, in the very slightest degree. These 'osses take that pride in themselves, they'd stop here all day rather than spoil their own likenesses!

[The M. M. intimates that he is no novice in the art of driving, which is fairly true as regards a pony-trap—and the fears of the T. L. are allayed.]

Photographer. Now, steady all, please, those at the further ends of the seats stand up so as to come into the picture, a little more to the right, please, the gentleman in the straw 'at, turn your 'ead a trifle more towards the camera, the lady in the pink shirt,—that's better. Better take off your spectacles, Sir. Now then—are you ready?

A Comic Exc. 'Old on a bit—I've a fly on my nose.

[Some of the party giggle; the photograph is successfully taken, and the car proceeds.]

The Driver. On your left, Ladies and Gentlemen, you have the Prison—the cheapest Hotel in the Island for parties who intend making a protracted stay here. On our right we are now passing "Paradise." You will observe that someone has 'ung his 'at and coat up at the entrance, not being certain of getting in. Notice the tree in front—the finest specimen on the island of the good old Guernsey hoak.

[He keeps turning from time to time to address these instructive remarks to the passengers behind him.]

The Timid Lady. I wish he wouldn't talk so much, and look more where he is going—we're much too near the hedge!

Driver (standing up, and turning his back on the horses, as they trot on). Ladies and Gentlemen, you will all thoroughly understand that the roads in this Island are narrow. Consequently, you must look after the branches and briars yourselves. I've enough to do to look after my 'orses, I assure you, and it looks bad to see 'ats and bonnets decorating the 'edges after the car has passed. (*Some of the Excursionists look at one another uneasily.*) The glass-'ouses you see in such quantities, are employed in the production of early grapes and tomatoes for the London Market. This Island alone exports annually—

[Here the car rounds a corner rather sharply, and he sits down again.]

The Mild Man (with a Mild Man's thirst for information). What are those buildings over there with the chimney?

[Here he is conscious of being furtively prodded in the back—but decides to take no notice.]

Driver (rising as before). Those buildings, Ladies and Gentlemen,

are Chemical works for extracting iodine from seaweed. The seaweed, after being dried, is then boiled, and from the ash—

[Here the Mild Man, who has been listening with much interest, is startled by receiving a folded piece of paper, which is passed up to him from behind.]

The M. M. (to himself, as he reads the message). "Keep the Driver quiet. He is drunk." Good Gracious! I never noticed—and yet—dear me, I hope they don't expect me to interfere!

The Timid Lady (to the Driver). For goodness sake never mind about iodine now—sit down and attend to your driving, like a good man!

Driver. You will thoroughly understand, my horses require no attention. (*Sleepily.*) No attention whatever. I assure you I am perfectly competent to drive this car and give you information going along at the same time. (*The car takes another corner rather abruptly.*) Simply matter of habit. (*Gravely.*) Matter 'f habit!

A Serious Exc. (in an undertone). A very bad habit, I'm afraid. It's really time somebody else took the reins from him!

The M. M. (overhearing). I'm afraid they mean me—I wish now I'd never touched the reins at all!

Driver. The Church we are now coming to, is St. Martin's built in the year eleven 'undred.

A Female Exc. (critically). It has got an old-fashioned look about it, certainly.

A Male Exc. There's nothing to see inside of these old churches. I went in one the other day, and I was looking up at the rafters, and I saw a sort o' picture there, and I said, "Ulo—they've been advertising PEARS' Soap here, or something." But when I looked again, it was only an old fresco. I was so little interested I walked out without tipping the Verger!

The Female Exc. That Church we went to on Sunday evening is very old.

Her Comp. Is it? How do you know?

The F. E. Why, my dress was covered with bits of fluff out of the hassock!

Driver. The carved stone figure you see by the gate, is supposed to be a portrait of JULIUS CESAR'S Grandmother, and very like the old lady. (*The Excursionists nearest him smile in a sickly way, to avoid hurting his feelings, as the car moves on—to halt once more at Icart Point.*) It is customary to alight here and go round the point, and I can assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, the scenery is well worth your inspection and will give you a little idea of what the Island is.

Excursionists (taking advantage of the opportunity to discuss

the situation). I noticed it the minute I set eyes on him—he never ought to have been sent out like this. . . He's been to a wedding this morning, so I heard, and it's upset him a little, that's all. . . Upset him—we're lucky if he doesn't upset us. What a fidget you are! I shan't take you into Switzerland next year, if you're like this. . . If Switzerland's full of a lot of drunken men, I don't want to go. . . Well, what had we better do about it? Perhaps this gentleman would—Oh, no, I couldn't take the responsibility, really, not without knowing the way. Well, we can't walk back, that's certain—we must trust to luck, that's all! Pretty bit of the coast you get here. . . Oh, don't talk about the scenery now, when, for all we know!—&c., &c.

[The car starts again, and presently arrives at a winding and precipitous road leading down to Petit Bot Bay, where the Driver again rises with his back to the horses, and proceeds to address the Excursionists, as they sit paralysed with horror.]

Driver. Ladies and Gentlemen, at this point I shall explain the scenery. (*The Timid Lady protests that she is content to leave the scenery unexplained.*) Pardon me, this is a portion of the scenery—(*Here his eyes close and reopen with an effort*)—a portion of the



"Endeavours to assume a knowing and horsey expression."

scenery that can only be properly enjoyed coming out on one of these cars. If you go out with ordinary drivers, they take you along the main roads, and you come away fancying you've seen the island. Now the advantage of coming along with me—*(His eyes close once more—the Excursionists implore him to attend to his team.)* You will thoroughly understand there is not the slightest cause to apprehend any danger. I've driven this car fifteen years without least accident—up to present. So you can devote your whole attention to the scenery, without needing to keep an eye upon the Driver. *(He points to the abyss.)* That is the *shortest* way down—on this occasion, however, I shall endeavour *not* to take it. *(He whips up his horses, and accomplishes the descent at a brisk pace.)* There, didn't I tell you there wouldn't be no accident? Very well, then. Perhaps you'll believe me another time!

Mild Man (alighting at Hotel for luncheon). We've had a remarkably lucky escape—I never felt more thankful in my life!

A Gloomy Eze. Don't you be in too great a hurry, Sir! We've got to get back—and he's bound to be worse after he's had his lunch!

[The M. M.'s appetite for lobster is entirely destroyed by this sinister prediction; but whether the Driver has been unjustly maligned, or whether he has sobered himself in the interval—he reappears in a more sedentary, and less discursive mood, and the journey home proves agreeably devoid of sensation.]

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be."

RUBY AND THE ROOK.

RUBY, although she was something of a tomboy, was a pretty and clever girl.

But, like many pretty and clever little ladies, she was sometimes very naughty. When she was good, she was as good as gold, but when she was naughty, she was as naughty as pinchbeck.

The other day, when her dear Mamma was away for the morning, it happened to be one of her pinchbeck times. Nothing would please her—she was cross with her governess at breakfast, she quarrelled

with her bread-and-milk; and even when her favourite tame Rook, Cawous, came hopping on her shoulder, she refused to give it anything to eat, but hit it on the beak with her spoon.

Miss DUMBELL was very much grieved at the way in which her pupil lolled in her chair, gave sullen answers, and put flies in the milk-jug, and pinched the cat's tail. "Mind, RUBY," said Miss DUMBELL, "at eleven o'clock I shall expect you in the school-room with that page of French phrases quite perfect."

RUBY's eyes flashed as

she went out of the room; she pouted, she swung her skirts, and shook her shoulders, so that even Miss DUMBELL, the most patient and kindest of governesses, quite longed to slap her.

RUBY went to the school-room; she immediately flung the French phrase-book from one end of the room to the other. She took some story-books, and a little basket full of apples, bath-buns and "three-corners," and ran down to a little plantation called the Wilderness, at the bottom of the garden. She selected one of the tallest elms, and as she could climb like a kitten, she was soon at the top of it, quite hidden from view among the leaves.

"So much for old DUMMY and her French phrases!" said the naughty girl, as she settled herself in a comfortable position and brought out her story-book. The stable-clock had struck twelve, and she heard her name called in all directions, by JOREINS, the gardener, BRILLIT, the butlers, and long-suffering Miss DUMBELL. They could not find her anywhere, and her Most Serene Naughtiness sat screened by the leaves and shook with laughter.

Presently "Cawous," her pet Rook, came fluttering amid the leaves, and began to caw. RUBY offered him bits of Bath bun, and even a whole three-corner, in order to keep him quiet.

But he remembered his treatment at breakfast, and refused all these bribes with scorn. He declined to be petted, he continued to hover over the tree, and circle around it, giving vent to the most discordant shrieks. Presently she heard the clear measured tones of

her Mamma's voice saying, "RUBY, come down at once. I know you are up in the elm." Cawous, whom she had maltreated, had betrayed her hiding-place.

RUBY dared not disobey. Quite subdued, and with garments grievously greened, she descended. Mamma took her little daughter indoors, and improved the occasion. RUBY eventually appeared, with tears in her eyes, and subsequently apologised to her governess, recited the page of French phrases without a mistake, and promised to be a good girl. Though she sometimes forgot herself, and was rude to Miss DUMBELL afterwards, she never failed to treat Cawous the Rook with most profound consideration and reverence.

TO MELENDIA.

(A Set of Verses accompanying a Photograph.)

I REMEMBER—do you?—the remarkable sky light

That flooded the heavens one evening in May,

How together we talked *l'ête-d'été* in the twilight,

When the glow of the sunset had faded away.

Then you showed me your album. I looked at its pages.

With yourself as my guide and companion went through

Its contents—there were people of all sorts and ages,

But the portrait I fancied the most was—of you.



And you saw that I did. Which perhaps was the reason
Of your "No!" when I asked "May I have it?" You swore
You were going to be shot at the close of the season,

And you couldn't spare that, as there weren't any more.

But at length I prevailed, or at least you relented,

After ever so many excuses—in fine

We agreed to a compact, you only consented

On condition I gave you a portrait of mine.

Well, I promised, of course. And I write you these verses

With your face—you'll forgive me—quite close to my own.

There's a charm in your look that completely disperses

All my cares in a way that is yours, dear, alone.

And although I am pleased, since I won in the end—a

More ridiculous bargain has never, I vow,

Been arranged than a picture of pretty MELENDIA,

In exchange for the photograph sent to you now.

We did not meet again through some horrible blunder,

Which a merciless Fate must be asked to explain,

And I sometimes sit smoking, and wearily wonder

If I ever am destined to see you again.

Yet wherever the future may possibly find you,

To this final request do not answer me Nay,

When I ask that this gift of myself may remind you

Of the friend who was with you that evening in May.



BREAKING THE ICE.

SCENE—Public Drawing-room of Hotel in the Engadine.

The Hon. Mrs. Snobington (to Fair Stranger). "ENGLISH PEOPLE ARE SO UNSOCIABLE, AND NEVER SPEAK TO EACH OTHER WITHOUT AN INTRODUCTION. I ALWAYS MAKE A POINT OF BEING FRIENDLY WITH PEOPLE STAYING AT THE SAME HOTEL. ONE NEED NEVER KNOW THEM AFTERWARDS!"

ADVANCING YEARS.

(How it strikes a Contemporary.)

["Owing to advancing years, Mr. — has been compelled to resign his position as—"] *Extract from any Daily Paper.*

ADVANCING years! It cannot be.

What, JACK, the boy I've known—God
Why yes, it was in '43 [bless me!
That first we met, and—since you press
That's close on fifty years ago; [me—
The time has sped without my knowledge,
Like some deep river's silent flow,
Since JACK and I first met at College.

'Twas on a cloudy Autumn day,
Fast fading into misty twilight;
The freshmen, as they trooped to pray,
Stepped bolder in the evening's shy light.
As yet we did not break the rules
In which the College deans immesh men,
We fledglings from a score of schools,
That far October's brood of freshmen.

Like one who starts upon a race,
The Chaplain through the service scurried.
From prayer to prayer he sped apace;
I marked him less the more he hurried.
My prayer-book fell—my neighbour smiled;
Reversing NEWTON with the apple,
I, by that neighbour's eye beguiled,
Quite lost my gravity in chapel.

And so we smiled. I see him still,
Blue eyes, where darting gleams of fun
shine,

A smile like some translucent rill
That sparkles in the summer sunshine,
A manly mien, and unafraid,
Crisp hair, fair face, and square-set
shoulders,
That made him on the King's Parade
The cynosure of all beholders.

And from this slight irreverence,
Too small, I hope, to waste your blame on,
We grew, in quite a Cambridge sense,
A sort of PYTHIAS and DAMON.
Together "kept," together broke
Laws framed by elderly Draconians,
And I was six, and JACK was stroke,
That famous night we bumped the
Johnians.

How strong he was, how fleet of foot,
Ye bull-dogs witness, and ye Proctors;
How bright his jests, how aptly put
His scorn of duns, and Dons, and Doctors.
We laughed at care, read now and then—
Though vexed by EUCLID on the same
bridge—

Ah, men in those great days were men
When JACK and I wore gowns at Cambridge.

We paid our fines, we paid our fees,
And, though the Dons seemed stony-hearted,
We both got very fair degrees,
And then, like other friends, we parted.
And when we said good-bye at last
I vowed through life to be his brother—
And more than forty years have passed
Since each set eyes upon the other.

And so through all these changing years
With all their thousand changing faces,
Their failures, hopes, successes, fears,
In half a hundred different places,
JACK still has been the same to me,
As bright within my memory's fair book
As when we met in '43,
And smiled about that fallen prayer-book.

Ah well, the moments swiftly stream
Unheeded through the upturned hour-
glass;
I've lived my life, and dreamed my dream,
And quaffed the sweet, as now the sour glass.
But old and spent my mind strays back
To pleasant paths fresh-strewn with roses,
And I would see my old friend JACK
Once more before the curtain closes.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Earl of LATHOM (who, being quite six feet or more, cannot be described as Small and Earl-y) is to lay the foundation-stone of "The Cross Deaf and Dumb School for N. and E. Lancashire." Now the Deaf and Dumb are, as a rule, exceptionally cheerful and good-tempered. It is quite right, therefore, that exceptions to this rule should be treated in a separate establishment, and that the "Cross Deaf and Dumb" ones should have a house to themselves. *Prosit!*

A HIGHLY-POLISH'D PERFORMANCE.—HENRY IRVING as *Le Juif Polonais* in *The Belle*.



TUNING THE HARP.

A FRIEND TAKES ME FOR A QUIET DRIVE.



1. "Don't be alarmed, Jack—it's only her way. She always does this at starting. Never knew her to come over."



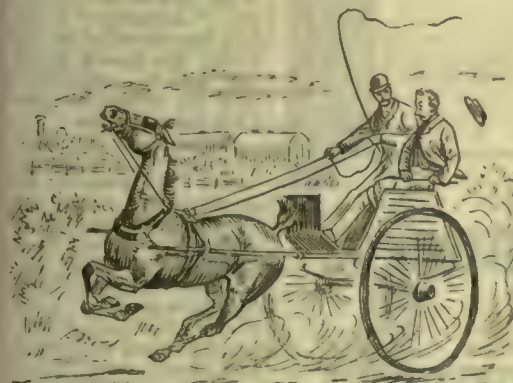
2. "May as well get out. She always makes me walk up here."



3. "Look sharp, Jack, and get the reins from under her tail or we'll have an accident!"



4. "Curious thing how she hates trains!"



5. "Better be on the look-out for a soft spot, old chap!"



6. "Now this is the second time she has turned me out just here!"

His listening ears, did
Jacko of the forest
So "slate" a foeman
when his head was
sorest.

Strange that to rave
and rant, like scullion
storn,

Like low virago scold,
should seem "good
form"

To our Society Simians,
when one name

Makes vulgar spite
oblivious of its shame!

"Voluntary and deli-
berate," their speech,

"Articulate too"—
those Apes! Then
could they teach

Their—say descendants,
—much. Does Club
or cage

Hear most of rabid and
unreasoned rage?

"Apes' manner of deli-
very shows" (they
say)

"They're conscious of
the meaning they'd
convey!"

Then pardon, GARNER!
Apes, though found
in clans,

Are not, of course, politi-
cal partisans.

Tired of the Club-room's
incoherent rage,

One pines for the
Gaboos, and GAR-
NER'S cage.

For what arboreal ape
could rage and rail

Like him, with fierce
Gladstonophobia pale,
That Smoke-room Simi-
an, though without
a tail!

THE PICK OF THE BASKETS.

THE *Daily Graphic*
published a specific
against cholera, alleged
to have been invented
by Doctor PICK, a Ger-
man. Evidently "Our
pick'd man of coun-
tries." As it is some-
thing to drink, and not
to eat, the inventor is
under no necessity to be
known henceforth as
Dr. PICK-AND-CHEWE.
His remedy is to treat
the bacilli to Rhine
Wine. The result of
experiments has been
"so much the worse for
the bacilli." Substi-

tute for the first vowel in "grapes" the third
of the vowels, and it is of that the poor bac-
illus suffers, and dies. As the poet GROS-
SMITH sings of the German Rhine,—

"That of the Fatherland,
The happy Fatherland,
Gives the greatest pain inside."

However, the Bacillus is an enemy, and if
he can be got rid of by *grape-shot*, pour it in
and spare not.

NEW PUBLICATION.—"The Dumb D." Musical Novel. Companion to *The Silent Sea*, by Mrs. MACLEOD.

IN THE MONKEY-HOUSE;

Or, Cage versus Club.

PROFESSOR GARNER goes to the Gaboon
To garner Monkey talk; a dubious boon!
Stucco Philistia shows in many shapes
The babble of baboons, the chat of apes.
Why hang, Sir, up a tree, in a big cage,
To study Simian speech, which in our age
May be o'erheard on Platform or in Pub,
And studied 'mid the comforts of a Club?
And yet perchance your forest apes would
shrink [think,
From Smoke-room chat of apes who never

But cackle imitatively all round,
Till their speech hath an automatic sound.
Put the dread name of GL-DST-NE in the slot
SMELFUNGUS calls his mouth, and rabid rot
Will gurgle forth in a swift sewer-like gush
Of coarse abuse would make a bargee blush.
SMELFUNGUS is a soldier, and a swell,
But—the Gaboon can scarce surpass Fall-
Mall
In vicious, gibbering vulgarity
Of coarse vituperation. Decency,
Courtesy, common-sense, all cast aside!
Pheugh! GARNER, in his cage, would open
wide

INNS AND OUTS.

No. IV.—THE WINDOW-SHUTTERS.

"And efery time *he* gif a shoomp, *he* make de winders sound."

I do not allude to the white wooden Venetian work that shades the Grand Hôtel windows. It is of the clique who insist on shutting the windows that I write. Briefly speaking, the inmates of the Grand Hôtel may be divided into two classes—the window-openers and the window-shutters. The former are all British. The same Britons who at the Club scowl at a suspicion of draught, and luxuriate in an asphyxiating atmosphere, band against "the foreigners" in this respect. We have a national reputation to keep up. We are the nation of soap, of fresh air, of [condescending] discontent; and when we are on the Continent every one else, including the native, is "a foreigner;" we carry our nationality about with us like a camp-stool; we squat on it; we are jealous of it; it is a case of "*Regardez, mais ne touchez pas!*"

This patriotic obtrusiveness culminates in the Battle of the Windows. It is an oppressive evening. The *Table d'Hôte*-room is seething like a caldron; a few chosen conspirators and myself open the campaign early; we "tip" ADOLF "the wink." That diplomatist orders the great window to be half-opened. If things go smoothly, he will gradually open out other sources of ventilation. The Noah's Ark procession files in—all shapes and all languages, like the repast itself; DONNERWITZ, TARTARIN, SHIRTSOFF, SCAMPALINI; there is nothing in common between them—save the paper collar; they would hail international declarations of war tomorrow; but the sight of us, and that speck of air leagues them. "*Mein Gott, Die Engländer!*" coughs DONNERWITZ; "*Ce sont des fanatiques enrhumés!*" hisses TARTARIN; SHIRTSOFF sneezes the sneeze of All the Russias; "*Corpo di Bacco!*" cries SCAMPALINI; still nothing is done; the "*Potage à la reine*,"—so called from the predominance of rain-water—ebbs away in the commingled smacks and gulps of the infuriated Powers; "*Saumon du Rhin, sauce Tartare*" is being apportioned to the knives of all nations; it is perhaps the sight of his knife, from which soup only is sacred, that nerves the fuming DONNERWITZ to lead the attack. "Hst!" he shouts to the studiously unheeding ADOLF; "nother bottil Pellell—ver' well sare!" chirrup ADOLF reassuringly to me; DONNERWITZ raises his knife; I fear for the consequences; he brings it down with a clang on the hardened tumbler of the Grand Hôtel; the timid pensionnaire of numberless summers starts and grows pale; SHIRTSOFF

looks with peremptory encouragement towards the Teuton; "*Ach, grüsglich!*" rattles out DONNERWITZ, and strikes again; the cobra-like guttural of that "*Ach*" is heart-rending; still no ADOLF; at a gold-fraught glance from my companions, he has ordered another detachment to the front; a fresh current of air invades the room. DONNERWITZ's knife is now brandishing peas; his offended napkin chokes him; with the yell and spring of a corpulent hyena, he rises and rushes to the windows.

The timid pensionnaire and her shrinking sisterhood follow him, under the misconception that he is summoning them to admire the sunset; the sunset is their evening excitement, and DONNERWITZ can be sentimental in his calmer moments; but no "*Wie wunder, wunderschön!*" escapes him; a Saxon word, that even they can understand, is on his lips; the ring on his forefinger gleams luridly; bang, bang, bang; he opens fire; down go the windows, and DONNERWITZ resumes his seat of war, his napkin waving like a standard before him. It is now my turn; I don't like it; but my co-conspirators expect me to maintain the honour of our country; ADOLF cannot be trusted further; I advance furtively; the eyes of Europe are upon me; one by one I open them again and subside; a terrible silence supervenes. What next?—that is the question!

But DONNERWITZ is not only a MOLTKE, he is also a BISMARCK; flushed and moist with exertion, he has foreseen this move; it is the hour of that inevitable "*Bavaroise*"; the fork has succeeded to the knife; his mouth is at last free to confabulate with his neighbour—the Lady from Chicago.

"Wal, I call that slap-up rude," I hear her remark. "In Amur'ca we should just hev' him removed; but Englishmen are built that way; they fancy, I s'pose, they discovered Co-LUMBUS;" and then DONNERWITZ leans over the table and, grasping the united weapons of fork, knife, and spoon, addresses me with effervescent deliberation. "Pardon,—Mister,—but —dis—leddy,—haf—gatarrh; in a Sherman shentleman's house—most —keep—first—de—leddy zimmer; so!" I don't fully understand, but I feel that my chivalry is impugned. My confederates, too, round upon me; "Of course," they whisper, "had no idea the lady was an invalid." The brutes! I stutter an apology, and "climb down;" the windows are again hermetically sealed; and, as I slink away, I hear "*Viva!*" "*Hoch!*" and clinking glasses. Then ADOLF hurries up surreptitiously, and whispers, "Tell you vat, Sare; to-morrer you shoost dine on de terass; dere, plenty breeze, hein?" "Plenty breeze!"—and you pay three francs extra, and catch a cold.



Original Genius (soliloquising). "LOR, IT 'ID BIN A CROOL SHAME TO MISS AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS 'ERE. THE GOV'NOR OUGHTER LEMME 'AVE TEN BOB ON THAT JOB!"

derates, too, round upon me; "Of course," they whisper, "had no idea the lady was an invalid." The brutes! I stutter an apology, and "climb down;" the windows are again hermetically sealed; and, as I slink away, I hear "*Viva!*" "*Hoch!*" and clinking glasses. Then ADOLF hurries up surreptitiously, and whispers, "Tell you vat, Sare; to-morrer you shoost dine on de terass; dere, plenty breeze, hein?" "Plenty breeze!"—and you pay three francs extra, and catch a cold.

SIGH NO MORE, LOTTIE.

["The disinfecting process has ruined all the dresses of Miss COLLINS."—*New York Telegram.*]

SIGH no more, LOTTIE, sigh no more,
Those gowns have gone for ever;

You've cut some capers on that shore
That you expected never;
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
To Tarara - boom - de nonny.

Sing that vile ditty yet once more,
And win almighty dollars
From Yankees who have spoilt your store
Of frocks, frills, cuffs and collars;
The air will run in their heads like one
O'clock, till it makes the same ache.
While on you shines prosperity's sun,
Your Tarara-boom-de hay make!

AT THE PATTENMAKERS' BANQUET.—At the Court Dinner of the Pattenmakers, held at the Metropole, the eulogies of the Worshipful Master, Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS (now Master of Horse at Drury Lane), were plentiful, and he had a considerable amount of patten on the back from all his guests. The great dish of the evening was *Partridge au Patten*, an English substitute for *Perdrix au chou*.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



OUR GRAND YOUNG GARDNER (HERBERT II.),
IN HIS NEW CHARACTER OF THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.
(With Song)—"Here's to the Health of the Barley Mow!"

SONNET ON CHILLON.

(Where the electric light is now installed in the dungeon of Bonivard.)

ELECTRIC lighting, dear to modern mind,
Bright in this dungeon!
Switzerland, thou art
Too mad for things quite *fin-de-siècle* smart!
Surely the trains, that rumble just behind,
And Vevey tramcars, in my thoughts consigned
To even hotter place, had been enough
To scare SAND, HUGO, SHELLEY, in a huff;
Make BYRON cast his poem to the wind!
Chillon, thy prison may become a place
With little marble tables in a row,
Where tourists, dressed with artless English grace,
May drink their *bock* or *café* down below,
And foreign penknives rapidly efface
The boasted names this light is meant to show.

MUSICAL NOTE.—The most tranquillising, or even somniferous melodies ever composed, must have been those written by the celebrated LULLY. The first thing by LULLY was a "Lullaby."

NEW WORDS TO AN OLD TUNE (AND A SYLLABLE TO SPARE).—Song for the SECRETARY FOR IRELAND:—"Tis all for good luck, quoth bould Rory O'Mor-ley."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE—between "Sir G. O. M." and "The G. O. M."

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR A PRESS CANDIDATE.

(With a View to Carrying out the Suggestion of the Institute of Journalists.)

1. What are the principal duties of an Editor? State what you would do if you were visited by bores of the following kinds:—(1), a friend; (2), an enemy; (3), a proprietor.
2. Show how a political article may be written, saying as little as possible in the greatest amount of space? Give specimens of "writing round a subject" without offending susceptibilities.
3. What are the duties of a Dramatic Critic? Show, by a specimen article, how a critique of a bad play, indifferently performed, can yet be made to give satisfaction to the Author, the Manager, the Company, and the Public?
4. What are the duties of a Special Correspondent at a Seat of War? Give a short descriptive article of a battle written in such a manner that the readers of your paper may learn everything without your getting shot as a spy, or drummed out of camp as an informer.
5. What are the duties of a Reviewer? Describe the process of log-rolling, and give specimen of notices of books:—(1), when the Author is your friend, but you object to the Publisher; (2), when you hate the writer, but must not offend the gentleman whose name appears as the distributor, and (3), when you know nothing of the volume and its producer, but suspect that the Author reviews for another periodical, and that you may possibly get an order from his literary introducer.
6. What are the duties of a Musical Critic? Show how it is feasible to write a most scientific notice without being able to distinguish the National Anthem, MASCAgni's "Intermezzo," or "The Wedding March," from "The Blue Bells of Scotland."
7. Distinguish the difference between "Our Own Commissioner" and "Our Own Correspondent," and "Our Special Reporter" and

"An Occasional Contributor." Give the rates of remuneration (if any) attaching to each office.

8. What is "City Intelligence?" Is it affected by the rise and fall of the advertisement columns? State the difference between "News Specially Communicated" and a puff paragraph.

9. Give the statistics (if you are able) of the number of aspirants to Journalism who have risen and fallen. Show that a small certainty in the City is better than an occasional ten-pound note earned in Fleet Street.

10. Write an essay upon the subject that Journalism is better as a stick than a crutch, and show that it is useless to take up your pen if you have not already provided (from other sources) for the payment of your butcher's book.

TO FOOTBALL.

FAREWELL to thee, Cricket,
Thy last match is o'er;
Thy bat, ball, and wicket,
Are needed no more.
To thy sister we turn,
For her coming we pray:
Her worshippers burn
For the heat of the fray.
Hail! Goddess of battle,
Yet hated of Ma(r)s,
How ceaseless their battle
Of tumbles and scars!

Such warnings are vain,
For thy rites we prepare,
Youth is yearning again
In thy perils to share.

Broken limbs and black eyes,
May, perchance, be our lot;
But grant goals and ties
And we care not a jot.
Too sacred to name
With thy posts, ball, and field,
There is no winter game
To which thou canst yield.

NEW TRANSLATION—"VERY CHOICE ITALIAN"—"Sotto voce:"
i.e., in a drunken tone of voice.

AN EN-NOBBLING SPECTACLE!

*Being some account of the Prodigal Daughter of Drury Lane.*CHAPTER I.—*The Tea-urn of the Hunter.*

SIR JOHN HENRY NEVILLE WOODMERE was the most considerate of men, and he had a very considerate family, and a large circle of considerate acquaintances. He was obliging to the last



Voluptuary, carrying weight, winning the Great Metropolitan Drury Lane Stakes. Everybody up.

degree. Among those he knew, and to whom he owed a deep debt of gratitude (for they had furnished him with an old family mansion, a stud of racers, and passes for himself and circle to Paris) were AUGUSTE LE GRAND, and HENRI LE PETTITT.

"My good friend," said HENRI, "your daughter is charming. She has been well brought up, and has the finest sentiments; but it is necessary that she should run away to Paris, and dodge the parson. Otherwise, how could she be called *The Prodigal Daughter*?"

Sir JOHN saw the force of this reasoning, and consented.

"And stay," said AUGUSTE, "we must really have a good set, and you must go a fox-hunting. You must have armour, and a breakfast, and all of you must wear hunting-coats. And look here, we can't do without flowers, and coats-of-arms, and open windows."

"But," objected Sir JOHN, "if I am going a fox-hunting, surely it should be in the winter or spring. And how about the flowers?"

"You have got them from Nice," replied AUGUSTE.

So it was thus arranged. Sir JOHN's daughter, who was called ROSE MILLWARD WOODMERE, eloped and broke her father's heart.

"But," exclaimed her bereaved parent, preparing to mount a horse that was waiting for him on the lawn amongst the flower-beds, "although my heart is breaking, I will show the world I am a true English gentleman by starting off to head the chase!"

And he said this out of consideration for AUGUSTE and HENRI, because he knew they wanted what is technically known as a Curtain. And by this means he gave them one. And a good one too.

CHAPTER II.—*A little Trip to Paris.*

AND then Sir JOHN and all his considerate family and acquaintances went to Paris to stay at the Grand Hôtel, which seemed to have been surrendered to them (at convenient times) for their special use. Sir JOHN was accompanied by a most useful villain, who showed the depth of his depravity by wearing a moustache of the deepest dye. So that this depth might be better known, he called himself DEEPWATER.

"Sir JOHN," said this villain, "your daughter has come to Paris with Captain HARRY VERNON, and you should trounce him."

"I will," replied Sir JOHN, heartily; "but surely I have seen my daughter, and my niece, and Captain HARRY BOYNE VERNON, and the Hon. JULIAN KNIGHT BELFORD, and Lord HARRY NICHOLLS BANBERRY (a comic Peer), and his wife (a converted Quakeress), and DUDLEY J. L. SHINE ROPER, a wicked but amusing Hebrew, hanging about. Cannot we meet for two minutes, and set everything to-rights?"

"My dear Sir JOHN," returned MAURICE FERNANDEZ DEEPWATER, "pray consider yourself mistaken. As you say, if we all met together for two minutes in a room, the whole thing would be settled. But

then I am distinctly under the impression that AUGUSTE LE GRAND and HENRI LE PETTITT would be confoundedly annoyed."

"Oh," exclaimed Sir JOHN, "if you think *they* would be annoyed, do not say another word about it!"

So the various characters gave one another a clear berth, and missed each other at the nick of time.

But after awhile ROSE was left alone with the Hon. JULIAN BELFORD.

"It is not very clear to me why we haven't married," said he.

"Nor to me either!" she replied. "We dawdled a bit, and I dare say put it off because what one knows can be done at any moment is often not done at all."

"Well, hadn't we better go to the British Embassy?"

"Why, yes," she replied, with some hesitation; "but I really think you had better say you will marry my cousin. I fancy it would please AUGUSTE and HENRI."

"Anything to oblige them," returned the Hon. JULIAN.

"That being settled, please leave me, as I have to fall in a dead faint—must get an effective Curtain, you know!"

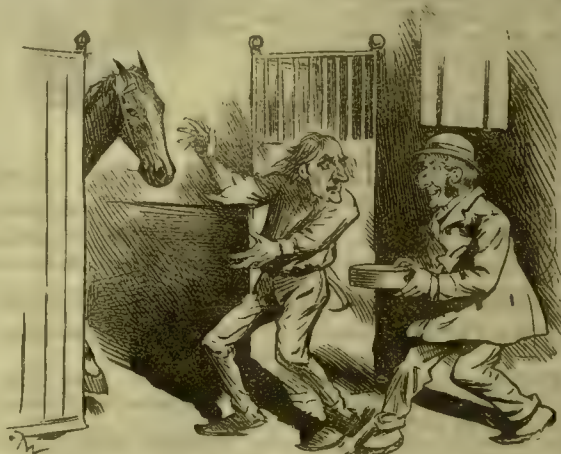
The Hon. JULIAN KNIGHT BELFORD nodded his head, and then ROSE MILLWARD WOODMERE fainted—with the desired result.

CHAPTER III.—*Cackle v. 'Osses. The Favourite wins.*

AND now Sir JOHN and his considerate circle had come to England, and were close to Liverpool.

"My dear people," said HENRI, "never mind your love-making, never mind your plot, leave it to AUGUSTE, and he will pull you through."

AND HENRI was quite right. AUGUSTE went to work with a will, and did pull them through. He took them to the Grand National Steeple Chase, and showed them and all the world a sight the like of which they had never seen before. There were real horses, real touts, and a real winner. Oh, how it went! It was magnificent! And, before this great race, AUGUSTE (helped by HENRI this time) showed a training-stable, and how a favourite can be nobbled. It didn't in the least matter why it was done, or where it was done. It was a lovely sight to see somebody or other giving the wrong horse beans. And the horse liked them, and eat them with a zest, and felt none the worse for them. On the contrary, the beans seemed to give the creature sufficient vigour to carry on the running until



Oss-tentation; or, "Giving him Beans."

Christmas at Drury Lane, with a trot to Covent Garden to follow, and then back again, perhaps to the old quarters, up to Easter.

"Ah, that will make all things right!" cried AUGUSTE. "*Voluptuary* will carry the whole of us—Authors, Managers, and Actors—to victory!" And he was right—*Voluptuary* did carry them to success—a gigantic one.

CHAPTER IV.—*The Means justify the End.*

AND Sir JOHN and his considerate circle acted up to their principles to the very end.

"ROSE, come to my arms!" said he, to his child; "you have been prodigal enough, it is now time for your reformation and conciliation."

"Then may we marry?" asked the Hon. JULIAN.

"Certainly!" was the reply.

And the other couples were also satisfactorily accounted for.

"Are you contented?" asked Sir JOHN, of AUGUSTE and HENRI.

"How does it end?" was the answer, taking the shape of a question.

"Happily for all. Not only for us, but for you and the Public generally."

AND AUGUSTE, HENRI, *Box and Cox*, and in fact everybody who was anybody, were satisfied. As indeed they should be.

AT A HYPNOTIC SEANCE.

SCENE—A Public Hall in a provincial town. The Hypnotist—a tall, graceful, and handsome young man, in well-fitting evening clothes—has already succeeded in putting most of his subjects to sleep, and is going round and inspecting them critically, as they droop limply on a semicircle of chairs, in a variety of unpicturesque attitudes. The only Lady on the platform is evidently as yet in full possession of her senses.

First Female Spectator (to Second). MARIA MANGLES do take a time sending off, don't she?

Second F. S. (also a friend of Miss MANGLES). Yes, that she do—it gives her such a silly look, sitting there, the on'y one with her senses about her!

First F. S. It's all affectation—she could shut her eyes fast enough if she liked!

Second F. S. The 'Hypnotiser's coming round to her now—she'll have to go off now. (With a not unpleasant anticipation.) I expect he'll make her do all manner o' ridiculous things!

First F. S. Well, it will be a lesson to her against making herself so conspicuous another time. I shan't pity her.

The Hyp. (after a brief colloquy with Miss MANGLES). I see I am not likely to succeed with this Lady; so, with many thanks to her on behalf of myself and the audience for coming forward, I will detain her no longer.

[Applause, amidst which Miss M. descends to her seat in the body of the hall, with a smile of conscious triumph.]

First F. S. (disappointed). I don't see what she's done to clap their hands about, myself!

Second F. S. Nor I neither—taking up his time all for nothing—depend upon it she wouldn't have gone up if he hadn't been so nice-looking!

First F. S. I wouldn't like to think that of her myself; but, anyhow, she didn't get much by it, did she? He soon sent her packing!

Male Spectator (to a Woman in front of him). Evening, Mrs. MIDGELLY—I see they've got your good man up on the platform.

Mrs. M. He will go, Mr. BUDKIN! He's gone up every night the 'Hypnotiser's been here, and says he feels it's going to do him good. So this evening I said I'd come in too, and judge for myself. What good he expects to get, laying there like a damp dishcloth, I don't know!

[Meanwhile the Hypnotist has borrowed a silver-handled umbrella from the audience, and thrust it before the faces of one or two loutish-looking youths, who immediately begin to squint horribly and follow the silver-top with their noses, till they knock their heads together.]

Mr. Budkin (to Mrs. MIDGELLY). He's going to give your husband a turn of it now.

[The umbrella-handle is applied to Mr. M., a feeble-looking little man with a sandy top-knot; he grovels after the silver-top when it is depressed, and makes futile attempts to clamber up the umbrella after it when it is held aloft.]

Mrs. M. (severely). I haven't patience to look at him. A Kitten 'ud have had more sense!

The Hyp. (calling up one of the heavy youths). Can you whistle, Sir? Yes? Then whistle something. (The Youth whistles a popular air in a lugubrious tone.) Now you can't whistle—try. (The Youth tries—and produces nothing but a close imitation of an air-cushion that is being unscrewed.) Now, if I were not to wake him up, this young gentleman's friends would never enjoy the benefit of his whistle again!

Voice from a Back Row. Don't wake him, Gur'nor, we can hear it!

Hyp. (after restoring the lost talent, and calling up another Youth, somewhat smartly attired). Now, Sir, what do you drink?

The Youth (with a sleepy candour). Beer when I can get 'old of it. A Friend of his in Audience. JIM's 'aving a lark with him—he said as 'ow he meant to kid him like—he ain't 'ipnotised, bless yer!

Hyp. But you like water, too, don't you? (JIM admits this—in moderation.) Try this. (He gives him a tumbler of water.) Is that good water?

JIM (smacking his lips). That's good water enough, Sir.

Hyp. It's bad water—taste it again.

[JIM tastes, and ejects it with every symptom of extreme disapproval. JIM's Friend. Try him with a drop o' Scotch in it—he'll get it down!]

Hyp. (to JIM). There is no water in that glass—it's full of sovereigns, don't you see? (JIM agrees that this is so, and testifies to his conviction by promptly emptying the contents of the glass into his trousers' pocket.) What have you got in your pocket?

JIM (chuckling with satisfaction). Quids—golden sovereigns!

Hyp. Wake up! Now what do you find in your pocket—any sovereigns?

JIM (surprised). Sovereigns? No, Sir! (After putting his hand in his pocket, bringing it out dripping, and dolefully regarding the stream of water issuing from his leg.) More like water, Sir.

[He makes dismal efforts to dry himself, amidst roars of laughter.]

His Friend. Old JIM didn't come best out o' that!

Hyp. (to JIM). You don't feel comfortable? (Emphatic assent from JIM.) Yes, you do, you feel no discomfort whatever.

[JIM resumes his seat with a satisfied expression.]

An Open-minded Spect. Mind yer, if this yere 'Hypnotism can prevent water from being wet, there must be something in it!

Hyp. I will now give you an illustration of the manner in which, by hypnotic influence, a subject can be affected with an entirely imaginary pain. Take this gentleman. (Indicating the unfortunate Mr. MIDGELLY, who is slumbering peacefully.) Now, what pain shall we give him?

A Voice. Stomach-ache!

[This suggestion, however, is so coyly advanced that it fortunately escapes notice.]

Hyp. Tooth-ache? Very good—we will give him tooth-ache.

[The Audience receive this with enthusiasm, which increases to rapturous delight when Mr. MIDGELLY's cheek begins to twitch violently, and he nurses his jaw in acute agony; the tooth-ache is then transferred to another victim, who writhes in an even more entertaining manner, until the unhappy couple are finally relieved from torment.]

A Spect. Well, it's better nor any play, this is—but he ought to ha' passed the toothache round the lot of 'em, just for the fun o' the thing!

Mrs. Midgelly. I should ha' thought there was toothache enough without coming here to get more of it, but so long as MIDGELLY's enjoyin' himself, I shan't interfere!

[The Hypnot. has impressed his subjects with the idea that there is an Angel at the other end of the hall, and they are variously affected by the celestial apparition, some gazing with a rapt grin, while others invoke her stiffly, or haul her like a cab.]

Mr. MIDGELLY alone exhibits no interest. Mr. Budkin (to Mrs. M.). Your 'usband don't seem to be putting himself out, Angel or no Angel.

Mrs. M. (complacently). He knows too well what's due to me, Mr. BUDKIN. I'm Angel enough for him!

Hyp. I shall now persuade this Gentleman that there is a beautiful young lady in green at the door of this hall. (To Mr. M.) Do you see her, Sir?

Mr. M. (rising with alacrity). I do. Lovely creature!

[He suddenly snatches up a decanter of water, and invites his invisible charmer, in passionate pantomime, to come up and share it with him—to the infinite delight of the Audience, and disgust of his Wife.]

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

Mr. Midgelly (as he rejoins his Wife). I felt the influence more strongly to-night than what I have yet; and the Professor says, if I only keep on coming up every night while he's here, I shall soon be completely susceptible to—Why, whatever's the matter, my dear?

Mrs. M. Matter! You're quite susceptible enough as it is; and, now I know how you can go on, you don't catch me letting you get 'ipnotised again. You and your young lady in green indeed!

Mr. M. (utterly mystified). Me and my—I don't know what you're alluding to. It's the first I've heard of it!

Mrs. M. (grinily). Well, it won't be the last by a long way. Oh, the insight I've had into your character this evening, MIDGELLY!

[Mr. M. is taken home, to realise that Hypnotism is not altogether without its dangers.]



"I do. Lovely creature!"



THUNDERS FROM SNOWDON.

"Nothing could have served my purpose better, than to have drawn this illuminating flash out of the thunders," &c., &c.—*Vide Duke of Argyll's Letter to The Times, and his Letter to Somebody who had drawn his Grace's attention to Mr. Gladstone's Snowdon Speech.*

MEM. FROM WHITBREADFORDSHIRE.—Sir BLUNDELL MAPLE is reported to have said, "I'll give you a good tip. Back Duke—and my horses for the Cambridgeshire." New Carpet Knight not successful as a sporting tipster, seeing that Colonel DUKE, though he fought well, was beaten. Perhaps Sir BLUNDELL meant *the Duke*, who races every night at Drury Lane. That's a very good tip, as safe as houses—Drury Lane houses, of course.

A CITY PARADOX.

OUR City Aldermanic lights
Who talk (and live) a trifle high,
In stern defence of civic rights
Profess themselves prepared to die
And yet the Aldermanic crowd—
It's amply true, say what you will—
With open eyes have just allowed
The Mayoralty to come to KNILL!

"HABITUAL DRUNKARDS COMMITTEE."—
An awful-looking heading to a paragraph!
What a picture the imagination may conjure
up of a Committee of Habitual Drunkards!
There would be the Honble. TOM TOPER,
Lord SOTT, SAM SOKER, Marquis of MOPPS
and BROOMS, Captain FUDDLE, DICK SWIZZLER,
R.N., FRANK FARGONE (of the *Daily Booze*),
with TITE ASA DRUMM in the Chair, or if
not, under the table with the others.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Grouse in the Gun-room.)

MANY manuals have been published for the edification of beginners in the art of shooting. If that art can indeed be acquired by reading, there is no reason why any youth, whose education has been properly attended to, should not be perfectly proficient in it without having fired a single shot. But, Mr. Punch has noticed in all these volumes a grave defect. In none of them is any instruction given which shall enable a man to obtain a conversational as well as a merely shooting success. Every pursuit has its proper conversational complement. The Farmer must know how to speak of crops and the weather in picturesque and inflammatory language; the Barrister must note, for use at the dinner-table, the subtle jests of his colleagues, the perplexity of stumbling witnesses, and the soul-stirring jokes of Judges; the Clergyman must babble of Sunday-schools and Choir-practices. Similarly, a Shooter must be able to speak of his sport and its varied incidents. To be merely a good shot is nothing. Many dull men can be that. The great thing, surely, is to be both a good shot and a cheerful light-hearted companion, with a fund of anecdotes and a rich store of allusions appropriate to every phase of shooting. Mr. Punch ventures to hope that the hints he has here put together, may be of value to all who propose to go out and "kill something" with a gun.

THE GUN.

No subject offers a greater variety of conversation than this. But, of course, the occasion counts for a good deal. It would be foolish to discharge it (metaphorically speaking) at the head of the first comer. You must watch for your opportunity. For instance, guns ought not to be talked about directly after breakfast, before a shot has been fired. Better wait till after the shooting-lunch, when a fresh start is being made, say for the High Covert half a mile away. You can then begin after this fashion to your host:—"That's a nice gun of yours, CHALMERS. I saw you doing rare work with it at the corner of the new plantation this morning." CHALMERS is sure to be pleased. You not only call attention to his skill, but you praise his gun, and a man's gun is, as a rule, as sacred to him as his pipe, his political prejudices, his taste in wine, or his wife's jewels. Therefore, CHALMERS is pleased. He smiles in a deprecating way, and says, "Yes, it's not a bad gun, one of a pair I bought last year."

"Would you mind letting me feel it?"

"Certainly not, my dear fellow—here you are."

You then interchange guns, having, of course, assured one another that they are not loaded. Having received CHALMERS's gun, you first appear to weigh it critically. Then, with an air of great resolution, you bring it to your shoulder two or three times in rapid succession, and fire imaginary shots at a cloud, or a tuft of grass. You now hand it back to CHALMERS, observing, "By Jove, old chap, it's beautifully balanced! It comes up splendidly. Suits me better than my own." CHALMERS, who will have been going through a similar pantomime with your gun, will make some decently complimentary remark about it, and each of you will think the other a devilish knowing and agreeable fellow.

From this point you can diverge into a discussion of the latest improvements, as, e.g., "Are ejectors really valuable?" This is sure to bring out the man who has tried ejectors, and has given them up, because last year, at one of the hottest corners he ever knew, when the sky was simply black with pheasants, the ejectors of both

his guns got stuck. He will talk of this incident as another man might talk of the loss of a friend or a fortune. Here you may say,—"By gad, what frightful luck! What did you do?" He will then narrate his comminatory interview with his gun-maker; others will burst in, and defend ejectors, or praise their own gun-makers, and the ball, once set rolling, will not be stopped until you take your places for the first beat of the afternoon, just as MARKHAM is telling you that his old Governor never shoots with anything but an old muzzle-loader by MANTON, and makes deuced good practice with it too.

"Choke" is not a very good topic; it doesn't last long. After you have asked your neighbour if his gun is choked, and told him that your left barrel has a modified choke, the subject is pretty well exhausted.

"Cast-off." Not to be recommended. There is very little to be made of it.

Something may be done with the price of guns. There's a sure to be someone who has done all his best and straightest shooting with a gun that cost him only £15. Everybody else will say, "It's a perfect rot giving such high prices for guns. You only pay for the name. Mere robbery." But there isn't one of them who would consent not to be robbed.

It sometimes creates a pretty effect to call your gun "My old fire-iron," or "my bundock," or "this old gas-pipe of mine."

"Bore." Never pun on this word. It is never done in really good sporting society. But you can make a few remarks, here and there, about the comparative merits of twelve-bore and sixteen-bore. Choose a good opening for telling your story of the man who shot with a fourteen-bore gun, ran short of cartridges on a big day, and was, of course, unable to borrow from anyone else. Hence you can deduce the superiority of twelve-bores, as being the more common size.

All these subjects, like all others connected with shooting, can be resumed and continued after dinner, and in the smoking-room. Talk of the staleness of smoke! It's nothing to the staleness of the stories to which four self-respecting smoking-room walls have to listen in the course of an evening.

(To be continued.)

BY-AND-BY LAWS FOR TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

(When Meetings are held in "Times of Political or Social Crisis.")

1. Cabs, omnibuses, carriages, and pedestrians will be expected to keep clear of the space occupied by the Demonstrators.

2. To prevent destruction of glass and removal of property from shop windows, tradesmen will be expected to put up their shutters several hours before the holding of the meeting.

3. No particular notice will be paid to the transference of property from one leader of labour to another. If done by stealth, it will be accepted as a proof of secret Socialism.

4. No objection will be raised to combats amongst the Demonstrators, with the restriction that no Government property is injured.

5. As the maintaining of the road is a matter of contract, Demonstrators wishing to emphasise their opinions, must bring their own stones.

6. As a good deal of property is expected to change hands during the various proceedings, an application with a description of lost goods, and photograph of supposed thief, can be addressed to the Chief Inspector of Police, Scotland Yard.

7. These regulations (which are tentative) will be in force until after the next General Election, when a fresh series will be published, to be followed by others as occasion may require.



A PIS-ALLER.

"ARE THERE ANY NIGGERS ON THE BEACH THIS MORNING, MAMMIE?" "No, dear; it's SUNDAY MORNING."

"OH, THEN I MAY AS WELL GO TO CHURCH WITH YOU!"

A POOR ROAD TO LEARNING.

SCENE—Interior of a School Board Office. Official discovered hard at work, doing single-handed in London what is done by nearly a thousand officials combined in "Bonnie Scotland." Enter Female Applicant, with infant.

Applicant. Please, Sir, here's my boy. Can you take him?

Official. Certainly. Has he had any education?

App. Well, as he's rising five, not much.

Off. But does he know anything? For instance, has he learned any English history?

App. Not that I know of.

Off. Has he dipped into geography?

App. Well, I don't think he has.

Off. Can he cipher at all?

App. Not very well.

Off. Does he know what two and two make?

App. Well, he has never said he does.

Off. Can he write?

App. Well, no, he doesn't write.

Off. But I suppose he can read? Come, he at least can read?

App. Well, no, Sir, I am afraid he's not much of a scholar. I don't think he can read.

Off. Then he is abso-

KNILL NISI BONUM.

THE good common sense of the Common Councilmen and Liverymen of the City,—Liverymen not to be led astray by any false lights,—coupled with their truly English love of fairplay, prevailed, and the City Fathers on Goose Day were prevented from following in the goose-steps of that Un-

common Councilman who, bearing the honoured names of BEAUFOY (a fine old Norman-Baron title!) and of MOORE (shade of Sir THOMAS!!), made so extraordinary a display of bigotry and ignorance as, it is to be hoped, is rare, and becoming rarer every day, among our worthy JOHN GILPINS of credit and renown East of the Griffin.



Lord Mayor Elect Knill and the Livery Goose.

But in spite of this nonsensical hot-gospelling rant, Alderman and Sheriff STUART KNILL was elected Lord Mayor, while BEAUFOY MOORE was, so to speak, no MOORE, and, in fact, very much against his will and wish, was reduced to NIL. WILLY-KNILLY he had to cave in. Mr. Punch congratulates the Lord Mayor Elect, but still more does he congratulate the City Fathers on rising above paltry sectarianism, so utterly unworthy of time, place, and persons, and for standing up, in true English fashion, for freedom of worship coupled with absolute Liberty of Conscience.

lutely ignorant—miserably ignorant.

App. Very likely, Sir,—you know best.

Off. Well, now, my good woman, I will tell you what we will do with him. We will teach him to read, write, and cipher, and give him an excellent education.

App. And you will take care of him, Sir?

Off. Of course we will take care of him; and as for his education, we will—

App. Oh, Sir, so long as you looks after him, never you mind about his education!

[Exit infantless.]

TO MAUD.

A Penitent Roundel.

I CALLED YOU MAUDE. I only meant to tease, But somehow, ere I ended, came to laud Your charms in my poor verses. So in these

I called you MAUDE.

"My name is MAUD. And I am over-awed, Forgive the indiscretion if you please.

The spirit Truth, they tell me, is abroad, And since she sojourns still across the seas,

I swear I knew the final e a fraud—

So that you suffered from no lack of e's

I called you MAUDE!

THE PRIDE OF THE EMPIRE.

At this moment there is really a very excellent extertainment at the Empire Theatre of Varieties, something, or rather many



"A Warde with you."

things of which the Management may, and should be proud. A capital troupe of Bicyclists, a Spanish Dancer and singer—whose gestures to the multitude are more intelligible than her language—a graceful, serpentine dancer, and "a very peculiar American Comedian"—all these are a part of the programme. But the best item in this liberal bill of fare is *Round the Town*, a characteristic Ballet, in five tableaux. The composers of this pleasing piece are

is well known for her admirable dances, it may be safely presumed that the gentleman is solely responsible for the plot, or rather "the argument." It runs as follows:—"Dr. Burch, newly arrived in London with his pupils, wishes to show them the sights. What better to begin with than Covent Garden Market in the early morning?" Quite so, the more especially as the lads must be very backward boys. There are six of them, and the youngest seems about thirty, and the oldest about double that age. The Doctor must have rescued them from Epsom Race Course, and apparently is attempting to give them an education fitting them to follow what seems to be his own calling—the profession of an undertaker. These elderly pupils follow their kind preceptor (for, although he is called Burch, there is not the slightest suggestion of the rod about him, and, moreover, his charges are really too elderly to receive chastisement) to the Royal Exchange, the Thames Embankment, and, lastly, to the Empire. During their travels, they meet Mr. Rapless, known as "the Oafless Swell," (a part amusingly played by Mr. W. WARDE), and John Brough, a carpenter with a taste for ballet costumes and drink, the carpenter's wife, and the carpenter's



(Stock Exchange Swell (Empire Period).)

WRITTEN A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

(From a Collection of Communications supplied by our Prophetic Compiler.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—
Forgive me for addressing you, but the urgency of the occasion warrants the intrusion. A hundred years since, the old Fighting *Foudroyant* was sold by the Admiralty to be broken up. The moment the Public of the Period learned the cruel fact through the customary sources of information, they flew to the rescue. Headed by the then LORD MAYOR, they raised a fund to bring back the discarded vessel, and yet in those distant days there were they who denied that the *Foudroyant* had ever done anything in particular. And now we propose doing the same thing. On the Thames there is an ancient steamboat called *Citizen Z*, that once belonged to the Company that started penny river lifts. It is certainly rather out of date, but is full of historical memories. It is said that the Cabinet travelled to Greenwich on its venerable boards, where they feasted on the half-forgotten Whitebait, and the entirely superseded Champagne. It has carried, at one time or another, all the nobility to Rosherville, there to spend (as the old saying went) "a happy



OVERHEARD IN THE HIGHLANDS.

First Chieftain. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, WHAT A DOOSE OF A BORE THESE GAMES ARE!" *Second Chieftain.* "AH, BUT, MY DEAR BOY, IT IS THIS SORT OF THING THAT HAS MADE US SCOTCHMEN WHAT WE ARE!"

day," and yet it is proposed to break it up! Out upon the thought! Have we no veneration for our relics of the past? Cannot we appreciate a boat that should have had an honoured place in the Museum at Woolwich? Do not let this act of Vandalism be done. Save the steamer for the sake of its past.

Yours truly,
A REAR-ADMIRAL.
H. M. S. *Electric-Balloon, Skye.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I appeal to you, and I know I shall not appeal in vain. The picturesque Cabman's Shelter in the middle of Piccadilly is threatened! I hope you will exert your influence to preserve it. It absolutely teems with historical associations. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is supposed to have used it for writing his famous letter on the Poor-Laws, and to this day is shown the initials of CHARLES STUART PARNELL which were carved by that celebrated statesman on one of its benches about the middle of the last century—probably in 1854. And why is it to be removed? Simply because it is said to impede the traffic! Could anything be more absurd? Do, pray, save it from the hand of the ruthless "improver."

Yours truly,
ONE WHO RESPECTS
THE PAST.
Tumbledowns, West Kensington (late Reading).

child. *Dr. Burch*, who is evidently easy-going, but good-hearted, after flirting with a lady who has her boots cleaned before the Royal Exchange, suddenly develops into a philanthropist, not to say a divine. On the carpenter's wife and child appearing on the Thames Embankment in the characters of would-be suicides, the worthy pedagogue convinces them (to quote the programme) "That they have no right to take away the lives which the Almighty has placed in their hands." Mother and child are quickly convinced, and the neat but drunken father (Signorina MALVINA CAVALAZZI) appearing on the scene, the good man informs him that his wife and child are dead, "driven to an untimely grave by his (the intemperate but natty artisan's) desertion and cruelty." The effect of this inaccurate statement is startling. To quote once more from the argument, "incontinently the now penitent ruffian falls fainting to the ground." But he is brought back to himself, his better self, by his child whispering "Father!" The situation is full of pathos, even when witnessed from the Stalls. Recovering his senses, the converted carpenter promptly borrows money from the good old Doctor, and when that estimable gentleman is about to enter the Empire Theatre of Varieties (accompanied by his school), a little later he has the "satisfaction of seeing his protégé Mortimer (the ex-ruffian), returning contentedly from his work." This is the simple but pathetic story that Mr. GEO. EDWARDS touchingly tells with the assistance of a full corps de ballet, five tableaux, and last, but certainly not least, the hints of Madame KATTI LANNER.



Jolly Tar A.B. "Hip, Hip, Hooryay!"

There are many remarkable persons in *Round the Town*. Notably an effeminate but substantial stock-broker, who looks like a stock-jobber's maiden-aunt in disguise. Another important personage is a representative of the Navy, whose figure suggests as an appropriate greeting, "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!" Both these characters are well-played, and although subordinate parts, make their mark, or rather,



Dramatic Situation on the Embankment, as seen from Empire Stalls.
we should say, score heavily. Altogether, the ballet is excellent both in dances and plot. The first is a testimony of the good head of Madame KATTI LANNER, and the last of the equally good heart of Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS. There is no doubt that *Round the Town* will draw all London to see (in its realistic scenes) all London draw!



A NUISANCE.

Miss Priscilla. "YES; IT'S A BEAUTIFUL VIEW. BUT TOURISTS ARE IN THE HABIT OF BATHING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE, AND THAT'S RATHER A DRAWBACK." Fair Visitor. "DEAR ME! BUT AT SUCH A DISTANCE AS THAT—SURELY——"

Miss Priscilla. "AH, BUT WITH A TELESCOPE, YOU KNOW!"

AT LAST!

(Jeremiad by a Middle-aged Martyr to the great Seaside Superstition.)

"To middle-aged people, at all events, nothing can be more trying and deleterious than holidays."—*Daily News.*

Oh, thanks to thee, thanks to thee, sage unconventional!

Heaven be blest, the truth's out, then, at last!

Holiday woes—'twould take volumes to mention all!—

Now, in the lump, meet a shrewd counterblast.

Trying? Of course they are! Most deleterious?

Scribe, let me clasp thee, in thought, to this breast!

Holiday-hunting is Man's most mysterious,

Maddening quest!

Quixote, I swear, was a model of sanity,

When with the Holiday-seeker compared.

Fidgety folly, and fussy inanity,

These be the figments by which we are snared.

Soon as you're drawn from your own cosy drawing-room,

Far over flood, field, or foam—for your sins—

Then, when your breast makes for vulturine gnawing room,

Bother begins!

Bother, that bugbear of bufferish Middle-Age!

Swift "scurry-funging" may do for the young,

The "hey-diddle-diddle, the Cat-and-the-fiddle" age.

"Over the moon" I myself once had sprung,

Thirty years syne, in sheer fervour athletical—

Now, like the dog, I would laugh, and look on.

Once, with sheer "drive," I'd a sense sympathetic—

Now I have none!

Holiday? Term, Sir, is simply a synonym

For—waste of tissue! What doctor will dare

Tell his poor patients so? I'll put my tin on him!

Rest? Recreation? Pick-up? Change of air?

All question-begging fudge-phrases of sophistry!

Let city-toilers who're fagged or "run down,"

Autumnal quiet (in home or in office), try;

Not "out of town."

Out of town? Where is the term that's clatrapper?

Means out of temper, or out of your mind.

Boot-black or old crossing-sweeper's far happier,

Tied to his task in the town—as you'll find.

Picking up coppers far better than picking up

Shells by the sea, or sham friends on the shore.

Bah! What have buffers to do with such kicking-up

Heels? It's a bore!

Who'll start a League to be called Anti-Holiday?

Bet half the middle-aged men-folk will join!

Then we might get an occasional jolly day,

Free from the pests who perplex and purloin.

"Health-Resort" quackery, portmanteau-packery,

Cheat-brigade charges and chills I might miss,

Dear-bought jimcrackery, female knickknackery!—

Oh! 'twere pure bliss!

BRAVO, BOBBY!

["The Brighton Police have received orders to move on all organ-grinders."]

BLESS you, Brighton Bobby, bless you,

Boldly bringing balmy bliss!

Barrel-organ barred—I guess

you

Banish blatant bands with this.

Brazen blasts, by boobies blow-

ing,

Bad as barrel's buzz can be.

Bid them budge! I'd vote for

throwing

Beggars like these in the sea.

Battered bands from Bremen, Berlin;

Bearded bandits, born between

Bari and Bergamo, hurl in!

Bathed—that's what they've never been!

Britons all, oh, be not laggards,

But, like Brighton, move them

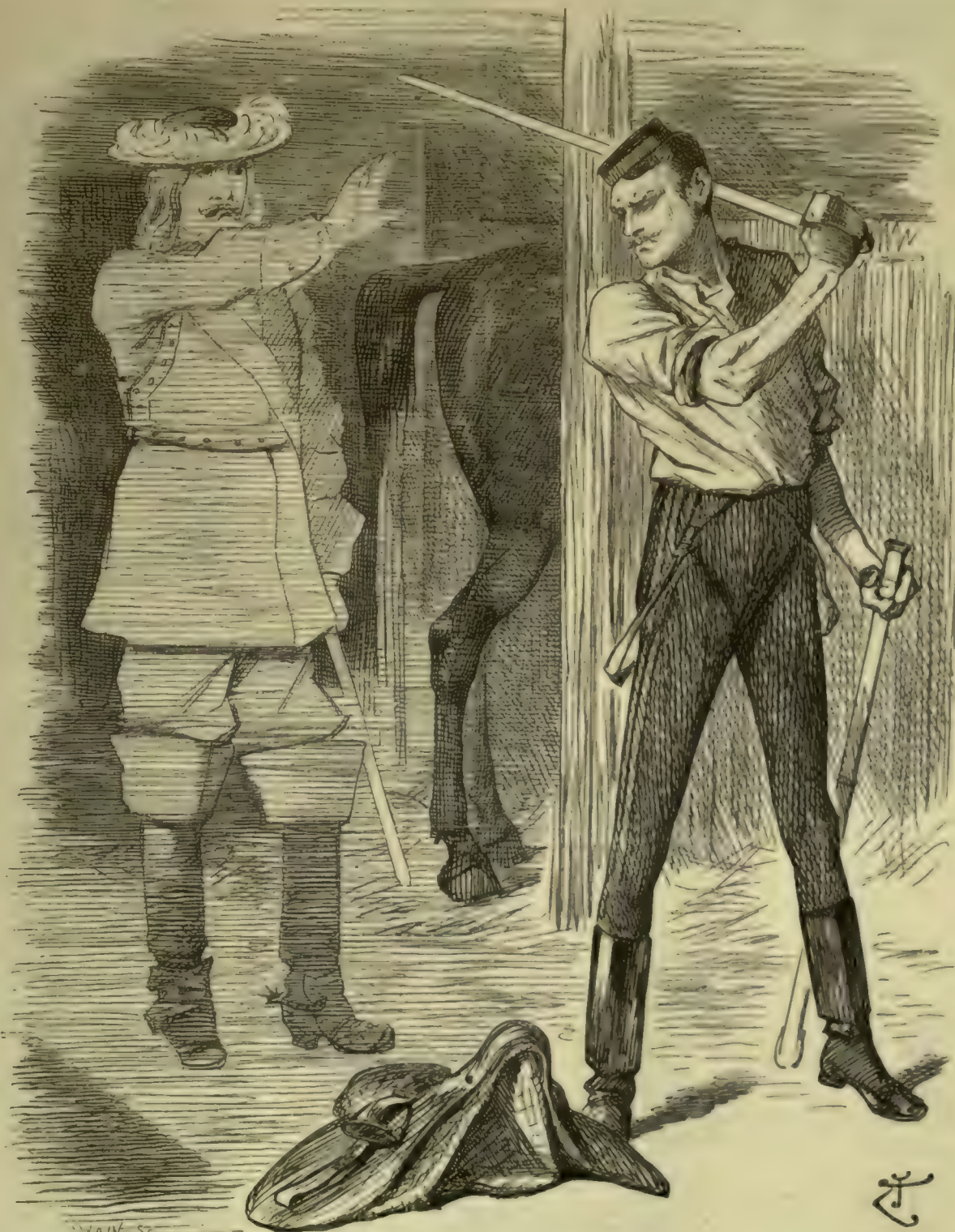
on!

Bad, bacteria-bearing black-

guards,

Beastly, blatant brutes, begone!

ANOTHER ABOUT THE NEW LORD MAYOR ELECT.—"It's a Knill wind that blows nobody any good." Signed, BOGIE MOORE.



THE OLD SPIRIT.

[*"Gentlemen of the Life Guards,—Forward—March!"—Sir WALTER SCOTT. "Old Mortality."*]

L'ESPRIT DE CORPS (*log.*). "SHAME! SHAME!—IS IT THUS YOU USE YOUR SWORDS? WHATEVER MAY HAVE HAPPENED, ARE WE NOT STILL 'GENTLEMEN OF THE LIFE GUARDS'?"

"It is stated that Lord MERTON, after censuring the conduct of the regiment, requested the men who had cut the saddle-panels to step forward and own the act, which would in that case be dealt with simply as a case of insubordination. He gave them a few minutes to consider, but as none of them made any admission, he intimated that he should have to report the matter to the Commander-in-Chief as a mutiny."—*Daily Paper*, 30th Sept., 1892.



AN ABSENT AUDIENCE.

Socialist. "AH!—IT'S ALL VERY WELL YER ALL LOOKING AT ME, WITH YER SMILES AND YER JEERS . . ."

DE CORONÂ.

"The shape of the hat is another token in which individuality asserts itself, and the angle at which it is worn. There are men who vary this angle with their different moods."—*Article on "Men's Dress," Daily News, Sept. 10.]*

You ask why I gaze with devotion
At ALGERNON'S features, my love?
Nay, you are astray in your notion,
My glance is directed above;
His hair may be yellow or ruddy,
No longer I'm anxious for that,
But now I incessantly study
The tilt of his hat.

At times it will carelessly dangle
With an air of æsthetic repose,
At others will point to an angle
Inclined to the tip of his nose;
When it rests on the side of his head, he
Will smile at whatever befalls,
When pushed o'er his brow, we make ready
For numerous squalls!

When he starts for his train to the City
It is put on exactly upright,
And who would not view it with pity
Return, mud-bespattered, at night?
When early, so polished and glowing,
Jammed on at haphazard when late;
It forms a barometer, showing
His mood up to date.

And you, who are young and unmarried,
Give heed to my counsel, I pray;
Do not, I entreat you, be carried
By wealth or affection away;
The heroine, novelists mention,
"Eyes fondly his features." Instead,
Observe, for your part, with attention
The hat on his head!

A NEW COLLECTION OF *HIMS*, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—The Church Congress at Folkestone.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WE were not overcrowded last week at Newmarket, and really the more one takes racing from a business point of view, the more attractive it becomes!—at least, I have found it so myself ever since it has been my duty to acquire information for the benefit of my readers.

There was only one thing that annoyed me during the week, and that was the inconsiderate behaviour of *Windgall* in winning the October Handicap, although it was a most extraordinary confirmation of my remarks anent his performance in the Leicester Handicap, in my last letter; but it is annoying that, when you select a horse to win a race, he runs *second*, and directly after wins a race for which he is *not* selected, beating the horse chosen by a length!—it puzzles me completely, as it is impossible in this case to put it down to want of good breeding! We were sorry not to have the *Buccaneer-Orviato* match decided, as it would have been the event of the meeting; but, as the old proverb runs, "a wise owner is merciful to his beast," so *Orviato* had an afternoon's rest at the price of £100!—rather more than some people might be inclined to pay for a game of forfeits!

The time is not yet ripe—(has anyone ever seen time get ripe, I wonder?)—for disclosing what I know about the *Cesarewitch*—(I never know whether I've spelt that correctly or not!—and the more you look at it the "wronger" it seems!)—but I may mention that I've heard great accounts of *Kingkneel*, who was bought the other day for Sir GREENASH BURNLEY (the latest favourite of fortune, and beloved of the ring)—and had he not earned a penalty—(this expression ought to be changed, as it implies, to my mind, which

is an excellent average sample; a misde-meanor)—by winning a paltry thousand pounds race somewhere; I really believe the *Cesare*—no!—not again!—was at his mercy—but now, as the turf-writer puts it—"I shall look elsewhere!"—as if that would make any difference!—but of this race, more anon, and meantime, those who are fond of the "good things" of this life must not miss my selection for the big race of next week at Kempton—on the Jubilee Course, which said course, I am told, is by no means a Jubilee for the jockeys, owing to the danger in "racing for the bend."

There are several horses entered who seem to have great chances, making the race as difficult as a problem in *Euclid*—but my selection will most certainly be "there, or thereabouts," which is a comforting, if somewhat vague reflection.

Yours truly, LADY GAY.

DUKE OF YORK STAKES SELECTION.

THE muse is dull!—the day is dead!

And vain is all endeavour

To light afresh the poet's spark—

I can't find a rhyme for the winner,
Iddesleigh.

P.S.—Really it's most thoughtless of owners to harass one with such names!

"IN THIS STYLE, TWO-AND-SIX"

(IN THE POUND).

SIR,—I have been much struck with the suggestion to do without hats, and have made trial of the system. It has also made trial of me, in the way of colds in the head, bronchial catarrh, &c., but I still persevere. *It's so much cheaper!* I have sold my stock of old hats for half-a-crown, and calculate that I shall save quite three shillings per annum by not buying new ones. Surely anybody can see that this is well worth doing! I am now seriously contemplating the possibility of doing without boots! Yours truly,

SAVE THE SIXPENCES.

SIR,—Talk about hair growing if you leave off hats! My hair was falling off in handfuls a little time ago. Did I abjure hats altogether? Not being a born idiot, I did not. But I saw that what was needed was proper ventilation aloft. So I had a specially-constructed top-hat made, with holes all round it. In fact there were more holes than hat, and the latter scornfully referred to it as a "sieve." The invention answered splendidly. There was a thorough draught constantly rushing across the top of my head, with the speed and violence of a first-class tornado. My locks, before so scanty, at once began to grow in such profusion that it now seems impossible to stop them, except by liberal applications of "Crinificatrix," the Patent Hair Restorer. That checks the growth effectually. My general name among chance acquaintances is "Old Doormat." You can judge how thick my hair must be and I ascribe it entirely to the beneficent action of the draught, as before.

Yours, WELL-COVERED.

DEAR SIR,—Why would it be a mistake to say that a Negro was "as black as my hat?" Because I never wear one. The only inconvenience resulting is in wet weather—but, even then, I am prepared for all emergencies. I keep in my pocket a little square of black waterproof, to cover my head when it rains. In an Assize town, the other day, I was followed by an angry crowd, who imagined that I was one of the Judges, and that I had gone mad, and was walking about the streets with the black cap on! But all true reformers are treated in this way, even in England, the land of Liberty. Yours, HATTOFF.

THE JERRY-BUILDING JABBERWOCK.



"BEWARE the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!"—
Ah, CARROLL! it is not in fun
Your song's light lilt we snatch.

Our Jabberwock's a *real* brute,
With mighty maw, and ruthless hand,
Who ravage makes beyond compute
In Civic Blunderland.

Look at the ogre's hideous mouth!
His tiger-teeth, his dragon-tail!
O'er Town, East, West, and North and South,
He leaves his slimy trail.

And where he comes all Beauty dies,
And where he halts all Greenery fades.
Pleasantness flies where'er he plies
His gruesomest of trades.

He blights the field, he blasts the wood,
With breath as fierce as prairie flame;
And where sweet works of Nature stood,
He leaves us—alums of shame.

The loonst and the canker-worm
Are not more ruinous than he.
"I'll take this Eden—for a term!"
He eries, and howls with glee.

"Beauty? Mere bosh! Charm? Utter rot!
What boots your 'Earthly Paradise,'
Until 'tis made 'A Building Plot'?
Then it indeed looks nice!

"O Jerry Street! O Jerry Park!
O Jerry Gardens, Jerry Square!—
You won't discover—what a lark!—
One 'touch of Nature' there!

"This handsome Villa Residence" [walks;
Means mud-built walls and clay-clogged
And drains offensive to the sense,
And swamps whence fever stalks.



METAMORPHOSIS.

(*"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."*)

Conductor. "TAKE YER TO THE CIRCUS, AND THERE YOU 'LL CHANGE INTO A HELEPHANT."

Master Kenneth. "OH, MOTHER, WHAT A JOLLY CIRCUS! MAY WE GO AND SEE THE OLD GENTLEMAN CHANGE INTO AN ELEPHANT!"

"Beauty's best friends I drive away,
Artists who sketch, ramblers who rove,
Lovers who spoon, children who play,—
All, all who Nature love.

"Nor do I give them wholesome homes
For verdant meads—no, there's the fun!
Stuccodom, frail and sickly, comes
After 'Lot Twenty-One!'

"I make a clearing, dig a trench,
Run up a shell of rotten bricks.
And thus the rule of sham and stench
Upon the 'site' I fix.

"The ugly and unhealthy still
Associate with the name of Jerry;
And thus I work my wicked will,
And flourish, and make merry!"

"Twas so the Jerry-Jabberwock
Sang in a suburb, void of shame,
Blunderland's civic will to mock,
And put its sense to shame.

This ogre of our towns to slay,
Where is the urban "Beamish Boy"?
CARROLL, when comes that "frabjous day,"
We'll "chortle in our joy."

Young County Council, are *you* one?
'Tis said you're but a Bumble-batch!
Beware the Jobjob Bird, and shun
The Bigot-Bandersnatch!

We'll pardon much that seems absurd,
Excuse some blunders that bewilder,
If you'll but "draw your vorpal sword"
And slay—the Jerry-Builder!

THE MODERN MERCURY.



BEHOLD that urchin, occupied
In counting with an honest pride
The marbles he has won!

O tardy messenger of fate,
Without distinction, small and great,
Their telegrams, perforce, await
Until your game is done.

Perchance a philosophic strain
Makes you regard as wholly vain
Our human bias and woes;
What matters, whether State affairs,
Or news of good, or weighty cares,
Or tidings relative to shares
Within your bag repose?

Well, not by me will you be blamed;
I like to see you not ashamed
To dawdle for awhile;
You furnish, by example sage,
A moral for our busy age;
And so, though others fume and rage,
I watch you with a smile.

He moves at length, and now we'll see
Which way . . . This telegram for me?
Oh, worst of human crimes
Is such delay!—it's monstrous quite!
I'll forward a complaint to-night!
Here, pen and paper—let me write
A letter to the *Times*!

MRS. RAM was heard to remark that she
"didn't know a finer body of men than the
Yokel Loamanry." Probably the old lady
meant the Local Yeomanry.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XVI.—TO YOUTHFULNESS.

You are much misunderstood. For it is supposed that those who in this world bear your stamp upon them are to be recognised without trouble by the mere calculation of their years of life. No notion can be further from the truth. Mere absence of wrinkles, the presence or colour of the hair on the head, the elasticity of limbs, these do not of themselves, I protest, testify to youthfulness. I knew a lad of twenty, who, in the judgment of the world, was young. In mine he was one of the hoariest as he was one of the least scrupulous of men. No veteran that I ever met could have put him up to any trick, or added any experience to his store. He seemed to have a marvellous and intuitive experience of the ways of life, and of the tricks of men. No shady society came amiss to him. He gambled, in his way, as coolly, and with as careful a precision, as *Barry Lyndon*; he met the keen frequenters of the betting-ring on equal terms, and contrived, amid that vortex to keep his head above water. He had a faultless taste in wine—he knew a good cigar by an instinct. It is hardly necessary to add that, with all these accomplishments, he held and expressed the meanest opinion of human nature in general. Not even Sir ROBERT WALPOLE could have more cynically estimated the price at which men might be bought. As for women, this precocious paragon despised them, and women, as is their wont, repaid him by admiration, and, here and there, by genuine affection. I shudder to think how he might have developed in the course of years. It happened, however, that a shipwreck—a form of disaster against which cynicism and precocity afford no protection—removed him from the world before he had come of age. Now, to call this infant young, would have been a mockery. To all outward appearance, indeed, he was a boy, but his mind was that of a selfish and used-up *roué* of sixty, without illusions, and without hope.

Let me pass to a more pleasant subject, and one with which you, my dear boy, are more closely connected. I refer to my old friend, General VANGUARD, the kindest and best-natured man that ever drew half-pay. Seventy years have passed over his head, and turned his hair to silver, but his heart remains pure gold without alloy. In vain do his whiskers and moustache attempt to give a touch of fierceness to his face. The kindly eyes smile it away in a moment. He stands six feet and an inch, his back his broad, his step springy; he carries his head erect on his massive shoulders with a leonine air of good-humoured defiance. To hear him greet you, to feel his hand-shake, is to get a lesson in geniality. I never knew a man who had so whole-hearted a contempt for insincerity and affectation. It was only the other day that I saw little TOM TITTERTON, of the Diplomatic Service, introduced to him. Tom is a devil of a fellow in Society. He warbles little songs of his own composition at afternoon teas, he insinuates himself into the elderly affections of stony-hearted dowagers, he can lead a *cotillon* to perfection, and is universally acknowledged as an authority on gloves and handkerchiefs. It was at a shooting-party that he and the General met. The little fellow advanced simpering, and raised a limp and dangling hand to about the height of his eyes. The General had extended his in his usual bluff and unceremonious manner. Naturally enough the hands failed to meet. A puzzled look came over the General's face. In a moment, however, he had grasped the situation, and TITTERTON's hand, and shaken the latter with a ferocious heartiness. "Ow!" screamed Tom. It was a short exclamation, but a world of agony was concentrated into it. "The old bear has spoilt my shooting for the day," said TITTERTON to me afterwards, as he missed his tenth partridge. That very evening, I remember, there was a great discussion in the smoking-room on the subject of wrestling. One of the party, a burly youth of twenty-six, boasted somewhat loudly of the tricks that a Cornishman had lately taught him. For a long time the General sat silently puffing his cigar, but at length the would-be wrestler said something that roused him. "Would you mind showing me how that's done?" he said; "I seem to remember something about it, but it was done differently in my time. No doubt your notion's an improvement." Nothing loth the burly one stood up. I don't quite know what happened. The General seemed to stoop with outstretched hands and then raise him-

self with a spring as he met his opponent. A large body hurtled through the air, and in a moment the younger man was lying flat on the carpet amidst the shouts of the company. "It's the old 'flying mare' my boy," said the General to me, "a very useful dodge. I learnt it fifty years ago."

In the company of young men the General is at his very best. He knows all their little weaknesses, and chaffs them with delightful point and humour, though he would not, for all the world, give them pain. It is a pleasant sight to see the old fellow with a party of his young friends, poking sly fun at them, laughing with them, taking all their jests in good part, and thoroughly enjoying himself. He can walk most of them off their legs still, can row with them on the broad reaches of the Thames, and keep his form with the best of them; he can hold his gun straight at driven birds, and revel like a boy in a rattling run to hounds across country. All the youngsters respect him by instinct, and love the cheery old fellow, whose heart is as soft as his muscles are hard. They talk to him as to an elder brother, come to him for his advice, and, which is perhaps even more strange, like it, and follow it. Withal, the General is the most modest of men. In his youth he was a mighty man of war. It was only the other day that I heard (not from his own lips, you may be sure) the thrilling stories of his hand-to-hand conflict with two gigantic Russians in the fog of Inkermann, and of his rescue of a wounded Sergeant at the attack in the Redan. With women, old or young, the General uses an old-fashioned and chivalrous courtesy, as far removed from latter-day smartness as was BAYARD from BOULANGER. The younger ones adore him. They all seem to be his nieces, for they all call him Uncle JOHN.

A year or two ago the General fell ill, and the doctors shook their heads. It was touching to see the concern of all his young friends. CHARLIE CHIRPER, a gay little butterfly of a fellow, who never seemed to treat life as anything but a huge joke, became gloomy with anxiety. Twice every day he called to make inquiries, and, as the bulletins got worse, CHARLIE became visibly thinner. I saw him at the Club one evening, sitting moodily in a corner. "What's up, CHARLIE?" I said to him. "You look as if you'd been refused by an heiress." "The Old General's worse to-day," said CHARLIE, simply. "They're very anxious about him. No, dash it all!" he went on, "it's too bad. I can't bear to think of it. Such an old ripper as the General! Why must they take him? Why can't they take a useless chap like me, who never did anyone any good?" And the unaccustomed tears came into the lad's eyes as he turned his head away. But the old General battled through, and, thank Heaven, I can still write of him in the present tense.

Yours as always, my dear boy, DIOGENES ROBINSON.

"ANECDOTAGE."

(Companion Volume to other Works of the same kind.)

A TRAVELLER in Italy during the middle ages knew a Chemist very well indeed. One day a rather stylish Lady, with a shifty look about the eyes, entered the shop and asked for some poison. "I cannot furnish you, Madam, with what you require. I have quarrelled with the undertaker." The Traveller subsequently ascertained that the name of the lady was LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Just before the Battle of Waterloo, FOUCHÉ met BONAPARTE, who was then in command of the French Army. He said, "You will find that, before this campaign is over, I shall have on one foot a BLUCHER, and on the other a WELLINGTON. It is fortunate for me I cannot find pairs of both!" This is a proof (if one is needed) of the EMPEROR's fear of fate.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was (as a lad) very fond of exploration. One day he went over to America, and, arriving at his destination, christened it Columbia. The land of the Yankees, even now, is occasionally known by this appellation.

Mr. Punch one day was invited to listen to Someone's Recollections or Reminiscences. All went well for five minutes, when the Autobiographer, looking up from his Autobiography, found that Mr. Punch was fast asleep. The Sage slumbered as the Representative of the Public.

'ARRY AT 'ARRYGATE.

(Second Letter.)

DEAR CHARLIE.—The post-mark, no doubt, will surprise you. I'm still at the "Crown."

Though I said in my last—wot was true—I was jest on the mizzle for town.

'Ad a letter from nunky, old man, with another small cheque. Good old nunk!

So I'm in for a fortnit' more sulphur and slosh, afore doing a bunk.

Ah! I've worked it, my pippin, I've worked it; gone in for hexoursions all round, To Knaresborough, Bolton, and Fountains. You know, dear old pal, I'll be bound, As hantiquities isn't my 'obby, and ruins don't fetch me, not much!

I can't see their "beauty," no more than the charms of some dowdy old Dutch.

A Castle, all chunnicks of stone, or a Habbey, much out of repair, A skelinton Banqueting 'All, and a bit of a broken-down stair, May appear most peticular "precious" to them as the pietereak cops;

But give me the sububs and stucco, smart villas, and spick-and-span shops.

"Up to date" is our *siney quay non* in these days. *Fang der sickle*, yer know,

Wich is French for the same, I persoom, and them phrases is now all the go.

Find 'em sprinkled all over the papers; in politics, fashion, or art,

If you can't turn 'em aliek round yer tongue, you ain't modern, or know-ing, or smart.

Still a houting to Bolton ain't bad when the *charry-bang*'s well loaded up

With swell seven-and-sixpence-a-headers. I felt like a tarrier-pup

On the scoop arter six weeks of kennel and drench in the 'ands of a vet;

I'd got free of the brimstone flavour and went it accordin', you bet!

'Ad a day at a village called Birstwith. The most too-ralcorallest scene,

'Oller down among 'ills, dontoher know, ancient trees and a jolly big green.

Reglar old Rip-van-Winkleish spot, sech as CALDECOTT ought to ha' sketched.

Though I ain't nowadays nuts on the pasteral, even Yours Truly was fetched.

Pooty sight and no error, old pal! 'Twos a grand "Aughticultural Show,"

So the "Program of Sports" told the public. Fruit, flowers, and live poultry, yer know.

Big markee and a range of old 'en-coops, sports, niggers, a smart local band,

Cottage gardenin', cheese, roosters, and races! Rum mix, but I gave it a 'and.

I do like to encourage the joskins. One thing though, was fiddle-de-dee,

They 'ad a "Refreshment Tent," CHARLIE. Oh my! Ginger-ale and weak tea!

Nothink stronger, old pal, s'elp me bob! Fancy me flopping down on a form

A-munching plum-putty, and lapping Bohea as was not even warm!

This 'ere 'Arrygate's short of amusements. There's niggers and bands on the "Stray"

(Big lumpy old field in a 'ole, wich if properly managed might pay.)

Mysterious Minstrels with masks on, a bleating contralto in black,

With a orful tremoler, my pippin!—yus, these are the pick of the pack.

Bits sick of "Ta-ra-ra" and "Knocked 'em;"

"Carissimar" gives me the 'ump,

For I 'ear it some six times per morning; and then there's a footy old pump

Blows staggerly toons on a post-orn for full arf a-hour each day,

To muster the mugs for a coach-drive. My heyo and a handbox, it's gay!

At the "Crown" we git up little barnies, to eke out the 'Arrygate lot,

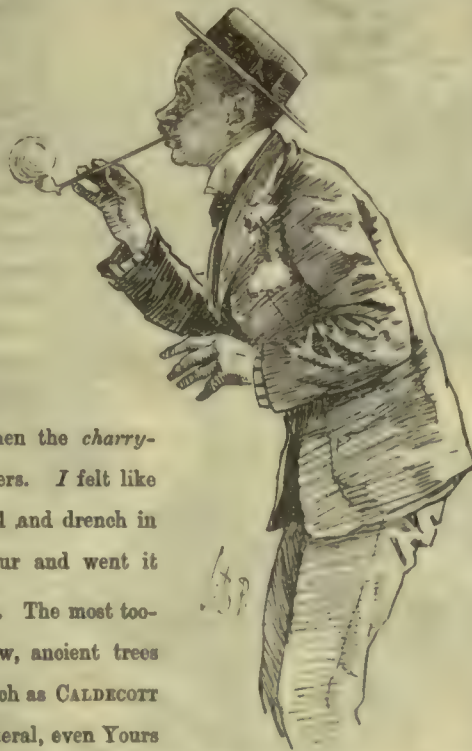
For even the Spa's a bit samesome for six times a week when it's 'ot;

Though they do go it pooty permikus with pickter-shows, concerts, and such;

Yus, I must say they ladles it out fair and free, for a sixpenny touch.

But even yer Fancy Dress Balls, and yer lectures by ANNIE BESANT,

All about Hastral Bodies and Hether, seems not always quite wot yer want



To wile away time arter dinner. So thanks to that gent—six-foot-four!—

Who fair cuts the record as Droring-Room M.C.—of course *hammytoor*.

Then we've conjurors, worblers, phrenologists! One 'ad a go at my chump.

'E touzled my 'air up tremenjus, and said I'd no hend of a bump

Of somethink he called "Happybativeness." Feller meant well, I suppose,

But I didn't quite relish his smile, nor his rummy remarks on my nose.

When a tall gurl as pooty as paint, and with cheeks like a blush-rose in bloom,

'As 'er lamps all a-larf on yer face, and a giggle goes round the whole room,

'Tisn't nice to sit square on a chair, with a feller a-sharpening 'is wit

On your nob, and a rumpling your 'air till it's like a birch-broom in a fit!

One caper we 'ad, on the lawn, was a spree, and no error, old man.

They call it a "Soap-Bubble Tournment." Soapsuds, a pipe, and a fan,

Four six-foot posts stuck in the ground with a tape run around—them's the "props."

And lawn-tennis ain't in it for larks. Oh, the ladies did larf, though tip-tops!

Hit sniffly fust off. "Oh!" sez they, "wot a most *hintellectual* game!"

But I noticed that them as sneered most was most anxious to win, all the same.

The gent he stands slap in the middle, and tries to blow bubbles like fun,

Wich his pardner fans over the tape; don't it jest keep the girls on the run!

Every bubble as crosses the tape afore busting counts one to that pair,

And the pair as counts most wins the prize. They are timed by a hegg-boiler.

There!

It was all a pantermime, CHARLIE, to see 'ow them gurls scooted round,

Jest like Japanese jugglers, a-fanning the bubbles, as would 'ug the ground.

Some gents was fair frosts at the bizness; one good-'earted trim little toff

Would blow with the bowl wrong end upwards. His pardner went pink and flounced off.

He gurgled away like a babe with a pap-bottle, guggle-gug-gug!

And I 'eard 'er a-giving 'im beans as 'e mizzled, much down in the mug.

'Owsomever, it ain't for amusements as 'Arrygate lays itself hout;

No, dear boy, it's for doses and douches; and there it scores freely, no doubt.

Wy, there's a thirty-two Springs in the Bog Field—a place like a graveyard gone wrong—

Besides Starbeck, the Tewit, and others, all nasty, and most on 'em strong.

Since Sir SLINGSBY discovered the first one, now close on three cent'ries ago,

Wot a lush of mixed mineral muck these 'ere 'Arrygate Springs 'ave let flow!

Well, ere's bully for Brimstone, my bloater, and 'ooray for 'Arrygate air!

Wich 'as done me most good I don't know, and I'm scorched if I very much care!

I know 'Arrygate girls oop the biscuit for beauty. They've cheeks like the rose,

Their skin is jest storberries and cream; it's the sulphur, dear boy, I suppose.

As for me, I look yellier as taller alongside 'em CHARLIE, was luck!

I 'eard one call me saffron-faced sparrer, and jest as I thought 'er fair struck.

I'd nail 'em, in time, I've no doubt, when I once got the 'ang of their style.

There's a gal at the Montpellier Baths. Soisoree! 'ow I've tried for a smile,

When she tips me my tannersworth! Shucks! she's as orty and stiff as yer please.

Primrose Dames isn't in it for snubs with these arrygant 'Arrygatese!

But I reckon my "Douché" is now due. Doctor BLACK's that pertikler, old

These 'Arrygate doctors 'ave programs—you've got to pan out to their plan.

Up early, two swigs afore breakfast, and tubs when they tell yer's the rule.

Well, the feller as flies to a Sawbones, and don't toe the line is a fool.

Reglar Doctor-Shop, 'Arrygate is; see their photos all over the town.

Mine is doing me dollups of good; I'm quite peckish, and jest a bit brown.

I'm making the most of my time, and a-laying in all I can carry.

So 'ere ends this budget of brimstone and baths from your sulphur-soaked

'ARRY.

A FROG HE WOULD A-ROWING GO

A SAD SONG OF THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE.

(With Mr. Punch's cordial Compliments to the victorious French Eight.) AIR—"A Frog he would a-Wooing go."



Linky Souleau. in a way

A FROGGIE would a-rowing go,
 Heigho for Rowing!
 To see if Big BULLIE could lick him or no;
 With his boating form that 's all gammon and spinach.
 Heigho for British Rowing!
 So off he set with his boating-cap,
 Heigho for Rowing!
 And swore at Big BULL he would just have a slap!
 Which BULL declared was all gammon and spinach!
 Heigho for British Rowing!
 "Pray, Mr. BULL, will you race with me?"
 Heigho for Rowing!
 Says BULL, "If you like, but 'tis fiddle-de-dee!
 For FROG against BULL is all gammon and spinach."
 Heigho for British Rowing!

When they came to Andréas upon the Seine,
 Heigho for Rowing!
 Big BULL pulled his hardest, but pulled in vain,
 For he found his boasts were all gammon and spinach.
 Heigho for British Rowing!
 For in spite of the brag, and the bounce, and the chaff,
 Heigho for Rowing!
 The FROG beat the BULL by a length and a half,
 With your MOSSOP and JAMES, licked by BOUDIN and CUZ'N,
 Heigho, says R. C. LEHMANN!
 "Pray, Mr. BULL, do you relish the spin?"
 Heigho for Rowing!
 (Said FROGGIE.) "And were you cocksure you would win,
 With your forty-one strokes all sheer gammon and spinach?"
 Heigho for British Rowing!



LOOKING AHEAD.

Miss Golightly (the Friend of the Family, and to whom Sir Percy has proposed). "OF COURSE I'M AWFULLY OBLIGED, SIR PERCY—BUT, SAY NOW, DON'T YOU THINK THERE WOULD BE SOME DANGER OF MY FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOUR ELDEST SON?"

"Humph! Regular take-down!" said Big Mr. BULL—
Heigho for Rowing!
"But, FROGGIE or not, by the lord you can pull,
With your much-deeried 'hang,' 'twas all gammon and
spinach! Heigho for British Rowing!"

"Ha! Ha!" cried the FROG, "the old fable, thought true"—
Heigho for Rowing!
"Is out of date now. I'm as big, BULL, as you,
As an oarsman, which is *not* all gammon and spinach!"
Heigho for British Rowing.

So that in the end (for the present), you see,
Heigho for Rowing!
Of the race between Big BULL and Little FROGGIE.
BULL's fame, in a boat, seems all gammon and spinach.
Heigho for British Rowing!

MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW, the well-known American lawyer, wonders why on earth the British Government has not long ago given Home Rule to Ireland. He encourages Mr. G.'s Ministry to do their best in this direction, and chance-y it. We're always delighted to welcome Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW in England, so let him come over with a Depewtation to Mr. G. on the subject.

EQUESTRIAN FRUIT.—At the Horticultural Show the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS exhibited a "Cob of ADAM's Early Maize." No particulars are given. Was it 14'1 and a weight-carrier? Being ADAM's, it must be about the oldest in the world. "Maize" may be a misprint for "Mews." Next time the Baroness must send a pear.

PROBABLE DEDUCTION.—A pertinacious Salvation Army Captain was worrying a Scotch farmer, whom he had met in the train, with perpetual inquiries as to whether "he had been born again of Water and the Spirit?" At last, McSANDY replied, "Awcel, I dinna reetly ken how that may be, but my good old feyther and mither took their toddy releegiously every nicht, the noo."

THE AUSTRO-GERMAN OFFICER'S VADE-MECUM.

Q. You have heard of the Ride from Berlin to Vienna, and *vice versa*?
A. Yes; and of the mishaps that befell many of the competitors.
Q. You mean their horses?
A. What applies to the one applies to the other.
Q. Some of the poor steeds died on the journey?
A. I daresay—of course, it was hard work.
Q. And you have read that, even when the poor horses were fainting and refusing food, the riders still went on?
A. Of course. The riders had magnificent pluck and nerve.
Q. What, to observe the anguish of their chargers without emotion?
A. No! The idea! I mean they had pluck and nerve in spite of all discouragement to push on to the winning-post.
Q. And what do you think this breaking down of the horses proved?
A. That, after all, the creatures were brutes—only brutes!
Q. Does not the suffering of these brutes suggest—
A. That the riders were brutes too?—Ah!

[No further question put, the Answerer having mastered the subject.]

IN EXCELSIS.—No better example of the methods employed by Vivisectionists could be given than was presented at the Church Congress last week, where in debate on this subject they were all engaged in cutting up one another. The Bishop of EDINBURGH, denouncing the morality of the Bishop of MANCHESTER and of Bishop BARRY, was a rare sight. His Lordship said that the morality of these two Bishops was "up in a balloon." Well, surely this is morality of the most elevated description. These Bishops are not "*in partibus*," but *in nubibus*.

IN WATER COLOURS.—The East London Waterworks Company had a very successful meeting the other day. *Inter alia* the Chairman said, that "the Waltham Well is a complete success." *Ergo* let Well alone. That from this source they still supplied "36 gallons per head." The heads must be uncommonly hard to stand all this water on the brain. A dividend of eight per cent. is, after all, a very pleasant draught.

"GREEN THE GUIDE."

(A Sketch on a "Royal Blue" Car at Jersey.)

On the Car is, among others, an Elderly Gentleman, in a tall hat, with a quantity of wraps; a Stout Shopkeeper, with a stouter Wife; a Serious Commercial Traveller, and a couple of young "Shop-ladies"; a Morose Young Man, who has "got out of bed the wrong side" that morning, and another, who has begun his potations rather early, and is in the muzzily talkative mood. The Car is one of a long string of similar vehicles, and is proceeding at a rapid rate along one of the winding roads.

The Muzzy Man. Frivolous, am I? Well, we came 'ere to be frivolous—to a certain extent. Am I out of the way in anything I've said? Because I woke this morning with a dry mouth, and I don't mind saying I've had a little drop o' brandy since.

His Neighbour. You might let people find out that for themselves, I should think!

The Muzzy M. No—I like to be honest and straightforward, I do. I don't want to be out of the way, you understand.

The Shopkeeper's Wife (to her Neighbour). This is a pretty part of the road we're on now—but, lor! there's nothing 'ere to come up to the Isle of Man. Douglas, now—that is a nice place, with all them Music Halls! And the scenery—why, I'm sure I felt sometimes as if I must stop, just to look at it!

The Muzzy Man. I consider scenery we're coming to most beautiful I've seen for—for miles around. [He goes to sleep.]

The Shopkeeper (to the Elderly G., who is shifting and turning about uneasily). Lost anything, Sir?

The E. G. No—thank you, no. I was looking to see whether GREEN the Guide was on the car. (Shouts of laughter are heard from the car behind.) Ah, that's GREEN the Guide! I wish he'd come on our car—very amusing fellow, Sir—capital company!

The Morose M. (to the Young Lady on his left). Who's GREEN the Guide?

The Y. L. Oh, don't you know? He comes with the cars and makes jokes and all that. I hope he'll come to us.

The Mor. M. I don't. I can do that sort of thing for myself if I want to, I hope. [With a scowl.]

The Y. L. Well, there's no harm in hoping!

The Serious Comm. T. (to his neighbour—one of the Shop-ladies). So you come from Birmingham? Dear me, now. I used to be there very often on business at one time. Do you know the Rev. Mr. PODGER there? A good old gentleman, he is. I used to attend his Chapel regular—most improving discourses he used to give us. I am fond of a good Sermon, aren't you? &c.

[He imagines—not altogether correctly—that he is producing an agreeable impression.]

A Young Man in a Frock-coat, Canvas-shoes, and Cloth-cap. Scarborough? Yes, I've been there—but I don't care about it much. You have to dress such a lot there, y' know, and I like to come out just as I am!

[The conversation, notwithstanding its brilliancy, is beginning to flag—when the car is boarded by a stalwart good-looking man, carrying a banno, and wearing a leather shoulder-belt with "GREEN the Guide" in brass letters upon it; the Elderly Gentleman, and most of the Ladies welcome him with effusion, while the Younger Men appear to resent his appearance.]

The Mor. M. (sotto voce). If he's going to play that old instrument of torture, I shall howl, that's all!

Green the Guide (in a deep baritone voice). Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I congratulate you upon having a fine day for our excursion. My glass went up three feet this morning.

The Morose Man (aggressively). Was there whiskey inside it?

Green the Guide. No, Sir, it would have gone down suddenly if there had been. (The Elderly G. asks for a song.) I shall be delighted to entertain you to the best of my ability. What would you like to have?

The Mor. M. None of your songs—give us an imitation—of a deaf and dumb man.

Green the G. (with perfect good-humour). I shall be happy to do the deaf man, Sir,—if you'll help me by doing the dumb. (The Mor. M. begins to feel that he had better leave GREEN the Guide alone.) Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I'll sing you a good old-fashioned hunting-song, and I'll ask you to join me in the Chorus.

[He sings "We'll all go out hunting to-day!"

The Mor. M. (after the First Verse). The beggar don't sing so badly. I will say that for him! (After the Third.) Capital voice he has! Rattling good Chorus, too! "Join the glad throng that goes laughing along, and we'll all go a-hunting to-day!" (At the end.) Bravo! encore! encore!

[His good-humour is suddenly and miraculously restored.]

Green the G. (in a tone of instruction). You will notice that the thistle is very abundant just here, Ladies and Gentlemen. The reason of that, is that some years ago a vessel was wrecked on this part of the coast which was sailing from Scotland with a cargo of thistle-down. (Outcry of incredulity.) If you don't believe me, ask the Coachman.

The Coachman (stolidly). It's a fact, Gentlemen, I assure you.

G. the G. The soil of Jersey is remarkably productive; if you plant a sixpence, it will come up a shilling in no time. The cabbages on this island grow to an extraordinary height, frequently attaining twenty feet—(outcry)—yes, if you measure up one side, and down the other. (They pass a couple of sheep on a slope.) The finest flock of sheep in the island. The dark one is not black, only a little sunburnt. The house you see on that hill over there was formerly slept in by CHARLES THE SECOND. He left a pair of slippers behind him—which have since grown into top-boots. There you see the only windmill in this part of the island—there used to be three, but it was found there was not enough wind for them all. From here you have a clear view of the coast of France; and, when the wind is blowing in this direction, you have an excellent opportunity of acquiring the French accent in all its purity. (This string of somewhat hoary chestnuts meets with a success beyond their intrinsic merits, the Morose Man being as much entertained as anybody.) On your right is an inland lake of fresh water—

The Muzzy Man (waking up with sudden interest). Can you drink it with perfect impunity?

G. the G. Depends' how far you're accustomed to it as a beverage, Sir. (The car stops at an hotel.) We stop here two hours, Ladies and Gentlemen, to enable you to lunch, and examine the caves afterwards. You can leave anything you like on the cars except five-pound notes—and they might get blown away!

ON THE WAY HOME.

The Shopkeeper's Wife (to her Husband). Ah, Tom, it's just as well you stayed behind—you'd never have got through those caves! You wouldn't believe I could ha' done it unless you'd seen me—clambering down iron ladders, and jumping on to rocks, and squeezing through tunnels, and then up a cliff like the side of a house. I do wish you could ha' seen me, Tom!

Tom (philosophically). Ah, well, I was very comfortable where I was, settin' in the hotel room there, smoking my pipe. GREEN the Guide gave us, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," in first-rate style—he is a singer, and no mistake!

His Wife. Lor, I wish I'd known he was going to sing—I'd ha' stayed too! But here he is, waiting by the road for us—I do hope he's going to sing again!

Green the G. (mounting the car). I fear I am an unwelcome visitor.

The Eld. G. (graciously). It would be the first time in your life then, GREEN!

G. the G. Well, the fact is, I come to levy a little contribution on behalf of myself and the Coachman. Times are hard, Gentlemen, and both of us have large families to support. If you don't believe me, ask the Coachman. (The Elderly G. explains that his wrappings prevent him from getting at his purse just then, while the others contribute with more or less readiness and liberality.) Many thanks, Ladies and Gentlemen, on behalf of myself and the Coachman, and to express my sense of your generosity, I will sing you the great



"An elderly Gentleman, in a tall hat, with a quantity of wraps."

Jersey National Song, composed by myself, before leaving. (*He sings a ditty with the following spirited Chorus*):—

There the streets are paved with granite. So neat and clean
And lots of pretty, witty girls, are always to be seen!
With the brave old Mi-litin, Our foes to defy!
And there they grow the Cabbages—Ten feet high!
(*All together, Gentlemen, please!*) Yes, there they grow the Cabbages, there
they grow the Cabbages, there they grow the Cabbages—Ten feet high!

Thank you, Gentlemen, I've sung that song a number of times, and I never remember hearing the chorus better sung. If you don't believe me, ask the Coachman.

Coachman. I've never 'eard it better sung, Ladies and Gentlemen, I assure you.

(GREEN the Guide descends in a blaze of popularity, and the "Royal Blue" rolls on in excellent spirits.)

POLITICAL TRAINING.

Monday.—Read Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's remarks on abstinence from bodily exercise. Sold my bicycle, and gave away all my rackets, bats, &c. Resolved to follow the latest system. Shall doubtless, by these means, reach Mr. C.'s high position as a statesman and orator. Went out in a Bath-chair. Five minutes after starting, man said he was not accustomed to drag so heavy an invalid, and must rest a little. Tried a speech—my maiden one—on the Disadvantages of Bodily Exercise. He listened respectfully, and, when at last I had finished, said he quite agreed with me, and that the fare was seven shillings.

Tuesday.—Have decided that exercise in a Bath-chair is quite superfluous. Resolved to take exercise, for the future, in a hammock, just outside the garden-door. Must practise speech-making to the gardener. Good idea—Orchids. Asked him what he thought about the new Orchid. Miserable fool answered, "Awkud, zur? Dunno waht thaht be." I said that was "awkud," and had to laugh at the highly original side-splitter myself, as he never saw it.

Wednesday.—Must really give up this long walk to the garden-door. Shall never become a great statesman unless I do. Resolved to take exercise in arm-chair in library. The children's governess came in to fetch a book. Addressed her at some length on Free Education. Afterwards, thought this subject was somewhat ill-chosen, as her salary is so small.

Thursday.—Really cannot stand this walking up and down stairs. Shall remain for the future in my bed-room and take exercise on sofa by fireside, as I feel chilly. Page came in with coals. Reminded me of Policy of Scuttle. Spoke of this at some length, and woke him up with difficulty when I had finished. Felt rather unwell.

Friday.—Dressing and undressing is certainly needless fatigue, and evidently causes this headache and general seediness. Shall take exercise in bed. Felt worse. Female relatives anxious, and insist on medical attendance. Assured them I was following the best system, and answered their persistent demands by a short address on Home Rule.

Saturday.—Felt so bad at five this morning, that Doctor was fetched. Tried feebly to address him on the Eight Hours' Question, when he said he never had any time to think how long he worked. Explained my new system to him. He said I should myself want a new system to stand such a course of treatment. Then he pulled me out of bed, and insisted on my walking ten miles as soon as I was dressed. Felt much better. Shall abandon politics and become a farmer, having just heard of an infallible system for growing wheat profitably.

THE "RESTORATION" PERIOD.—Will the Chairmen of the L.C. & D. and the S.E. Lines unite their forces? After the meeting on this subject last week, Sir EDWARD will have lots of reason to listen to. But apart from every consideration of *mal de mer*, and "From Calais to Dover," as the poet sings "This soonest over," there is not anywhere a better, and we, who have suffered as greatly as the much-enduring Ulysses, venture to assert not anywhere as good a luncheon as at the "Restauration" (well it deserves the title!) of the Calais Station. Every patriotic travelling Englishman must be delighted to think that some few centuries ago we gave up Calais. Had it been nowadays in English hands, why it might even now be possessed of a "Refreshment Room" no better than—any on our side of the Channel, for there is no necessity to particularise. From Dover to Calais is the shortest and best restorative'd route for the traveller, whether ill or well, at sea.

MOTTOES for the new Lord MAYOR. "Nil obstat," "Nil fortius," and, from HORACE, "Nil amplius oro." This, in answer to thousands of correspondents, is our last word on the subject; so after this (except on the 9th of November), we say—nil

SUCH A "LIGHT OPERA!"

HAD Sir ARTHUR written the music for *The Mountebanks*, and Sir BRIAN DE BOIS GILBERT the book of *Haddon Hall*, both might have been big successes.



"Pity a Poo' Bar-itone!"

So, however, it was not to be, and Sir ARTHUR chose this book by Mr. GRUNDY, which labours under the disadvantages of being original, and of not owing almost everything to a French source. It isn't every day of the week that Mr. GRUNDY tumbles upon *A Pair of Spectacles* in a volume of French plays. The period to which the very slight and uninteresting story of *Haddon Hall* belongs is just before the Restoration, but the dialogue of "the book" is spiced with modern slang, both "up to date" (the date being this present year of Grace, not sixteen hundred and sixty) and out of date. The "out-of-date" slang, which is, "I've got 'em on"—alluding to the Scotchman's trousers—has by far the best of it, as it comes at the end of the piece, and enjoys the honour of having been set to music by the variously-gifted Composer: so that "I've got 'em on," with its enthusiastically treble-encored whiskey fling, capitally danced by Miss NITA COLE as *Nance*, with Mr. DENNY as *The McCrankie*, may be considered as the real hit of the evening, having in itself about as much to do with whatever there is of the plot as would have the entrance of Mr. JOEY GRIMALDI, in full Clown's costume, with "Here we are again!" Of the music, as there was very little to catch and take away, one had to leave it. Of course this seriously comic or comically serious Opera is drawing—"Music," observes Mr. WAGE, parenthetically, "cannot be drawing"—and will continue to do so for some little time, long enough at all events to reimburse Mr. D'O'LY CARTE for his more than usually lavish outlay on the *mise-en-scène*.

In the Second Act, the mechanical change from the exterior of Haddon Hall to the interior, must be reckoned as among the most effective transformations ever seen on any stage. It would be still more so if the time occupied in making it were reduced one-half, and the storm in the orchestra, and the lightning seen through black gauze on stage were omitted. The lightning frightens nobody, only amuses a few, and in itself is no very great attraction. Even if these flashes were a very striking performance, no danger to the audience need be apprehended from it, seeing that Mr. CELLIER is in front as "Conductor." Perhaps Mr. D'O'LY CARTE, noticing that Mr. GRUNDY calls his piece "a light Opera," thought that, as it wasn't quite up to this description, it would be as well if the required "lightning" were brought in somewhere, and so he introduced it here. If this be so, it is about the only flash of genius in the performance.



"Christmas is comin'!"

The M'Clown of M'Clown dancing.
The Reel Hit of the Opera.



POST-PRANDIAL PESSIMISTS.

SCENE—*The Smoking-room at the Decadents.*

First Decadent (M.A. Oxon). "AFTER ALL, SMYTHE, WHAT WOULD LIFE BE WITHOUT COFFEE?"

Second Decadent (B.A. Camb.). "TRUE, JEORNES, TRUE! AND YET, AFTER ALL, WHAT IS LIFE WITH COFFEE?"

"CROSSING THE BAR."

IN MEMORIAM.

Alfred Lord Tennyson.

BORN, AUGUST 5, 1809. DIED, OCTOBER 6, 1892.

"TALIESSEN is our fullest throat of song."

The Holy Grail.

OUR fullest throat of song is silent, hushed
In Autumn, when the songless woods are still,

And with October's boding hectic flushed
Slowly the year disrobes. A passionate thrill

Of strange proud sorrow pulses through the land,

His land, his England, which he loved so well;

And brows bend low, as slow from strand to strand

The Poet's passing bell
Sends forth its solemn note, and every heart
Chills, and sad tears to many an eyelid start.

Sad tears in sooth! And yet not wholly so.

Exquisite echoes of his own swan-song
Forbidden mere murmuring mournfulness; the glow

Of its great hope illumines us. Sleep, thou strong

Full tide, as over the unmoaning bar
Fares this unfaltering darer of the deep,

Beaconed by a Great Light, the pilot-star
Of valiant souls, who keep

Through the long strife of thought-life free
from scathe

The luminous guidance of the larger faith.

No sadness of farewell? Great Singer, crowned

With lustrous laurel, facing that far light,
In whose white radiance dark seems whelmed
and drowned,

And death a passing shade, of meaning slight;

Sunset, and evening star, and that clear call,
The twilight shadow, and the evening bell,

Bring naught of gloom for thee. Whate'er befall

Thou must indeed fare well.
But we—we have but memories now, and love

The plaint of fond regret will scarce reprove.

Great singer, he, and great among the great,
Or greatness hath no sure abiding test.

The poet's splendid pomp, the shining state
Of royal singing robes, were his, con-

fest,
By slowly growing certitude of fame,

Since first, a youth, he found fresh-opening portals

To Beauty's Pleasure-House. Ranked with acclaim

Amidst the true Immortals,
The amaranth fields with native ease he trod,

Authentic son of the lyre-bearing god.

Fresh portals, untrod pleasaunces, new ways
In Art's great Palace, shrined in Nature's

heart,
Sought the young singer, and his limpid

lays,
O'er sweet, perchance, yet made the quick

blood start
To many a cheek mere glittering rhymes left

cold.
But through the gates of Ivory or of Horn

His vivid vision flocked, and who so bold

As to repulse with scorn

The shining troop because of shadowy birth,
Of bodiless passion, or light tinkling mirth?

But the true god-gift grows. Sweet, sweet, still sweet

As great Apollo's lyre, or Pan's plain reed,
His music flowed, but slowly he out-beat

His song to finer issues. Fingers fleet,
That trifled with the pipe-stops, shook grand

sound
From the great organ's golden mouths anon.

A mellow-measured might, a beauty bound
(As Venus with her zone)

By that which shaped from chaos Earth, Air, Sky,

The unhampering restraint of Harmony.

Hysteric ecstasy, now fierce, now faint,
But ever fever-sick, shook not his lyre

With epileptic fervours. Sensual taint
Of satyr heat, or bacchanal desire,

Polluted not the passion of his song;
No corybantic clangor clamoured through

Its manly harmonies, as sane as strong;
So that the captious few

Found sickness in pure Elysian balm,
And coldness in such high Olympian calm.

Impassioned purity, high minister
Of spirit's joys, was his, reserved, re-

strained.

His song was like the sword Excalibur
Of his symbolic knight; trenchant, un-

stained,
It shook the world of wordly baseness, smote

The Christless heathendom of huckstering days.



“CROSSING THE BAR.”

“TWILIGHT AND EVENING BELL,
AND AFTER THAT THE DARK!

“AND MAY THERE BE NO SADNESS OF FAREWELL,
WHEN I EMBARK.”—TENNYSON.

There is no harshness in that mellow note,
No blot upon those bays;
For loyal love and knightly valour rang
Through rich immortal music when he sang.

ARTHUR, his friend, the Modern Gentleman,
ARTHUR, the hero, his ideal Knight,
Inspired his strains. From fount to flood
they ran

A flawless course of melody and light.
A Christian chivalry shone in his song
From Looksley Hall to shadowy Lyonesse,
Whence there stand forth two figures,
stately, strong,
Symbols of spirit's stress;
The blameless King, saintship with scarce
a blot,
And song's most noble sinner, LANCELOT.

Lover of England, lord of English hearts,
Master of English speech, painter supreme
Of English landscape! Patriot passion starts
A-flame, pricked by the words that glow
and gleam

In those imperial psalms, which might arm
Pale cowards for the fray. Touched by
his hand

The simple sweetness, and the homely charm
Of our green garden-land
Take on a witchery as of Arden's glade,
Or verdant Vallombrosa's leafy shade.

The fragrant fruitfulness of wood and wold,
Of flowery upland, and of orchard-lawn,
Lit by the lingering evening's softened gold,
Or flushed with rose-hued radiance of the
dawn;

Bird-music beautiful; the robin's trill,
Or the rook's drowsy clangour; flats that
run

From sky to sky, dusk woods that drape the
hill,

Still lakes that draw the sun;
All, all are mirror'd in his verse, and there
Familiar beauties shine most strangely fair.

Poet, the pass-key magical was thine,
To Beauty's Fairy World, in classic calm
Or rich romantic colour. Bagdat's shrine
By sheeny Tigris, Syrian pool and palm,
Avilion's bowery hollows, Ida's peak,
The lily-laden Lotos land, the field's
Of amaranth! What may vagrant Fancy
seek

More than thy rich song yields,
Of Orient odour, Faery wizardry,
Or soft Arcadian simplicity?

From all, far Faery Land, Romance's realm,
Green English homestead, cloud-crown'd
Attic hill,

The Poet passes—whither? Not the helm
Of wounded ARTHUR, lit by light that
fills

Avilion's fair horizons, gleamed more bright
Than does that leonine laurelled visage
now,

Fronting with steadfast look that mystic
Light.

Grave eye, and gracious brow
Turn from the evening bell, the earthly
shore,

To face the Light that floods him evermore.

Farewell! How fittler should a poet pass
Than thou from that dim chamber and the
gleam

Of poor earth's purest radiance? Love, alas!
Of that strange scene must long in sorrow
dream.

But we—we hear thy manful music still!
A royal requiem for a kingly soul!

No sadness of farewell! Away regret,
When greatness nears its goal!

We follow thee, in thought, through light,
afar

Divinely piloted beyond the bar!

TO MY SWEETHEART.

["These roses you bought and gave to me are marvels. They are still alive."—*Her Letter.*]



A HOTHOUSE where some roses blew,
And, whilst the outer world was white,
The gentle roses softly grew
To fragrant visions of delight.

Some wretched florist owned them all,
And plucked them from their native
bowers,
Then gaily showed them on his stall
To swell the ranks of "Fresh-Cut
Flowers."

Some went beside a bed of pain
Where influenza claimed its due;
They drooped and never smiled again,
The epidemic had them too.

A gay young gallant bought some buds,
And jauntily went out to dine
With other reckless sporting bloods,
Who talked of women, drank of wine;

But whilst they talked, and smoked, and
drank,
And told tales not too sanctified,
Abashed the timid blossoms shrank,
Changed colour, faded, and then died.

Yet roses, too, I gave to you,
I saw you place them near your heart,
You wore them all the evening through,
You wore them when we came to part.

But now you write to me, my dear,
And marvel that they are not dead,
Their beauty does not disappear,
Their fragrant perfume has not fled.

The reason's plain. Somehow aright
The flowers know if we ignore them.
The roses live for sheer delight
At knowing, Sweetheart, that you wore
them.

THOUGHTS—NOT WORTH A PENNY.

(Fragment from the Burlesque Romance of "No
Cents; or, The New Criticism.")

THE Critic of the new cult visited a tailor's
establishment, and was delighted with all he
saw. There were coats, and vests, and other
garments.

"I make some fifty per cent. profit," said
the proprietor of the establishment, stroking
his moustache with a hand adorned with
many a diamond ring. "Of course it causes
some labour, thought, and time—but I get
my money for my trouble."

"And why not?" replied the Critic. "Are
you not worth it? Do you not devote your
energy to it? Must you not live?"

And, having said this, the Reviewer visited
another place of business. This time he had
entered the office of a Stockbroker.

"Of course it is rather anxious work some-
times," said the alternative representative of
a bull and a bear. "But it pays in the long
run. I manage to keep up a house in South
Kensington, and a carriage and pair, out of
my takings."

"Again, why not?" responded the Critic.
"You have a wife and family. Must
you not live?" Then the Critic visited
Cheesemongers, and Bankers, Solicitors, and
Upholsterers. At last, he reached the modest
abode of an Author.

"Ah!" said he, in a tone of contempt;
"you write books and plays! Why?"

"Why, to sell them," answered the Poet,
in a faltering voice.

"Sell them!" echoed the Critic, in tones
of thunder. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, one must live!"

"Nonsense! The universe can get on

very well without anyone. You might be
dispensed with; and, if it comes to that, so
might I. Yes, I am not wanted."

"Quite true!" murmured the Author;
"indeed, you are not!"

"And, after all, what is your work? Mere
brain action! Anyone who could wield a pen
could do it for you! And you expect to be
paid, as if you were a tradesman—a Tailor or
an Upholsterer!"

"But am I not a man and a brother? Do
I not get hungry, like anyone else? Have I
not a wife and family?"

"That is entirely beside the question,"
persisted the Critic. "All you have to
consider are the claims of Art. Now, Art is
not to be served by paid votaries."

"Then I suppose I am unworthy," replied
the Author, mournfully shaking his head.
Well, let us exchange places. You shall be
the Author, and I will be the Critic."

"Very sorry, my dear friend, but that is
an unjust division. By that means you would
receive all the money."

"And why not? If I am to write, why am
I not to be paid?"

"Because it is beneath the dignity of an
Author to write with a view to obtaining
cash."

"Indeed! Well, I am tired of work.
You have nothing to do but criticise. Let
us swap positions."

"Are you mad?" shouted the Critic.
Why, I am fond of my work. You don't
imagine I am going to give up my salary to
you? Why, it would demoralise you. I
know the drawback of the system." And
the Author applied himself to the study of
the New Criticism, and it seemed as great a
mystery to him as ever.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

NOTHING but a keen sense of duty, coupled with the possession of the smartest thing in waterproof overcoats ever seen, would have tempted me to go racing last week; but the claims of Hurst Park were not to be denied, and my reward was, assisting at perhaps the most successful meeting ever held there—the backers "went down" to a man, and so did the excellent lunch—so what more could you want?—and, in addition, being told by at least twenty people, the name of the winner of the Cesarewitch!—they all named different horses, so that one is almost certain to be able to say next week, in that annoying tone of voice people adopt after a successful prophecy—(this does not apply to Just Prophets, who are notoriously modest in success)—

"There! I told you it was a certainty for *Whiteface*!"—couldn't lose!—of course you backed it, after what I told you!"—which of course was the very reason why you hadn't backed it; however—as he may really be able to tell you something on a future occasion, you put on a ghastly smile, and say—"Oh, yes—I had a trifle on—but my money was on *Blackfoot* before you told me—but it got me out!"—and it does "get you out" too, for nothing is more annoying than to be told you "ought to have won a good stake!"

However, with regard to the great race next week, I am fortunately able to set aside all "information received," because I have had a dream!—not one of the ordinary lobster-salad kind of racing-dreams one reads about—(naturally I should not have an inferior kind, having ordered in a stock of the "best selected," one to be taken every night at bed-time)—in which the dreamer only sees one horse—but a most complicated affair, from which it will be an easy task for anyone skilled in dream-lore to extract the winner!

Well—I had been rather upset during the day, so to quiet my nerves, on reaching home, I took, before going to bed, just a little *Golden Drop* of Brandy as an Insurance against restlessness—went to sleep, and dreamt that my friends *Lady Vilkins* and *Madame d'Albany*, with their maid *Helen Ware*, were attacked on their way from *Ulsley* to *Weymouth*, by some *Dare Devil* of a *Circassian*, whose horse's hoofs rang in a *Metallic* manner on the road! They were rescued in the pass of *Ben Avon* by the gallant *Burnaby*, who after a long *Rigmarole*, squared their captor, *Roy Neil*, with a *Hanover Jack*, and acted as their *Pilot* to safe quarters at *Versailles*! There!—that was my dream—and I think it points most conclusively to the winner; and, anyone unable to pick the right one, need only back them all, and there you are!—or at least you may be. If they don't care to do this, they can avail themselves of my verse selection—which I did not dream—and which, therefore, is quite as reliable.

Yours, devotedly,

LADY GAY.

CESAREWITCH SELECTION.

Oh, *Weymouth* is a pleasant place, When coming out, if white your face,

And bathing tents are handy; Why, take a nip of Brandy.

P.S.—This advice is not intended for confirmed Topers.

"SUR LE TAPIS."—If the new Carpet Knight, Sir BLONDEL MAPLE—which is our troubadourish way of spelling it—be exceptionally successful on the Turf, isn't he just the man to "make his 'pile' and cut it"?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

NOT the least interesting figure in the circle of *The Racing Life* of Lord George Bentinck, which Messrs. BLACKWOOD produce in a handsome volume, is that of JOHN KENT, who, under the editorship of Mr. FRANK LAWLEY, tells the story. KENT was trainer to Lord GEORGE during the period when, to quote the characteristic Disraelian phrase, his Lordship became "Lord Paramount of the Turf." It is forty-four years since Lord GEORGE was found lying dead on his face in the water-meadows near Welbeck Abbey. Yet KENT remembers all about him—his six feet of height, his long black frock-coat, his velvet waistcoat, his gold chain, and his "costly cream-coloured satin scarf of great length, knotted under his chin, with a gold pin stuck in it." These scarves cost twenty shillings a-piece, and it was one of

Lord GEORGE's fancies never to wear one a second time. When he died whole drawersful of them were found, and honest JOHN KENT purchased half-a-dozen from his Lordship's valet, who seems to have kept his eye on them. Did he ever wear them on Sundays? My Baronite who has been reading the book trows not. JOHN KENT knows his place better than that, and when he goes the way that masters and servants tread together, the scarves will doubtless be found tucked away in his chest of drawers. My Baronite is not able to take the same lofty view of the defunct nobleman who played at politics and worked at racing as does his faithful old servitor. Lord GEORGE seems to have been, as the cabman observed of the late JOHN FORSTER, "a harbiter gent," kind to those who faithfully serve him (as one is kind to a useful hound), but relentless to any who offended him or crossed his path. Moreover, whilst, as his biographer devoutly says, he purified the turf, he was not, upon occasion, above fighting blacklegs with their own weapons. The book gives clear glimpses of men and times which, less than half a century dead, will never live again. It pleasantly testifies that, though no man may be a hero to his valet, Lord GEORGE BENTINCK remains one in the eyes of his trainer.

The Baron not having read a three-volume novel for some considerable time, may safely affirm, instead of taking his oath, that Mrs. OLIPHANT's *The Cuckoo in the Nest* is one of the best he has come across for quite two months. It opens well, and if it drops a bit about the middle, there are all sorts of surprises yet in store for the reader, who, the Baron assures him or her, will be rewarded for his, or her, perseverance.

The Baron begs to recommend the latest volume of the Whitefriars Library, called *King Zub*, by W. H. POLLOCK. *Zub* is a wise poodle, and the waggish tale of the dog gives the name to the collection. *The Fleeting Show* is quite on a par with *The Green Lady* in a former collection by the same author, and such other stories as *Sir Jocelyn's Cap* and *A Phantom Fish* will delight those who, like the Baron, love the mixture as before of the weird and the humorous. In the *Phantom Fish* there is much local dialect, and The Baron coming across the expression, "a proper bender," is inclined to ask if this is not Zummerzetsheer for, and only applicable to, a running hare? The Baron remembers the expression well, though 'tis years since he heard it, and owns to being uncertain as to whether it is not Devonian or Cornish. 'hat he heard it applied to a hare apparent he is prepared to make oath and say; but he is not in the least prepared to assert that it is not generally applied as an expression of admiration for adroitness in avoiding pursuit. "Be that as it may, give me *King Zub* and the other stories, a good fire, a glass of spiritual comfort, a cosy chair, and a soothing pipe, and I am prepared to spend a pleasant evening," says

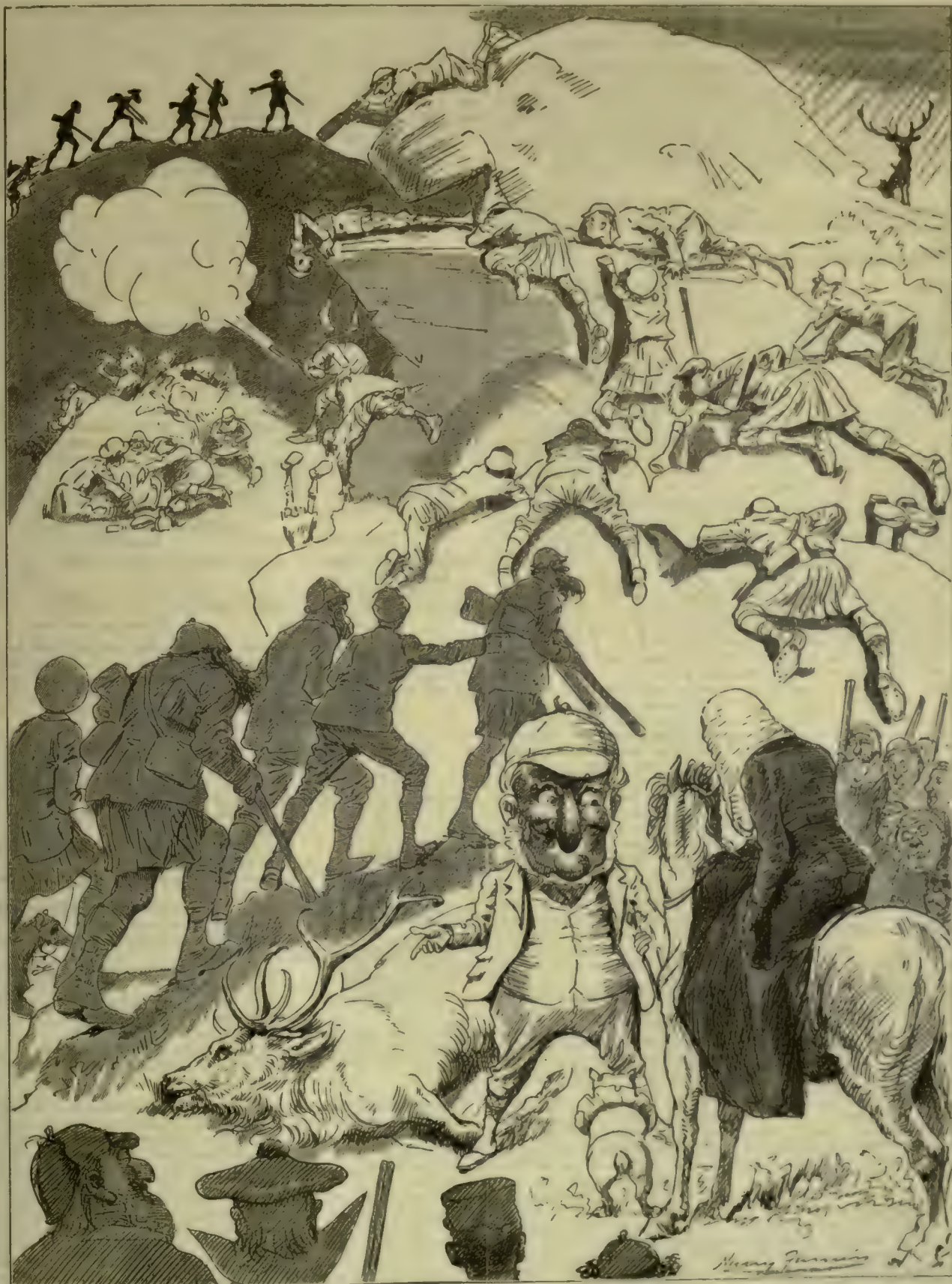
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A CONTENTED MIND.

He. "A—THE FACT IS, I DON'T CARE FOR POPULARITY. I ONLY WISH MY BOOKS TO BE ADMIRRED BY THOSE WHOSE ADMIRATION IS REALLY WORTH HAVING!" She. "AND WHO ARE THEY?"

He. "THOSE WHO ADMIRE MY BOOKS!"



MR. PUNCH'S DEER-STALKING PARTY.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Grouse in the Gun-room.)

IN our last (it is *Mr. Punch* who speaks), we indicated very briefly the conversational possibilities of the Gun. It must be observed, that this treatise makes no pretensions to be exhaustive. Something must, after all, be left to the ingenuity of the young shooter who desires to talk of sport. All that these hints profess, is to put him in the way of shining, if there is a certain amount of natural brightness to begin upon. The next subject will be—

CARTRIDGES.

To a real talker, this subject offers an infinite variety of opportunities. First, you can begin to fight the battle of the powders, as thus:—

"What powder are you shooting with this year, CHALMERS?"



"Schultze."

"How do you find it kill?"

"Deadly—absolutely—deadly: best lot I've ever had."

You need not say anything more now. The discussion will get along beautifully without you, for you will have drawn, (1), the man who very much prefers E.C., which he warrants to kill at a distance no other powder can attain to; (2), the man who uses E.C. or Schultze for his right barrel,

and always puts a black-powder cartridge into his left; (3), the detester of innovations, who means to go on using the good old black-powder for both barrels as long as he lives; and (4), the man who is trying an entirely new patent powder, infinitely superior to anything else ever invented, and is willing to give everybody, not only the address of the maker, but half a dozen cartridges to try.

You cannot make much of "charges" of powder. Good shots are dogmatic on the point, and ordinary shots don't bother their heads about it, trusting entirely to the man who sells them their cartridges. Still you might throw out, here and there, a few words about "drums" and "grains." Only, above all things, be careful not to mention drums in connection with anything but black powder, nor grains, except with reference to Schultze or E.C. A laboriously-acquired reputation as a scientific shot has been known to be ruined by a want of clearness on this important point.

"Shot." Conversationally much more valuable than powder. "Very few people agree," says a well-known authority; "as to what is the best size of shot to use, and many forget that the charge which will suit one gun, and one description of game, will not do as well for another. Usually, one gun will shoot better one size of shot than will another, and we may safely say, that large bores shoot large shot better than do smaller bores." This last sentence has the beautiful ring of a profound truism. Lay it by for use, and bring it out with emphasis in the midst of such disagreement and forgetfulness as are here alluded to. "If a shooter is a good shot," says the same classic, "he may use No. 6 early in the season, and only for partridges—afterwards, nothing but No. 5. To the average shot, No. 6 throughout the season." This sounds dreadfully invidious. If a good shot cannot kill grouse with No. 6, how on earth is a merely average shot to do the trick? But, in these matters, the conversationalist finds his opportunity. They may not be pushed too far. There was once a party of genial, light-hearted friends, who went out shooting. Early in the day, slight differences of opinion made themselves observed with reference to the size of shot. Lunch found them still more or less good-tempered, but each obstinately determined not to give way even by a fraction on the point under discussion.



Afterwards they began again. The very dogs grew ashamed of the noise, and went home. That afternoon there was peace in the world of birds—at least, on that particular shooting—and the next morning saw the shooting-parties of England reduced by one, which had separated in different dog-carts, and various stages of high dudgeon, for the railway station. So, please to be very, very careful. Use the methods of compromise. If you find your friend obstinately pinned to No. 5, when you have declared a preference for No. 6, meet him half-way, or even profess to be converted by his arguments. Or tell him the anecdote about the Irishman, who always shot snipe with No. 4, because, "being such a little bird, bedad, you want a bigger shot to get at the beggar." You can then inform him how you yourself once did dreadful execution among driven grouse in a gale of wind with No. 8 shot, which you had brought out by mistake. You may object that you never, as a matter of fact, did this execu-

tion, never having even shot at all with No. 8. Tush! you are puling. If you are going to let a conscientious accuracy stand in your way like this, you had better become dumb when sporting talk is flying about. Of course you must not exaggerate too much. Only bumptious fools do that, and they are called liars for their pains. But a little exaggeration, just a *souppçon* of romance, does no one any harm, while it relieves the prosaic dullness of the ordinary anecdote. So, swallow your scruples, and

Join the gay throng

That goes talking along,

For we'll all go romancing to-day.

(To be continued.)

DOE VERSUS ROE(DENT).

["The basements of the Royal Courts of Justice have lately been invaded by swarms of mice. They have become very audacious, and have penetrated into the Courts themselves, whose walls are lined with legal volumes, the leaves of which provide them with a rich feast."—*Daily Paper*.]

FOR students of the law to "eat
Their terms" is obviously right,
But to devour the books themselves
Is impolite.

Unfortunately Mr. STREET,
Who planned the legal edifice,
Designed a splendid trap for men,
But not for mice.

To view the Courts at midnight
now, [Strand,
The Courts all in the stilly
With rodents squeaking out their
pleas,

That would be grand!

No Ushers 'ush them; they consume
The stiffest calf you ever saw,
Developing, these curious beasts,
A taste for Law.

They fill—perhaps—the box
wherein, [sat,
Twelve bothered men have often
And try, with every proper form,
Some absent cat.

A fore-mouse probably they choose,
The culprit's advocate deride,
And fix upon that cat the guilt
Of mousey-oids.

At the Refreshment-bars, perchance,
[the milk,
They eat the cakes, and drink
And in the Robing-room indulge
In "taking silk."

The Judges' sacred Bench itself
From scampering feet is not
exempt; [Court,
With calmness they commit, of
Frightful "contempt."

Through Byles on Bills they eat
their way; [digest;
Law "Digests" they at will
Not even Coke on Littleton
Sticks on their chests!

Wanted—the stodgiest Law-book
out! [these facts,
The Judges soon must note
And try a copy of the Ju-
dicature Acts!

WHY THE FRENCH WON THE BOAT-RACE.

(Answers supplied by an Unprejudiced Briton.)

BECAUSE the English Eight had had no practice on the Seine.

Because the Londoners had had a fearful
passage crossing the Channel.

Because they smashed their boat, and had
to have it repaired.

Because the English steering might have
been better.

Because the weather was intolerable, and
chiefly affected the Englishmen.

Because the Londoners had no chance of
pulling together.

Because the French knew the course better
than the English.

Because the race should have been rowed
weeks before.

Because the race should not have been rowed for months.

Because the British naturally liked to see the foreigners win.

And last (and least), because the French had by far the better crew!



ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.—The style, title, office, and dignity of Archbishop of Canterbury, with all appurtenances thereto belonging, with all emoluments, spiritualities and temporalities appertaining, have been conferred by letters patent, under supreme authority, according to Act V. Henricus Noster in such cases made and provided, on the Rev. Mr. VINCENT, in consequence of the retirement of the Right Rev. ARTHUR STIRLING from the said office; the duties of which he so recently and so effectively performed between the hours of ten-thirty and eleven-fifteen every night for several months at the Theatre Royal Lyceum. We are in a position to add, that his resignation of this high and valuable office, has not taken place in consequence of any question as to the validity or invalidity of orders ("not admitted after 7:30"), nor has this step been rendered imperative by reason of any "irregularity" in "properties" or "appointments."

IN MEMORIAM.

William Hardwick Bradbury.

BORN, DEC. 3, 1832. DIED, OCT. 13, 1892.

LARGE-HEARTED man, most loyal friend,
Art thou too gone—too early lost?
Our comrade true, our tireless host!
Prompt to inspire, console, defend!
Gone! Hearts with grateful memories stored
Ache for thy loss round the old board.

The well-loved board he loved so well,
His pride, his care, his ceaseless thought;
To him with life-long memories fraught;
For him invested with the spell
O'er a glad present ever cast
By solemn shadows of the past.

That past for him, indeed, was filled
With a proud spirit-retinue.
Greatness long since his guest he knew,
Whom THACKERAY's manly tones had thrilled;
Who heard keen JERROLD's sparkling speech,
And marked the genial grace of LEECH.

What changes had he known, who sat
With our four chiefs, of each fast friend!
And must such camaraderie end?
Shall friendly counsel, cordial chat,
Come nevermore again to us
From lips with kindness tremulous?

No more shall those blue eyes ray out
Swift sympathy, or sudden mirth;
That ever mobile mouth give birth
To frolic whim, or friendly flout?
Our hearts will miss thee to the end,
Amphitryon generous, faithful friend!

Miss thee? Alas! the void that's there
No other form may hope to fill,
For those who now with sorrow thrill
In gazing on that vacant chair;
Whither it seems he must return,
For whose warm hand-clasp yet we yearn.

Tribute to genius all may give,
Ours is the homage of the heart;
For a friend lost our tears will start,
Lost to our sight, yet who shall live,
Whilst one who knew that bold frank face
At the old board takes the old place.

For those, his closer kin, whose home
Is darkened by the shadow grey,
What can respectful love but pray
That consolation thither come
In that most sacred soothing guise
Which natural sorrow sanctifies.

Bereavement's anguish to assuage
Is a sore task that lies beyond
The scope of friendship or most fond
Affection's power. Yet may this page,
True witness of our love and grief,
To bowed hearts bring some scant relief!

"ANECDOTAGE."

Companion Paragraph to Stories of the same kind.

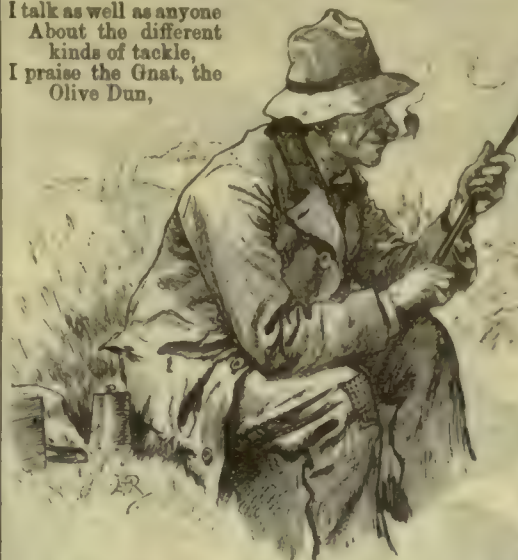
CURRAN, the celebrated Irish Patriot, was a man of intense wit and humour. On one occasion he was discussing with RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN the possibility of combining the interests of the two countries under one Crown. "It is a difficult matter to arrange," observed the brilliant author of the *School for Scandal*, "Right you are, darlint," acquiesced CURRAN, with the least taste of a brogue. "But where are ye to find the spalpeens for it? Ye may wake so poor a creature as a sow, but it takes a real gentleman to raise the rint!" Then, with a twinkle in his eyes, "But, for all that, ma cruiskeen, I'm not meself at all at all!"

THE LAY OF A SUCCESSFUL ANGLER.

THE dainty artificial fly
Designed to catch the
wily trout,
Full loud *laudabant alii*,

I talk as well as anyone
About the different
kinds of tackle,
I praise the Gnat, the
Olive Dun,

And I will join, at times,
no doubt, [pretence,
But yet my praise, without
Is not from great experience.



Discuss the worth of wings and hackle;
I've flies myself of each design,
No book is better filled than mine.

But when I reach
the river's side
Alone, for none of
these I wish,
No victim to a foolish
pride.
My object is to
capture fish;
Let me confess, then,
since you ask
it—
A worm it is which
fills my basket!

O brown, unlovely, wriggling
worm,
On which with scorn the
haughty look,
It is thy fascinating squirm
Which brings the fattest trout
to book,
From thee unable to refrain,
Though flies are cast for him in
vain!

Deep gratitude to thee I feel,
And then, perhaps, it's chiefly
keen,
When rival anglers view my
creel,
And straightway turn a jealous
green;

And, should they ask me—"What's
your fly?"
"A fancy pattern," I reply!

SWORD AND PEN;

OR, THE RIVAL COMMANDERS.

(Extract from a Military Story of the near Future.)

CAPTAIN PIPECLAY was perplexed when his Company refused to obey him. He was considered a fairly good soldier, but not up to date. He might know his drill, he might have read his *Queen's Regulations*, but he had vague ideas of the power of the Press.

"You see, Sir," remonstrated his Colour-Sergeant; "if the rear rank think they should stand fast when you give the command 'Open order!' it is only a matter of opinion. You may be right, or you may be wrong. Speaking for myself, I am inclined to fancy that the men are making a mistake; but you can't always consider yourself omniscient."

"Sergeant," returned the officer, harshly; "it is not the business of men to argue, but to obey."

"Pardon me again, Sir, but isn't that slightly old-fashioned? I know that theoretically you have reason on your side; but then in these days of the latter end of the nineteenth century, we must not be bound too tightly to precedent."

The Captain bit his moustache for the fourth time, and then again gave the order. But there was no response. The Company moved not a muscle.

"This is mutiny!" cried the officer. "I will break everyone of you. I will put you all in the cells; and in the orderly room to-morrow morning, we will soon see if there is such a thing as discipline."

"Discipline!" repeated the Sergeant. "Beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't think the men understand what you mean. The word is not to be found in the most recent dictionaries."

And certainly things seemed to be reaching a climax, for however much the Commander might shout, not one of the rank and file stirred an inch. It was at this moment that

a cloaked figure approached the parade-ground. The new-comer strode about with a bearing that suggested one accustomed to receive obedience.

"What is the matter?" asked the Disguised One.

"I can't get my men to obey me," explained the Captain. "I have been desiring them to take open order for the last ten minutes, and they remain as they were."

"What have they to say in their defence?" was the inquiry of the Man in the Cloak.

"He won't let us write to the newspapers!" was heard from the ranks.

"Is this really so?" asked the new-comer, in a tone more of sorrow than of anger.

"Well, Sir," returned the Captain, "as it is a rule of the Service that no communications shall be sent to the Press, I thought that—"

"You had no right to think, Sir!" was the sharp reply. "Are you so ignorant that you do not know that it is a birth-right of a true-born Briton to air his opinions in the organs of publicity? You will allow the men to go to their quarters at once, that they may state their grievances on paper. They are at perfect liberty to write what they please, and they may rest assured that their communications will escape the grave of the waste-paper basket."

Thus encouraged, the Company dismissed without further word of command.

"And who may you be?" asked the Captain, with some bitterness. "Are you the Commander-in-Chief?"

"I am one infinitely more powerful," was the reply. And then the speaker threw off his disguise-cloak, and appeared in morning-dress. "Behold in me the Editor of an influential Journal!"

A week later the Captain had sent in his papers, and every man in the Company he had once commanded wore the stripes of a Lance Corporal. And thus was the power of the Press once again sufficiently vindicated.

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS; OR, THE LISTS FOR THE LAURELS.



PROEM.

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra! The trumpets blare!
The rival Bards, wild-eyed, with wind-blown hair,
And close-hugged harps, advance with fire-winged feet
For the green Laureate Laurels to compete;
The laurels vacant from the brows of him
In whose fine light all lesser lustres dim.
Tourney of Troubadours! The laurels lie
On crimson velvet cushion couched on high,

Whilst *Punch*, Lord-Warden of his country's fame,
Attends the strains to hear, the victor-bard to name.

And first advances, as by right supreme,
With frosted locks adrift, and eyes a-dream,
With quick short footfalls, and an arm a-swing,
As to some cosmic rhythm heard to ring
From Putney to Parnassus, a brief bard,
(In stature, *not* in song!) Though passion-scarred,

Porphyrogenitus at least he looks;
Haughty as one who rivalry scarce brooks;
Unreminiscent now of youthful rage,
Almost "respectable," and well-nigh sage,
Dame GRUNDY owns her once redoubted foe,
Whose polished paganism's erotic flow,
And red anarchic wrath 'gainst priests, and kings,
The virtues, and most other "proper" things,
Once drew her frown where now her smile's bestowed.
Such is the power of timely palinode!

Soft twanged his lyre and loud his voice out-rang,
As the first Bard this moving measure sang:—

ON THE BAYS.

(To the tune—more or less—of "In the Bay.")

I.

Beyond the bellowing onset of base war,
Their latest wearer wendeth! With wild
zest,
Fulfilled of windy resonance, the rest
Of the bard-mob must hotly joust and jar
To win the wreath that he beyond the bar
Bare not away athwart the bland sea's breast.

II.

And sooth the soft
sheen of that death-
less bay
Gleams glamorous!
Amorous was I in my
day,
Clamorous were
Gath's goose-critics
But my fire,
Chastened from To-
phet-fumes, burns
purer, higher;
My thoughts on cour-
tier-wings might
make their way
Did my brow bear the
laurels all these
desire.

III.

For I, to the proprie-
ties reconciled,
Who hymned Dolores,
sing the "weanling
child."
At "home-made
treacle" I made
mocking mirth;
That was before my
better self had
birth.
At virtue's lilies and
languors then I
smiled,
But Hertha's not-thine
only goddess, O
Earth!

IV.

For surely brother,
and master, and
lord, and king,
Though vice's roses
and raptures did
not spring
In thy poetic garden's
trim parterre;
Though thou wert
fond of sunshine and
sweet air,
More than of kisses,
that burn, and bite,
and sting;
Some living love our England for thee bare.

V.

Thou, too, couldst sing about her sweet salt
sea,
And trumpet peans loud to Liberty,
With clamour of all applausive throats. Thy
feet,
Not wine-press red, yet left the flowers more
sweet,
From the pure passage of the god to be;
And then couldst thunder praises of Eng-
land's Fleet.

VI.

I did not think to glorify gods and kings,
Who scourged them ever with hate's san-
guineous rods;

But who with hope and faith may live at
odds?
And then these jingling jays with plume-
plucked wings,
Compete, and laureate laurels are lovely
things,
Though crowing lyric lauders of kings and
gods!

Beshrew the blatant bleating of sheep-voiced
mimes!
True thunder shall strike dumb their chirp-
ing chimes.
If there be laureate laurels, or bays, or palms,
In these red, Radical, revelling, riotous times,

Some bards pipe from Parnassus, some from
Hermion;
Room for the singer of the Sunday Sermon!
His stimulant tepid tea, his theme a text,
Carmarthen's cultured caroller comes next!

THE WORTH OF VERSE.

AIR—"The Birth of Verse."

Wild thoughts which occupy the brain,
Vague prophecies which fill the ear,
Dim perturbation, precious pain,
A gleam of hope, a chill of fear,—
These vex the poet's spirit. Moral:—
Have a shy at the Laureate Laurel!

Some say no definite
thought there is
In my full flatulence
of sound.

Let National Obser-
vers quiz

(H-N-L-Y won't have
it, I'll be bound!)

Envy! O trumpety,
O Morris!

Could JUVENAL jealous
be of HORACE?

I know the chambers
of my soul
Are filled with lauda-
tory airs,

Such as the salaried
bard should troll

When he the Lau-
reate laurels
wears.

And I am he who
opened Hades,
To harmless parsons
and to ladies!

For I can "moralise
my song"

More palpably than
Mr. POPE;

And I can touch the
toiling throng:

There is small doubt
of that, I hope.

I've piped for him
who ploughs the
furrows,

And stood for the
Carmarthen
Boroughs.

Imayn't be strong, in-
spired, complete,
But on the Liberal
goose I'm sound.

And I can count my
(rhythmic) feet

With any Pegasus
around.

I witch all women,
and some men,

GLADSTONE I've
drawn, and writ-
ten "Given."



Experienced Sportsman (on Pony). "WELL—HAD GOOD SPORT, FRED, OLD BOY!"
Inexperienced Fred. "NOT EXACTLY 'GOOD,'—BUT I THINK I'VE LET OFF ABOUT A
HUNDRED CARTRIDGES."
Experienced Sportsman. "NOT SO BAD. S'POSE YOU MUST HAVE 'LET OFF' AN EQUAL
NUMBER OF PARTRIDGES!"

They should be the true bard's, though mid-
age calms
His revolutionary fierce rolling rhymes,
Fulfilled with clamour and clangour and
storm of—psalms

That great lyre's golden echoes rolled away!
Forth tripped another claimant of the bay.
Trim, tittivated, tintinnabulant,
His bosom aped the true Parnassian pant.
As may a housemaid's leathern bellows mock
The rock-whelmed Titan's breathings. He
no shock

Of bard-like shagginess shook to the breeze.
A modern Cambrian Minstrel hopes to please
By undishevelled dandy-daintiness,
Whether of lays or locks, of rhymes or dress.

If these be not sufficient claims,
The worth of Verse is vastly small.
I've called him various pretty names,
The honoured Master of us all;
"His place is with the Immortals." Yes!
But I could fill it here, I guess!

His "chaste white Muse" could not object,
For mine is white, and awfully chaste.
Now ALGERNON has no respect
For purity and public taste.
EDWIN is given to allegory.
Whilst ALFRED is a wicked Tory!!!

He ceased. Great PUNCHES rubbed his
eagle beak,
And said, "I think we'll take the rest next
week!"

IN A GHOST-SHOW.

Warlock's "Celebrated Ghost-Exhibition and Deceptio Visus" has pitched its tent for the night on a Village Green, and the thrilling Drama of "Maria Martin, or, The Murder in the Red Barn, in three long Acts, with unrivalled Spectral Effects and Illusions," is about to begin. The Dramatis Personæ are on the platform outside: the venerable Mr. MARTIN is exhorting the crowd to step up and witness his domestic tragedy, while the injured MARIA is taking the twopences at the door; WILLIAM CORDER is finishing a pipe, and two of the Angelic Visions are dancing, in blue velvet and silver braid, to the appropriate air of "The Bogie Man."

INSIDE.

The front benches are occupied by Rustic Youths, who beguile the tedium of waiting by smoking short clays, and trying to pull off one another's caps.

First Youth (examining the decorative Shakespearian panels on the proscenium). They three old wimmin be a-pokin' o' that old nipper, 'ooever he be.

[The "old nipper" in question is, of course, MACBETH.

Second Youth. Luk up at that 'un tother side—it's a Ginerals' gho-ast a-frightenin' th' undertaker (A subject from "Hamlet.") They've gien over dancin' outside—they'll be beginning soon. (The company descend the steps, and pass behind the scenes.) We shall see proper 'ere, we shall.

[The Curtain draws up, and reveals a small stage, with an inclined sheet of glass in a heavy frame in front; behind this glass is the Cottage Home of MARIA MARTIN.

Maria (coming out of Cottage, and speaking in an inaudible tone). At last . . . WILLIAM CORDER . . . to make me his wife . . . I know not why . . . strange misgiving 'as come over me.

[She is unfeelingly requested to speak up.

William Corder (whose villany is suggested at once by his wearing a heavy silver double watch-chain, with two coins appended, and no neck-tie—enters left). Yes, MARIA, as I have promised, I will take you to London, and make you my wife—but first meet me in disguise to-night, and in secret, at the Red Barn.

[MARIA is understood to demur, but finally agrees to the rendezvous, and retires into the Cottage. Old Mr. MARTIN comes out in a black frock-coat, and a white waistcoat—he has no neck-tie either, but the omission, in his case, merely suggests a virtuous economy. He feebly objects to MARIA being married in London, but admits that, "Perhaps he has no right to interfere with WILLIAM's arrangements," and goes indoors again. WILLIAM retires, and the scene changes to a very small street, which is presently invaded by a very large Comic Countryman, called "TIM," who is engaged to MARIA's sister NANNY.

Tim. They tell I, as how the streets o' Lunnon be paved wi' gold, and I be goin' 'oop to make ma fortune, I be.

[NANNY comes in and bribes him to remain by the promise of "cold pudden with plenty of gravy." Comic business, during which every reference to "cold pudden" (and there are several) is received with roars of laughter. WILLIAM CORDER, on the ingenious plea that he wishes to take some flowers up to London, borrows a spade and pickaxe from TIM, to whom it appears he owes ninnepence, which he promises—like the villain he is—to repay "the very next time he sees him in Church."

William (going off with a flourish and a Shakespearian couplet). My mind's made up. Hence all thoughts that are good!

Crimes once commenced, Must. End in—blood! [Act drop.

A Female Spect. They don't seem in no 'urry to come to th' Gho-ast part, seemin'ly,

Her Swain. Ye wudn't have 'em do th' Gho-ast afoor th' Murder, wud ye?

ACT II.—The interior of the Red Barn. WILLIAM discovered digging MARIA's grave in his shirt-sleeves, and thereby revealing that his shirt-front is as false as his heart. He announces that "Nothing

can shake him, now, from his pre-determined purpose," and that "the grave gapes for its coming victim."

Enter MARIA, disguised in a brown bowler hat and a very tight suit of tweed "dittoes," in which she looks very like the "Male Impersonator" at a Music-hall. The Audience receive her with derision and the recommendation to go and get her hair cut.

Maria. Here am I in disguise at the Red Barn. And yet something seems to whisper to me that danger is near. WILLIAM, where, where are you?

William (coming out of a corner). 'Ere, MARIA, 'ere! (Aside.) Now to 'url my victim to an early grave! (Aloud.) 'Ave you obeyed my instructions and avoided notice?

Maria. I have. Whenever I saw anyone approaching, I hid behind a hedge and ducked in the ditch.

William (with sombre approval). That was most discreet on your part, MARIA. No one saw you come in, and no one will ever see you go out. Be'old your open grave!

[After some pleading from MARIA, a desperate struggle takes place—that is, they catch one another's wrists, and walk up and down together. MARIA calls upon her Mother's spirit, whereupon a very youthful Angel is seen floating above the couple.

The Female S. (triumphantly). Their now—their ain't bin no murder yet, and their's th' Gho-ast sure enough!

Swain (who is not going to own that he is mistaken). That ain't naw Gho-ast!

Female S. What is it, then?

Swain. Why, it's the "De-cep-ti-o Vissus," as was wrote up outside.

[The Guardian Angel vanishes; WILLIAM gets a spade, and aims at MARIA, who takes it away, and strikes him; he is then reduced to the pick-axe, but she wrests this from him too, and hits him in the face with it. He pulls her coat off, and her hair down—but she escapes from him a third time—on which he snatches up a pistol, and fires it. William (with unreasonable surprise).

Great Evans! What 'ave I done? I am become a Murderer! The shot 'as taken effect! See, she staggers this way! (Which MARIA does, to die comfortably in WILLIAM's arms.) I 'ave slain the only woman who ever truly loved me; and I know not whether I loved her most while living, or hate her most now she's dead! (The Curtain falls, leaving WILLIAM with this nice point still unsolved, and the Audience profoundly unmoved by the tragedy, and evidently longing for more of the Comic Countryman.

ACT III.—Interior of Old MARTIN's Cottage. He attempts to forget his anxiety about his daughter—who he fears, with only too much reason, has come to an untimely end—by going to sleep in a highly uncomfortable position on a kitchen-chair. The Murder is re-enacted in a vision, in dumb-show. The form of MARIA appears in the tweed suit, and urges him to search for her remains in the Red Barn.

Old Martin (awaking). I have 'ad a fearful dream, and I am under the impression that MARIA has been foully murdered in the Red Barn.

[He calls the Comic Countryman to help him "to commence a thorough investigation"—which he does, in a spirit of rollicking fun befitting the occasion, as the Scene changes to the Red Barn.

Old M. (Anding the spade). What's this? A spade—and, by its appearance, it 'as recently been fused, for there are marks of blood upon it! I now begin to be afraid my dream will come true.

[Roars of laughter when the Comic C. discovers the body, and implores it to "say summat!" Change of Scene. WILLIAM CORDER discovered At Home, in a long perspective of pillars and curtains, ending in a lawn and fountain.

William (moodily). 'Tis now exactly twelve months since MARIA MARTIN was done to death by these 'ands. Since then, I have married a young, rich, and beautiful wife—and yet I am not 'appy.

[Enter Old MARTIN, who, by the simple method of changing his hat and coat, has now become a Bow-street Officer; he puts questions to WILLIAM, who at once betrays himself, and



"They catch one another's wrists, and walk up and down together."

has to be searched. As a pair of pistols exactly resembling one that was left in the Red Barn, are found in his coat-tail pockets; his guilt is conclusively proved, and he is led away. The next Scene shows him in the Condemned Cell, resolving to sleep away his few remaining hours on a kitchen-chair. He has a vision of MARIA in tweeds, who exhorts him to repent. Old MARTIN, who is now either the Governor of the Gaol or the Hangman, enters to conduct him to the scaffold, and on the way he is met—to the joy of the Audience—by the Comio. C., who duns him for the ninepence. WILLIAM shakes his head solemnly, points to the skies, and passes on. The Comio C. then goes to sleep in a chair and has a vision on his own account, in which he beholds the apotheosis of MARIA—still in the suit of dittoes—and piloted by a couple of obviously overweighted Angels; and also the last moments of WILLIAM CORDER, who, as he stands under an enlarged "Punch" gibbet, pronounces the following impressive farewell before disappearing through a trap.

YE Youth, be warned by my Despair!
Avoid bad women, false as they are fair. (This is just a little hard on poor MARIA by-the-way.)
Be wise in time, if you would shun my fate,
For oh! how wretched is the man who's wise too late!

[And with this the Drama comes to an end, and the Comio Countryman begs the Audience to give the performance a good word to their friends outside.]

BETWEEN THE ACTS; OR, THE DRAMA IN LIQUOR.

SCENE—Refreshment Saloon at a London Theatre. A three-play bill forms the evening's entertainment. First Act over. Enter BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.

Brown. Well, really a very pleasant little piece. Quite amusing. Yes; I think I will have a cup of coffee or a glass of lemonade. Too soon after dinner for anything stronger.

Jones. Yes, and really, after laughing so much, one gets a thirst for what they call light refreshments. I will have some ginger-beer.

Robinson. Well, I think I will stick to iced-water. You know the Americans are very fond of that. They always take it at meal-times, and really after that capital *équivoque* one feels quite satisfied. (They are served by the Bar Attendant.) That was really very funny, where he hides behind the door when she is not looking.

[Laughs at the recollection.]
Brown. And when the uncle sits down upon the band-box and crushes the canary-cage!

[Chuckles.]
Jones. Most clever. But there goes the bell, and the Curtain will be up directly. Rather clever, I am told. The *Rose of Rouen*—it is founded on the life of Joan of Arc. I am rather fond of these historical studies.

Brown. So am I. They are very interesting.

Robinson. Do you think so? Well, so far as I am concerned, I prefer Melodrama. Judging from the title, *The Gory Hand* should be uncommonly good.

[Exeunt into Theatre. After a pause they return to the Refreshment Room.]

Brown. Well, it is very clever; but I confess it beats me. (To Bar Attendant.) We will all take soda-water. No, thanks, quite neat, and for these gentlemen too.

Jones. Well, I call it a most excellent psychological study. However, wants a clear head to understand it. (Sips his soda-water.) I don't see how she can take the flag from the Bishop, and yet want to marry the Englishman.

Robinson. Ah, but that was before the vision. If you think it over carefully, you will see it was natural enough. Of course, you must allow for the spirit of the period, and other surrounding circumstances.

Brown. Are you going to stay for *The Gory Hand*?

Jones. Not I. I am tired of play-acting, and think we have had enough of it.

Robinson. Well, I think I shall look in. I am rather fond of strong scenes, and it should be good, to judge from the programme.

Jones. Well, we will "sit out." It's rather gruesome. Quite different from the other plays.

Robinson. Well, I don't mind horrors—in fact, like them. There goes the bell. So I am off. Wait until I come back.

Brown. That depends how long you are away. Ta, ta!

[Exit ROBINSON.]

Jones. Now, how a fellow can enjoy a piece like that, I cannot understand. It is full of murders, from the rise to the fall of the Curtain.

Brown. Yes—but ROBINSON likes that sort of thing. You will see by-and-by how the plot will affect him. It is rather jumpy, especially at the end, when the severed head tells the story of the murder to the assistant executioner. I would not see it again on any account.

Jones. No—it sent my Maiden Aunt in hysterics. However, it has the merit of being short. (Applause.) Ah, there it's over! Let's see how ROBINSON likes it. That tableau at the end, of the starving-coastguardsman expiring under the rack, is perfectly awful! (Enter ROBINSON, staggering in.) Why, my boy, what's the matter?

Brown. You do look scared! Have something to drink? That will set it all to-rights!

Robinson (with his eyes protruding from his head, from horror). Here, help! help! (After a long shudder.) Brandy! Brandy!! Brandy!!!

[At all the places at the bar there is a general demand for alcohol. Brown. Yes. IRVING was right; soda-water does very well for SHAKESPEARE'S histories, but when you come to a piece like *The Bells*, you require supporting.]

[Curtain and moral.]

"IN A WINTER (COVENT) GARDEN."

THAT indefatigable Showman, Sir DRURIOLANUS, the Invincible Knight, commenced his Winter Operatic Season on Monday, the Tenth, at Covent Garden, so as to be well in advance of Signor LAGO, who may now boast of having *La Donna, Her Most Gracious MAJESTY*, for his patron.

Monday Night.—The two RAVOLIS in good form in the *Orfeo*. Likewise the Player of the Big Drum made more than one big hit during the evening. "Che farò" was re-demanded. "Tired of 'Faro,'" quoth Mr. WAGGSTAFF—"why not make it 'Whistle' or some other game?" Exit WAGGY. The *Intermezzo* of *Cavalleria*



OPERATIC TACTICS.

Sir Druriolanus. "I Say, Beignani, I think we've got the right pitch, eh?"

Rusticana of course encoored enthusiastically. "Signor CREMONNINI," quoth WAGGY, returning, "is not half the 'ninny' his name implies. And, indeed, from the moment he was heard singing 'in his ambush' (as the Irish boy in the Gallery said of TOM HOHLER at the Dublin Theatre when he heard the *Trocatore's* voice behind the scenes) before the rise of the Curtain, everyone said, 'This is the tenner for our money.'"

Tuesday.—The namesake of our own GEORGE AUGUSTUS, Mlle. ROSITA SALA, made a real hit as *Leonora* in *Il Trocatore*. "Handsome is as handsome does," and Mlle. SALA didn't act as "handsome" as she looked. Another "ninny" played to-night, namely GIANNINI, all right vocally, but not much dramatically. "*Il Balen*" was encoored when sung by a manly baritone with the feminine name of ANNA; i.e., Signor DE ANNA. He might advantageously alter DE ANNA to APOLLO, that is if he could be sure of looking the part.

Wednesday.—*Lohengrin*. MELBA as *Elsa*. WAGGSTAFF tried to make his usual pun on the name of *Ortruda*, but was "countered" by Young JUMPER who protested that he had heard it before and never wanted to hear it again. "I know what you're going to say," he exclaimed; "it's something about 'ought ruder!'" I know!" "I've no doubt you do," returned the defrauded WAGGY, sarcastically, "for you're uncommonly like *Othello*. 'Rude am I in speech'—only," added WAGGSTAFF, "he apologised for it." Young JUMPER sniggered, his friends laughed, and the incident terminated.

The Chorus seemed to have become Wandering Minstrels, so very uncertain were they.

Altogether, Sir DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS, with his successful Drury Lane Race-course, his Provincial Theatre, his Italian Opera, his Paper (not in the House, but his weekly one out of it), his Music-of-the-Future Hall, for which a temporary and limited licence has been granted, will—in a general-dealer kind of way—be having a good time of it till Pantomime Season slaps him on the back with a cheery "Here we are again!" and then he will have another and a better time. No doubt of Sir Gus's success, or in abbreviated proverbial Latin, "*De Gus. non disputandum.*"



THE HEIGHT OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

Miss Prunes. 'Ah, DOCTOR, THESE HIGH SCHOOLS ARE SADLY MIXED! BUT, UNDER MY CARE, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT YOUR LITTLE WARD WILL ASSOCIATE WITH DAUGHTERS OF GENTLEMEN ONLY!'

The Doctor. "THAT, MADAM, IS TO BE SELECT INDEED; SINCE I BELIEVE PALLAS ATHENE ALONE FULFILLED SUCH A CONDITION. [For pedigrees of Pallas Athene vide Classical Dictionary—Art. "Minerva."]

COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS! We read of him every day,
In books, pamphlets, magazines, papers;
Whilst Italy, Portugal, Spain, U.S.A.,
Cut constant, consecutive capers.



They started last
month with re-
views on the
main;
On the land with
processions—a
quaint row.
Such the fêtes, aptly
called by the
French "Fêtes de
Gènes,"
Fait accompli, good
luck, ça nous gêne
trop!

But never say die; now Huelva goes on,
New York follows, steady and sober,
And Chicago makes ready for more derved,
dog gone

Fêtes to last till, at least, next October!

COLUMBUS, your search for a sort of New Cut
Was meant for the best, we don't doubt it;
No harm in discovering Continents, but
You might have said nothing about it.

Still, had you not found a location for clam,
Canvas back, buckwheat cakes, we should
sorter

Have missed the acquaintance of 'cute Uncle
SAM,

And his fearless, free, fragile, fair daughter.

COLUMBUS! The newspapers never will drop
This subject; we wish, as months roll on,
Some common bacillus had put a full stop
Long ago to Don CHRISTOBAL COLON!

"ANECDOTAGE."

Companion Paragraphs to Stories of the same kind.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was never so well
pleased as when meeting a brother author.
One day he passed by a gauger, who was so
careless in his duties that the author of
Waverley was able to smuggle into Edin-
burgh some whiskey that was supposed never
to have paid duty. On reaching Abbots-
ford, "the Wizard of the North" was in-
formed that he had met one of the greatest
poets of North Britain. "So I suspected,"
he replied. "It must have been BURNS."
Sir WALTER was right—it was BURNS.

PITT, the younger, and Fox were both fond
of port wine, and lost no opportunity of indulg-
ing in their favourite beverage. Meeting at
CROCKFORD'S one evening, PITT (being in
straitened circumstances) proposed that they
should play for a bottle of sherry. "No," said
Fox, "if I must lose, I will lose in Claret!" and
the rival Statesmen succumbed to intoxication.

WILBERFORCE, the well-known philan-
thropist, was accustomed to visit the prisons.
At Newgate one day he met a well-known
forger, and asked him "What he was in
for?" "For the same reason that you are
out," was the smart, but uncourteous reply.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE ENGLISH POLICE.

(Freely Adapted from the Irish Rules.)

1. CONSTABLES who are required to inter-
fere in a street-row must have fourteen days'
notice before they can
be expected on the spot
of the disturbance.

2. Policemen will
parade the streets from
12 A.M. to 4 P.M., but will
make themselves scarce
in the event of meeting
a party procession, or
noticing the holding of a
public demonstration.

3. Hyde Park, Trafal-
gar Square, and all other
fashionable trysting-
places, shall be considered without the sphere
of Police influence at times of political
excitement.

4. Constables shall not congregate on land
set apart for workmen's gatherings, except
to organise strikes amongst themselves.

5. The labours of the Police shall not com-
mence before sunrise, or continue after sun-
set; and it will be left to the sagacity of the
Public to guard their own property during
the hours that the Constables are off duty.

6. In the absence of the Civil Power, it
will be considered contrary to professional
etiquette for any respectable member of the
criminal classes to carry on his unimpeded
vocation.





THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

PRESIDENT PROPRITOR (beg.), "SEE HERE, GOVERNOR! HE'S A LIKELY-LOOKING ANIMAL,—BUT I CAN'T MANAGE HIM! IF YOU WON'T

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

[The Rev. Dr. SMYTHE PALMER, of Trinity College, Dublin, has just compiled a Book of Extracts, entitled *The Perfect Gentleman*.]

A GENTLEMAN must be liberal, not to say lavish, to servants, porters, game-keepers, and others, or he is "no gent." At the same time the Perfect Gentleman is never extravagant.

He must not work. At the same time he must not be an idler.

He is known by his scrupulous attention to the minutiae of personal appearance, while "despising all outside show."

The Perfect Gentleman "never wilfully hurts anybody." No soldier, doctor, or schoolmaster can, therefore, ever be a P. G.

He is always perfectly open and frank. He is also sufficiently artful to conceal the fact that he considers the person he is talking to a mixture of a snob and a blockhead.

When his favourite corn is trodden on by a weighty stranger, he never utters any expression stronger than "Dear me!"

He never loses his temper.

He must know how to treat everyone according to their rank and situation in life, but show special courtesy to those who are his inferiors.

He must be well-born, although there are plenty of "Nature's Gentlemen" in the ranks of day-labourers.



HIS BEST "SOOT."

Short-tempered Gentleman in Black (after violent collision with a Stonemason fresh from work). "Now, I'LL ARSK YOU JEST TO LOOK AT THE NASTY BEASTLY MESS AS YOU'VE GONE AND MADE ME IN! WHY, I'M SIMPLY SMOTHERED IN SOME 'ORRID WHITE STUFF!! WHY DON'T YER BE MORE CAREFUL!!!"

He must be sufficiently wealthy to keep up a good position, while recognising the fact that money has nothing to do with true gentility.

He should also try and remember that no such jumble of contradictions as the Perfect Gentleman ever existed.

EPIGRAMMATICALLY PUT.

—An Asylums Board Manager wrote to the *Times* to complain of Mr. LITTLE, M.P., Q.C.'s charges against the Asylums and Fever Hospitals management. "Which is right, or which is wrong," to paraphrase Mr. Mantalini's words, is no business just now of ours, but the writer of the reply to the attack, might have summed up by saying "that to him, Mr. LITTLE, whatever his Christian names might be, appeared as a *Be-Little*."

"MR. GLADSTONE ON RENTS IN WALES."—What the Right Honble. Mr. G. omitted to say, when speaking on this subject, was that "but a comparatively small rent in Wales would be produced by Disestablishment, whenever that event should happen, and that this would soon be mended."

TEMPERANCE RIDDLE.—Why is a man who is thoroughly good-natured and ever ready to oblige, likely to end as a confirmed drunkard? Because he is always *willing*.

A USEFUL EXPERIENCE.

I AWOKE at one in the morning,
I had been two hours in bed,
When—bang!—without any warning
A joke came into my head.
'Twas brilliant, awfully funny,
It flashed through my drowsy brain,
It was worth—oh, a lot of money!—
I chuckled again and again.

I thought how I might employ it,
I laughed till the tears rolled down,
Foreseeing how SMITH would enjoy it,
And how it would tickle BROWN.
I said, "I had best but hint it
To them, or they might purloin
This wonderful jest, then print it,
And between them divide the coin."

Late in the morn I awoke,—I
Puzzled with all my might
In vain to recall the joke I
Made in the silent night.
What *was* it about? No dreamer
Am I! No—I think—I frown—
When next I make a screamer
In bed—I will write it down.

By the side of the bed a taper
Shall ever with matches be,
A pencil and piece of paper,
To note what occurs to me.

Since then I have tried, but the late joke,
As seen in my bedside scrawl,
Is always so poor,—that the great joke,
I'm sure, was no joke at all!

YES OR NO?

[*"The hand-writing of well-educated Ladies is often disgracefully illegible."*—*A Ladies' Journal*.]

OH, never did lover in fable
In such a predicament stand,
A letter I wrote to my MABEL,
To ask for her heart and her hand,
With compliments worded so nicely,
A lifelong devotion I swore;
She's answered—and left me precisely
As wise as before!

It is true that I begged, when inditing
My note, a reply with all speed,
And MABEL, to judge from the writing,
Fulfilled my petition indeed!
The drift of this scrawl, so erratic,
I am wholly unable to guess—
It may be refusal emphatic,
Or can it be "Yes"?

"Affection" she'll feel for me "ever,"
But stay—if that blot is an "s,"
It turns it at once into "never,"
Or is it a slip of the pen?

Her heart will a "truant (or true?) be,"
And what is the word just above?
It looks like—it cannot be—"booby"!
Perhaps it is "love."

A meeting must needs be awaited
To render these mysteries plain;
Perhaps in this letter she's stated
She never will see me again;
On one thing at least I've decided;—
Should she be my partner for life,
A type-writer shall be provided
For the use of my wife!

The German and Horse-trying Ride.

[*"Most of the horses were standing, but propping themselves up against a wall or a post."*—*Standard*, Wednesday, October 12th.]

PITY the sorrows of a worn-out horse,
Whose trembling limbs support him 'gainst
a wall;
Who asks you,—fearing future trials worse—
To kill him with a sudden shot,—that's all.

A CORRESPONDENT signing "INNOCENTIA DOCKET," wants to know if "the Hub of the Universe" is an official appointment that can only be held by a Mahomedan or a Mormon?

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Grouse in the Gun-room.)

AND, next, my gallant young Sportsmen, just sharpen up your attention, and, if you have ears, prepare to lend them now. Be, in fact, all ears. At any rate, get yourselves as near as possible to that desirable condition, for we are going to discuss shooting-lunches, and all that pertains to them. Think of it! Are not some of your happiest memories, and your most delightful anticipations, bound up with the mid-day meal, at which the anxieties and disappointments of the morning, the birds you missed, the birds that, though they got up in front of you, were shot by your jealous neighbour, the wiped-eyes, the hands torn in the thorn-bushes, at which, as I say, all these are forgotten, when you lay aside your gun, and sit down to your short repose. Then it is that the talker shines supreme. All the conversation which may have been broken in upon during the morning by the necessity for posting yourself at the hot corner, or the grassy ride, or in the butt, or for polishing off a right and left of partridges, can then flow free and uninterrupted. Ah, happy moments, when the bad shot becomes as the good, and all distinctions are levelled! How well, how gratefully do I remember you! Still, in my waking fancies, there rises to my nose a savoury odour, telling of stew or hot-pot, and still the crisp succulence of the jam tartlet has honour in my memory. Ah, *tempi passati*, *tempi passati*! But away, fancy, and to our work, which is to speak of

SHOOTING-LUNCHES in their relation to talk:—

(1.) Be extremely careful, unless you know exactly the ways of your host with regard to his shooting-lunch, not to express to him before lunch any very definite opinion as to what the best kind of lunch is.

If, for instance, you rashly declare that, for your own part, you detest a solemn sit-down-in-a-farmhouse lunch, and that your ideal is a sandwich, a biscuit and a nip out of a flask, and if you then find yourself lunching off three courses at a comfortable table, why you'll be in a bit of a hole. Consistency would prompt you to abstain, appetite urges you to eat. What is a poor talker to do? Obviously, he must get out somehow. Here is a suggested method. Begin by admiring the room.

"By Jove, what a jolly little room this is. It's as spick and span as a model dairy. I wish you'd take me on as your tenant, CHALMERS, when you've got a vacancy."

CHALMERS will say, "It's not a bad little hole. Old Mrs. NUBBLES keeps things wonderfully spruce. This is one of the cottages I built five years ago."

There's your first move. Your next is as follows. Every rustic-cottage contains gruesome china-ornaments and excruciating-cheap German-prints of such subjects as "The Tryst" (always spelt "The

Trist" on the German print), "The Sailor's Return," "The Warrior's Dream," "Napoleon at Arcola," and so forth. Point to a china-ornament and say, "I never knew cows in this part of the country were blue and green." Then after you've exhausted the cow, milked her dry, so to speak, you can take a turn at the engravings, and make a sly hit at the taste in art generated by modern education. Hereupon, someone is dead certain to chime in with the veteran grumble about farmers who educate their children above their station by allowing their daughters to learn to play the piano, and their sons to acquire the rudiments of Latin: "Give you my word of honour, the farmers' daughters about my uncle's place, get their dresses made by my aunt's dressmaker, and thump out old WAGNER all day long." This horrible picture of rural depravity

will cause an animated discussion. When it is over, you can say, "This is the very best Irish-stew I've ever tasted. I must get your cook to give me the receipt."

"Ah, my boy" says CHALMERS, "you'll find there's nothing like a stew out shooting."

"Of course," you say, "nothing can beat it, if you've got a nice room to eat it in, and aren't pressed for time; but, if you've got no end of ground to cover, and not much time to do it in, I can always manage to do myself on a scrap of anything handy. Thanks, I don't mind if I do have a chunk of cake, and a whitewash of sherry."

Thus you have fetched a compass—I fancy the phrase is correct—and have wiped out the memory of your indiscretion. Of course the thing may happen the other way round. You may have expressed a preference for solid lunches, only to find yourself set down on a tuft of grass, with a beef sandwich and a digestive biscuit. In that case you can begin by declaring your delight in an open-air meal, go on to admire the scenery, and end by expressing a certain amount of judicious contempt for the Sybarite who cannot

tear himself away from effeminate luxuries, and the trick's done.

But this subject is so great, and has so many varieties, that we must recur to it in our next.

TO OUR GUERNSEY CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. PUNCH is sorry to find that his fancy sketch of a Guernsey Car drive has been taken so seriously in some quarters as to give pain and offence which were very far from being intended. He begs to assure the honourable fraternity of Car-proprietors and drivers in the island, that he did not mean to suggest for a moment that there was the slightest real danger to the public who patronise those highly popular and excellently-conducted vehicles, or that any actual driver was either intemperate or incompetent; and that, should such an impression have been unfortunately produced—which he hopes is impossible—no one would regret so unjust an aspersion more sincerely than Mr. Punch himself.



E.H.

IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX.

Hairdresser. "SAY THEN, SARE ZAT YOU ARE RASÉ—SHAVE,—IS IT THAT I SHALL CUT YOU OFF YOUR 'AIR'?"

Mr. Brown (an old-fashioned Englishman, on his first visit to Paris—startled). "HEY! WHAT! CUT MY HAIR OFF! NONG, MOSSOO—COMPRENNY!—NONG! DO YOU THINK I WANT TO LOOK LIKE ONE OF YOUR FRENCH POODLES?"



THE GOLFER'S DREAM.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Your marvellous judgment in the selection of your "staff"—(I believe that is the correct term to use in speaking of those who write for the paper, though as a rule a staff is *wooden-headed*, which I am sure none of your contributors are!—I can answer for *one*!)—has again placed you in the position envied of all Journals, viz.,—(why do people put "viz.," and not "namely"?—it is silly!) that of affording "information" given by no other Journal! All of which preamble means,—(by the way, why "pre-*amble*"?—if one is a speedy writer, why not "pre-*canter*"?)—that *Punch*, in the person of LADY GAY—(that *may* seem a little mixed, but it isn't)—was the *only* Sporting Paper which tipped the winner of the Cesarewitch!

For confirmation of this I refer the sceptical to my last week's letter, in which I stated that in dreaming of the race I dreamt that "*Burnaby came to the rescue*"—and if this is not giving the winner, I should like to know what is! It is true I made *Brandy* my "verse selection," but that would only mislead the people who go no further than the surface (not of the brandy), as anyone who gave the matter a moment's thought would realise that *Brandy* is always applied *after* a rescue! I hear there was a "ton of money" for the winner just before the start, but I did not see anyone carrying it about, so I suppose it was what they call "covering money," which, I presume, is covered over for safety, as it would be risky to walk about a race-course with a ton of loose money—not that I suppose anyone who goes racing would touch it, but it *might* be lost! Anyhow, there was a ton of money for the winner *after* the race, which his owner had to take, willy-nilly, or Hobson's choice!



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

"I SAY, GUV'NER! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO BE TROD DOWN FOR HALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS?"

The pleasantest feature of the meeting, however, was the re-appearance of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, which was also pleasantly marked by one of his horses winning a race! The Public having anxiously "watched" for H.R.H., the success of *The Vigil* was received with enthusiasm!

Next week takes us to Gatwick and Sandown—(or rather the *train* takes us—another absurd expression)—the last day of the latter Meeting being devoted to "Jumping Races," which is the contemptuous way some people speak of the winter branch of our National Sport!—forgetting that it demands the two most desirable qualities in a horse, *speed* and *endurance*—whereas the modern flat-racing has degenerated, for the most part, into scrambles and gambles, where *speed* is the only requisite!—but more of this anon—but *not* anonymous, as I believe in signed articles, as the apprentice said! (Not BRADFORD!)

The most important race at Gatwick—(delightful place to go racing—lots of room to move about in)—is the Thousand Pound Handicap, in which race *Brandy* is worth keeping an eye on, as she ought to beat *Burnaby* at the difference in the weights—other horses that might make their mark during the week—(especially now the ground is soft)—are, *Pilot*, *Golden Garter*—(I never was guilty of such extravagance as that)—*Queen of Navarre*—(she might have been)—*Meadow Brown*, *Terror*, and *Seawall*, the last three in the "Jumping Races"—and, in conclusion, the inevitable rhythmical winner, from

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

ORLEANS NURSERY SELECTION.

THE man who would back any other
Appears but a gander to be,
For the horse that all comers will smother
Is certainly *Tanderagee*!

MY SEASON TICKET.

EVER against my breast,
Safe in my pocket pressed,
Ready at my behest,
Daintily pretty
Gilt-printed piece of leather,
Though fair or foul the weather,
Daily we go together
Up to the City.
Yet, as I ride at ease,
Papers strewn on my knees,
And I hear "Seasons, please!"
Shouted in warning:

Pockets I search in vain
All through and through again;
"Pray do not stop the train—
Lost it this morning.
No, I have not a card,
Nor can I pay you, Guard—
Truly my lot is hard,
This is the reason,
Now I recall to mind
Changing my clothes, I find
I left them all behind,—
Money, cards, "Season."

WRITTEN A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

(From a Collection of Communications supplied by our Prophetic Compiler.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Pray protect the Griffin! Those Goths and Vandals, the Members of the Corporation of the City of London, will remove it, unless you intervene. This beautiful work of Art, that stands on the supposed site of the mythical Temple Bar, is to come down. What would our ancestors say if they were here? Would they not frown at their degenerate descendants? Every student of history knows that this Griffin was put up by universal consent, and considered one of the finest works of art of the nineteenth century. As, indeed, it was. It is full of historic memories. It was here that WELLINGTON met NAPOLEON after Waterloo; and here, again, was the Volunteer Movement inaugurated, when Mr. Alderman WAT TYLER, putting himself at the head of the citizens,

called for "Three cheers for the Charter and the Anti-Corn-Law League!" The beautiful bas-reliefs that used to represent the occasions have disappeared, but their subjects are tenderly cherished. If the Corporation *must* pull down something, let them destroy the recently-erected Mansion House! but spare, oh spare, the Griffin!

Yours truly,

A STUDENT OF THE LORE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
The Palace, Brixton.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It is time for a protest! One of the most beautiful erections of the nineteenth century (the old South Kensington Railway Station of the District Railway) is to be removed! Instead of the picturesque iron roof, we are to have some abomination in stone! Can this be? It is said to be falling to pieces under the ravages of Time. If this be really the case, why not let it be restored? There was no more picturesque outcome from the nineteenth century than these pretty arrangements in metal. The last generation swept them away by scores, by hundreds, by thousands—they did not even spare the Brompton Boilers! Let not such a reproach be applicable to us. We pride ourselves upon our love of Art and veneration for the antique and the beautiful, and yet we would pull down a building that for a century has been the admiration of all with a soul for Art and a mind for appreciating the sublimest efforts of genius in its highest sense! This must not be.

Burlington House. Yours truly, A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.
From 1 to 1000, Piccadilly.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have had the advantage of reading the above letters before publication, and am of opinion that they are not one whit more nonsensical than letters about the *Foudroyant* and the Emmanuel Hospital that were printed early in the nineties. You may make what use you please of this communication.

Yours respectfully, THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.
The Earth (Branch Establishment, Mars and Jupiter).

IMPRESSIONS OF "IL TROVATORE."

(By a Matter-of-Fact Philistine at Covent Garden.)

ACT I. SCENE 2.—*Leonora's* confidant evidently alive to the responsibilities of her position. Watch her, for example, when her Mistress is about to confide to her ear the dawn of her passion for *Manrico*. She walks *Leonora* gently down to the footlights,



Manrico, a rather full-blown "Ghost in Hamlet."

launches her into her solo, like a boat, and stands aside on the left, a little behind, with an air of apprehension, lest she should come to grief over the next high note, and a hand in readiness to support her elbow in case she should suddenly collapse. Then, feeling partially reassured, she goes round to inspect her from the right, where she remains until her superior has completed her confidences, and it is time to lead her away. Operatic confidant sympathetic—but a more modern heroine might find one "get on her nerves," perhaps. *Manrico* a very robust type of Troubadour—but oughtn't a Troubadour to carry about a guitar, or a lute, or something? If *Manrico* has one, he invariably leaves it outside. Probably doesn't see why, with so many competent musicians in the orchestra, he should take the trouble of playing his own accompaniments. And why does the Curtain invariably come down

as soon as swords are drawn? Tantalising to have all the duels and fighting done during the *entr'actes*.

ACT II. SCENE 1.—*Azucena* insists on telling *Manrico* a long and rather improbable story of how, in a fit of absorption, she once burnt her own son in mistake for the *Conte di Luna's*. *Manrico* listens, as a matter of filial duty—because, after all, she is his mother—but he is clearly of opinion that these painful family reminiscences are far better forgotten. Perhaps he suspects that her anguish may be due to a severe fit of indigestion—the symptoms of which are almost indistinguishable from those of operatic remorse. At all events, he does not find his parent a cheerful companion, and, as soon as he finds a decent excuse for escape, takes it.

SCENE 2.—The Cloisters of a Convent. Enter the *Conte di Luna*, with followers, to abduct *Leonora*. The followers range themselves

against a wall in the background, until the Count has finished "*Il Balen*." If their opinion was asked, they would probably be in favour of his making rather less noise about it, if he really means business—but of course it is not their place to interfere. *Leonora* enters to take the veil, with procession of nuns, preceded by four female acolytes—or are they pages?—in white tights, carrying tapers. The Count and his followers are evidently a little taken aback—an abduction not quite so simple an affair as they expected. While they are working themselves up to it, *Manrico* appears, as the stage-direction says, "like a phantom." In a helmet, with a horsehair tail, and a large white cloak, he does look extremely like the *Ghost in Hamlet*, and which is, perhaps, why the Count,

"*Azucena*," or, "My pretty Chain!"

under the impression that he is an apparition from some other Opera, allows him to walk off with *Leonora* under his very nose. Swords are drawn—with the usual result of bringing down the Curtain.

ACT III. SCENE 1.—Soldiers discovered carousing, as wildly as is possible on four gilded cruets, and a dozen goblets. *Azucena* is

brought before the Count, and manacled. Operatic handcuffs—a most humane contrivance—with long links, to permit of the freest facilities for entreaty and imprecation. Soldiers, who have been called to arms, but stayed, from a natural curiosity to hear what the *Conte di Luna* had to say to the Gipsy, go off, as she is led away to prison, with a sense that they have seen all there is to be seen, and a vague recollection that there is some fighting to be done somewhere.

SCENE 2.—*Leonora* and *Manrico* are about to be married; everything prepared—four apathetic bridesmaids, and the four acolytes in tights—who have possibly been kindly lent by the Convent for the occasion—in a vacuous row at the back of the scene. Fancy *Manrico* has forgotten to give them the usual initial brooches, and they feel the wedding is a poky affair, and take no interest in it. *Leonora* herself is in low spirits—seems to miss the confidant, and to be oppressed with a misgiving that the wedding is not destined to come off. Misgivings on the stage are never thrown away—the wedding is interrupted immediately by a crowd of men, in small sugar-loaf caps, who carry the bridegroom off to fight—whereupon, of course, the Curtain falls.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.—*Leonora* listening outside the tower in which *Manrico* is being tortured, after having been taken prisoner in a combat during the *entr'acte*. Here a confidant might have comforted her considerably by representing that they couldn't be torturing the poor Troubadour so very seriously so long as he is able to take part in a duet—but unfortunately *Leonora* seems to have discharged the confidant after the Second Act—an error of judgment on her part, for she is certainly incapable of taking care of herself. A cool-headed, sensible confidant, for instance, would have taken care that



Luna and the Star of the Evening.

the bargain with the *Conte di Luna* was conceived and carried out in a more business-like spirit.

"Now do be careful," she would have said. "Make sure that the Count keeps his word before you break yours. Don't go and see *Manrico* yourself—it can do no good, and will only harrow you! If you really must go, don't take a quick poison first—or you'll die in his dungeon, and spoil the whole thing!" Which is just what *Leonora*—like the impulsive operatic heroine she is—proceeds to do, and is cruelly misunderstood by *Manrico*, in consequence, besides hastening his doom by disappointing the Count, whose irritation was only natural, and pardonable, under the circumstances.

Don't quite see myself why the Count should be so horrified on learning that the person he has just had executed was his long-lost brother. It is not as if they had ever been friendly, or were at all likely to become so, considering their previous relations. Depend upon it, when he has time to think the matter over calmly, he will recognise that things are better as they are, and that Fate has solved his domestic difficulties in the only possible manner. A Troubadour Brother, with a revengeful and quite unrepresentable gipsy foster-mother, would have proved very trying persons to live with.

"A CHIEL'S AMANG YE MAKING NOTES."—Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN sat next to Sir HENRY HAWKINS during part of the recent sensational trial at the Ancient Bailey, making, of course not taking, notes. Sir HENRY occasionally conversed with the Knight of Music. Did the latter hum, *sotto voce*, "And a good Judge too!" with other selections from *Trial by Jury*? Everyone glad Sir ARTHUR is so well. Perhaps after this he will return to Real Eccentric (Gilbertian Opera), and go away for "change of air." The "Corte" is at the door, ready to take him, but his original "Gee Gee" has gone to America.

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE!"

"This Garter, brighter from the knee
Of him who uttered nothing—important."



"Mister" Rosebery, loquitur:—

A STAR and Garter! Here's a go!
Well, well, no doubt 'twast to be worn meant;
And, as mere personal adornment,
It does look smartish, dontcher know!
All personal adornment's vain,
Held Dr. WATTS, holds dear McDougall;
For dowdy dress and habits frugal
Befit the Democratic strain.
And I'm a Democrat—of course!
The BENJAMIN FRANKLIN of the Peerage!

And yet—ah! truly 'tis a queer age—
A Decoration has *some* force!
I wonder what the L.C.C.
Will say to this! That I should spurn it?
JOHN BURNS may swear I ought to burn it.
Still—it looks natty round my knee.
I need not wear it when I sit
Among the broadcloth'd heirs of BUMBLE!
But Foreign Minister too humble
Were butt of diplomatic wit.

Battersea's pride my pride may scourge.
Well—he may find he's caught a
Tartar.
A robe—a coronet—a garter!—
Materials for a new "PRIDE'S PURGE"!
The keen-eyed Democratic lynx
May watch me with alert suspicion,
As but a half-disguised patrician,
But—shame to him who evil thinks!

[Left posturing complacently.]



SOMETHING LIKE A MOUNT.

Sportsman (with gun). "HILLO, ALGIE, BEEN CUB-HUNTING! HOW DOES THE YOUNG 'UN GO?"

Algie. "SPLENDIDLY, OLD FELLOW, SPLENDIDLY! NEVER CARRIED SO WELL IN MY LIFE! GOT CLEAN AWAY WITH ME AS SOON AS THEY FOUND,—COULDN'T HOLD HIM A BIT—BOLD AS A LION, NOTHING STOPS HIM,—WENT SLICK THROUGH A FLIGHT O' FAIR-HOLED POSTS AND RAILS, SMASHED A GATE INTO MATCHWOOD,—TWENTY MINUTES STRAIGHT AS THE CROW FLIES THROUGH AND OVER EVERY-THING,—AND, HANG ME, IF HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN GOING YET, IF HE HADN'T PUT HIS FOOT INTO A RABBIT-HOLE CROSSING CRUMPLER COMMON, AND COME A REGULAR CROWNER. DON'T KNOW WHERE THE DEUCE THE HOUNDS WENT TO! HAD A GLORIOUS GALLOP, THOUGH, ALL TO MYSELF!"

THE COUNTY-COUNCILLOR'S DIARY.

(A few Years hence.)

Monday.—To-day's meeting of the Council rather stormy. The Council's Clerk of the Works, who superintends the fifty thousand builders, bricklayers, &c., who are now employed directly by us, reports that, unless the concessions demanded by the men are granted, they will all go out on strike to-morrow. The concessions are—Free beer three times a day; half-holiday every other day at full day's wages; and a month's trip to the Riviera in winter, paid for out of the rates. Clerk of the Works (appointed, on elective principle, by the men themselves) describes these demands as "highly moderate and reasonable." Council unable to agree with him. After sitting for six hours, amid frightful uproar, Council breaks up, without coming to any decision.

Tuesday.—Workmen have struck! Awkward, as they have just pulled down north side of Strand, to make room for double lines of electric tramways in centre of roadway, and whole street in an awful litter. Begin to wish we had not "Abolished the Contractor" quite so hastily.

Wednesday.—Another meeting of Council. Quite unanimous to go on resisting men's demands. Clerk of Works reports that the Council's scavengers, plumbers, carters, lamp-lighters, and turn-cocks, are all threatening to strike, in sympathy with bricklayers. In consequence of evident enjoyment with which Clerk makes this announcement, proposal to decrease his salary from that of a Lord Chancellor to that of a Puiane Judge, carried *nem. con.* In spite of attacks on Council in the Press, satisfactory that it knows how to keep up its dignity at this crisis.

Thursday.—Matters getting serious. A deep fall of snow has occurred, and Council's men refuse to clear it away, or let others do the work! In addition, Strand tradesmen come in body to Spring Gardens to say that "nobody can get near their shops, and they are

being rapidly ruined." Hastily-convened meeting of the Council. Proposal to ask our old Contractor to rebuild Strand and clear snow away. Our old Contractor declines to tender for the job! He says, "Council has abolished the Middleman, and had better get on without him, if it can!" Rude, but forcible.

Friday.—Council heroically decides to do the work itself. Am told off by Chairman to help remove old bricks on the Strand site. Have first to dig snow away to get at bricks. Intense amusement of hostile crowd, from whom we are protected by a cordon of police. Bark my shins badly against wheel of cart. Chairman—who has been extremely energetic in running up and down a ladder with a hod of mortar over his shoulder, which he thinks is bricklaying—falls from ladder and is taken off to Charing Cross Hospital, amid shower of brickbats. Crowd wants to know "which is McDougall." When they find out, pelt him with snowballs. Burns—who has stuck loyally to Council—fiercely denounced as a "blackleg" by crowd. Amusing at any other time. Home in evening dead tired, under police escort. Find all my front windows smashed! After all—~~was~~ it wise to abolish the Contractor?

Saturday.—Whole County Council, protected by several regiments from Aldershot, a park of Artillery, and all the City Police (Council's own Police being out on strike, in sympathy with bricklayers), manage with great difficulty to fill ten carts with rubbish, and then adjourn to Spring Gardens. Refreshments and free sticking-plaster handed round before Meeting takes place. Meeting unanimously decides to re-establish old Middleman system! Sir JOHN LUMBECK humorously suggests that it is, at any rate, better than the "muddle-man" system which we have tried and found wanting. Bonus of £5,000 out of rates, enthusiastically voted to any Contractor who will tender for job of clearing snow and widening Strand.

Later.—High Court disallows our "precept" for the £5,000 bonus—says we must pay it out of our own pockets!

Wish I had never stood for London County Council!

ROBERT'S COMPANIONS. No. 2.

ANOTHER of our speshal lot is good old SAM, with his wunderfool memmery. He won't tell not nobody his age. But he aoshally swears as he remembers the time when there wasn't not no Cabs, nor no Homnybusses nor no Railways, nor no Steam Botes, nor no Perlice, in all London! And when there was grate droves of Cattel and Sheep druv thro' the streets, and people used to have to put up bars at their doors to keep 'em out. And menny and menny a time has he seen a reel live Bullock march into his Master's Counting 'Ouse, with his two wild horns a sticking out, and as it was to narrer for him to turn hisself round, he used to have to be backed out tale foremost, with a fierce dog a barking at his nose.

Ah, them must have been rayther rum times, them must! How the peepel got about he don't seem quite to remember; but he says, as how as amost all on 'em lived at their various shops and warehouses, and so mostly walked. There was, it seems, a few ramshackel old



coaches, called Ackney Coaches—coz, they was all maid at Ackney, I suppose—all drom by two ramshackel old Osses, and with werry shabby old drivers with wisps of stor round their shabby old hats. Then some brite Genus went and inwented Cabs, and they soon cut out the Ackney Coaches, which all went back to Ackney, and was never seen no more. And then, sum ewen briter Genus went and inwented Homnybusses, and they rayther estonished the Cabs, and what the next brite Genus will inwent in that line, I don't know, and SAM don't know, and I don't suppose as nobody else don't. But the most wunderfullest thing of all

must have bin the having of no Perlice! For SAM, aoshally declares, that before Perlice was inwented by Sir ROBERT PEEL—therefore wulgarly called Bobbys and Peelers—the only pectecters as London had at night was a lot of werry old men, all crissen CHARLEY, who used to sit in little boxes, such as the Solgers has at the QUEEN's Pallaces, with a little lantern hanging up in front, and when the Church Clocks all struck the hour, they all used to git out of their boxes and wark up and down the streets a calling out, "Parst Three o'Clock!" or "Parst Five o'Clock!" as it mite happen to be, and then go back to their little boxes, and hang up their lanterns, and

quietly go to sleep! Ah, them must have been werry nice times for Messrs. DICK TUPPIN, JACK SHEPHERD, BILL SIKES, and Cumpny, unlimited. But, SAM says, as they made up for it by hanging ewery body as stole amost anything, such as a sheep, or a fi-pound note, or a gold watch, and that on Mondays, which was Hanging Days, he has often and often stood at the hend of the Hold Bale and seen sum five or six pore retches, with white nite caps on, all a hanging together! and he says it all so serously that we are forced to bleeve him.

Then there's old slowcoach Jo, the tea-totaller. We all likes to work with him, and for a werry good reeson. But he's rayther a comical feller is Jo. He says, when people ouns to know all the true fax of the case, they'll willingly pay dubble price for tea-total Waiters. And he reelly is such a poor simple fellow that I werrily bleeves as he bleeves hisself when he says it. I can't think what he means by it; but BROWN says as it's a perfectly shameful attack on the characker of all us Waiters as ain't such fools as to be Tea-totallers, and that we really ort all of us to cut him. But no—I'm in favour of Free Trade in Waiters as in Wine, and I shoud think that, in this pertickler case, his hobstinacy brings its own punishment. For what can be a creweller life for a poor Waiter to lead, than to be constantly surrounded by harf emty bottels of most bewtifool Wines, of all kinds, so as to suit the most fastideuous Waiter's taste, and not ellowd to taste ewen one glass of 'em! I thinks as I've heard of sum unfortnint hindividual, in holden times, as used to be seated down hevrey day to a werry scrumpshus dinner, but, whatever he fixt his mind upon, the Doctor wouldn't allow him to taste it, not by no means. His name, I think, was SANKY PANSEER, some relashun of MOODY and SANKY, I spouses. His master's name was DAN QUICKSHOT, ony another name, I bleeves, for BUFFALO BILL. But that was nothink of a case to wun as my son WILLIAM told us of the other day. It seems as there was, wunce upon a time, a Greshian Gent, by the name of TANTILUS, who, becoz he was found out in helping hisself to sum werry speshal brand of Neokter, was condemned to stand up to his neck in water for ewer so many years; and altho he was so dredfool thusty that he would have

drunk a lot of ewen that cold, thin stuff, he wasn't allowed not to taste a drop; and, not only that, but there was a lot of most bewtifool frute a hanging jest above his pore hed, and whenever he tried jest to pluck a bit of it, the crewel wind blowed it away out of his reach. Hence the proverb, "You be blowed!"

In course I don't pertend to know how these things was managed in former times, but I werry much douts whether ewen a Greshian Gent's constitushun coud posserbly have stood it for ewer so menny years!

ROBERT.

CARON AND CHARON.

(After dipping into Major Le Caron's "Recollections.")

MAJOR LE CARON! Major! True, a greater
Or more accomplished spy who ever knew?
And so original! In fact, the *pater*
Of all deception yields the palm to You!
Courageous, honest, crafty, how you met
Wile with wile wiliier! And then, forsooth,
You so transformed yourself to suit each set,
That it is praise to say, "you lied like truth!"
And in an honest cause! Renown'd Ulysses,
That craftiest hero yields to you in guile.
You touch the gold! You're not the man who misses
A chance! You caught the wariest with your smile!
"CARON!" The "h" is dropped, or we could fix
(And so we can if Greek the name we make)
You as the ancient Ferryman of Styx,
Punting the Ghosts across the Stygian lake.
The simile is nearly perfect, note,
For you, with your Conspirators afloat,
Were, as you've shown us, all in the same boat.

AT IT AGAIN!

THE following correspondence and extracts have been sent to Mr. Punch for publication:—

I.—*Königlich-Kaiserlicher Ober-Hof-Rath Doctor Hermann Dummwitz von Hammelfleisch to The Emperor-King William the Second.*

MOST GRACIOUS IMPERIAL MAJESTY,

I HAVE the honour to announce to your Majesty, that my spouse, the beautiful and accomplished clergyman-daughter, ANNA ANSELMA, whom, by your Majesty's ever-to-be-with-gratitude-remembered permission, I last year to the altar led, is now of good hope, and will shortly, if all should go well, add one to your Majesty's loyal and submissive subjects. I make this announcement in accordance with your Majesty's Hochzeit's Decree, Section 6.

And I remain, &c. &c. &c.,
DUMMWITZ VON HAMMELFLEISCH.

II.—*William the Second to K. K. O. H. R. D. H. D. von Hammelfleisch.*

HERR DOCTOR,

I HAVE received your letter. In accordance with Section 7 of my Hochzeit's Decree, I graciously give permission for the birth of the child referred to in your communication. I beg, at the same time, to point out that, by my Supplementary Decree (Proportions of Sexes), issued last week, it is necessary that the child should be a boy. Communicate this at once to the Frau K. K. Ober-Hof-Räthin Doctorin A. A. VON HAMMELFLEISCH.

(Signed) WILLIAM I. ET R.

III.—*K. K. O. H. R. D. von Hammelfleisch to the Emperor-King, William the Second.*

MOST IMPERIAL MAJESTY,

YOUR with-satisfaction-received letter has been to my wife communicated. She desires me to assure you that she is your Imperial Majesty's obedient subject, (Signed) D. VON H.

IV.—*Extract from the "Reich's Anzeiger."*

"FRAU ANNA ANSELMA VON HAMMELFLEISCH, having last week given birth to a girl in contravention of his Imperial Majesty's Supplementary Decree (No. 10. Proportions of Sexes), it is our painful duty to announce that the Herr Doctor DUMMWITZ VON HAMMELFLEISCH has been dismissed from his post as K. K. Ober-Hof-Rath, and will immediately be prosecuted for the crime of *lèse Majesté*.

V.—*Extract from the "Reich's Anzeiger," a month later*

"The prisoner, HAMMELFLEISCH, was yesterday condemned to twenty years' solitary confinement in the fortress of Spandau. The wretched man acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and begged others to take warning by his fate."

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Most delightful weather favoured us last week at Gatwick and Sandown, and most of the horses I mentioned as worth following either finished nowhere or were not there at all, which I think is a fair average record for a Turf prophet! I heard at Sandown that sweeping reforms are to be expected in Turf matters next Season, but I will not harp too much on this string, as more able pens than mine have undertaken it—though how a “pen” can harp on a string I don’t quite see—or hear, it should be.

I certainly think *Brandy* would have won the Gatwick Handicap, but I suppose the bottle is getting low, and is being reserved in case the Cambridgeshire is run on a cold day! And that brings me to the consideration of this great race. I do not propose to analyse the form of all the horses, but will devote my attention to a few of the likely ones—who should feel complimented thereat (I suppose a horse can feel a compliment just as well as it can a whip)—from which might spring the winner. First and foremost, then, *La Fleche* has, in my opinion, enough weight to carry, even if the jockey is included, as I believe is the case—and I was told by Sir CHARLEY WHITELEY, that to win the Newmarket Oaks she had to be “bustled up”—a fashion which I thought had quite gone out!—anyhow, many people think she is “not the same mare she was”—though how they can have changed her I don’t quite understand, but it would not surprise me to find *Windgall* the best of the Baron’s on the day.

There are several horses spoken of as “rods in pickle,” but as a rule, these animals stop at “rods” and never get to “poles” much less “perches!” Should Sir JAS. MILLER win the race, the town may resound with many a merry *Jodel*, but this is trying weather for voices, though I believe he is running untried, but certainly trying! There was some doubt as to the starting of a great favourite, owing to a report that the owner had been “forestalled”—an excuse which always sounds very weak to me, as surely if outsiders can back a horse at a long price, the owner should also be able to do so, and thus put backers “in the cart”—where some of them would present a picture which might lead people to think the “cart” was on its way to Tyburn! There appears to be considerable doubt as to whether *Buccaneer* has eaten anything lately or not, so I must discard him; but I think if he were given a sherry and bitters at once he might recover his appetite and win, as he is known to be a “glutton” for work! *JEWITT*’s best will take some beating, when we know which it is, which we shall do shortly, as no stable is more ready than this to let everyone into the secret of their “good things”; so if some *Whisperer* should tell you that his *Suspender* is broken, it is on the cards that the *Pensioner* may still be able to walk home in safety! But enough of this (as your readers will doubtless say!)—and let us come to the point as the knife said to the pencil—so I will conclude by recommending a “maximum” on my choice, and as it is a foreign one, I must necessarily break out into foreign poetry—(just as easy to—),

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE SELECTION.

Le type le plus “noir” dans le monde,
Le nomme, on dit, Le Chouan!
Mais, roulé au dessous de l’onde,
Devient “Blanc” comme *Kairouan*!

TO ASTRÆA.

(Who would have me show her my hand.)

Too pretty Palmist, oh, refrain,
Nor thus my Destinies importune
To bare the map of trite and plain
Misfortune.

Methinks, that I, sweet sorceress,
Whose weird persuasions fascinate us,
Can read my stars without express
Afflatus.

“I’m o’er ambitious”—more than true;
To fail, the lot of clever men ’tis.
Who’s not a genius in his two-
And-twenties.

(Four two-and-twenties bide above,
While mine—I’m in the sere and yellow—
But I was once the model of
A fellow.)



“My line of head
is vague; now
quite
Down in the
depths, now
past the sky-
line”—

Hard lines! The line that sways a kite
Is my line.

“My line of heart is insecure—”
Let “x” be hearts; to render scarce “x,”
Let “I”-s divide it; eyes are your
Unfair sex.

“My love will ne’er endure:” you wrong
My passion: sooth, it will, if you’re it:
Yet stay: to wed?—I couldn’t long
Endure it.

“My line of life is slurred and queer.”
It always was—a hankey-pankey
Of glories missed—a fine career,
But *manqué*.

So there, forbear to spell my fate;
I’ve saved you that sibylline trouble;
You could but this true estimate
Redouble.

Still, if you clasp my hand, and plead,
And, pouting, claim your second-sight, it
May chance that though you may not read,
You’ll write it.

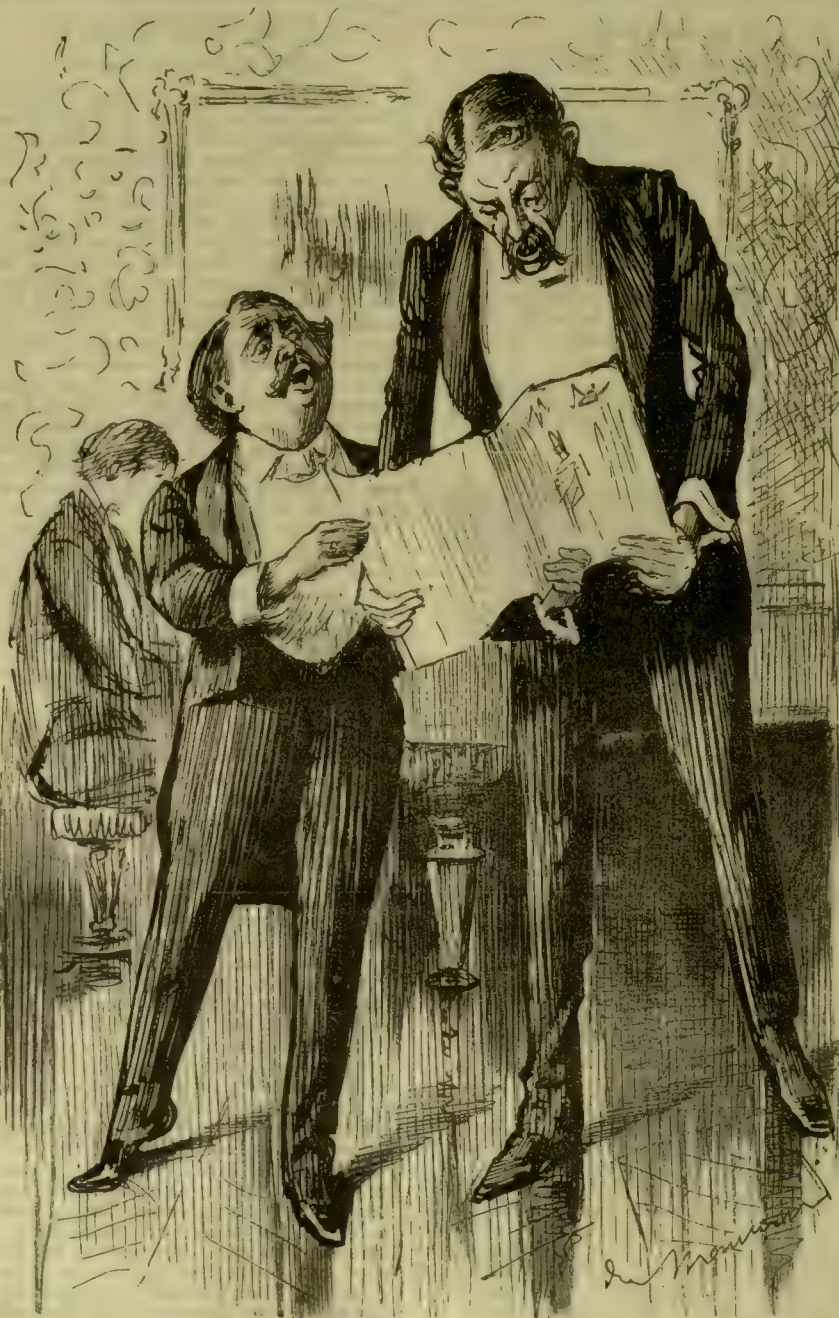
WAS, IS, AND WILL BE.

(Three Periods of Biography.)

PAST (Historical).—General SIMON SNOOKES was one of the greatest Commanders that ever figured in an European war. His defence of Herren-Bayoz, in 1796, will be long remembered by those of his grateful countrymen who feared that the Corsican upstart would get the upper hand in the semi-fraternal struggle in the Portugo-Hispanian Peninsula. A service nearly as important was performed when SNOOKES (then a Colonel), led the forlorn hope that gave PEGGY WEIL BEY (the Turkish conqueror) into the grasping hands of the British Government. Yet still another victory was scored when Captain SNOOKES forced the gates of Ram and Mar, and brought the proud Earls of the Five Free Ports to their knees and their senses. That he should have received the freedom of the City of London was as it should have been, and it must have been gratifying to his sorrowing friends and relatives that Royalty itself should have been represented at his obsequies. His fame as a victorious General will never fade, and although his private life may have been uninteresting, his connection with the noble family of DE SNOOKES will for ever gain for him the respect of his fellow-countrymen.

PRESENT (Anecdotal).—General SNOOKES—better known in the last century as “SIMPLE SIMON”—was a most interesting personage. Of his military career it is unnecessary to speak, as it was extremely commonplace, and void of incident. He was a *petit maître*—and numerous tales are told of his gallantry. On one occasion, meeting Lady BESSIE FRIZZYHEAD, on the Green at Turnham, he called attention to the fairness of the sunset. “Quite like cream, Lady BESSIE,” said the old *beau*, taking a pinch of snuff. “Whipped, you mean,” replied the malicious maiden, with a smile. “SIMPLE SIMON” simpered, but never forgave the liberty. At another time the General was speaking to the late Duke of York, when that illustrious personage commanded the British Army. “I say, SIMON,” exclaimed H.R.H., “if the French invade us, you must look after Number One.” “You mean, Sir,” was the prompt answer, “Number One Hundred and One!” The King, hearing this anecdote a little later, made “SIMPLE SIMON” his extra Equerry. But perhaps the best story of all was that told of his interview with Dean SWIFT. “I propose listening to your Reverence on Sunday,” said the simple one. “Oh, indeed!” replied the sarcastic ecclesiastic. “Then we shall have a case of a *Guliver* come to judgment!” Many other good stories are told of this General, whose career was rather in the drawing-room than in the field of glory. He died in 1825, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. At his funeral there was a large assemblage of the best-known people of the day, and amongst them the Editor of the *National Defender*. “*Sic transit gloria*,” said someone. “*Mundi*!” added the journalist.

FUTURE (Conjectural).—SNOOKES, SIMON. No one knows who this person was, but it is shrewdly conjectured that he may have had some official connection (possibly as a Government contractor) with one of the ancient wars. As his monument is defaced, and there are no records of his family, it is useless to attempt to make his biography any fuller.



STUDIES IN CONTINENTAL PERSPECTIVE.

A DUET FOR TENOR AND BASS.

"SQUARED!"

A SONG OF A SETTLEMENT.

AIR—"The Death of Nelson."

RECITATIVE.

NEAR NELSON'S monument, with gloom
opprest,
The rowdy mourns a Question, now at rest.
But ASQUITH's laurels shall not fade with
years,
Whose canny settlement the public cheers.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Square,
We heard the spouters blare,
Each rough rejoicing then.

They scorned churl WARREN's yoke,
Of order made a joke,

And claimed the Rights of Men.
But ASQUITH came, the cool and brave,
And poured oil on the troubled wave.

His speech was just a beauty!
Along each line this meaning ran:—
"England respects true Rights of Man,
But means enforcing Duty."

No more rude mobs may roar,
A nuisance and a bore,
Where'er BURNS lead the way.
As victory is this claimed
By spouts, by cool sense tamed?

All right! Let them hooray!
But dearly is their conquest bought,
'Twas scarce for this mad GRAHAM fought

'Tis fair, though—there's its beauty.
All just claims met by this shrewd plan,
The speechifying Rights of Man,
Plus the Policeman's duty.

ASQUITH's clear, certain sound,
Will spread dismay around!
Some circles. "We believed,
ASQUITH was on our side."
The roughs will say. "He's tried,
And we—well, we're deceived.
If we're permitted in this Square
To muster there, why should we care?
The game has lost its beauty!
Licence unfettered is our plan.
Who cares a cuss for Rights of Man,
Checked by that bugbear Duty?"

PRESENTED AT COURT.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM indignant—disgusted! I went last night to see a new piece, called *The Guardsman*, at the Court Theatre, the plot of which, reminded me—'tis merely a coincidence—of *Incognita*, now going strong in St. Martin's Lane. The coincident being that a certain young man won't marry an uncertain young lady whom they want him to marry, because he is in love with quite another young lady (as he thinks) who (the *incognita*) turns out to be the very lady whom he is required to wed. However, that's not what I'm writing about. I leave criticism to your "professional gent." Well, Sir, it was very amusing, and very well acted. But from a military point of view, shameful, Sir!—shameful! The people about me were laughing, and said that the lines were good; that, take it all round, it ought to be a success; that it was most amusing. But how could I appreciate anything when I found a Captain in the Guards, on the Queen's Birthday, walking about in plain leather boots! It was as bad, in my mind, as when Mr. CHARLES WARNER, in the piece called *In the Ranks*, appeared as a private in the same distinguished Regiment in patent leathers! And what was the Captain doing, Sir, in mess uniform at his uncle's chambers, when he was supposed to be on guard at the Tower? At least so I understood him to be, but I may have been wrong. At any rate, an odd sort of place to dine at, if he was not on duty, and if he were, he should not have left his post. Moreover, where was his scarf, as orderly officer? But perhaps he was not on duty, and had dropped in upon the mess (in the height of the Season!) in a friendly sort of way. Well, that might explain matters a bit, but not to my entire satisfaction. And my wife tells me that it is rather late to make alterations in a Court dress the day before the Drawing-Room. And she says, too, that she has never been hustled and crushed when she has gone to Buckingham Palace. And if it comes to that, Sir, I have accompanied her, and can vouch for the strict accuracy of the statement. But these are minor matters. What I cannot stand are *The Guardsman's* boots!

Yours more in anger than in sorrow,

AN OLD SOLDIER.

Mars Lodge, Cutsaddleborough,
Tomatkinshire.

Rhymes for the Times.

If I were a missionary
On the plains of Uganda,
I'd leave that position airy
Ere, at dawn, anew 'gan day.

QUESTION FOR A DICKENSIAN EXAMINATION
PAPER.—"Here's Pip—Ask Pip. Pip's our
mutual friend." In which of DICKENS'S
Novels does this occur?



“SQUARED!”

FIRST CITIZEN. “WOT! ‘ALLOWED’ TO MEET IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS, AND BANK ‘OLIDAYS, ARE WE!!”

SECOND CITIZEN. “THEN WE JUST WON’T GO!! HE-HE!!”

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS;

Or, The Lists for the Laurels.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

"WIRE in, my warblers!" PUNCHIUS cried.
 "To 'wire,'
 Though slangy, sounds appropriate to the
 Lyre."

Then forth there toddled with the mincing
 gait
 Of some fair "Tottering Lily," him, the
 great
 New Bard of Buddha!
 Grave, and grey of
 crest.

'Tis he illumines the nubi-
 bustic West
 With the true "*Light of
 Asia*,"—or, at least,
 Such simulacrum of the
 effulgent East
 As shineth from a home-
 made Chinese lantern.
 No HAFIZ he, or SAADI, yet
 he *can* turn
 Authentic Sanscrit to—
 Telegraphese,
 And make the Muse a
 moon-faced Japanese.
 Leaderesque love of gentle
 gush and "Caps,"
 Is blent in him with fond-
 ness for the Japs.
 "Wah! wah! futtee!—
 wah! wah, gooroo!"
 he cried,
 And twanged his tinkling
 orient lyre with pride.

THE MOANING OF
THE BARDS.

No moaning of the bards!
 A pleasant quip!
 No manufactured gloom
 to dim that far light!
 Of dirge's luxury deprive
 my lip?
 So suns might say there
 shall be no more
 starlight!

Lamping is *not* required at
 day's full noon,
 Lanterns are out of
 place in dawn's fair
 flush-light;
 But when dark night sets
 in, and there's no
 moon,
 There is a chance for
 stars, or even a rush-
 light.

No moaning of the bards?
 That were hard lines
 For minor line-spinners,
 imperial TENNYSON!
 Owls only have their
 chance when day declines,
 That's why the night-birds crown thee
 with prompt benison.

LEWIS has wailed and warbled—twiddlingly;
 ALFRED has—rootley—tootley—wailed and
 warbled;
 WILLIAM's young Muse hath wept—then why
 not Me,
 Whose brow, not less than theirs, with
 woe is marbled?

ROBERT and AUSTIN (DOBSON) took their
 turns;
 There is some talk, too, of Sir THEODORE
 MARTIN.
 Seeing my lips, too, thrill, my heart, too,
 burns, [part in]
 Why the great contest should I take no

May be I do not carry guns enough
 To epically glorify King ARTHUR,
 But I have penned some reams of rhythmic
 stuff
 Concerning (please admire the rhyme!)
 SIDDHARTHA.
 (That, as an "assonance," is quite as
 good
 As "*sang* it," and "*began* it." Orna-
 mental
 And Eastern Mythos draws me; but I'm
 good
 At "*Poems National and Non-Oriental*."

Knocks her nice little flat nose on the floor.
 In Japanese politeness, my "*Half Jewel*,"
 ALGERNON's nymphs, in song or in *amour*
 Are always coarse and generally cruel.

"*Pearls of the Faith*," is a most pious work,
 Although AL-MUTAHALI is the stringer.
 But only he who hates "*The Unspeakable
 Turk*,"

On *that* account would blame the Christian
 singer!

"Lotus and Jewel!" Doesn't that sound
 nice?



AN ILL-DIGESTED LESSON.

The Governess. "AND NOW, WHAT IS A PARABLE, EFFIE!"
 Effie (who has got rather muddled). "A PARABLE! OH, OF COURSE, A PARABLE
 IS A HEAVENLY STORY WITH AN EARTHLY MEANING!"

I love the Hindoos, I adore the Japs;
 I'm fond of scraps of Oriental lingo;
 Yet I'm a patriot, and have hymned,
 perhaps,
 As much as most, my native god, great
 Jingo!

I think a Muse with twinkly almond orbs,
 Would—as a change—in England prove
 most fetching;
 Is it not plain Jap Art our Art absorbs!
 Why not in singing, then, as well as
 sketching?

I'm sure my "*GRISHA*" is as good a girl
 As *Vicién*, or *Faustine*, or e'en *Dolores*.
 Is she more frail, less fair, that perfect pearl
 Of Singing Girls, Xipangu's great'st of
 glories?

My mild Jap Muse may
 be a roguey-pokey;
 But there's no stimulus to
 pleasant vice
 About a holy Brahman
 or chaste Yogi.

"Land of the Rising Sun,"
 delightful "*Third
 Kingdom of Merry
 Dreams*," of you I'm
enlightened.

Must *that* exclude me
 from the Wreath?
 Absurd!

I'm prettily pious, and
 I'm gently glamorous.

My Knighthood proves that
 I am quite O.K.,

My dear D. T. will
 answer for my morals;
 I'm steeped in Sanscrit
 lore, and so must say
 I can't see why I should
 not wear the laurels!

"Quite so," said Punch.
 "I like your rhyme—
 and cheek;

Still, there be others yet
 to hear—next week!"

APOLOGIA ARRYGATEN-
 SIN.—"ARRY in 'Arry-
 gate" was so much sought
 after everywhere that it
 was thought Mr. Punch
 could not possibly supply
 the great demand for this
 article with sufficient celi-
 brity and dispatch. Hence
 it happened that the *Har-
 rogate Advertiser* enthusi-
 astically reproduced the
 entire article as published
 in Mr. Punch's pages,
 without saying "with your
 leave, or by your leave," to
 the Proprietors represent-
 ing Mr. Punch. So, Mr.
 Punch, always kindly and
 courteous, was compelled
 in this instance to "know
 the reason why." Where-
 upon The *Harrogate Ad-*

vertiser acknowledged that it did not
 "harrogate to itself" any sort of right to
 republish wholesale without acknowledgment
 anything that has appeared in Mr. Punch's
 pages, and at once handsomely apologised for
 this instance of priggishness quite unprece-
 dented in the *Harrogate Advertiser's* columns
 (Vide *Harrogate Advertiser*, October 15).
Box and Cox are satisfied. *Causa finita est*.
Vive 'ARRY! Likewise 'Arrygate! And,
 know, all men, by these presents, that Mr.
 P. is quite wide-awake.

ANECDOTAGE.—Said the Old Parliamentary
 Hand, entering Christ Church, "I prefer *this*
 House to the other!" It was *the* success of
 the visit.



A COOL HAND.

Irrepressible Pupil. "POOR STUFF, SIR, THIS VIRGIL. DON'T YOU THINK SO?"

Suffering Coach (who can scarcely believe his ears). "POOR STUFF, SIR!!! VIRGIL—POOR STUFF! WHAT DO YOU MEAN!"

Irrepressible Pupil (unmoved). "SEEMS TO ME, SIR, IT'S MERELY A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF SOME OF THE BEST ENGLISH CRIBS!"

LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES!

"[It is to be sincerely hoped that there is no truth in the rumour that a paper for children will shortly make its appearance, entirely written and illustrated by children under fifteen years of age.]
—*St. James's Gazette*, October 12th.]

WHY, churlish critic, do you hope sincerely
The rumour, which you mention, is untrue?
Mere prejudice makes you regard severely
The cause of liberty which we pursue.
We are, *The Prattler* will establish clearly,
Quite competent to edit a review;
The age of greatest wisdom will be seen
To be decidedly below fifteen.

We never showed, as we need hardly mention,
That fabled ignorance about the stars,
From earliest days we spoke about 'declension,'
And argued on the atmosphere of Mars;
While parents we put up with, more attention
We paid towards another kind of "pars,"
Full soon was lit the journalistic flame,—
We lisped in leaders, for the leaders came.

That foolish custom, which at present
smothers

Our youthful genius, we shall supersede.
Here are some papers which, with many others,
Will make *The Prattler* eminent indeed;—
A series on "The Management of Mothers,"
Will meet, we hope, a long-experienced
need;

Elsewhere we'll note, in some attractive way,
The latest long-clothes fashion of the day.

Instruction in the art of window-breaking,
And modes to tame a fiery governess,
Descriptions of perambulator-making—
No need on details to lay further stress,

You'll own our journalistic undertaking,
Must prove an unequivocal success;
While you, who uttered this untimely sneer,
Will blush, apologise, and disappear!

MY FIRST BRIEF.

WHEN you, my first brief, were delivered,
Every fibre in me quivered
With delight. I seemed to see
Myself admitted a Q.C.;



Piles of briefs upon
the table,
More work to do than
I was able;
Clients scrambling
for advice,
Then LORD CHAN-
CELLOR in a trice.

I seized my virgin
pencil blue,
Marked and perused
you through and
through.

The story brief, instructions short,
Defendant in a County Court,
It needed not an ounce of sense
To see that you had no defence.
But, erudite in English law,
I fashioned bricks without the straw.

Around my chamber-floor I sped,
Harangued the book-case on each head;
DEMOSTHENES and CICERO
On hearing me had cried a go.
Then I must own that I was nettled—
Out of Court the case was settled.
All my points were left unmade,
And the fee is left unpaid.

POLITE LEARNING.

[Professor LOMBROSO writes in the *Revue des Revues* that all women are liars. Mr. VICTOR HORSLEY writes in the *Times* that one of Miss COBBE's statements is a lie.]

SHAMEFUL, shocking, rude Professor!
CRICHTON BROWNE—your predecessor
In attacks, would-be suppressor

Of the higher
Education—once compared them
To the Pantaloon, and scared them,
But he was polite, and spared them
Words like "liar."

Lie, indeed!!! There is a middle
Course—say "fib" or "tarradiddle,"
"Not quite true," "A sort of riddle
Facts to smother."

We, who love the fair romancer—
Be she talker, singer, dancer,
What you will, she's sweet—we answer,
"You're another!"

As for you, rough Mr. HORSLEY,
Arguing so very coarsely,
May I say yours is a worse lie,—
Rhyming badly?

You, so skilled in vivisection,
Could cut up Miss COBBE's objection,
With your tongue in some subjection,
Not thus madly.

Why, LOMBROSO would despise you,
Though he is so rude. These "lies" you
Freely write make folks surmise you
An impostor,
Not the lady. You've not "licked" her.
(Slang to suit you) though you're VICTOR,
Since you stoop to contradict her
Like a coster.



MR. PUNCH'S SHOOTING-PARTY.

SONGS OUT OF SEASON.—MY CARETAKER.

A MYSTERIOUS thing
For our commonplace day,
Is the lady I sing
In the following lay.

While I'm shooting the
grouse,
Or enjoying the sea,
She takes care of my house
For a nominal fee.

For ten shillings a-week
Does this wonderful
woman
Undertake, so to speak,
An existence inhuman.

Like their dwellings the
rabbits [treats,
Deep in darkling re-
This weird widow inhabits
Subterranean seats.

What with humour "con-
trary,"
Or ironic despair,
She denominates "airey"—
From its absence of air!

It would give me the blues
Household gods to uphold
With a *Lloyd's Weekly*
News
Of some fifty days old.

In a Stygian gloom,
Far from sun and ozone,
She sits locked in her room,
Uncompanied, alone.

At a knock, at a call
How she shivers and starts!
She's "that nervous"—and "Hall
Of'er fambly 'as 'earts."



Not till gloaming obscure
Cools hot London at last,
Hies she forth to procure
Her ideal repast.

"A red 'erring, an unon,
Just of dripping a bite"
—This is not my opinion,
Hers *verbatim* I cite.

But I fancy, though loth
to
Thus detract from her
merits,
(And I've her solemn oath
too!)
That she's "partial to
sperrits."

For once suddenly coming
(She supposed me away)
I was struck by her hum-
ming
"Ta - ra - ra Boom de
Ay!"

And not humming it only;
Also dancing the same,—
This bereaved, honest,
lonely
Deferential dame!

"Ta - ra - ra Boom de
Ay!"
In my desolate hall;
I, though prone to be
gay,
Didn't like it at all.

"Which," she said, "it was Fits—
The Sint Biteus"—her fling!—
Yes! The Caretaker, it's
A mysterious thing.

the beggar till he all but flew
into my face, and then away he
went, like a streak of greased
lightning. I let him have both
barrels; but I might as well have
shot at a gnat. Still, I fancy I
ticked him up with my left.

*Second Sportsman (a stout,
jovial man, breaking in).* Ticked
him up! By gum, I thought I
was going to be tickled up, I tell
you. Shot was flying all round
me—bang! bang! all over the
place. I loosed off twice at him,
and then went down, to avoid
punishment. Haven't a notion
what became of him.

*Third Sportsman (choking with
laughter at the recollection).* I saw
you go down, old cock. First go
off, I thought you were hit: but,
when you got that old face of
yours up, and began to holler
"Wor guns!" as if you meant
to bust, why I jolly soon knew
there wasn't much the matter
with you. Just look at him, you
chaps. Do you think an ordinary
charge of shot would go through
that? Not likely.

*Fourth Sportsman (military
man).* Gad, it was awful! I'd
rather be bucketed about by
EVELYN WOOD for a week than
face another woodcock. I heard
'em shoutin', "Woodcock for-
ward! Woodcock back! Wood-
cock to the right! Woodcock
to the left! Mark—mark!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Grouse in the Gun-room.)

LUNCH (CONTINUED).

How well I remember a certain day in the by-gone years, when for the first time a great truth suddenly burst upon me in all its glory. The morning's sport had been unsuccessful. We were all fairly tired, and some of us, in spite of the moderate temperature, were perspiring freely. For we had been walking up late partridges most of the morning, with just an occasional shot here and there at pheasants in covert. Now, late partridges are perhaps the least amenable of created things. They cherish a perfectly ridiculous conviction that nature, in endowing them with life, intended that they should preserve it, and consequently they hold it to be their one aim and object to fly, whirring and cheeping, out of sight, long before even an enthusiastic shot could have a chance of proving to them how beautifully a bird can be missed. For some reason or other, our host had refused or had been unable to drive the birds. One result was that we had tramped and tramped and tramped, getting only rare shots, and doing but little execution. Another result was, that the place was simply littered with lost tempers, and we sat down to lunch very much out of conceit with ourselves, our guns, our cartridges, the keepers, the dogs, and everything else. The pleasant array of plates and glasses, and the savoury odours of the meats mitigated, but did not dispel the frowns. Then suddenly there dropped down amongst us, as it were from the sky, the Great Woodcock Saga. In a moment the events of the morning were forgotten, brows cleared, tempers were picked up, and an eager hilarity reigned over the company, while the adventures of the wonderful bird were pursued from tree to tree, from clump to clump, through all the zig-zags of his marvellous flight, until he finally vanished triumphantly into the unknown.

Now the Great Woodcock Saga is brought about in this way:—First of all suppose that a woodcock has shown himself somewhere or other during the morning. If he was seen it follows, as the day follows the night, (1), that everybody shot at him at the most fantastic distances without regard to the lives and limbs of the rest of the party; (2), that (in most cases) everybody missed him; (3), that everybody, though having, according to his own version, been especially careful himself, has been placed in imminent peril by the recklessness of the rest; (4), that everybody threw himself flat on his face to avoid death; and (5), that the woodcock is not really a bird at all, but a devil. The following is suggested as an example of Woodcock-dialogue, the scene being laid at lunch:—

First Sportsman (pausing in his attack on a plateful of curried rabbit). By Jupiter! that was a smartish woodcock. I never saw

Gad! thinks I to myself, the bally place must be full of 'em. Just then out he came, as sly as be blowed. My old bundock went off of its own accord. I bagged the best part of an oak tree, and, after that, I scooted. Things were gettin' just a shade too warm, by gad! A reg'lar hail-storm, that's what it was. No, thank you, thinks I; not for this party—I'm off to cover. So that's all I know about it. Thanks, TOMMY—do you mind handin' round that beer-jug?

First Sportsman (rallying him). Just think of that. And we're all of us taxed to keep a chap like that in comfort. Why you're paid to be shot at—that's what you're there for, you and your thin red line, and all that. By Jupiter! we don't get our money's worth out of you if you're going to cut and run before a poor, weak, harmless woodcock.

(Military Sportsman is heavily chafed.)

Military Sportsman. Oh, it's all very well for you Johnnies to gas like that—but, by Gad, you didn't seem over-anxious to stand fire yourselves. Why your teeth are chattering still, BINKS.

Binks. Ah, but I'm only a poor civilian.

Military Sportsman. Well, I out and ran as a civilian. See? Did anyone shoot the bloomin' bird, after all?

The Host. Shoot him? I should think not. The last I saw of him he was sailing off quite comfortable, cooking snooks at the whole lot. Have another go of pie, JOHNNY?

So that is the Great Woodcock Saga, the absolute accuracy of which every sportsman is bound to recognise. And the great truth that burst upon me is this, that if you want to restore good temper to a shattered party, you must start talking about woodcocks. If you saw a woodcock in the morning, talk about that one. If not, begin about the woodcock you saw last week, or the woodcock somebody else missed the week before. But whatever you do, always keep a woodcock for a (metaphorically) rainy day. Bring him out at lunch next time you shoot, and watch the effect.

"GRIEVANCES OF CIVIL SERVANTS."—Sir, seeing this heading in the *Times* to a letter which I didn't stop to read, I can only say, for my part, that us servants as is really civil ought not never to have any "grievancies." Tips is the reward to "civil servants."—Yours, THE BUTLER.



CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

LUNCH (continued).—Perhaps the best piece of advice that I can give you, my young friend, is that—for conversational purposes—you should make a careful study of the natures and temperaments of your companions. Watch their little peculiarities, both of manner and of shooting; pick up what you can about their careers in sport and in the general world, and use the knowledge so acquired with tact and discretion when you are talking to them. For instance, if

one of the party is a celebrated shot, who has done some astonishing record at driven grouse, you may, after the necessary preliminaries, ask him to be good enough to tell you what was the precise number of birds he shot on that occasion. Tell him, if you like, that the question arose the other day during a discussion on the three finest game-shots of the world. If you happen to know that he shot eighteen hundred birds, you can say that most people fixed the figure at fifteen hundred. He will then say,—"Ah, I know most people seem to have got that notion—I don't know why. As a matter of fact, I managed to get eighteen hundred and two, and they picked up twenty-two on the following morning." Your obvious remark is, "By Jove!" (with a strong emphasis on the "by") "what magnificent shooting!" After that, the thing runs along of its own accord. With a bad shot your method is, of course, quite different. For example:—

Young Shot. I must say I like the old style of walking up your birds better than driving, especially in a country like this. I never saw such difficult birds as we had this morning. You seemed to have the worst of the luck everywhere.

Bad Shot. Yes—they didn't come my way much. But I don't get much practice at this kind of thing—and a man's no good without practice.

Y. S. That was a devoted long shot, all the same, that you polished off in the last drive. When I saw him coming at about a hundred miles an hour, I thanked my stars he wasn't my bird. What a thump he fell!

B. S. Oh, he was a fairly easy shot, though a bit far off. I daresay I should do well enough if I only got more shooting. I'm not shooting with my own gun, though. It's one of my brother's, and it's rather short in the stock for me.

That starts you comfortably with the Bad Shot. You soothe his ruffled vanity, and give him a better appetite for lunch.

Now, besides the Good Shot, and the Bad Shot—the two extremes, as it were, of the

line of shooters—you might subdivide your sportsmen further into—
(1) *The Jovial Shot.* This party is on excellent terms with himself and with everybody else. Generally he shoots fairly well, but there is a rollicking air about him, which disarms criticism, even when he shoots badly. He knows everybody, and talks of most people by nick-names. His sporting anecdotes may be counted upon for, at any rate, a *succès d'estime*. "I never laughed so much in my life," he begins, "as I did last Tuesday. There were four of us—Old SANDY, BUTCHER BILL, DICK WHORTLEBURY, and myself. SANDY was driving us back from Dillwater Hall—you know, old

PUFFINGTON's place—where we'd been dining. Devilish dark night it was, and SANDY's as blind as a bat. When we got to the Devil's Punchbowl I knew there'd be some warm games, 'cos the horse started off full tilt, and, before you could say knife, over we went. I pitched, head first, into DICK's stomach, and SANDY and BILL went bowling down like a right and left of rabbits. Lord, I laughed till the tears ran down my face. No bones broken, but the old BUTCHER's face got a shade the worst of it with a thorn-bush on the slope. Cart smashed into matchwood, of course."

(2.) *The Dressy Shot.* Wonderful in the boot, stocking, and gaiter department. Very tasteful, too, in the matter of caps and ties. May be flattered by an inquiry as to where he got his gaiters, and if they are an idea of his own. Sometimes bursts out into a belt covered with silver clasps. Fancy waist-coats a speciality. His smoking-suit, in the evening, is a dream of gorgeous rainbows. Is sometimes a very fair shot. Generally wears gloves, and a fair moustache.

(3.) *The Bored Shot.* A good sportsman, who says he doesn't care about sport. Often has literary tastes. Has views of his own, and is, consequently, looked upon as a rather dangerous idealist by honest country gentlemen, who confine their reading to an occasional peep at the *Times*, and an intimate quoting acquaintance with the novels of Mr. BURTON. Often shocks his companions by telling them he really doesn't care much about killing things, and would just as soon let them off. However, he shows a perfectly proper anger if he misses frequently. Is not unlikely to be an authority on sheep and oxen, and may, perhaps, be accepted as the Conservative Candidate for his County division, dumb but indignant County magnates finding that he expresses their views better than they can do it themselves. Don't talk to him about sport. Try him with books, interesting articles in the *Magazines*, and so forth.

(4.) *The Soldier Shot.* This kind is generally a Captain, dresses well, but not gaudily, and smokes big cigars. There seems to be a general idea that a man who can teach privates to shoot targets must be able to shoot game himself. Yet the Soldier Shot misses birds quite beautifully. He will have often shot big game in India with an accuracy that increases in proportion to the number of miles that separate him from the scene of his exploits. After all, the ability to "brown" a herd of elephants does not guarantee rights and lefts at partridges. Apt to declaim tersely and forcibly about the hardships of a military career.

(5.) *The Average Shot.* Talk to him about average matters, unless you hear he is a celebrity in some other branch of sport. In that case, get details from him of his last Alpine climb, or his latest run to hounds, or ask his views on racing matters. Most average shots go racing, and think they understand all about it.

I say nothing here about the Dangerous Shot, because it is never right to get within talking distance of him. In fact, he ought not to be talked to at all. I am not sure he ought to be allowed to live. Still, his exploits furnish material for many an animated conversation amongst the survivors.



—"ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ!"

A MODERN SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION.

Miss Fanny (a gentle and most veracious Child). "YAH! YOU CRUEL COWARD! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS SKINNED A LIVE FROG!"

Master Victor (an industrious but very touchy little Boy). "YOU'RE A LIAR! THE FROG WAS DEAD, AND YOU KNOW IT!"

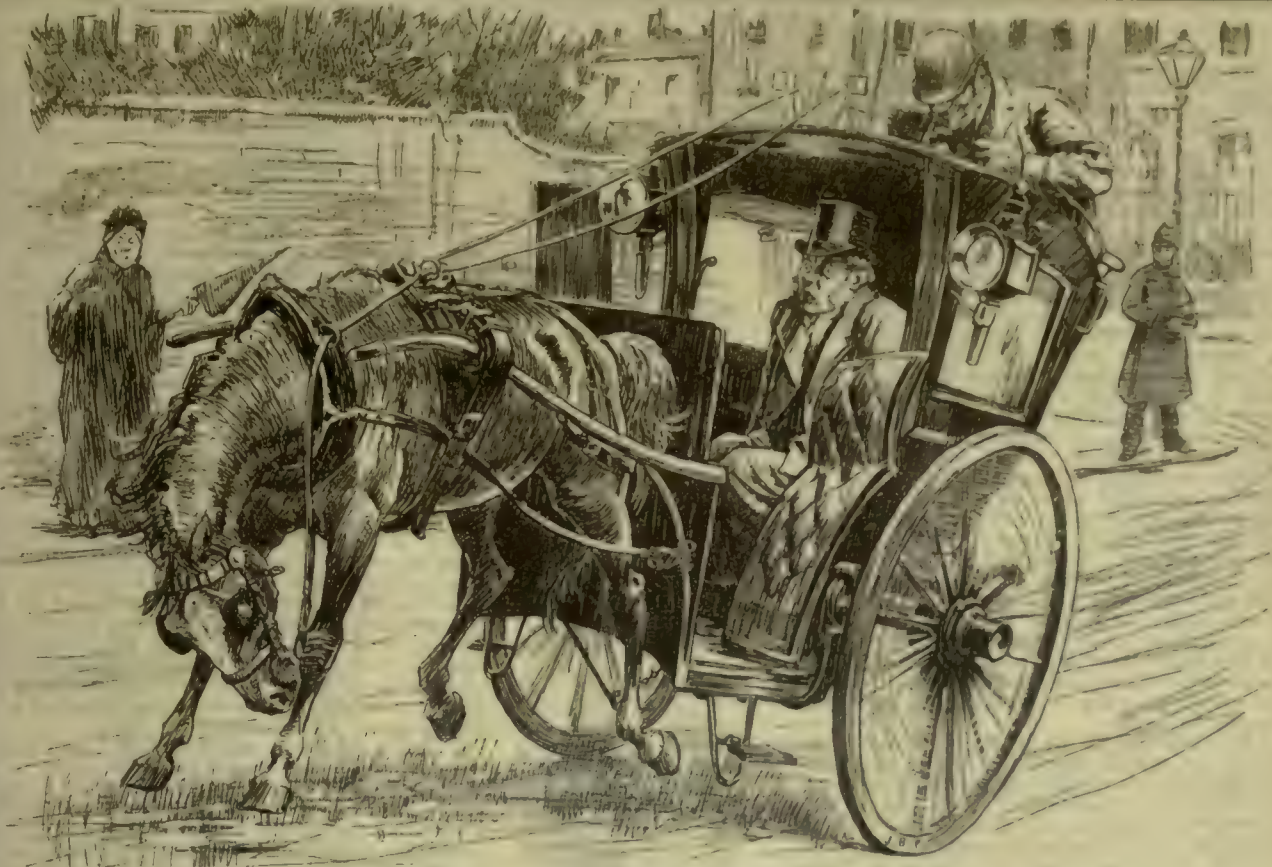
Miss Fanny. "BOOHOO! WHETHER IT WAS DEAD OR NOT, YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO CALL NAMES; 'COS I'M A GIRL, AND CAN'T PUNCH YOUR HEAD!"

Master Victor. "IT'S JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A GIRL THAT I CAN'T PUNCH YOURS! YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU CALLED ME A COWARD!"



THE CABINET MEET.

Evelyn Salmonson, Del.



A BUCKJUMPERISH SENSATION.

[It is rumoured that some of BUFFALO BILL's Broncos have been bought by the Cab Proprietors of London.]

Cabby. "SIT STILL, SIR! THIS AIN'T NOthin' TO WOT 'E CAN DO. YOU 'LL SEE 'IM TURN 'EAD OVER 'EELS PRESENTLY!"

A QUESTION OF POLICE;

Or, What it may come to.

SCENE—Trafalgar Square just before sunset. Police in abundance; number of Processionists in various parts of the open space seen to be dispersing.

Police Inspector. Now, my good friends, I am going to be as polite as possible, but I must obey the regulations of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings. And I say you cannot speak, because you have not given proper notice to the authorities.

First Orator. But I have—I tell you I wrote to the Commissioner four days ago.

Pol. In. Oh, did you? Then that of course alters the case. What are you, Sir?

First Or. I am the "Friends of the Horny Hands of Labour."

Pol. In. (after referring to note-book). Ah, I thought I was right. Your application came in second, Sir—the "Decayed Washerwomen" got in before you. Look here. (Pointing out regulation.) "Not more than one Meeting shall be allowed at the same time, and if notices of two or more Meetings are given for the same day, preference shall be given to that Meeting of which notice shall have been first received." So you see, Sir, you are not in it. Better luck next time. There is another Bank Holiday six months hence.

First Or. But the "Decayed Washerwomen" are not here, and I

Pol. In. Very sorry, Sir, but you must move on. (First Orator disappears with grumbling followers.) I say, BILL, I do really think these regulations are working quite pleasantly.

Bill (a subordinate). Yes, Sir.

Second Orator. (entering hurriedly, accompanied by some aged females). Here, I say, where are we to make speeches?

Pol. In. (genially). Nowhere, unless you have the proper authority. Who may you be when you are at home?

Second Or. (fussily). Why, the "Decayed Washerwomen," to be sure. Now, look sharp, and find us a place to deliver speeches. You know you must do it, by order of the—

Pol. In. Yes, I know. Well, what do you say to the top of that lamp-post?

Second Or. Now, none of your chaff. Mind, you are the servants of the public, and—

Pol. In. Yes—but don't deliver a speech to me—I am not a "Decayed Washerwoman."

Chorus of Indignant Females. We should think not. It would be a good thing if you were!

Second Or. Now, look sharp. We have been longer coming than we expected. The cabs and omnibuses were so troublesome. Now, where shall I stand?

Pol. In. (considering). Well, I think you would be out of the way if you got up there, and spoke to them down below.

[Points out elevated position in front of the National Gallery.]

Second Or. But they won't be able to see, much less to hear me!

Pol. In. Can't help that. The Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings don't provide telescopes nor yet ear-trumpets. —*Bill* (saluting). Sunset, Sir!

Pol. In. There, you see! Thought you would be too late. Time's up. Glad to see you another day. But now—move on!

[And the Police Regulations are obeyed. Curtain.]

THE GOOD OLD (SUNDAY) TIMES REVIVED.—The specimen number of *The Sunday Times* as it was at its commencement in 1822, given on Sunday, October 23rd, 1892, is most interesting. Theatrical advertising was quite "a feature" at that time, when only two Theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, seem to have advertised. The names there are of EDMUND KEAN simply as MR. KEAN, of Messrs. DOWTON, HARLEY, YOUNG, MUNDEN, Mrs. GLOVER, and of Madame VESTRIS as Ophelia. BRAHAM is there, as also LISTON and Miss STEPHENS. Prize Fights are done in the good old Tom-and-Jerry style, and the Police Reports are made so amusing as to suggest that such a light touch as is occasionally given in the "Day by Day" of the *Daily Telegraph*, might be nowadays welcome in (Police) Court News. Altogether, a happy thought to reproduce the *Sunday Times* of 1822, and may the *Sunday Times* of 1892 live up to it, and be "going strong" in 1992! *Prosit!*

GUY-FOX POPULI.

THE proceedings of the Midnight Mass Meeting of Unemployed Guys at Vauxhall on the fifth of November were of a somewhat disorderly nature, several of the speeches being characterised by a distinctly incendiary tone, as will be seen from the following account by Mr. Punch's Special Reporter, who was present throughout.

The Chair-guy (whose appearance was comparatively respectable) said he was proud to occupy the chair—notwithstanding that the bottom was out of it. (*Shame!*) Oh, he was used to that, although he could tell the meeting he had driven his own donkey-cart once upon a time, if he had come down to a wheelbarrow now! (*Cries of "Toff!" and "Aristocrat!" from the more extreme Guys.*) He did not understand those expressions of disapproval—a wheelbarrow with one leg missing was surely an unostentatious conveyance enough. Well, they had met that evening to discuss the means to be taken to obviate the depression in the important branch of out-door industry in which, if he did not mistake, they were all interested. (*Hear, hear!*) That such depression existed, and was on the increase, there was, unhappily, no doubt—it was becoming more and more difficult, as they knew without his telling them, for the steadiest Guy to maintain himself in a proper position, without extraneous support. He knew, for a fact, that there were hundreds of Guys at that very moment who, when their present job was over, would find themselves—through no fault of their own—thrown out of employment for another twelvemonth, at least. Did they call that justice? (*No! and groans.*) The whole system was iniquitous—the question was, how they were to put a stop to it; He invited suggestions from the Audience.

A Guy said that, in his opinion, their decline was entirely due to their inability to supply themselves with the apparel necessary and suitable to their calling. What were their duties? Why, to keep alive the memory of their famous Founder, the author of the great, and never-to-be-forgotten Gunpowder Plot—he need hardly say he alluded to GURBO FAWKES! (*Enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.*) He was no scholar himself—he had never enjoyed a University education—and he did not pretend to be an authority on historical costume. Still, he felt safe in asserting that a Guy who, like himself, was compelled to represent their glorious Predecessor in an old tail coat, a pair of baggy tweed trousers, and a pot hat with a hole through the crown, did so under a cruel disadvantage. He had heard that, in former times, every Guy was sent out provided, as a matter of course, with a dark lantern and a box of matches. Who ever saw a Guy so equipped nowadays? They had been robbed of the very implements of their trade by the grasping greed of their so-called superiors. (*Shame!*) In his opinion every Guy had a right to be furnished with the correct costume of the period—whatever that might be—at the public expense. (*Loud cheers.*)

A Guy in a Cooked Hat said he did not think the previous speaker had mentioned the real cause of their fallen fortunes—their clothes were right enough; they had to thank their own shortsighted policy for their present position—yes, he was there to speak plainly, as Guy to Guy, and he told them that it was nothing short of social suicide for a Guy to carry about a placard, such as he saw too many of them wearing that evening, inscribed with the name of a recent murderer or some other popular but ephemeral favourite. (*Some murmuring.*) That was not the way to preserve the name and fame of their revered Chief. No; let every Guy be true to himself and his order, let him indignantly refuse to sully his descent by such vulgar and unworthy devices, and then—(*Uproar, amidst which the Speaker was compelled to resume his seat.*)

A Guy in a Blue Mask, who carried a placard bearing the name of the Ex-Premier, described the remarks of both his brother Guys as pestilent drivel. It was not clothes that made the Guy. A Guy was a Guy in any guise! (*Loud cheers.*) But no Guy ever rose in the world yet without combustibles of some sort inside him, and how many of them ever knew what it was to get their fill of crackers? They were starving amidst an abundance of squibs! Society was responsible, and must be forced to do its duty. He had had enough of it, he meant to get a good blow-out before he was much older, he could tell them, and if the Government refused to provide it free, he must loot a firework factory, that was all—he was ready to lead the way—if they would follow! (*Applause.*)

A Guy in a Yellow Mask said he was in favour of proceeding by peaceable and constitutional methods if possible. Much could be

done by organising and bringing their grievances before Parliament, with a view to remedial legislation. They might begin by agitating for the Franchise. "One Guy, one vote!" would be a popular cry just now, when some Electoral Reforms were believed to be in contemplation. Fortunately they had a Home Secretary whom they might reasonably hope to find sympathetic—he thought they should ascertain his views before taking any other steps.

A Guy in a Pink Mask said he had organised till he was sick of it. As for the Home Secretary, he happened to have headed a deputation to the Home Office that very afternoon—and what did the Meeting

think was the result? Why, the Home Secretary had declined to receive him! (*Shame!*) Ah, he might call himself a Radical—but did he treat a Guy as a Man and a Brother? Did he recognise that, creatures of rags and shavings as they were, they had their feelings? Not he! they were all alike, these politicians, directly they got into office. How long, he asked them, were Guys to be chivied, and harried, and moved along into back-

streets by the brutal minions of a corrupt middle-class? If they wanted to get their rights, they must make themselves a nuisance to the Authorities, like other people. It was all very fine to talk about the Franchise, and "One Guy, one vote!" and all the rest of it, but they all knew that Home Rule blocked the way at present. They must go to Trafalgar Square in their thousands; it was the finest place for a bonfire in all London, and they had been kept out of it long enough. He meant to go, if he had to be carried there! (*Loud cheers.*)

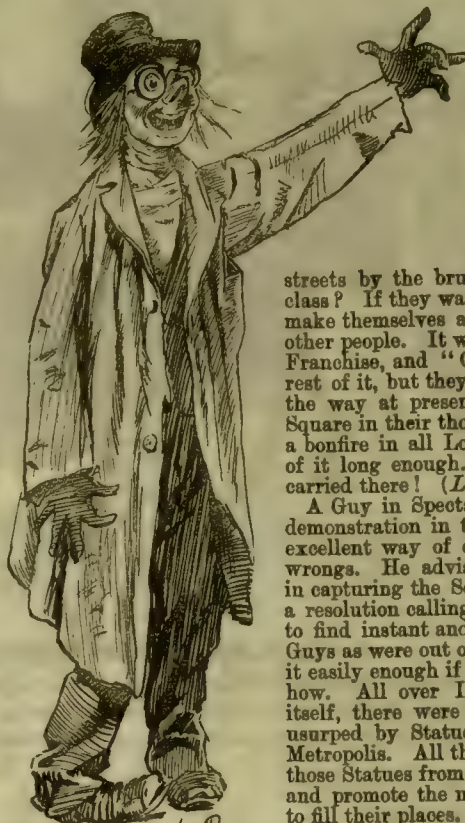
A Guy in Spectacles and a Tall Hat, said that a demonstration in the Square would, no doubt, be an excellent way of drawing public attention to their wrongs. He advised that when they had succeeded in capturing the Square, they should proceed to pass a resolution calling upon the London County Council to find instant and permanent employment for such Guys as were out of work. (*Cheers.*) They could do it easily enough if they liked, and he would tell them how. All over London, nay, in the very Square itself, there were innumerable pedestals at present usurped by Statues which were a disgrace to the Metropolis. All the Council had to do was to remove those Statues from positions they had so long abused, and promote the most deserving and destitute Guys to fill their places. (*Uproar.*)

A Guy in Fustian and a Red Comforter rose excitedly to protest against the last speaker's proposals, which he declared were an insult to their common Guyhood. They might have come down in the world, but hitherto, whatever might be said of them, they had, at least, never rendered themselves publicly ridiculous. Now they were asked to degrade themselves by accepting the ignominious position of London Statues! Was there a Guy who would ever hold up his head again, after such an infamous surrender of his self-respect and independence? He felt it his duty to denounce the Guy who was guilty of such a suggestion as a wolf, in sheep's clothing, a base traitor to his order, and a paid spy!

[*Intense excitement; charges and countercharges, and vain attempts by the Chair-guy to restore order. Several Guys, unable to control their indignation any longer, exploded, and the Meeting finally dispersed without attempting to pass any resolution, amidst a scene of indescribable confusion.*]

A PATRON OF THE GAIETY THEATRE AND MODERN VARIETY EXTRAVAGANZA SHOW ANTICIPATED BY CHARLES DICKENS.—"There's a lot of feet in SHAKESPEARE'S verse, but there ain't any legs worth mentioning in SHAKESPEARE'S Plays. * * * What the people call dramatic poetry is a collection of sermons. Do I go to the theatre to be lectured? No, PIP. If I wanted that, I'd go to church. What's the legitimate object of the Drama, PIP? Human nature. What are legs? Human nature. Then let us have plenty of leg-pieces, PIP, and I'll stand by you, my buck!" — *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

N.B.—This is the Pip of our puzzle to Dickensian Students last week. The reference, chapter and verse, was given immediately by Mr. COMYNS CARR, who, on the spot received his reward, and went away rejoicing. We regret that there are no second and third prizes, otherwise Messrs. WALTER WREN and VAN TROMP would have been "placed."—ED.



"A Guy in Spectacles and a Tall Hat."

REFRESHERS.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said, 'The extent to which Refreshers are carried in these days makes my historical mouth water. In my younger days at the Bar'—"



(Cue for Song.)

"In my younger days at the Bar, 'Tra la la la!' &c."

THE NEW BROOM, AND THE BLACK PEERAGE.

(Rhyme by a Rad.)

[LORD SALISBURY, in his article in the *National Review* for November, makes fun of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's assertion that the Government could, at a pinch, secure a majority in the Upper Chamber by elevating five hundred Sweeps (which Lord S. calls the "Black Peerage") to the House of Lords, with the assent of the Crown.]

FIVE HUNDRED? Good gracious! there's no need of that.

"Black Peerage," indeed! Though as black as my hat,

They could hardly be blacker than SALISBURY's lot; [rot.

But to talk of such sooty recruits is sheer That bad Upper House to reform—or

degrade— [Dark Brigade.

We don't want the charge of this queer Five hundred? FRED HARRISON, you

are a green one! I'd settle the business with one sweep—a clean one!

THE COURT JESTERS.

THANKS to Messrs. SIMS and RALEIGH and the Court Company for a good hearty laugh, and many of them at their new three-act farcical comedy, *The Guardsman*. It Raleigh is good, and Sims

likely to be in for a long run. Therefore, congratulations to Mr. CHUDELEIGH, who is in the proud position of "Sole Lessee and Manager," of the Court. Odd, as a correspondent remarked in a letter to *Mr. Punch* last week, is the coincidental resemblance of the master-motive of the plot to that of *Incognita* at the Lyric; viz., the young man refusing to marry the girl with whom he is really in love, because he is in love with the very same young lady without knowing her name or anything about her. But hath not the old Spanish Comedy-writer, GONZALES, used it three times? hath not his fellow-countryman, VEGA MORVEGA, used it in his now obsolete play of *The Distressed Mother*? and hath not VODENOL, the Norwegian dramatist, absolutely nauseated us with it, not to mention its constant use by that imitation of GOLDONI, Count ERFITO D'ALCUMINIO? And to come nearer home, did not the German—but why pursue the "motive" until you run it to



An Inhabitant of Noah's Ark.

earth, and even then it won't be killed, but will be flourishing thousands of years hence, when the New Zealand playwright among the ruins of London shall take up his note-book and commence a scenario on the old, but to him, quite original idea.

Then, in the last Act of *The Guardsman*, if we have a French room with half-a-dozen doors, leading to half-a-dozen different places, with which arrangement not a few of us are familiar in pieces brought over fresh from the Palais Royal, and occurring in farces of which *Bébé*, *Anglicé Betsey*, at the Gymnase and Criterion is a type, shall we complain? Shall we not rather laugh heartily over the good old game of Hide-and-Seek, which on the stage is invariably the cause of much amusement to one person for whom, at all events,

I can answer? What does it matter if to some it recalls a few farcical comedies—all excellent material? Not a bit! I gather from the genuine laughter and applause of the crowded house at the Court, that this amuses—and will continue to amuse some hundreds nightly, as long as it is all done so well, and at such high pressure, as it is now in *The Guardsman*. The First Act is good; the Second is the best; but the Third is like the last figure in an after-supper early-in-the-morning Lancers, ending in a whirligig gallop, when everything is fast and furious, and just the tune and its measure taken *prestissimo* and *fortissimo* keep the couples going till everybody is breathless and exhausted.

WEEDON GROSSMITH is excellent. In brief, he plays the part of a thorough donkey, who wishes to appear "horsey." ARTHUR CECIL is admirable as the Ex-Judge of the Divorce Court—suggesting the idea of a gay old gentleman, who is still a bit of a dog—but a dog who has had his day. If this is not his character, how is it he is on such friendly terms with the *Modiste*, carefully played, and with great spirit too, by Miss AGNES THOMAS? Mr. ELLIOT is all go and bustle; if he were not so, pop would go the piece. The make-up of Mr. LITTLE for the old Captain is uncommonly good; it is a small part, but, with a LITTLE in it, it is big. Mr. NAMBY, as the Irishman, *Miles*, first-rate; quite *Miles gloriosus*. But I can't go on with praise, they're all so good, and ELLALINE TERRISS charming. Miss CAROLINE HILL, fresher than the proverbial paint, makes a rattling part of *Lady Jones*, and, as the motto of this Company is that of Racing Eights, "Swing, swing together!"—which might, in another sense, have been the refrain sung by a brazen band of Highwaymen in the good old times—it is likely that they'll keep the Court-Boat going the pace, with the tide of popular favour, for many months to come.

As a Postscript, I may add a letter on the subject addressed to *Mr. Punch*.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Oct. 26th.

IN the admirable letter of "AN OLD SOLDIER" in your paper this week, there are a few unimportant errors—due, no doubt, to your Correspondent's age, and the shortness of memory consequent upon it—that mar, in a measure, the trenchant force of his criticism. I feel sure he will pardon my reminding him that the Coldstream Guards do not wear varnished or patent-leather boots with a tunic, except in "Levee dress;" that Mr. CHARLES WARNER did not play a private soldier in "the same distinguished regiment," but in the Grenadiers; that a Captain could never, by any possibility be "on guard" at the Tower; that the officer on duty at the Tower is called the "Picquet," and not the "Orderly" officer, and is never a Captain; that no Guardsman has ever, in the memory of man, worn a "scarf" in uniform; and that no soldier, worthy of the name, considers the mess of his own Battalion "an odd sort of place to dine at," even "in the height of the Season."

I may add that my mother tells me she has often had her Court-dress altered on the very morning of the "Drawing-Room." With these few trifling exceptions, "AN OLD SOLDIER's" letter is most accurate and just.

I am, Dear Mr. Punch,

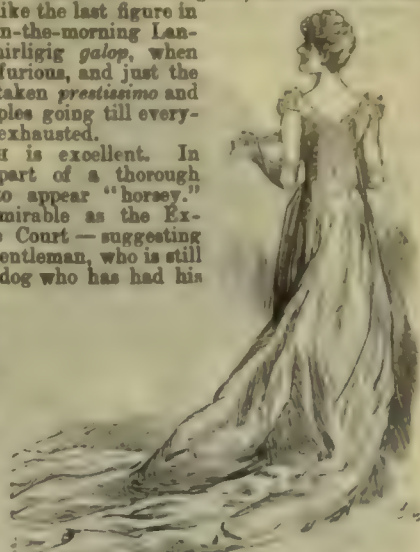
Your enthusiastic Admirer, A PRESENT GUARDSMAN.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"—Last Friday, a Correspondent of the P. M. G., on board the *Angola*, interviewed "the Marine-mystery, the Sea-serpent," off the West Coast of Africa. It showed "two tremendous green eyes." The narrator counts upon there being a considerable amount of green in the eyes of those who don't happen to be Sea-serpents—unless after using very strong glasses (hot) and plenty of 'em.

"WE ARE NOTHING IF NOT CORRECT."—In last week's number the title of Picture, p. 198, should have been "Studies in Contrapuntal (not 'Continental') Perspective;" and at p. 201, in EPIQUE's reply to the Governess, "AN" was a misprint for "no." This information will relieve a vast number of perplexed inquirers.



Arthur Cecil's Collard Head à la G. O. M.



Miss Ellaline Terriss with her Special Train—to be continued in our next.



THE GENTLE EGOTIST.

The Doctor. "AND WHICH OF YOU TWO LADIES IS THE INVALID?"
Elder Sister. "I'M SORRY TO SAY IT'S ME, DOCTOR!"

THE ROAD TO RUIN;

Or, The Real Military Long-Distance Ride.

"A quarter of a century hence, France will have more than four million trained soldiers, and Russia more than four millions and a half. We may deplore, as we will, this conversion of Europe into a vast camp, but the German Government, witnessing the development of such colossal armies on either hand, cannot be said to propose anything excessive or unnecessary when it asks, as it now does, for the means of raising the trained soldiers of the Empire to 4,400,000."—*The "Times" on the German Army Bills.*

RIDE on! Ride on! 'Tis a pace will kill!
 Like Smuggler BILL and Exciseman GILL,
 In the *Ingoldsby Legends*, you ride a race
 On a perilous path, at a breakneck pace,
 In a mingled spirit of hate and fear,
 Too hot to heed, and too deaf to hear;
 With a fierce red eye on each other cast,
 And a rate of going that *cannot* last,
 On a road that leads, as such roads lead all,
 To a crumbling cliff, and a crashing fall.

"The Road to Ruin? Pooh! preacher trite!
 'Tis a gallant race, and in glorious flight,
 With the clinkety-clank of scabbard and spur,
 O'er moor and meadow, by linden and fir,
 With the wind of speed blowing brisk in one's face,
 A Long-Distance Ride is a soul-stirring race!"

Verily yes,—for the riders gay,
 Saddled softly, in armed array,
 Hand on the bridle, heel at the flank,
 And that martial music, clinkety-clank!

Charming the ear in galloping time
 With the hoofs' hard rattle in clattering chime.

Clumpety-clump! Clankety-clink!
 Out on the caitiff who'd pause or shrink!
 Clinkety-clank! Clumpety-clump!
 The stout steed's heart at his ribs may thump,

In spasms the breath through his nostrils pump,

The strained neck droop, though 'tis held at stretch,

The labouring lungs in sheer agony fetch
 Blood—mixed breathings, red-dappled foam,—

Let the lash descend, let the spur strike home!

Are they not *racing*? Is not their pride
 Engaged in winning *this* Long-Distance Ride?

Excessive? No! Who dares hint so?
 The going's hot, and the steeds must go!
 Chargers entered for such a race

Must not complain of the pounding pace;
 Must not grumble at crushing weight.

Yes; they appear in a piteous state,
 Almost foundered, and well nigh blown,
 With the burden big o'er their shoulders thrown.

Ever swelling, like miser's sacks;
 But why have horses such broad strong backs,
 If not to *bear*—to the death at need,
 Though lungs may choke, and though flanks may bleed?

Ride, ye *militaires*, ruthlessly ride!
 Shouting Emperors hail with pride,
 "Gallant" riders, who lash and goad

Their staggering steeds on this desperate road;
 Their whips are wet, and their spur-points gory,
 But—beasts must bleed, in the name of Glory!

Beasts of burden, ye peoples, still
 Ridden hard by a ruthless will!
 Militarism is mounted firm.
 The saddled slaves may shudder and squirm,
 The bridled brutes may shy and shrink,
 The road is long, and the gulf's black brink
 Seems distant yet, and is scarcely seen
 By the rival riders, whose pride and spleen
 Blind them—save to each other's glare,
 To the pace they make, and the weight they bear,

Those hot-urged horses! Lash and goad,
 Rash riders!—but, at the end of the road,
 When the growing burden's last possible pound
 Is piled; when the steed's last staggering bound

Is made, when the last short, labouring
 Is breathed, when over, in shuddering death,
 The charger rolls, with a sickening crash,
 And responds no more to the spur or lash;
 And the gulf yawns close, sheer slope to air,
 Black, unavoidable, ruinous there—
 Then, gallant rider, how will *you* fare?

In the County Council.

CHARRINGTON forgot his manners,
 Pleading for the *Jolly Tanners*;
 He gave his tongue, at serious cost,
 The Licence which the *Tanners* lost.



THE ROAD TO RUIN.



THE TROUBLES OF STALKING!!

Irate Gillie (on discovering in the distance, for the third time that morning, a "Brute of a Man" moving about in his favourite bit of "Forest"). "Oh! DEIL TAKE THE PEOPLE! COME AWA, MUSTER BROWN, SIR; IT'S JUST PEEKADILLY!!!"

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON AT NAZARETH HOUSE.

O WEALTHY and world-weary triflers, O idle and opulent folk,
For whom time is a foe to be slain, and life's self but a bore or a joke,
Take yourselves, and your hearts, and your purses to Nazareth House and behold
The brave service of well-bestowed time, the brave uses of well-applied gold!
Where is Nazareth House, then, and what?
'Tis in Hammersmith, Madam, a place
That you probably seldom illumine with the light of your beautiful face.
But *what?* That's a far larger question, full answer to which would take time.
Far better go see for yourself. If there's aught of the moral sublime
In these gold-grubbing days, 'tis in scenes where love-service unbought and unpaid—
A vastly unbusiness-like thing in the eyes of the vassals of Trade!—
Is devoted in silence unseen to the outcast, the old, and the poor.
Five hundred such waifs are here housed, and they *yearn to find refuge for more!*
That's the pith of the matter, dear Madam!
And as for the rest, I've returned
From a visit, and fancy your heart, like my own, would have lightened and burned!
Had you walked through the wards, as I walked, with a Sister as frank and unfeigned
As sweet Charity's servant should be. There was nothing o'er piously strained

In this unrigid Refuge for helplessness.
Cheeriness, confidence, mirth
Seemed to reign in these child-crowded rooms—in these wards where the aged, whose birth
Dated well-nigh a century back, whether sewing, or smoking, or prone
On the pallet of sickness, all *smiled*, and no soul seemed forlorn or alone.
How they sang, those close clustering toddlers, their curly heads tier above tier,
With never a trace of restraint, and unknowing the shadow of fear!
Here timidity checks not the young, and here weariness haunts not the old.
There is laughter on age-shrivalled lips, and the eyes of mere babies are bold
With the confidence born but of love. Even imbeciles, helpless and blind,
Shut out at each sense from full life, yet can feel unseen tendance is *kind*,
And sit silently placid, or burst into song of a heart-searching sort—
Muffled speech from unplumbed spirit-depths, yet inspired by the impulse of sport.
Have a chat, my dear Madam—shrink not, they are women!—with age-wrinkled dames,
Who are busily bed-quilting here, while the Autumn sun ruddily flames
On the walls from the liberal windows. Bestow but a smile and a jest,
They'll respond with a jest and a smile, for there's life in each age-burdened breast,
And confidence, comfort, and cheer. Here again clustered close round the fire
Are a number of grizzle-lock'd men, every one is a true "hoary sire,"

Bowed, time-beaten, grey, yet alert and responsive to kindness of speech;
And see how old eyes can light up if you promise a pipe-charge a-piece.
For the comforting weed KINGSLLEY eulogised is not taboo in this place.
Where the whiff aromatic brings not cold reproval to Charity's face.
Ah! the tale is o'erlong for full telling; but never a bright afternoon
In London's chill leaf-strown October was better bestowed. 'Tis a boon
To be able to speak on behalf of Samaritan kindness so schemed,
In a way in which lovers of man, not of mummeries, ever have dreamed.
On such wise, wide, benevolent lines, with no bondage of class or of creed.
But the helpless Five Hundred still swell, and the Sisterhood feel sorest need
Of enlarging their borders and branches. The children especially swarm,
And for every poor, pale, helpless mite, who can here find a pallet and form,
Home, food, clothing, schooling, life-settlement, *love*, there are hundreds for whom
And their piteous appeal the response must unwillingly come, "No more room!"
Room, not in their hearts but their wards is this unselfish Sisterhood's lack;
There you, my dear Madam, can help, if your purse-strings a little you'll slack.
The Home for Poor Age, Helpless Childhood, Incurable Sickness, depends
Not on fees or on wealthy endowments, but alms and free service of friends.
Gifts, not only of money, but garments and furniture, beds, tables, chairs,
The Nazareth ladies will welcome—Come!
Is there a Christian who cares
For God's poor and the Christ-welcomed children, who will not respond in some way
To the modest appeal of these ladies, who care for the Waif and the Stray?

TO MANKIND IN GENERAL—

THEREFORE TO MR. GLADSTONE IN PARTICULAR.
(See Speech by Miss Cozens at Meeting of Women's Emancipation Union at Birmingham, Oct. 27.)

The time is come, beware of "us,"
There's a thunder in the air;
Your future's in the care of "us;"
Beware of "us"—beware!



We'll cease to coax and "Cozen" you
By fascinating smiles,
And gaily now impose on you
By dynamitic wiles.

A JUDGE'S LAMENT.

[Q.B.D.=Queen's Bench Division.]

AFTER the labours of Vacation,
Ten long weeks with nothing to do,
I feel that I need some recreation,
I'll sit in Court for a week or two:
It's just as well, now and then,
To show yourself to the public ken.

Ah me! who would be
Judge of the High Court, Q.B.D.?

But it's tiring work to sit on the Bench,
Hearing the Counsel, day by day,
Canting and ranting, while
they clench

Their fists, and thump
and hammer away:

Be their arguments
weak or strong,

Whatever I say I'm in
the wrong.

Ah me! who would be,
A badgered Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

Whenever I crack a judi-
cial jest,

Witnesses, jurors, suitors
smile,

They quite understand I
do my best,

A wearisome action to
beguile:

"Silks" and "Juniors"
seem to force,

A jeering laugh as a
matter of course.

Ah me! who would be,
A jocular Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

The public, solicitors,
counsel, frown

And grumble and growl
at the law's delay;

I'm never allowed to stop
in town,

Off on Circuit I'm hur-
ried away:

Election Petitions I'm
made to judge,

On Irish Commissions
I have to drudge.

Ah me! who would be,
A toiling Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

To a cause célèbre I don't
object, [me sit,

Leaders of fashion around
My robes and ermine com-
mand respect,

I rather fancy I'm mak-
ing a hit:

Ifeel there's a chance of
getting, who knows?

Into *Vanity Fair* or
Madame Tussaud's.

Ah me! who would not be,
A popular Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

When the Sittings are in full swing, I'm
bound,

From half past ten till the clock strikes
four,

In Court or in Chambers to be found,

With half an hour for my lunch or more:
Summons and motion and cause I hear,

I'm only paid, five thousand a-year!

Many a man would like to be,
Judge of the High Court Q.B.D.

ANTI-TETOTOP OPERA, "*Eugène Onegin*"
at the Olympia. Will it be followed by
Ourjane Twobrands? and subsequently by
the celebrated Opera, *Lotowski*?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"For graphic touch and keen appreciation
of humour, for easy conversational narration,
give me," quoth the Baron, "the papers now
being published in *Household Words* (most
appropriate place for them), written by MON-
TAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C. and Magistrate." His
paper on Ramsgate, telling how he travelled
down, who his companions were, is as
thoroughly amusing and interesting as his
tribute to the health-giving climate of
Ramsgate is true. These papers under the
comprehensive title of "Round London," are



*Ethel (who has picked up a few sporting phrases, and thinks she can instruct her
Governess). "No, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM MUMMY, BUT I'VE HEARD FROM POPPA.
HE HAS KILLED 137 GROUSE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE BRACES."*

to be republished in book-form by, as I
believe, Messrs. MACMILLAN, and assuredly
they will be as popular as were the same
author's "Leaves" and "Later Leaves." False sentiment, MONTAGU WILLIAMS, as man
or magistrate, does not encourage. "Strongly
do I recommend his 'Round London,'" says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE MORRIS DANCE."—NEW FIGURE.—
The Premier Danseur, holding laurel-crown,
dances up to WILLIAM MORRIS offering him
the laurel-crown. Will MORRIS? MORRIS
won't. Premier retires gracefully, and is seen
approaching LEWIS MORRIS.

TO SOME AUTHORS.

"How did I like that book?" I gained,
From reading it, joy unrestrained;
'Twas perfect—had it but contained
An Index!

Brilliant, yet also erudite,
Profound in facts, in diction light,
Why failed its writer to indite
An Index?

'Twas history, on its social side,
With stories, good to quote, supplied,
Yet how quote anything, denied
An Index?

A book that "He who reads
might run"—
MACAULAY, BOSWELL,
GREEN, in one!

Its Printer, too—what
made him shun
An Index?

I missed a date, harked
back. "A fad!"
You'll say? Perhaps. It
made me mad.

My hunt was vain, because
it had
No Index.

O Authors of instructive
chat,

Supply this want when
next you're at

A book! "*Bis dat qui citò
dat,*"

An Index.

OUR NEW EXAM.

ANSWER any three of the

following five questions:—

I. (a.) What is a caso-
wary? (b.) Does its
internal construction
render it capable of anthro-
pophagy? (c.) Describe
its habits, nature and
food, and draw an outline
sketch of its skeleton.

II. (a.) Give the latitude
and longitude of Tim-
buctoo. (b.) State the
number and religious belief
of its inhabitants. (c.)
Discuss its natural advan-
tages; (i.), as a port, and
(ii.) as a centre for mission-
ary enterprise.

III. (a.) Is a missionary
best when served (i.) *au
naturel*; (ii.) *à la maître
d'hôtel*, or, (iii.) *aux petites
liquettes de psaumes*? Dis-
cuss the advantages of each
method of preparation;
(b.) Quote any advice given
by (i.) LUCULLUS, or (ii.)
EPICURUS on this subject.

IV. What version of the Prayer-book is
in use amongst the natives of Central Africa?
V. Discuss the authorship of the poem
entitled *Timbuctoo*, and adduce any reasons
for believing JULIUS CÆSAR to have written it.

THE OTHER PAPER.—Mr. NEWNES is
bringing out a rival to the *Pall Mall Gazette*.
Is it to be published before the *P. M. G.*, or
later in the day? If the first, its title might
be *The Noon's Paper*; if the latter, *The
After-Newnes Paper*. Whichever you like,
my little dear! Mr. N. pays his money and
takes his choice. Anyhow, "NEWNES' Paper"
is a marketable commodity.



THE HUNTING SEASON. THE MEET.

THE STEPNEY THAT COSTS.

["The circumstances will indeed have to be very remarkable to take two Judges into Stepney."—*Baron Pollock, re Stepney Election Petition, Oct. 26.*]

I CHANCED to meet a man the other day,
Whose store of legal knowledge was amazing,
He stormed at me in quite the stormiest way,
With fiery indignation simply blazing.
I wondered if he'd lost his (legal) hair
(Forgive the phrase) against a demi-rep? Nay!
They'd really ventured to presume to dare
To ask a Judge or two to go to Stepney!

Now if it had been merely Peckham Rye,
They would have gone at once, and gone right gladly.
Then Brondesbury, Barnet—New or High,—
Or Shepherd's Bush would not have done so badly.
Penge would have brought the Crystal Palace near,
And Kensington's Olympia made their soul burn,
They'd have enjoyed the jaunt to Greenwich Pier,
And Heaven had been synonymous with Holborn.

Oh! had it been Soho or Maida Vale
It would have been of course another story. A
Delightful trip to Euston could not fail
To please as much as Broad Street or Victoria.
Belgravia would have suited very well,
They could have done with Balham, Bow, or Brixton,
With Flower-laden Battersea. But tell
Me if you can—oh! why was Stepney first on?

ROBERT'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

WELL, it isn't for one like me to say as how as good luck means virtue rewarded, cos I have, in my long xperience, seen not a werry few cases where it wasn't so—no, not by no manner of means.

But this I can most trewly say, that my slice of luck during this larst month is worthy of being called a reel staggerer! And this is how it cum about:—

The Amerrycain Gent, at the Grand Hotel, wanted a change for about a weak or two, and he naterally arsked me what he shoold do. I made lots of wise suggeshons, in course, such as Margate, and Grinnidge, and Hern Bay, and other hily arrister-cratick places, but they none on 'em wooldn't do. So presently he calls out, "Did you ever go to Ireland?" I was that staggered, that I could ardly arnser him; but then I says, "Yes, Sir—but it were sum time ago." Then he staggers me much more violently, for he says, says he, "Why shoudn't you go with me then, and be my Wally!" When I recovered my breth, I says, "I don't know as our gentelmanly Manager here woold spare me." So he says, "I'll soon see about that." So he rings the bell violently, and arks for him—and he cum—and, to my serprize, he doesn't make not no objecshun at all, which was, in course, werry complementary to me, and, strange to say, no more did Mrs. ROBERT, when I told her of it.

Well, I passes over all pre-limmenerry rearrangements, till we finds ourselves on board a lovely steamer, bound for Old

Ireland, as we allus calls her, tho' I don't spose as she's any older than the rest on us. It was that ruff that I perposed waitin till the sea got smooth; but my Master ony larft, and sed I shoold be all rite if I follered his advice, as he was used to the sea, and rayther liked it a little ruffish. So he got me a sheet of brown paper to put on my

manly chest, and gave me some champane, and one glass of Perettio Sline, I think he called it, and, with their ade, I got over much better than I xpected.

We went as strate as we could go to the Lakes of Killarny, and if that isn't jest about as lovely a place as the hole world can show, why then let sumbody show me another as is. If anyboddy arsked me if it never rained there, truth wood make me say yes, it most suttlenly does sumtimes, but then so it does ewerywheres in ollidy time excep where it's most speshally wanted.

My Guvner's fust harty larf was at dinner on the fust day, when he told me to ring for sum pepper. TIM the Waiter arnsered the bell, and I told him what was wanted, and I scarce xpects to be bleevd when I says, as he cum back and he says, says he, "If you please, Sir, sure the Pepper's engaged!" I thort the Guvner wood ha larfed hisself hill, but he soon recovered, and said, "Thin niver mind TIM, we'll do without it to-day, but let us have fust turn at it to-morrow." "Suttlenly, your honour," says TIM, and wanishes.

The next day, after driving us round the naybourhood, he came in without being arsked, and goes to the fire and warms his hands, and then says with a broad grin, "Sure it's a jolly lucky cupple as you are, for the rains a bustin down like thunder!" When handing the unpeeled Potatoes to the Guvner he wood pint his finger at one and say, "That's a rare buty, Sir!"

I spose as the Guvner was rayther libberal to TIM, when we left, as all reel gennelman allus is, for the tears aeshally came into the pore feller's eyes, and he blessed us both, and wished as a few more gennelman like us woold sumtimes wisit poor old Ireland!

We stayed about a fortnight, but we didn't see another Waiter like poor TIM, who was the werry fust humane being as hever called me a gennelman, pore feller! but we had a werry nice time of it on the hole, which I may p'raps elude to sum day, when things ain't quite so brisk as they is just now, and I must say as my Guvner behaved like the reel Gennelman as he is, when we cum for to settel up.

ROBERT.

SECUNDUM HARTY.

["I have even gone so low as 1d. a course . . . with enough success as to elicit effusive eulogies from some distinguished literary persons . . ."
—*Mr. Ernest Hart in "Where are the Cooks?"—Daily Graphic, Oct. 18.*]

Oh! where are the Cooks;
where on earth can they be?
Pray, hark to the House-keeper's pitiful moan.

Mr. HART seems to know, and he tells us, with glee,
Of a plan which is his, and is his, too, alone.

It's a plan for a dinner, that's easily shown

To be cheap, and of pleasure the joy-giving source,
'Tis a wonderful plan—hear the epicure groan—

It costs just exactly one penny a course.

The dinner's Hartistic. Sweet HART says that he

Had a meal fit to soften the heart of a stone,

There were guests—men of letters, and lofty degree—

Who were pleased, and not only saw fit to condone,
But who ransacked each country, land, continent, zone,
For encomiums of praise, till they really grew hoarse.
But would they have done so, had only they known
It cost just exactly one penny a course?

Yes, a penny a head. It's not easy to see
How it's done for the price of a bun or a scone.
When the Mistress and Cook find it hard to agree,
And the former of these is provokingly prone
With the latter to pick a most terrible bone,
When it seems that disaster must follow perforce,
Oh! whisper them this in a Hart-rending tone—
It costs just exactly one penny a course!

L'ENVOI.

O Host, if all other ideas have flown,
Remember this plan as a final resource,
Be Harty! Be Earnest! Make his plan your own!
It costs just exactly one penny a course!

THE REAL ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.—Never to lend!



THE GAME OF THE LITTLE HORSES.

(A Sketch at the Casino, Dinard.)

On either side of the circular Race-course, with its revolving metal horses, is a Green Table, divided into numbered squares, around which the Players, who are mostly English, are sitting or standing. A Croupier with his rake presides at each table. In an obscure corner of the balcony outside, Miss DAINTREE and her Married Sister have just established themselves. There is a Ball at the Casino, and the Orchestra are heard tuning up for the next dance.

The Married Sister. But SYLVIA, why have you dragged me out here to sit in the dark? I thought you were engaged for this?

Miss Daintree. So I am—to such a horrid little man. That's why I fled. He won't think of coming here after me!

The M. S. What made you give him a dance at all?

Miss D. JACK brought him up to me—so naturally I thought he was a dear friend of his, but it seems he only sat next to him at table d'hôte, and JACK says he pestered him so for an introduction, he had to do it—to get rid of him. So like a brother, wasn't it? . . . Oh, AMY, he's coming—what shall I do? I know he can't dance a little bit! I watched him trying.

The M. S. Can't you ask him to sit it out?

Miss D. That's worse! Let's hope he won't notice us.—Ah—he has!

[Mr. CUBSON, a podgy young man with small eyes and a scrubby moustache, wearing a tailless evening-coat and a wrinkled white waistcoat, advances.]

Mr. Cubson. Our dance, I believe? (The Orchestra strikes up.) Isn't that the Pas de Quatre? To tell you the truth, I'm not very well up in these new steps, so I shall trust to you to pull me through—soon get into it, y'know.

Miss D. (to herself). If I could only get out of it! (She rises with a look of mute appeal to her Sister.) We can go through this room. (They pass into the Salle des Petits Chevaux.) Stop one minute—I just want to see which horse wins. Don't you call this a fascinating game?

Mr. C. Well, I don't understand the way they play it here—too complicated for me, you know!

Miss D. (to herself). Anything to gain time! (Aloud.) Oh, it's quite simple—you just put your money down on any number you choose, and say "Sur le"—whatever it is, and, if it wins, you get seven times your stake.

Croupier. Tous sont payés—faites vos jeux, Messieurs,—les jeux sont partis!

Miss D. I know what I should do—I should back 7 this time. I've a presentiment he'll win.

Mr. C. Then why don't you back him?

Miss D. Because I don't happen to have brought any money with me.

Mr. C. Oh, I daresay I can accommodate you with a franc or two, if that's all.

Miss D. Thank you, I won't trouble you: but do back him yourself, just to see if I'm not right.

Croupier. Les jeux sont faits. Rien ne va plus!

Mr. C. (throwing a franc on the table). Sur le sept! (To Miss D.) I say, he's raked it in. What's that for?

Miss D. For the Bank, or Charity, or something—they always do that if you stake too late.

Mr. C. Swindle, I call it. And I should have won, too—it is 7. I've had enough of this—suppose we go and dance?

Miss D. Why, you're not going to give in already—after so nearly winning, too?

Mr. C. Ah, well, I'll have just one more go—and then we'll be off. I'm going to try the 9 this time. [He stakes.]

Miss D. I should have gone on the 4—it's time one of the even numbers won again.

Mr. C. Oh, would you? All right, then. (To Cr.) Pas sur le neuf—le quatre. (The Croupier transfers the franc to 4.) They're off—can't tell the winner yet. Now they're slower—4's good—4's very good. See where he's stopped, not an inch from the post! This isn't half a bad game.

[A horse with a red flag at his head, labelled No. 9, creeps slowly up, and stops just ahead of 4.]

Croupier. Neuf, impair, et rouge!

Mr. C. It's 9 after all—and I backed him first. (In an injured tone.) I should have won if you hadn't said that about 4!

Miss D. (with secret delight). I won't advise any more. What are you going to back?

Mr. C. We really ought to be dancing—but I'll try my luck once more on No. 4. I shall put on two francs this time.

Miss D. Shall you? How reckless! I heard someone say just now that No. 1 hasn't won for a long time.

Mr. C. I took your advice once too often. There—4's going to win—see how he's going round—no, he's passed.

[A horse with a yellow flag, labelled No. 1, stops close to the post.]

Croupier. L'A, impair, et jaune!

Miss D. Didn't I tell you so?

Mr. C. You only said I hadn't won—not that he would. If you had spoken more plainly—I don't think much of this game—I've dropped four francs already. How about that dance?

Miss D. (ironically). It would be rather a pity to go away without getting all that money back, wouldn't it?

Mr. C. (seriously). Perhaps it would. You're sure you're in no hurry about this dance?

Miss D. On the contrary!

Mr. C. Well, look here, I'm going to put on a five-franc piece this time—so be careful what you advise.

Miss D. Oh, I really couldn't undertake such a responsibility.

Mr. C. I shall follow this man then, and back five. (He does: the horses spin round, and the race is won by a horse with a tricoloured flag labelled No. 5.) There, I've done it without you, you see. (The Croupier pushes a heap of ivory counters towards him, which he takes up with trembling hands.) I say, I scooped in thirty-five francs over that! Not bad, is it? I'm glad I waited!

Miss D. Yes, it's better fun than dancing, isn't it?

Mr. C. Oh, lots—at least I didn't mean that quite—

Miss D. Didn't you? I did. What are you going to back next?

Mr. C. Well, I must just have one more turn, and then we'll go and get that dance over. I'm going to plunge this time. (He spreads his counters about the board.) There, I've put five francs on each colour and ten each on 8 and 9. You see, by hedging like that, you're bound to pull off something!

Miss D. (as the horses spin round). All the yellow flags are out of it.

Mr. C. Doesn't matter, 9's red, and he's going first-rate—nothing to beat him!

Miss D. Unless it's 5, and then you lose. (No. 5 wins again.) How unfortunate for you. 5 generally does win twice running, somehow.

Mr. C. (with reproach). If you had thought of that a little sooner, I shouldn't have lost twenty francs! (A player rises, and Mr. C. secures the vacant chair.) More comfortable sitting down. I must get that back before I go. I've got about twenty francs left. I'll put five on yellow, and ten on 9. (He does. Croupier. "Deux, pair, et rouge.") Only five left! I'll back yellow again, as red won last. (He does. Croupier. "Quatre, pair, et rouge.") He turns to Miss D. for sympathy. I say, did you ever see such beastly bad—?

A Frenchman (behind him). Plait-il?

Mr. C. (confused). Oh, rien. I wasn't speaking to you, M'sso. (To himself.) Where on earth has that girl got to? She might have waited! She's gone back to the balcony! (He goes out in pursuit of her.) Oh, I say, Miss—er—DAINTREE, if you're ready for that "Pas de Quatre," I am. Hope I haven't kept you waiting.

Miss D. (sweetly). Not in the very least. Are you sure you've quite finished playing?

Mr. C. As I've lost all I'd won and a lot on the top of that, I should rather think I had finished playing.

Miss D. So has the Orchestra—quite a coincidence, isn't it? You were so absorbed, you see!—No, I won't keep you out here, thanks; my sister will take care of me.

Mr. C. (to himself, as he departs rather sheepishly). I've offended that girl—I could see she was wild at missing that Barn Dance. I wish I had danced it, I'm sure,—it would have saved me several francs. It was all her own fault. However, I'll ask her for a waltz another evening, and make it up to her that way. Confound those Petits Chevaux!

Miss D. AMY, he's gone,—and I haven't danced and I haven't sat out with him,—and he can't say it's my fault either! (She kisses her hand to the Petits Chevaux inside.) Thanks, ever so much, you dear little beasts!



THE BRUMMAGEM BIRDCATCHER.

(A Lay of a Labour Programme.) AIR—"The Ratcatcher's Daughter."



Brummagem Birdcatcher (aside). 'Ah! I FANCY I SHALL HAVE THEM PRESENTLY!'

IN Vestminster not long ago there dwelt a lad named JOEY;
He vos not raised in Vestminster, but in a place more goey.
At snaring birds he vos a dab, of eggs (and plots) a hatcher;
And he vos called young Visting Joe, the Brummagem Birdeatcher.

Young JOE of Grand Old VILL-I-AM, at fust vos pal most chummy,
But second fiddle vos not quite *the* instrument for Brummy.
Says he, "Old VILL wants his own vay, the vicked old vote-snatcher!
But that arrangement vill not suit the Brummagem Birdeatcher!"



Mrs. Gusher. "OH, GOOD-BYE, SIR JOHN. SO SORRY NOT TO HAVE FOUND YOUR MOST CHARMING WIFE AT HOME."

Sir John. "THANKS—THANKS! BY THE WAY, LET ME ASSURE YOU I'VE ONLY GOT ONE,—AND——"

[Thinks that the remainder of the sentence is "better understood than expressed."

"I am as artful, quite, as he, and much more young and active;
I've a sweet whistle of my own the birds find most attractive.
My nets may be unauthorised, and my decoys not his'n;
Vot odds, ven those decoys vill draw, those nets the birds imprison?"

"VILLIAM's a old Monopolist, or would be if I'd let him;
But on this here pertikler field I'll loik him, that I'll bet him.
I am a cove as hates the Nobs; I dearly loves my neighbour;
And if I have a feeling heart it is for Honest Labour!"

"VILLIAM's decoys are out of date, but ven I'd shake and rummage'em
He gets his back up like a shot. He's jealous of Young Brummagem!
I'll set up on my own account; and I've a new half dozen
Of nice decoys vich I am sure the shyest birds vill cozen."

"I am not arter nightingales, the pappy poet's darlings,
I'm quite content vith blackbirds brisk, and even busy starlings.
The birds vot delve, vot track the plough, vot watch the rustic
thatcher,

Are good enough—in numbers—for the Brummagem Birdcatcher.

"VILLIAM may lure his Irish larks, and redpoles, tits, and finches,
Good British birds vill do for me. I'm vun as never finches
From spreading of my nets all vide; vot comes I can't determine,
But I don't care for carrion-birds, I looks on 'em as wermin!"

"And so I ups and spreads my nets. Vot if the birds see plainly?
My whistle is so vondrous sweet, I shall not spread 'em wainly,
Then, my decoys! Ah! them's the boys! In patience and in skill
I am

The cove to catch a big bird-batch, and quite a match for
VILL-I-AM!"

Old VILLIAM and young Vistling JOE are rivals, vot vere pardners!
And some vill back the Brummytes, and some the Grand Old
Harward'ners;

But vichsoever from the fight of victory be the snatcher,
The Midlands own a champion in the Brummagem Birdcatcher.

"A ROYAL LINE" (IN THE BILLS).—The successor to *King Henry the Eighth* (at the Lyceum) will be *King Lear the First*. "*Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron pauses in the midst of his varied literary and philosophic studies to look into No. 46, Vol. iv., Part ii., of *Our Celebrities*, a publication which has been admirably conducted by the late and the present Count ASTORÓG, which is the title, when he is at home, of the eminent photographer and proprietor of the Walery-Gallery. First comes life-like portrait of the stern Sir EDWARD W. WATKIN, on whose brow Time, apparently, writes no wrinkles, though Sir EDWARD could put most of us up to a few. Nor, strange to say, are there any lines on his countenance, probably because he has so many other lines, existing and contemplated, in his eye.

But 'tis not alone thy inky cloak, good Sir EDWARD, that attracts the Baron, nor is it the business-like profile of THOMAS DE GREY, sixth Lord Walsingham, Chairman of the Ensilage Committee, that gives the Baron matter for special admiration; but it is the perfectly charming portrait of "DAISY PLESS" H. S. H. the Princess HENRY OF PLESS, which rivets the Baron's attention, and causes him to exclaim, "She is pretty, Pless her!" Miss CORNWALLIS WEST, but now a DAISY, now a Princess, came up as a flower at Ruthin Castle, and "in 1891 Prince HENRY OF PLESS," says the brief narrative written by A. BULL "an example of "a bull and no mistake"" wooed and won the beauty of the Season,"—lucky 'ARRY PLESS!—and then Prince 'ARRY took his bride to Furstenstein, in Silesia, "a fine schloss, with beautiful gardens and terraces,"—in short, "a Pleassance." Count ASTORÓG may do, as he has done, many excellent photographic portraits, but this one will be uncommonly "hard to beat," and King of Photographers as he seems to be, it is not every day that he has so charming a subject as Princess DAISY presented to him. Receive, Count ASTORÓG-WALERY, of the Walery-Gallery, without any rallery, the congratulations most sincere of the BARON DE BOOK-WERMS.

"The Players are Come!"

First Player (who has had a run of ill-luck). I'm regularly haunted by the recollection of my losses at Baccarat.
Second Player. Quite Shakspearian! "Banco's" Ghost.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

LUNCH (*continued*).—How delightful it is to awaken interest in the female breast, to make the heart of lovely woman go pit-pat, as her eyes read the words one's pen has written. Even in drawing-rooms and bondoirs, it seems, bright eyes have marked these attempts to teach a correct conversational manner to those who engage in game-shooting. Here is one letter of the hundreds that Mr. Punch has one by one pressed to his gallant lips with an emotion that might, perhaps, not have been expected from one of his years and discretion. But how shall time or caution prevail against universal love? The flame burns on with an unquenchable ardour. Beautiful beings, the

Punch of your affections is true to you all. He takes you in a lump and loves you. He takes you singly and adores you. passionately but paternally. Here, therefore, is the letter:—

DEAREST MR. PUNCH,

We have all been so delighted to read your articles about shooting. I read them to Papa after dinner in the drawing-room. Mamma says she doesn't understand such matters; but, of course, things have altered very much since her young days, as she is always telling us. Now I want to ask your opinion about an important point. Do you think girls ought to go out and join the men at lunch? We all think it so delightful, but FRED, my eldest brother, makes himself extremely disagreeable about it—at least he did till last week, when EMILY RAYBURN, who is my very dearest friend, was staying with us. Then he told me we might come for a change, but we were to go home again directly afterwards. Generally he says that women are a bore out shooting. Please tell us, dear Mr. Punch, what you really think about it.

With much love, yours always, ROSE LARKING.

P.S.—I am so glad you write the word "lunch," and not "luncheon." I told FRED that—but he went to Johnson's Dictionary, and read out something about "Lunch" being only a colloquial form of "luncheon." Still, I don't care a little bit. Dr. JOHNSON lived so long ago, and couldn't possibly know everything—could he? R. L.

My darling young lady, I reply, your letter has made a deep impression on me. Dr. JOHNSON did, as you say, live many years ago; so many years ago, in fact, that (as a little friend of Mr. Punch once said, with a sigh, on hearing that someone would have been one hundred and fifty years old if he had been alive at the present day) he must be "a orle old angel now." The word "lunch" is short, crisp, and appetising. The word "luncheon" is of a certain pomposity, which, though it may suit the mansions of the great, is out of place when applied to the meals of active sportsmen. So we will continue, if you please, to speak of "lunch." And now for your question. My charming Rose, this little treatise does not profess to do anything more than teach young sportsmen how to converse. I assume that they have learnt shooting from other instructors. And as to the details of shooting-parties, how they should be composed, what they should do or avoid, and how they should bear themselves generally—the subject is too great, too solemn, too noble to be entered upon with a light heart. At any rate, that is not my purpose here. It was rude—very rude—of FRED to say you were a bore—and I am sure it wasn't true. I can picture you tripping daintily along with your pretty companions to the lunch rendezvous. You are dressed in a perfectly fitting, tailor-made dress, cut

short in the skirt, and displaying the very neatest and smallest pair of ankles that ever were seen. And your dear little nose is just a leetle—not red, no, certainly not red, but just delicately pink on its jolly little tip, having gallantly braved the north wind without a veil. To call you a bore is absurd. But men are such brutes, and it is as certain as that two and two (even at our public schools) make four, that ladies are—what shall I say?—not so popular as they always ought to be when they come amongst shooters engaged in their sport. Even at lunch they are not always welcomed with enthusiasm. This is, perhaps, wrong, for, after all, they can do no harm there.

But, darling ROSE, I am sure FRED was perfectly right to send

you home again directly the meal was over, though it must have wrung his manly heart to part from EMILY RAYBURN. Even, I, the veteran sportsman Punch, have qualms when a poor bird has been merely wounded, or when a maimed hare shrieks as the dog seizes it. I cannot, as I say, discuss the ethics of the question. The good shot is the merciful shot. But, after all, in killing of every kind, whether by the gun or the butcher's knife, there is an element of cruelty. And therefore, my pretty ROSE, you must keep away from the shooting. Besides, have I not seen a good shot "tailor" half-a-dozen pheasants in succession, merely because a chattering lady—not a dear, pleasant little lump of delight like you, ROSE—had posted herself beside him, and made him nervous? By all means come to lunch if you must, but, equally by all means, leave the guns to themselves afterwards. As for ladies who themselves shoot, why the best I can wish them is, that they should promptly shoot themselves. I can't abide them. Away with them!

But, in order that the purpose of this work may be fulfilled, and the conversational method inculcated, I here give a short "Ladies-at-lunch - dialogue," phonographically recorded, as a party of five guns was approaching the place of lunch, at about 1.30 P.M.

First Sportsman (addressing his companion). Now then, TOMMY, my son, just smarten yourself up a bit, and look pretty. The ladies are coming to lunch.

Tommy (horror-struck). What? The women coming to lunch? No, hang it all, you're joking. Say you are—do!

First Sp. Joking? Not I! I tell you six solid women are going to lunch with us. I heard 'em all talking about it after breakfast, and thinking it would be, oh, such fun! By the way, I suppose you know you've got a hole in your knickerbockers.

Tommy (looking down, and perceiving a huge and undisguisable rent). Good Heavens! so I have. I must have done it getting over the last fence. Isn't it awful? I can't show like this. Have you got any pins?

[The Keeper eventually promises that there shall be pins at the farm-house.

Another Sportsman (bringing up the rear with a companion). Hope we shan't be long over lunch. There's a lot of ground to cover this afternoon, and old SYKES tells me they've got a splendid head of birds this year. I always think— (He breaks off suddenly; an expression of intense alarm comes over his face.) Why, what's that? No, it can't be. Yes, by Jingo, it is. It's the whole blessed lot of women come out to lunch, my wife and all. Well, poor thing, she couldn't help it. Had to come with the rest, I suppose.



A PRIZE.

Little Spiffkins. "DON'T YOU THINK ONE MIGHT GET UP A DANCE HERE SOME EVENING?"

Young Brown. "NOT GIRLS ENOUGH, MY BOY!"

Little Spiffkins. "NOT GIRLS ENOUGH! WHY, I'VE GOT TO KEEP 'EM OFF ME WITH A STICK!"

But it's mean of CHALMERS—I swear it is. He ought not to have allowed it. And then, never to let on about it to us. Well, my day's spoilt, if they come on with us afterwards. I couldn't shoot an ostrich sitting with a woman chattering to me. Miss CHICKWEED's got her eye on you, LLOYD. She's marked you. No good trying to do a ramp. You're nailed, my boy, nailed!

Lloyd. Hang Miss CHICKWEED! She half killed me last night with all kinds of silly questions. Asked me to be sure and bring her home a rocketing rabbit, because she'd heard they were very valuable. Why can't the women stay at home? [They walk on moodily.]

A few minutes later. Lunch has just begun.

Miss Chickweed (middle-aged, but skittish). Oh, you naughty men, how long you have kept us waiting! Now, Captain LLOYD, did you shoot really well? Or were you thinking of— Well, perhaps I oughtn't to say. See how discreet I am. But do tell me, all of you, exactly how many birds you shot—I do so like to hear about it. You begin, Captain LLOYD. How many did you shoot? (Without waiting for an answer.) I'm sure you must have shot a dozen. Yes, I guess a dozen. And, oh, do give me a feather for my hat! It will be so nice to have a real feather to put in it. And we've got such a treat for you. MARY, you tell them. No, I'll tell them myself. If you're all very good at lunch, we're going to walk with you a little afterwards. There!

[But, at this awful prospect, consternation seizes the men. CHALMERS (the host) makes frantic signs to his wife, who (having, somehow, been "squared") affects not to see. A few desperate attempts are made to express a polite joy; but the lunch languishes, and darkness closes over the melancholy scene.]

A NAVAL INQUIRY.—The *Hove* and the why?

THE VANISHING RUPEE.—A Cry from India.

A Colonel laments the disappearance of the Rupee, and shows how, whenever he had a step up in his Regiment (each time growing in importance and having more calls on his purse), the Rupee at once took a step down, decreasing in importance and reputation.

I.—SUBALTERN.



As a "Sub," free from family ties,
With constant "fivers" from the Pater,
The Rupee I thought a goodly size,
Though once its value was much greater.

II.—CAPTAIN.



Raised to Captain's rank, it so fell out
I fell in love with the Station belle,
Got spliced; the Rupee, at once, no doubt,
In spite, not in love, but value fell.

III.—MAJOR.



Children came, money went, all U P,
I thought, when promotion brought more pay
(What luck!); but that slippery Rupee
Decreased more visibly from that day.

IV.—COLONEL.



Cramming! Schooling! Bills by every post!
But now, as Colonel, I think I see
My way; but I count without my host.
Vanished, like a ghost, has the Rupee!

* By this I do not mean the Barmaid who presides over the stale buns at our Railway Refreshment-room; I refer to the prettiest girl at the Military Station where I was quartered.

PREMIER AND PHYSICIAN.

(Imaginary Report of an utterly impossible Interview.)

So you got through your labours at Oxford, my dear friend, without feeling any ill effects?—Certainly, never enjoyed myself more. Everyone paid the deepest attention. One Don actually used an ear-trumpet.

Well, and what do you intend doing next?—Oh, lots of things. You see my Parliamentary work is next to nothing—not a moment more than ten hours a day. So I must do something with my spare time.

Certainly, I have no objection. But I should like to hear your programme. —I have only got it into form for a week or so. Before the end of the year

I shall have it ship-shape. But say for November. Shall we say November?

Certainly. What do you propose doing in November?—Well, I think I shall retranslate the works of HOMER, and write an exhaustive article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (new edition) on the "Life of WELLINGTON."

And that is all? Well, and a fair amount, too!—All! What nonsense! Why, that will take me less than no time. Then I think I shall ascend Mont Blanc, so as to be able to see how the summit looks in winter. Then I shall translate the *Waverley Novels* into Swedish.

Well, you might be worse employed, but you must not overdo it.—Overdo it! Certainly not! Why, I am strong as a horse. And that reminds me, I think I shall attempt a long-distance

ride on my own account. I feel sure that I can do better than those German and Austrian fellows.

Where do you propose to ride?—From John o' Groat's to the Land's End, I fancy, will be the course. I ought to do it in three days.

Of course you will use more than one horse?—Oh, certainly. No cruelty. And I think I shall try the walk myself on foot, just to see if a horse will be able to keep up with me.

And is there any other exploit that you contemplate?—I thought I might perhaps dine with the new Lord Mayor.

What! dine with the new Lord Mayor! Why, you would never be able to bear the strain; the great exertion!—I was half afraid you might say this, so I have written and respectfully declined the invitation!



FELINE AMENITIES.

"HOW KIND OF YOU TO CALL—I'M SO SORRY TO HAVE KEPT YOU WAITING!"

"OH, DON'T MENTION IT—I'VE NOT BEEN AT ALL BORED! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO IMAGINE WHAT I SHOULD DO TO MAKE THIS ROOM LOOK COMFORTABLE IF IT WERE MINE!"

"ICHABOD!"

Gog, *loquitur* :—

HERE'S a pretty fine business, my MAGOG!!!

Where are we a-drifting to now?

These here tears in my eyes you must twig;
I detect the glum gloom on your brow.

Most natural, MAGOG, most natural! Loyal
old giants, like us,

Must be cut to the heart by these times, which
they get every year wus and wus!

It's Ikybod, MAGOG; I see it a-written all
over the shop.

Our glory's departed, old partner. And
where is it going for to stop?

That Feast of BELSHAZZER weren't in it for
worritting warnings of woe;

Which our beautiful Annual Banquet will
soon not be worth half a blow.

It's not half a blow-out as it is, not com-
pared with old glorious gorges.

I wish, oh I wish, MAGOGmine, we was back in
the times of the GEORGES.

Or even DICK WHITTINGTON's days, which
for Giants was quite good enough;

But they've spoilt all the good things of life
with their Science, and Progress, and
stuff.

I see how it's drifting, dear MAGOG. The
Munching House and the Gildhall

Did use to be London's fust pride. Is it so
in these days? Not at all!

Whippersnappers cook enooks at us, MAGOG;
A ignerent pert L. C. C.,

To whom Calipash is a mistry, whose soul
never loved Calipoe,

A feller elected by groundlings, who can't
tell Madeira from Port,

Some sour-faced suburban Dissenter—he,
MAGOG, may make us his sport,

Without being popped in the pillory! Proper
old punishment that!

As all the old punishments was. We're
a-getting too flabby, that's flat.

The gallows, the stocks, and the pillory kept
rebel rascals in hor,

But now every jumped-up JACK CADE, or
WAT TYLER can give us his jor

Hot-and-hot, without fear of brave WAL-
WORTH's sharp dagger, or even a shower

Of stones, rotten heggs, and dead cats. Yah!
The People has far too much power

With their wotes, and free speech, and such
fudge. Ah! if GLADSTONE, and ASQUITH,

and BURNS,

And a tidy few more of their sort, in the
pillory just took their turns,

Like that rapsallion, DANIEL DEFOE, what a
clearance he'd have of the cads

Who worrit us out of our lives with Reform,
and such humbugging fads!

MAGOG, *loquitur* :—

AH, Gog, I am quite of your mind! Which
I don't mind admitting that KNILL

To a Protestant Giant like me was the least
little bit of a pill.

Stillsomever, he's Lord Mayor now, and did
ought to be backed up as such,

For what City Fathers determine it ain't for
outsiders to touch.

But where are the Big Pots? The Banquet
seems shorn of its splendour to-day.

No Premier, nor no Foreign Sec., nor no
Chancellor!!! Really, I say

This is rascally Radical impudence! How can
they dare stop away,

From the greatest event of the year, when the
words of ripe wisdom, well wined,

Should fall from grave turtle-fed lips to make
heasy the poor Public mind,

As when PALMERSTON, DIZZY, and SALIS-
BURY, spoke from that time-honoured

Chair!

And that GLADSTONE—he ain't no great loss!
—but to think the Woodchopper should

dare
To neglect his fust duty like this!!! Oh!

it's Ikybod, just as you say,

My Gog. Civic glory's burst up, and the
splendour of Lord Mayor's Day

Is eclipsed by that L.C.C. lot and their
backers. I'm full, Gog, of fears;

The look-out's enough to depress us, and
move the poor Turtle to tears.

It's Ikybod, Ikybod, Ikybod! Oh, for the
days that were gayer,

No GLADSTONE, no ROSEBERRY, no HAR-
COURT!!! Wy, next we shall have no

Lord Mayor! [Left lamenting.]

VERY CRUEL.—Mrs. R. was very much
annoyed at something she said having been
misreported by a friend. "I can't trust
him," said the excellent Lady; "he twists
and gargles everything I say."

OFTEN TALKED ABOUT BUT NEVER SEEN.
—"A Clean Sweep."



“ICHABOD!”

Gog. “NO PRIME MINISTER! NO FURRIN SECKETARY! NO CHANCELLOR O’ TH’ EXCHEQUER!”
Macg (*bitterly*). “S’POSE WE SHAN’T HAVE NO LORD MAYOR NEXT!!”

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

I.—THE MAN WHO WOULD BE LAUREATE.

His name was LEGION. He had kept his eye on the Laureateship from his early boyhood, when he sent verses to the Poets' Corner of the *Bungay Weekly Mail*, which sometimes published them; then he cut them out, and pasted them neatly in a book, which he still possesses. He always wrote on an occasion. "Lines on the Recovery of My Sister EMILY from the Mumps"; "Dirge on the Decease of a Favourite Squirrel," beginning, "No more!" but there was always plenty more where that came from, and is still. At College he was one of the three men who wrote in *College Rhymes*, and secured for that periodical a circulation by taking a hundred copies each. LEGION sent dozens of his, marked, to every poet he heard of, generally addressing them "Dear ALURED" (if that was the Minstrel's Christian name), or, in verse, "Brother, my Brother, my sweet, swift Brother!" This annoyed some poets, who did not answer; others were good-natured, and would reply,—

"DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge, with many thanks, your *Cebren and Paris*, and anticipate much pleasure from its perusal."

LEGION kept all these letters in a book, and published some of them as advertisements of his *Cebren and Paris* (an unsuccessful Newdigate), when it appeared in a volume, with an astonishingly decorative cover. It was a classical piece, in blank verse. *Cebren*, the father of *Enone*, is represented asking *Paris* what his intentions are as regards that lady. It was a piece of classical *genre*, the author said: such interviews must have occurred when a young Trojan prince, with no particular expectations, paid marked attentions to the daughter of a River-god, like *Cebren*. Here is a specimen piece,—

"Now mark me, Paris," said the River-god,
Seated among the damp lush water—
His tresses crowned with crow's-foot,—

"Mark my words,
Thou dalliest with my daughter; what
thine aim,
I ask, and crave an answer—great thy
line,

The lineage of renowned Laomedon.
Thy sires have wedded goddesses ere
now.

But wealthy though the House of Troy
may be.

Thy father has a monstrous family,
Daughters and sons as countless as the
rills

That Ida sends to be my tributaries.
What he can give thee, what thy pro-
spects are,

What settlements thou art prepared to make,
If thou wouldst lead *Enone* to the altar,
This would I know; excuse an anxious sire!"

Then Paris murmured:—

"Honourable but vague,
Remote, but honourable, my purpose is:—
And that great River-god arose in flood,
Monstrous, and murmuring, and to the main.
He swept the works of men and oxen down,
And had not Paris climbed into a tree,
He ne'er had crossed the ocean; never seen
The fairest face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium.

Some accused LEGION of plagiarising the last line 'and a half, which reminded them, they said, of MARLOWE. But he replied that great wits jump, that it was an accidental coincidence. The public, which rarely cares much for poetry, was struck by *Cebren and Paris*. "There is in it," said the *Parthenon*, "an original music, and a chord is struck, reverberating from the prehistoric years, which will find an answer in the heart of every father of a family." The Clergy at large quoted *Cebren and Paris* in their charges and sermons, and the work was a favourite prize at seminars for young ladies. Consequently all the other poets, whom nobody buys, arose, and blasphemed *Cebren and Paris* in all the innumerable reviews. This greatly, and justly, added to the popularity of LEGION's book. He followed it up by *Idylls of the Nursery*, a volume of exquisite pieces on infants as yet incapable of speaking or

walking. This had an enormous success among young newly-married people, an enthusiastic class of the community. At recitations you might hear—

Tootay, wootay, pooty sing,
Mammie's darling, icky thing!
Coral lips that fret the coral,
Innocence completely moral.
Sweet Babe,
They say,
Naught rhymes to Babe,
In any lay

Save "astrolabe"—
And Tippoo Sah!
Oh, tiny face,
And tiny feet,
Oh, infant grace,
So incomplete,
Kiss me, my Sweet!

In sequence to these effusions, LEGION poured forth Ballades, and Rondeaux, and wrote a Chant Royal on a General Election which occupied a whole column of a newspaper, and needed three men to read, with a boy for the "envoy." But this ditty was not thought to have seriously affected the voting classes in any direction. LEGION was now usually spoken of as "the versatile Mr. LEGION," a compliment which never failed to annoy him hugely. Sated with popular applause, he turned into a vein of new poetry, and produced *The Song of the Spud*, which, his admirers averred was "racy of the soil." A grand English Opera, on the Pilgrimage of Grace, was performed, at immense expense, LEGION being the Librettist. It was patriotic, but not exactly popular.

Still, with all these claims on his country, LEGION lived in hopes which were woefully disappointed; for, when his chance came at last, a Prime Minister of modern ideas declared that, as a Laureate is not useful, he must be ornamental. Now, neither LEGION, nor any of his rivals, could be called decorative, whatever they might have been in their youth. They needed laurels, for the same reason as JULIUS CÆSAR. The wreath was therefore offered (by a Plébiscite conducted in a newspaper) to the young Lady-poet whose verses and photograph secured the greatest number of votes; the Laureate, in every case, to resign, on attaining her twenty-fifth birthday. The beautiful and accomplished Mrs. JINGLEY JONES triumphed in this truly modern competition, and her book was rushed into a sale of two hundred and fifty copies. After this check the writing of poetry ceased to attract male enterprise—to the extreme joy of Publishers and Reviewers; though the market for waste-paper received a shock from which it never rallied. The youthful male population of England determined never to become Poets, unless they were born Poets, a resolution on which, at

all times, a minority of the race had acted, with the best results.

"NOTES AND PAPER."—There is a lot of "paper" about from "Walker—London." No, Mr. JOHNNIE TOOLE, Sir, not your

"paper," for your House is crammed and your "paper" is at a premium. But this particular WALKER, of Warwick House, London, sends forth "Society Stationery"—

—"which," as Mrs. Gamp would have said, "spelling of it with an 'a' instead of an 'e,' Society never is." Among the lot there's an "Antique Society Paper," which should be a Society Paper as old as the world itself, or it might be used by a Fossilised Fogey Club. WALKER & Co.'s new "Society Paper," whether antique or modern, is pretty and quite harmless—till pen and ink are at work on it; and then—but that's another story.



Mr. J. L. "Walker" Toole and "Full Company."

COSTS AS THEY ARE AND WILL BE.

(Two Scenes from a Farcical Tragedy showing that some of the Judges' recommendations might be adopted immediately.)

THE PRESENT (as they are). SCENE—Solicitor's Private Room. Solicitor awaiting wealthy Client. Clerk in attendance.

Solicitor. The lady is to be shown in the moment she arrives; and mind, I am not to be disturbed as long as she is here.

Clerk. Yes, Sir.

Sol. Quite pleasant way of spending a morning. (Enter Client.) Ah, my dear lady, and how are you?

Client. Very well, thank you; but BOBBY is not so well, and as for MARY—

[Enters into long domestic details.

Sol. (in a sympathetic tone). Dear me! And what has given me the pleasure of seeing you here to-day?

Client. I only looked in to ask you how you thought our suit was going on?

Sol. Oh, capitally! You know, we have had several appointments before the Chief Clerk in Chambers, and—

[Enters into long explanation, bristling with technicalities.

Client (quite at sea). Dear me, what a complicated affair a Chancery suit is! I had no idea we should have to do all this. But won't it be very expensive?

Sol. (smiling). Well, yes; but it will all be paid out of the estate. You, my dear lady, won't have to pay anything for it—I mean out of your own pocket.

Client. Oh, that is delightful! Because you see with the carriages and the opera-box—And that reminds me, I think I shall give up the opera-box. Do you know last Season the music was magnificent, but quite too learned. I think—(Gives her views at great length upon the Opera, past, present and future. At the end of her remarks—) But how I do run on! I am afraid I am taking up your time.

Sol. Not at all. I have nothing particular to do, and our interview comes out of the estate. Now are you sure we can do nothing for you this morning? The last time you were here we got copies of all the orders for you. I hope you received them safely.

Client (laughing). Why, I do not think I have opened the packet! I came across a bundle the other day, and could not make out what it was, and laid it aside, because I saw your name upon it and thought it must have something to do with that troublesome Chancery suit.

Sol. (laughing). Well, my dear Madam, that parcel represented several pounds. However, it doesn't matter; you won't have to pay for it, as it will come out of the estate. And now, what can we do for you? Have you looked into the accounts carefully?

Client. No, and I am rather fond of figures.

Sol. Then we will send you a copy for, say, the last five years.

Client. Shall I be able to make them out?

Sol. You ought to be able to do so, my dear Madam. They will be prepared by a leading firm of Accountants, and we will check them ourselves before we send them to you. Is there anything else?

Client. No thanks—I think not. And now I must say good-bye. I am ashamed to take up so much of your valuable time.

Sol. Not at all. I shall be amply remunerated out of the estate. (Exit Client. Solicitor gives his Clerk the heads for six folios of a bill of costs, and then observes—) Not a bad morning's work!

THE FUTURE (as they will be). SCENE—The Same. Solicitor and Clerk discovered.

Sol. Now mind, on no account is she to be admitted. She talks about all sorts of things and takes up my time dreadfully, and now the Court won't pass "luxurious costs," and objects to payment out of the estate, I can charge nothing. So mind, she is not to be admitted.

Clerk. Very good, Sir.

Sol. Yes. At my very busiest time, when every moment is valuable! (Enter Client.) What you, my dear Madam! I really am too busy to attend to you this morning.

Client (astonished). Why you said you were always pleased to see me!

Sol. But that was before the Judges' recommendations were adopted. Nowadays we must not let you run up costs until we have explained to you in writing what you are about. And as all you say will come out of your own pocket, and not out of the estate, it is only fair to warn you.

Client. What, out of my own pocket! Then I shall be off.

Sol. Sorry to give up our pleasant conversations, but they run into money. (Exit Client, when the Solicitor shakes his head to the Clerk who has brought his rough draft of costs, and to which nothing now can be legally added, and observes—) Not a good day's work!

THE BOOM-DE-AY POET.

[“Mr. RICHARD MORTON, the author of “Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,” has been called to prove what would be a reasonable figure for the whole proprietary rights of a song.”—Times Law Reports, Nov. 3rd.]

He came before the public t'other day!—

The Author of “Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!”

'Twas in a case before Judge GRANTHAM brought

(It should have been in Justice “COLLINS” Court)

When the Inspired Bard the Jury faced,
As he within the witness-box was placed,
He told us how his Pegasus would fly
From plain (two guineas) up to (ten) the sky!
But for the song he wrote for LOTTIE fair
We hope he was a Lottie'd a large share
In all its earnings. May it not be long
Ere he produce another catching song;
But should he fail, then when the poet's clay
Be laid to rest, it will suffice to say,
“Vixit. He wrote ‘Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!’”

MRS. R., on hearing that a Cricket-team, though not first-rate, had a leaven of good players, inquired how they could have more of them.



Everett Hopkins

BALANCE OF PROBABILITIES.

High Church Lady. “I SUPPOSE THAT WAS THE LADY CHAPEL BEHIND THE CHOIR!”

Low Church Verger. “I DON'T FANCY THERE'S HANY SUCH NAME 'EREABOUTS, M'M. I THINK IT WAS ONLY THE PEW-OPENER!”

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



MEDITATIONS OF THE LORD MAYOR'S FOOTMAN.

OPERA-GOERS' DIARY.

Covent Garden, Tuesday, Nov. 1st.—*Tristan und Isolde*. About the dullest thing that even a much-enduring Wagnerite ever heard. Glass down to zero.

OUR CRITIC AT THE OPERA.



He heareth *Tristan* and *Isolde* wrapt in slumber.

He heareth *Cavalleria Rusticana* rapt in ecstasy.

He seeth and heareth *Aida*, "More power to your *Melba*!"

Wednesday.—Glass up again. *Orfeo* with the two RAVOGLI and the marvellous BAUERMEISTER as *Cupid*. Wonderful little lady BAUERMEISTER-singer! I've said it before, and I repeat it emphatically, BAUERMEISTER is "a little treasure" to an Operatic Manager. MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria Rusticana* was the second course to-night, in which this adaptable lady, the *Cupid* of the first piece, appeared as old heart-broken grey-haired *Lucia*, the mother of the gay *Turiddu*. Were Sir AUGUSTUS inclined to introduce a little light English jocosity into this serious Opera, he might give a line to the implacable *Alfo*, saying, "I've come to rid you of *Turiddu*!" If MASCAGNI had heard this, he would have composed an additional *Intermezzo* expressing the whole force of the idea.

Thursday.—*Carmen* expected, but tenor off colour, so change of air (or should say airs) recommended, and adopted. Audience sent to the country, or, rather, *Rusticana* brought to them.

Friday.—House crammed. Great excitement to hear MELBA as *Aida*, the darky girl. Everybody delighted, except perhaps MELBA herself, who, on seeing the bouquets, must have murmured, "*Trop de fleurs!*" Everybody good. Quite the best night of the Season. To-night BAUERMEISTER appears as *Sacerdotessa*. So this week she has been *Cupid*, an old Peasant Woman, *Frasquita*, a Brigand's Young Woman; and then, being repentant, she finishes as a Priestess! It's a whole life-time in a few days.

LADY GAY'S DETECTION.

MR. PUNCH, Sir, *Berkeley Square, W.*

I AM surprised to find a Journal of your standing lowering itself to follow the example of the so-called "Society Journals" by inserting contributions from women!—I have discovered, no matter how, that My Wife, who always declares she hates letter-writing, has for months past contributed a long weekly letter to *Punch*, dealing with racing from a humorous (save the mark!) point of view! Now I never make jokes myself—at least intentionally—nor do I think it becomes a man of position to do so—and I quite agree with SWIFT or SHERIDAN (I know it was one of these infernal clever literary chaps) who said, "A humorous woman is a delusion and a snare!"—so you may imagine my disgust at finding My Wife writing for a Journal!—why couldn't she have asked Me to help her?—and signing her articles anonymously too!—for I need hardly tell you she is no more "GAY" than I am!—at all events when in my society!

Like most busy idlers (that is not intended for a joke)—I go racing a bit, and of course "have a bit on" like other people, and having tried all the turf-prophets in turn, with unsatisfactory results, I was delighted to hear from a friend that "a new DANIEL had come to judgment" in the person of a tipster on

Punch, who was "wonderful good"—(it was just the time when she did blunder on to a winner)—and I made up my mind to follow the new Prophet DANIEL; but, by Jove! it resulted in a loss, and DANIEL landed me among the lions in no time! These are not jokes, but sober facts—I plunged heavily on all the "Selections," and am now in the pleasant position of owing the Ring a substantial sum in addition to "the old," through following My Wife's advice—whilst her banking-account is considerably augmented through having laid against her own tips! This may be humorous, but as I said, I don't approve of humour when exercised on myself!

I laughed most consumedly at some of her articles, but on looking them over again—(she has kept the lot, pasted in a book—a monument to my fatuity!)—I don't think so much of them now I know she wrote them, and see that I could have made numberless valuable suggestions had she only seen fit to consult me! Of course I could stop any further contribution on her part, but consideration for your readers (?) prevents that—to say nothing of her determination to continue—so I have therefore consented to her odd whim, on the condition that in future I "edit" her contributions;—I need hardly assure you that I shall confine my "editing" strictly to these limits, and that your own Editor need be under no apprehension as to my usurping his place,—ably as I should, no doubt, fill it!

My Wife begs me to follow her example, and conclude with a verse—(I don't know where she picked up such a bad habit)—but—while bowing to her wishes—(I am always polite)—to a certain extent, I absolutely decline to make the verse other than blank!

Believe me, Yours obediently,
CHARLES POMPERSON (Bart.).

JOURNALISTIC SELECTION.

I MUST confess that if compelled I should prefer as a matter of To write for any Journal, To write for *Punch*! [choice]

[On a slip of paper found in Sir CHARLES's envelope, we have the following from our valued contributress—[Ed.]—"*DEAR MR. PUNCH*,—I am too upset to write—you shall hear from me next week. Yours as devotedly as ever,—LADY GAY."]

ANECDOTAGE.—Mr. *Punch* one day was reading aloud from a book of anecdotes when Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH was present. "What rot!" observed the representative of Lord Arthur Pomeroy. And Mr. *Punch* agreed with him.

PHANTASMA-GORE-IA.

Picturing the various Modes of Melodramatic Murder. (By Our "Off-his"-Head Poet.)

No. II.—THE POISON MURDER.

Sit close to your friend, for a frightful end
Is at hand for the miser Jew!
Sit tight to your seat while the pulses beat—
Nestle close to your neighbour, do!
For he'll perish, alas!
From a property glass
Filled with nothing whatever—neat!

The poison he lifts, and the lot he shifts!
Oh! unfortunate miser Jew!
What use is your gold, now your time is told,
And your moments in life are few?
You may writhe where you sit
Like an eel in a fit,
But you'll die like the Jews of old!

He's there by himself, counting piles of pelf
Of a counterfeit gamboge hue.
He's wizened and dried like old Arthur Gride,
That the novelist DICKENS drew.
In the midst of his heaps,
He conveniently sleeps
With his glass at his right-hand side!

Keep watch on the door while he snores his snore—
See it open a foot or two!
Oh! well is it planned! for the wobbling hand
Of the villain, with bottle blue,
Knows at once where to pass
To the property glass
Of the melodramatic brand!

The murderer goes; the Jew's eyes unclosed,
And they look for his liquor true!
Sit tight while the treat is at fever heat;
For I saw by that bottle blue,
And I knew by its label too,
That the stuff it contained,
If by anyone drained,
Must prove fatal if taken neat!



You may struggle a lot,
And get awfully hot,
But you'll have to lie stiff and cold!
You may wriggle no end,
But you're a dead 'un, my friend—
Till the Curtain is quite unrolled!

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

II.—THE MAN WHO WOULD PLAY GOLF.

BULGER was no cricketer, no tennis-player, no sportsman, in fact. But his Doctor recommended exercise and fresh air. "And I'm thinking, Sir," he added, "that you cannot do better than just take yourself down to St. Andrews, and put yourself under TOM MORRIS." "Is he a great Scotch physician?" asked BULGER; "I don't seem to have heard of him." "The Head of the Faculty, Sir," said the medical man—"the Head of the Faculty in those parts."

BULGER packed his effects, and, in process of time, he arrived at Leuchars. Here he observed some venerable towers within a short walk, and fancied that he would presently arrive at St. Andrews. In this he was reckoning without the railway system—he was compelled to wait at Leuchars for no inconsiderable time, which he occupied in extracting statistics about the consumption of whiskey from the young lady who ministered to travellers. The revelations now communicated, convinced BULGER that either Dr. MORRIS was not on the lines of Sir ANDREW CLARK, or, as an alternative, that his counsels were not listened to by travellers on that line.

Arriving in the dusk, BULGER went to his inn, and next morning inquired as to the address of the Head of the Faculty. "I dinna ken," said an elderly person, to whom he appealed, "that the Professors had made Tom a Doctor, though it's a sair and sad oversicht, and a disgrace to the country, that they hae'na done sae lang syne. But I jalouse that your Doctor was jist making a gowk o' ye." "What!" said BULGER. "Jist playin' a plisky on ye, and he meant that Tom wad pit ye in the way o' becoming a player. Mon, ye're a bull-neckit, bow-leggit chiel, and ye'd shape fine for a Gowler! Here's Tom." And, with this brief introduction, the old man strolled away.

BULGER now found himself in the presence of Mr. MORRIS, whose courtesy soon put him on a footing of friendliness and confidence. He purchased, by his Mentor's advice, a driver, a cleek, a putter, a brassey, an iron, a niblick, a brasse, a masby. Armed with these implements, which were "carried by an orphan boy," and, under the guidance of the Head of the Faculty himself, BULGER set forth on his first round. His first two strokes were dealt on the yielding air; his third carried no inconsiderable parcel of real property to some distance; but his fourth hit the ball, and drove it across the road. "As gude as a better," quoth the orphan boy, and bade BULGER propel the tiny sphere in the direction of a neighbouring rivulet. Into this affluent of the main, BULGER finally hit the ball; but an adroit lad of nine stamped it into the mud, while pretending to look for it, and BULGER had to put down another. When he got within putting range, he hit his ball careering back and forward over the hole, and, "Eh, man," quoth the orphan boy, "if ye could only drive as ye put!"

In some fifteen strokes he accomplished his task of holing out; and now, weary and desponding (for he had fancied Golf to be an easy game), he would have desisted for the day. But the Head of the Faculty pressed on him the necessity of "The daily round, the common task." So his ball was tee'd, and he lammed it into the Scholar's Bunker, at a distance of nearly thirty yards. A niblick was now placed in his grasp, and he was exhorted to "Take plenty sand." Presently a kind of simoom was observed to rage in the Scholar's Bunker, out of which emerged the head of the niblick, the ball, and, finally, BULGER himself. His next hit, however, was a fine one, over the wall, where, as the ball was lost, BULGER deposited a new one. This he, somehow, drove within a few feet of the hole, when he at once conceived an intense enthusiasm for the pastime. "It was a fine drive," said the Head of the Faculty. "Mr. BLACKWELL never hit a finer." Thus inflamed with ardour,

BULGER persevered. He learned to waggle his club in a knowing way. He listened intently when he was bidden to "keep his eye on the ba'", and to be "slow up." True, he now missed the globe and all that it inhabit, but soon he hit a prodigious swipe, well over cover-point's head,—or rather, in the direction where cover-point would have been. "Ye're awfu' bad in the whuns," said the orphan boy; and, indeed, BULGER's next strokes were played in distressing circumstances. The spikes of the gorse ran into his person—he could only see a small part of the ball, and, in a few minutes, he had made a useful clearing of about a quarter of an acre.

It is unnecessary to follow his later achievements in detail. He returned a worn and weary man, having accomplished the round in about a hundred and eighty, but in possession of an appetite which astonished him, and those with whom he lunched. In the afternoon, the luck of beginners attending him, he joined a foursome of Professors, and triumphantly brought in his partner an easy victor. In a day or two, he was drinking beer (which he would previously have rejected as poison), was sleeping like a top, and was laying down the

law on stims, and other "mysterics more than Eleusinian." True, after the first three days, his play entirely deserted BULGER, and even Professors gave him a wide berth in making up a match. But by steady perseverance, reading Sir WALTER SIMPSON, taking out a professional, and practising his iron in an adjacent field, BULGER soon developed to such an extent that few third-rate players could give him a stroke a hole. He had been in considerable danger of "a stroke" of quite a different character before he left London, and the delights of the Bar. But he returned to the Capital in rude health, and may now often be seen and heard, topping into the Pond at Wimbledon, and talking in a fine Fife-shire accent. It must be acknowledged that his story about his drive at the second hole, "equal to BLACKWELL himself, Tom MORRIS himself told me as much," has become rather a source of diversion to his intimates; but we have all our failings, and BULGER never dreams, when anyone says, "What is the record drive?" that he is being drawn for the entertainment

of the sceptical and unfeeling. BULGER will never, indeed, be a player; but, if his handicap remains at twenty-four, he may, some day, carry off the monthly medal. With this great aim before him, and the consequent purchase of a red-coat and gilt-buttons, BULGER has a new purpose in existence, "something to live for, something to do." May this brief but accurate history convey a moral to the Pessimist, and encourage those who take a more radiant view of the possibilities of life!

A Plebiscite for Parnassus.

[The result of the *Pall Mall*'s competition for the Laureateship has been to place Mr. ERIC MACKAY and Mr. GILBERT-SMITH first and second, and SWINBURNE and MORRIS nowhere.]

A POPULAR vote the Laureate's post to fill?

Ay! if Parnassus were but Primrose Hill.

The Penny Vote puts lion below monkey.

'Tis "Tuppence more, Gents, and up goes the donkey!"

QUITE MOVING.—From *Far and Near* and *All Alike*, are two excellent "movable toy-books" that will please the little ones (when their seniors are tired of playing with them) far into the Yule-tide season. The author is LOTHAR MAGGENDORFER, a gentleman to whom *Mr. Punch* wishes a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." This may appear a little premature, but it is a far cry from England to Germany, and the Sage of Fleet Street has allowed for any delays that may be caused by fog, railway unpunctuality, and other necessary evils.



THE AMERICAN GANYMEDE.



[The extraordinary triumph of Mr. GROVER CLEVELAND, Democratic Candidate for the American Presidency, is attributed to a general revolt against the McKinley Bill.]

O PLUMP and pant-striped boy, upborne,
Like Ganymede of old,
Punch hails you, with your slack, untorn,
Fast in the Eagle's hold.
It is, indeed, a startling sight,
That speculation carries on;
And it must give an awful fright
To Hebe (*alias* HARRISON !)

Up, up to the Olympus, where
The White House spreads its board,
Whirled high through the electoral air,
A boy less long than broad !
He looks not like the Tammany breed,
That with high tariffs dally ;
He proves, this Yankee Ganymede,
The Democratic rally.

This eagle's a colossal fowl,
Like *Sindbad's* monstrous Roc,
A bird of prey some say, a-prowl
Like that Stympthalian flock,

With iron claws and brazen beak,
Intent to clutch and collar,
Fired with devotion strong, yet weak,
To the Almighty Dollar.

Pooh ! Plunder's not his only joy.
He hovered till he saw
"A something-pottle-bodied boy,"
Who spurned MCKINLEY's Law.
He stooped and clutched him, fair and good,
Flew high o'er roof and casement,
Whilst the Republicans all stood
Agape in sheer amazement.

He soars with proudly swelling crest
And followed with acclaims,
A cause of wonder in the West,
And crowing by the Thames.
For England, glorying in the sight,
Greets Boy and Bird together;
Whilst watching with serene delight
That big, black, falling feather!

ROBERT ON LORD MARE'S DAY.

THE most ewentfoollest day of the hole year broke, as the poets says, without almost not no fog, on Wednesday larst, to my grate surprise and joy; but noing, from long xperiens, how unsertain is whether at this orful season of the year, I took jest one leetel glass of hold brandy before setting out on my arjus dooty. I was encouraged to do so also by the horful rumers as was spread about, weeks afore, as to threttend attacks on the sacred Show by some disapinted protestens, I think they called themselves, as hadn't bin invited to the Bankwet, and so meant to protest accordingly.

But I needn't a bin alarmd, for the most respectfule mob as filled the streets was as quiet as mice, havin heard, I'm told, as how as the Copperashun had had the lectric light turned on at Gildhall, by which means, of course, they could communicate with anywheres, and so know where to send an hole army of Waiters to, well fortyfide, and armed to the teeth with a splendid Lunoh, to help the pore Perlice in their arjus dooty.

From wot I seed of the butifool Sho, I shoold give the cake to the Frute-Makers' splendid Car, all covered with the most butifool Frute, all made, too, in England, as it trewthfoolly said on both sides of the high-backed Car. The second plaice I shoold give to the numerus butifool young Ladys, with most butifool flaxin air, all most bisily ingaged in a twistlin and a twiddlin of luvly gold and silver wire, on a Car belongin to the Makers of Gold and Silver Wire Drorers, wich I heard a most respectfool carpenter declare, must, he thort, be most uncomfural to wear. With that good fortun as allers attends the Hed Waiter, I seem to have attracted the notis of one of the most butifool of the young Ladys afoursaid, for she achally tossed me a luvly littel bit of reel golden wire, which I shall trezure nex my art for years, if so be as how it don't skratsh.

The grand Bankwet, with its nine hunderd Gestes, was as ushal, about the grandest thing of the kind as the world has ever seen, but sumhows it struck me as the gents was much more impashent for their wittles than

they ushally is. At my pertickler tabel, the two gents at the top was that trubblesum about the reel Turtel-soup as I ain't a tall acoustumed to, and I amost poured a hole ladel-full down the fine shirt-front of one of em; and then, trying at the next help to awoid him, I sent my helbow full into the face of the other, and a pretty fuss he made, you bet,

him, and when I took it to the himpashent Gent, and told him so, he fairly roared with larfter, and told it all round as a capital joke! I wunders where the joke was.

When the dinner was over and the speeches began, I got permashun to stand unner the gallery for to hear them; but atrange to tell, not a word could I hear, and them as I did hear I couldn't understand. So I began fur to fear as crewelage was a tarnishing of my 'earrings, so I moved to the other end of the 'All jest in time for to hear a werry dark but gennelmanly young feller, as was called the Gayqueer, or some such wonderfool name, and who, I was told, come all the way from Indier, make sitch a grand and nobel speech, and in quite as good English as ewen I could use, as got him more aplosore from the distinguisht hordiens than all the speeches maid by Her Madjesty's Ministers put together. Always exceptin the Lawyers, for they seems to have sitch a jolly good time of it, that they are allers as roddy to cause a larf as to enjoy one. We all seemed sumhow to miss the werry PRIME MINISTER—we are all so acoustomed to see the werry top of the tree, that we don't quite like being put off with a mere bow, however big and himportant it may be; besides, I must confes as I do like to hear his luvly voice, ewen when I don't quite understand all as he says. So I don't suppose as any one of my numerus readers will quarrel with me when I says, better luck nex time.

ROBERT.



CANDID CRITICISM.

"LIKE MY NEW FROCK, AUNT JANE!"
"WELL, I SHOULD SAY YOU'D GOT SKIRTS FOR YOUR SLEEVES, AND A SLEEVE FOR YOUR SKIRT!"

and achally torked of sending for the souperintendent, evidently not knowing who I was.

The same himpashent Gent amost worried my life out arterwards, and all about a glass of plane water as he called it, and when I told him as I didn't think as we hadn't not none in the plaice, but I could get him a bottel of amost any kind of Champagne as he liked to name; he again said as he wood call for the souperintendent. So in course I had to go for some, and a preshus long time it took me to get it; the wine-steward naterally sayin as he never before herd of sich a order on sich a ocaasion, and he had only one bottel with

title, anglicised, would be suitable for an old-fashioned transpontine melodramatic tragedian, who could certainly say of himself, "I rant so!"

Shakspearian Conundrum.

AT what time would SHAKESPEARE's heroine of *The Taming of the Shrew* have been eminently fitted to be a modern Sunday-School teacher?

Answer. When *Petruchio* kissed her; because then she was a *Kattie Kiss'd*. (Hem! A Cate-chist.)

Proofs before Letters.

HUMBUES will always ape their betterers,
Fools fancy the alphabet brings them fame;
But you don't become a man of letters
By tacking the letters after your name.
One suffix only the fact expresses,
And that's an A and a couple of S's!

ANOTHER MEANING.—

I Rant is the title of MASCAgni's new Opera. The

ALL ROUND THE FAIR.

No. I.

SCENE—A street of Gingerbread, Sweetstuff, and Toy-stalls, "Cocoa-nut Shies," "Box-pitching Saloons," &c., forming the approach to the more festive portion of the Fair, from which proceeds a cheerful cacophony of orchestrions, barrel-organs, steam-whistles, gongs, big drums, rattles, and speaking-trumpets.

Proprietors of Cocoa-nut Shies. Now, then, play up all o' you—ar-har! There goes another on 'em! That's the way to 'it 'em—win all yer like, &c.

A Rival Proprietor (pointing to his target, through the centre of which his partner's head is protruded). Look at that! Ain't that better nor any cooker-nut? Every time you 'it my mate's 'ed, you git a good cigar! (As the by-standers hang back, from motives of humanity.) 'Ere, 'ave a go at 'im, some o' you—give 'im a little encouragement!

The Head (plaintively). Don't neglect a man as is doing his best to please yer, gen'l'men! A soft-hearted Bystander takes a shot at him, out of sheer compassion, and misses.) Try agen, Sir. I ain't 'ere to be idle!

A Sharp Little Girl (presiding over a sloping Chinese Billiard-board). Now, my dears—(To a group of boys, of about her own age)—'ave what yer like. A penny a pull, and a prize every time! Wherever the marble rolls, you 'ave any one article on the board!

[One of the boys pays a penny, and pulls a handle, propelling a marble, which, after striking a bell at the top of the slope, wobbles down into a compartment.

The Boy (indicating a gorgeous china ornament on the board). I'll 'ave one o' them—to take 'ome to mother.

The S. L. G. (with pitying superiority). No, my boy, you can go to a shop and buy one o' them for sixpence if you like—but 'ere you must 'ave what you git!

[She awards him a very dingy lead-pencil, with which he departs, abashed, and evidently revolving her dark saying in his perplexed mind.

Proprietor of a Box-pitching Saloon. One penny a ball! For hevery ball that goes in the boxes, you choose any prize you like! (With sorrow and sympathy, to a female Competitor.) Too 'ard, Lady, too 'ard! (To a male Comp., whose ball has struck the edge of the box, and bounced off.) Very near, Sir!

[Several Competitors expend penny after penny unsuccessfully, and walk away, with a grin of entire satisfaction.

Joe (landing a ball in one of the boxes, after four failures). I told 'ee I'd get waun in! (To his Young Woman.) What are ye goin' to 'ave, MELIA?

Melia (hovering undecidedly over a glittering array of shell-boxes, cheap photograph-albums and crockery). I'll take one o'—no, I won't neither. . . I really don't know what to 'ave!

Joe (with masculine impatience). Well, go on—take summat, can't ye! (Melia selects a cup and saucer, as the simplest solution of the problem.) I don't carl that mooch of a show for fippence, I don't. Theer, gi' us 'old on it. [He stows the china away in his side-pockets.

Melia. You took an' 'urried me so—else I don't know as I fancied a cup and saucer so partickler. I wonder if the man 'ud change it, supposin' we was to go back and ast 'im!

Joe (slapping his thigh). Well, you are a gell and no mistake! Come along back and git whatever 'tis you've a mind to. (Returning.) 'Ere, Master, will ye gi' this young woman summat else for this 'ere? (He extracts the cup in fragments.) 'Ullor, look a' that now! (To MELIA.) Theer, it's all right—doan't take on 'bout it.—I'll 'ave another go to make it oop. (He pitches ball after ball without success.) I wawn't be bett. I lay I'll git 'un in afoor I've done! (He is at

last successful.) Theer—now, ye can please yourself, and doan't choose nawthen' foolish this time! (He strolls on with lordly indifference, and is presently rejoined by MELIA.) Well, what did ye take arter all?

Melia. I got so flustered like, for fear o' losin' you, I just up and took the first that came 'andy.

Joe. Why, if ye ain't bin and took another cup an' saucer! hor—hor! that's a good 'un, that is! Take keer on it, it's cost money enough any 'ow—'t wouldn't be no bargain if it wur a 'ole tea-set! What's goin' on 'ere?

[A venerable old Sportsman, whom the reader may possibly recollect having met before, has collected a small crowd in a convenient corner; his stock-in-trade consists of an innocent-looking basket, with a linen-cover, upon which are a sharpened skewer and a narrow strip of cloth.

The Sportsman. I'll undertake to show you more fun in five minutes, than you'll get over there in two: (with a vague suspicion that this is rather a lame conclusion)—in ten, I should say! This 'ere's a simple enough little game, when you know the trick of it, and I'm on'y a learnin' it myself. I ain't doin' this for money. I got money enough to sink a ship—it's on'y for my own amusement. Now you watch me a doin' up this garter—keep yer eye on it. (He coils up the strip.) It goes up 'ere, ye see, and down there, and in 'ere agen, and then round. Now, I'm ready to bet anything from a sovereign to a shilling, nobody 'ere can prick the middle. I'll tell ye if ye win. I'm ole BILLY FAIRPLAY, and I don't cheat! (A Spotty-faced Man, after intently following the process, says he believes he could find the middle.) Well, don't tell—that's all. I'm 'ere all alone, agin the lot o' ye, and I want to win if I can—one dog to a bone! (The S.-F. M. produces a florin from a mouldy purse, and stakes it, and makes a dab at the coil with the skewer.) No, ye're wrong—that's outside! (O. B. F. pulls the strip out.) By Gum, ye've done it, after all! 'Ere's four bob for you, and I'm every bit as pleased as if I'd won myself! 'Oo'll try next?

A Smart Young Man (with a brilliant pin in a dirty necktie, to JOE). I don't see how it's done—do you?

Joe. Ye will if you don't take yer eyes off it—theer, I could tell ye the middle now, I could.

The Sp.-F. M. Law, yes, it's simple enough. I done it first time.

Old B. F. Give an old man a chance to get a bit. If any party 'ere 'as found me out, let him 'old 'is tongue—it's all I ask. (To JOE.) You've seen this afore, I know!

Joe. Noa, I ain't—but I could tell ye th' middle.

Old B. F. Will ye bet on it? Come—not too 'igh, but just to show you 've confidence in your opinion!

Joe (cautiously). I want bet wi' ye, but I'll hev a try, just for nawthen, if ye like!

Old B. F. Well, I want to see if you really do know it—so, jest for once, I ain't no objection. (JOE pricks the garter.) Yes, you've found the middle, sure enough! It's a good job there was no money on—for me, leastwise!

The Sp.-F. M. I've a good mind to 'ave another try.

The Sm. Y. M. I wouldn't. You'll lose. I could see you on'y guessed the first time. (The Sp. F. M., however, extracts a shilling, stakes it—and loses.) There, I could ha' told you you was wrong—(To JOE)—couldn't you?

Joe. Yes, he art to ha' pricked moor to waun side of 'un. (The Sp.-F. M. stakes another florin.) Now he's done it, if ye like!

O. B. F. There, ye see, I'm as often wrong as not myself. (To the Sp.-F. M.) There's your four bob, Sir. Now, jest once more!



Joe (to MELIA). I'll git the price o' that theer cup an' sarcer out of 'un, any'ow. (*To O. B. F.*) I'll ha' a tanner w' ye!

O. B. F. 'Alf a soverin, if you like—it's all the same to me!

Joe (after pricking). I thart I 'ad 'un that time, too, I did!

The Sm. Y. M. You shouldn't ha' changed your mind—you were right enough afore!

Joe. Yes, I should ha' stuck to it. (*To O. B. F.*) I'll bet ye two bob on the next go—come!

O. B. F. Well, I don't like to say no, though I can see, plain enough, you know too much. (*Jon pricks; O. B. F. pulls away the strip, and leaves the skewer outside.*) I could ha' sworn you done me that time—but there ye are, ye see, there's never no tellin' at this game—and that's the charm on it!

[*JOE walks on with MELIA in a more subdued frame of mind.*

The Sm. Y. M. (in the ear of the Spotty-faced One). I say, I got a job o' my own to attend to—jest pass the word to the Old Man, when he's done with this pitch, to turn up beyind the swing-boats there, and come along yourself, if yer can. It's the old lay I'm on—the prize-packets fake.

The Sp.-F. M. Right—we'll give yer a look in presently—it'll be a little change for the Ole Man—trade's somethin' cruel 'ere!

HIS MAD-JESTY AT THE LYCEUM.

EXCEPT when HENRY IRVING impersonated the hapless victim of false imprisonment in the Bastille, whence he issued forth after twenty years of durance, never has he been so curiously and wonderfully made-up as now, when he represents *Lear*, monarch of all he surveys. Bless thee, HENRY, how art thou transformed!

Sure such a *King Lear* was never seen on any stage, so perfect in appearance, so entirely the ideal of SHAKESPEARE'S ancient King. It must have been a vision of IRVING in this character that the divinely-inspired poet and dramatist saw when he had a *Lear* in his eye. For a moment, too, he reminded me of Boorn—the "General" not the "particular" American tragedian, — and when he appeared in thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, he suggested an embodiment of the "Moses" of MICHAEL ANGELO.

A strange weird play; much for an audience, and more for an actor, all on his own shoulders, to bear. A one-part play it is too, for of the sweet *Cordelia*, — and sweet did ELLEN TERRY look and so tenderly did she play! — little is seen or heard. With *Goneril* and *Regan*, the two proud and wicked sisters, — associated in the mind of the modernest British

Rather mixed. Mr. Irving as "Ophe-Lear."

Public with Messrs. HERBERT CAMPBELL and HARRY NICHOLLS, as is also *Cordelia* associated either with *Cinderella* or with *Beauty* in the story of *Beauty and the Beast* — we have two fine commanding figures; and well are these parts played by Miss ADA DYAS and Miss MAUD MILTON. The audience can have no sympathy with the two wicked Princesses, and except in *Goneril*'s brief Lady-Maebethian scene with her husband, neither of the Misses LEAR has much dramatic chance. Pity that Mrs. LEAR — his Queen and their mother, really alive! Let us hope she resembled her youngest daughter *Cordelia*, otherwise poor *Lear* must have had a hard life of it as a married man.

Why should not Mr. IRVING give the first part of this play reconsideration? Why not just once a week try him as a different sort of

Lear? For instance, suppose, to begin with, that he had had a bad time of it with his wife, that for many years as a widower he had been seeking for the opportunity of disposing of his daughters, handing over to them and to their husbands the lease and goodwill of "The Crown and Sceptre," while he would be, as King, "retired from business," and going out for a lark generally. Thus jovially would he commence the play, a rollicking, gay, old dog, ready for anything, up to anything, and, like old Anchises, when he jumped on to the back of *Aeneas*, "a wonderful man for his years." In fact, *Lear* might begin like an old King Cole, "a merry old soul," a "jolly old cock!" And then—"Oh, what a difference in the morning!" — when all his plans for a gay career had been shipwrecked by *Cordelia*'s capricious and unnatural affectation.



Mr. Terriss as the Good Fairy.

Then must commence his senility; then he would begin to break up. A struggle, to show that there was life in the old dog yet, could be seen when the old dog had been out hunting, in Act II., and had shot some strange animal, something between a stag and a dromedary, which no doubt was a native of Britain in those good old sporting days. However, more of this anon. Suffice it to say now, that our HENRY IRVING'S *Lear* is a triumph in every respect, and that the audience only wanted a little more of *Cordelia*, which is the fault of the immortal and unequal Bard.

To those unacquainted with this play, Mr. TERRISS'S sudden appearance in somewhat anti-Lord-Chamberlain attire, as he bounded on, with a wand, and struck an attitude, was suggestive of the Good Fairy in the pantomime; and his subsequent proceedings, when he didn't change anybody into Harlequin, Clown, and so forth, puzzled the unlearned spectators considerably. But Mr. TERRISS came out all right, and acquitted himself being his own judge and jury) to the satisfaction of the public. His speech about Dover Cliff, generally supposed to convey some allusion to the Channel Tunnel, was excellently delivered, and certainly after *Lear*, "on the spear side," Mr. TERRISS must take the Goodeley Cake.

Next to him in order of merit comes Mr. FRANK COOPER, as the wicked *Edmund*, on whom the good EDMUND, "Edmundus Mundi," smiled benignantly from a private box. There was on the first night a great reception given to Hows—the veteran actor, not the week, and very far from it—who took the small part of an old Evicted Tenant of the *Earl of Glo'ster*, a character very carefully played by Mr. ALFRED BISHOP. *Florent Henricus*! "Our HENRY" has his work cut out for him in this "Titanic work," as in his before-curtain and after-play speech he termed it. This particular "Titanic work" is (or certainly was that night) in favour with "the gods" who "very much applauded what he'd done." But the gods of old were not quite so favourable to "Titanic work" generally, and punished eternally Titanic workmen. To-night gods and groundlings applauded to the echo, and then everyone goes home as best he can in about as beautiful a specimen of a November fog as ever delighted a Jack-o'-Lantern or disgusted

PRIVATE BOX.

AN OPERATIC NOTE.—*Wednesday*.—Lord Mayor's Day and Sheriff Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLENT'S Show. *L'Amico Fritz*, or "The old Min is friendly," as *Dick Swiceller* would have put it. Not by any means as bright as *Cavalleria*. Mlle. DEL TORRE, del-lightful as *Suzel*. M. DUFRICHE, very good as *Rabbin*; CREMONINI, weak as *Fritz*; and Mlle. MARTHA-CUPID-BAUERMEISTER, good as usual in the part of the "harmless necessary Cat"—*erina*. Opera generally "going strong."

REPORTED DECISION.—Uganda is to be occupied till March next. Then, order of the day, "March in, March out."

"SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND!"

P. C. JOHN BULL *loquitur* :—

KEEP them? Right my Gallic friend!
'Tis my duty, sad but binding.
Free the Wolf—to what good end?
Loose the Snake—what vantage finding?
Faction flusters, Cant appeals
In the name of sham-humanity.
Right, not wrath, my bosom steels;
Softness here were sheer insanity.

You've my warmest sym-
pathy, [Terror!
Victim of the new Red
My caged RAVACHOLS to
free [of error.
Were the maddest kind
Prison walls and dungeon
wards [gaoler,
Love I not, I'm no born
But just Law which Free-
dom guards
Must ignore anarchic
railer.

Blind offence of men half
mad
'Neath the goad of brute
oppression,
Blunderings of fierce fools
of fad,
Demoniacal possession
Of red rage at law unjust,
I can cheek with calm
compassion;
But must firmly crush to
dust
Murder—in the newest
fashion.

Dynamite as Freedom's
friend?
'Tis the foul fiend's
latest juggle.
We must fight it to the end,
Firm, unflinching in this
struggle.
Mere "Political Offence,"
All this murder, mash-
ing, maiming?
'Tis a pitiful pretence,
Honour - blinding, wis-
dom-shaming.

Indiscriminate, ruthless
raid!
Mad chance - medly of
disaster! [aid,
Sophistry, the fiend's sworn
Never better served its
master
Than in calling such hell-
birth [human,—
A new gospel, holy,
Blasting as with maniac
mirth
Blameless men, and
guiltless women!

No! The Dynamiter's creed—
Though hate swagger, though cant
snivel—
Fires no "patriotic" deed;
Base-born, all its ends are evil.
Let caged wolves and tigers free?
What more wicked, what absurder?
Amnesty to Anarchy
Means encouragement to Murder?

WHERE TO PLACE HIM.—Why ought the
future Poet-Laureate, whoever he may be, to
occupy rooms over or close to the stables at
Buckingham Palace? Because he would
then be inspired by the Royal Mews.

TO A MODEL YOUNG LADY.

[It is reported that it is a common custom in
Paris, amongst ladies of position, to pay for their
dresses by wearing them in public, and letting it be
known from whom they obtained them.]

My dear, I like your pretty dress,
It suits your figure to a T.
I'm free to own that I confess,
It's just the kind of dress for me.
Yet will you kindly tell me, dear,
Not merely was the costume made for



A TEST OF TRUE GENTILITY.

"WHAT'S THE NEW LODGER LIKE, MARIARANN?"
"HE'S NO GENTLEMAN, WHATEVER HE'S LIKE!"
"NO GENTLEMAN! WHAT'S HE BEEN AND DONE?"
"WHY, HE SEE ME A-CARRYIN' UP THE COALS, AN' HE SAYS, 'I'M AFRAID
THAT SCUTTLE'S TOO HEAVY FOR YOU,' 'E SAYS, 'PRAY LET ME CARRY IT!' 'E
SAYS. AN' 'E UP AND CARRIES IT ISSSELF, JUST LIKE A FOOTMAN!"

Yourself alone—but is it clear
And certain that your dress is paid
for?

Mistake me not. I do not dread
That you'll think fit to run away
And leave the bill unpaid. Instead,
I fear that you will never pay,
Because no bill will ever come;
And since when you decide to
toddle

Abroad, you'll go amidst a hum
Of praise for Madame's lovely Model

Oh! promise me that when I read
My paper (as I often do),
I shall not with remorseless speed
See endless pars in praise of you,

Or rather of the dress you wore, [meant,
For though, maybe, no harm or hurt is
Remember, dearest, I implore,
I won't be fond of an advertisement!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Days with Sir Roger de Coverley!"
exclaimed the Baron, on seeing the charming
little book brought out at this season by
Messrs. MACMILLAN. "Delightful! Immortal!
Ever fresh! Welcome, with or without illus-

tration; some of Mr. THOM-
son's would not be missed.

There is a breezy, frank,
boyish air about the "Re-
miniscences" of our great
Baritone, CHARLES SANT-
LEY, which is as a tonic—a
tonic sol-fa—to the reader
a-weary of the many Remi-
niscences of these latter
days. SANTLEY, who seems
to have made his way by
stolid pluck, and without
very much luck, may be
considered as the musical
Mark Tapley, ready to look
always on the sunny side.
With a few rare excep-
tions, he appears to have
taken life very easily.

Muchly doth the Baron
like Mr. HALL CAINE's story
of *Captain Davy's Honey-
moon*, only, short as it is,
with greater effect it might
have been shorter.

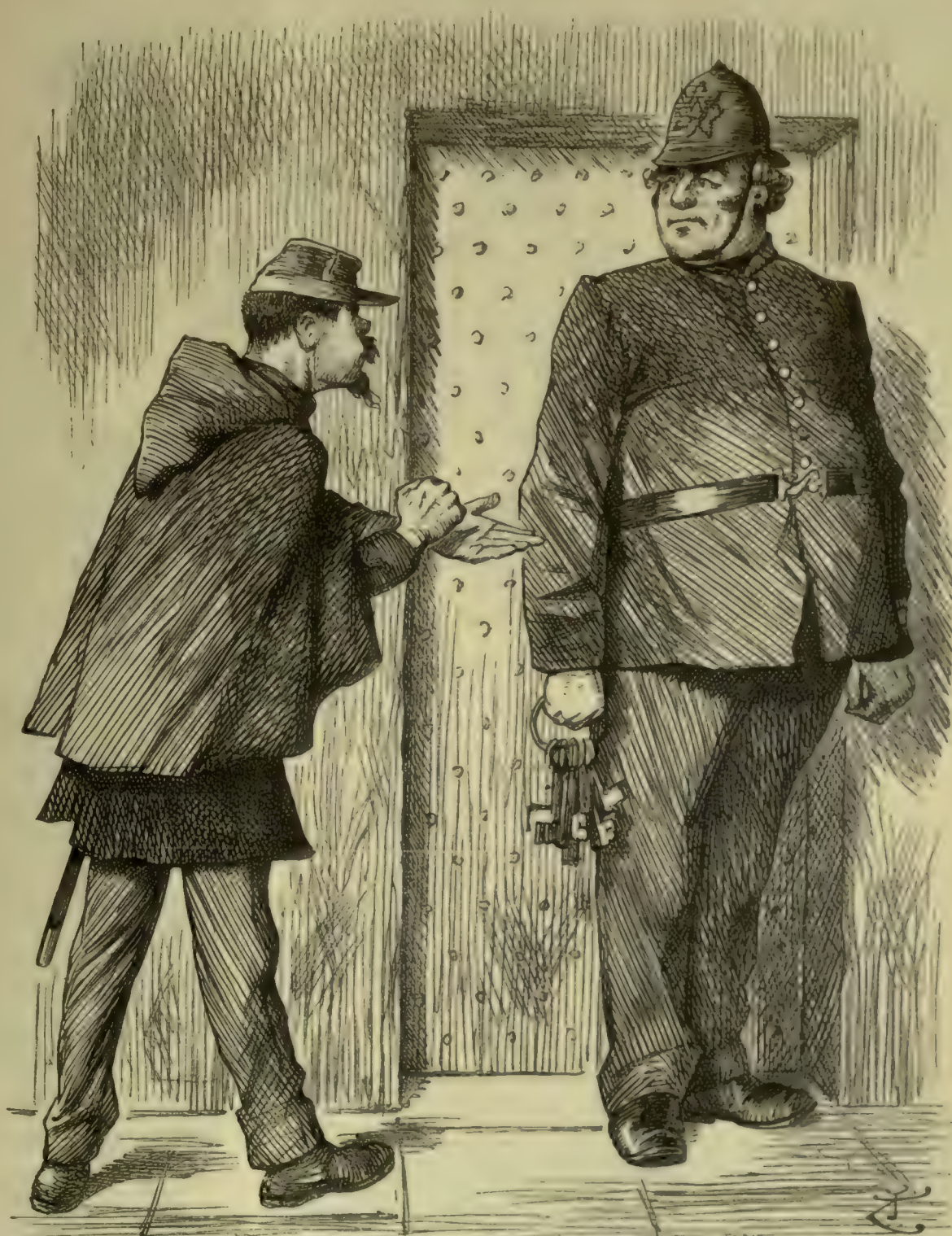
The Baron, being in a
reading humour, tried *The
Veiled Hand*, by FREDER-
ICK WICKS, a name awk-
ward for anyone unable
to manage his "r's." What
Fwedewickwicks' idea of
A Veiled Hand is, the Baron has tried
to ascertain, but without
avail. Why not a Gloved
Hand? Hands do not wear
veils, any more than our
old friends, the Hollow
Hearts, wear masks. Hands
take "veils," but "that is
another story." However,
The Veiled Hand induced
sleep, so the Baron extin-
guished both candles and
Wicks at the same time,
and slumbered.

I have also had time to
read *An Exquisite Fool*,
published by OSGOOD,
McILVAINE & Co., and
written by Nobody, No-
body's name being men-
tioned as being the author.
It begins well, but it is
an old, old tale—BLANCHE

AMORY and the Chevalier, and so forth—and
as *Sir Charles Coldstream* observed, when
he looked down the crater of Mount Vesuvius,
"There's nothing in it."

Most interesting is a short paper on "*The
Green Room of the Comédie Française*," in
the *English Illustrated Magazine* for this
month, pleasantly written by Mr. FREDERICK
HAWKINS.—HAWKINS with an aspirate, not
"ENERY 'AWKINS" at present associated
with "*A CHEVALIER*" in London. Mr.
HAWKINS tells many amusing anecdotes, and
gives a capital sketch of M. RENÉ MOLÉ.
But the article would be damaged by ex-
tracts. Therefore, "*Tolle, lege*," says yours
and everybody's, very truly,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



“SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND!”

SERGEANT-DE-VILLE. “HA, M’SIEU!—YOU HAVE YOUR DYNAMITERS UNDER LOCK AND KEY!
TRÈS BIEN! KEEP THEM!!”



WHAT ABOUT GLASS HOUSES?

First Jovial Cabby (to Second Ditto). "HI SAY, BILL, DID YER HEVER SEE SICH GUYS AS THESE 'ERE GIRLS MAKES OF THEIRSELVES? NOW, YE'D NIVER SEE A MAN GO AND MAKE SUCH A RIDIK'LOUS HOBJICK OF 'ISSELF!!"

A PUFF OF SMOKE.

(What the heart of the young Vocalist said to the Anti-Tobacconist, after reading Mr. Charles Santley's sage observations on Singing and Smoking, in his new book "Student and Singer.")

"Smoking is an art; it may be made useful or otherwise, according as it is exercised."—MR. SANTLEY.]

TELL me not, ye mournful croakers,
Smoking is a dirty habit.
Brainless are ye, sour non-smokers,
As a vivisectioned rabbit.

"Smoking is an Art," says SANTLEY;
There is Beauty in the bowl.
They who doubt it must be scantily
Blest with sense, or dowered with soul.

As an Art it claims attention;
Study is the only way.
Smoking skill, not smoke-prevention,
Is the thing we want to-day.

Art is long and smoke is fleeting;
But puff on until you learn
Good tobacco's not for eating!
Pipe-bowls are not meant to burn!

Smoke without expectorating,
Do not sputter, do not chew;
Puff not as though emulating
Some foul factory's sooty fume!

Let not oily dark defilement
Sting your lips; there is no need.
Joy and care need reconciliation
For enjoyment of the weed.

Trust no "Germans," buy no "British,"
Sound Havanas only smoke!
"Lady Nicotine" is skittish,
Penny Pickwicks are no joke.

Smoke no strong shag, no rank "stinger,"
Pick your baccy, puff with skill,
And—although you are a singer,
You may smoke, and not feel ill.

Let us then be up and smoking,
An art the thing pursue;
As great SANTLEY, who's not joking,
Says he does, and all may do!

LADY GAY'S DISTRACTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are as fickle as the rest of your sex, I fear, otherwise you would not have requited my devotion to you and your interests in such an awful manner as you did in publishing my husband's letter last week!—and such a letter! Oh, I could write such a scathing reply to it!

Of course, it was jealousy on the part of Sir CHARLES at my literary success—(setting aside the wonderful tip)—which caused the explosion that led to his writing to you, but I never—never—thought, you would insert his letter, especially as I slipped in a postscript which to my mind explained everything—as, indeed, postscripts should do, or what is the good of writing a long letter about nothing in front of them? The wretch confesses that he laughed at my articles until he knew who wrote them, and then thought less of them! Isn't that like a husband?—I won't say like a man, as so

few husbands are men!—at least, in the eyes of their wives. The moment a wife does something her husband can't do, he dislikes and pook-pooks it; whereas, the more accomplishments a husband displays, the more a wife appreciates him, or says so even if she doesn't!—which is a noble falsehood, for how few women are large-minded enough to pretend to admire qualities which they despise because they don't possess them—I'm not sure that this is what I mean, nor do I quite understand it, but it reads well, which is more than Sir CHARLES'S stuff does!

And then his impertinence in proposing to "edit" my letters!—as if anyone could be more capable of doing that than you?—you will observe that it is solely on your account that I am annoyed!—I could not brook such interference!—I don't know exactly the meaning of "brooking" anything, but I know I wept enough tears of annoyance to form a decent "brook" of themselves! I need hardly tell you that it was a biting sarcasm on my part to suggest that he should finish his letter with a "verse," as I always do—but there—men don't understand sarcasm—(one of our most frequently employed weapons of offence!)—and the poor thing thought I was in earnest, and did it! And what a verse! I could write better with my left hand!

I need scarcely tell you that I have left him—(this is why my address is not to be published)—as I consider my duty to the Public rendered it imperative that I should do so, for I should not think much of any woman who allowed a paltry consideration of domestic obligations to weigh against the pursuit of a career of usefulness.

If, therefore, a vein of sadness and cynicism runs through this letter, you will understand that it does not proceed from any regret at the "breaking up of the happy home," but rather from sorrow at the thought that once again the intellectual superiority of one of the softer sex has not been accepted in the right spirit by the possessor of the weaker mind, to whom she owes obedience!

I trust I have done with Sir CHARLES for ever!—especially if he speaks the truth in saying that "following my tips has ruined him"—for why should any woman burden herself with an impecunious husband? He does not know where I am, and I feel still more secure in my retreat from having just heard that he has engaged the services of several of the most prominent London Detectives to trace me!

Owing no devotion now to Sir CHARLES—who will appreciate the following tender lines with which I close my letter—

O WOMAN! in our hours of ease,
Thou art not very hard to please!
Thou takest what the gods may send;
But, thwarted!—thou wilt turn and rend!

I am able to subscribe myself, dear Mr Punch,
Yours more devotedly than ever,

LADY GAY.

[From internal evidence, we are inclined to believe that this present letter, or the one last week from "Sir CHARLES," is a forgery. In former correspondence Lady GAY mentioned "Lord ARTHUR" as her husband. We pause for an explanation.—ED.]

PROVERB FOR VOCALISTS. A PROPOS OF SIR JOSEPH BARNBY'S REMARKS ON AUTICULATION.—"Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves."

WHY is pepper essential to the health of the new LORD MAYOR?—Because without "Kn." (cayenne) he would be "ill."



NATURE AND ART.

A.R.A. "By GEORGE, THIS VIEW'S MAGNIFICENT! I SAY, FLUFFER, YOU REALLY OUGHT TO HAVE THOSE WOODS PAINTED."

Mr. Fluffer (late in the Upholstery line, retired.) "M—M. DO YOU THINK THAT WOULD IMPROVE 'EM! WHAT COLOUR, NOW?"

LEFT TO THE LADIES.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

EVERYONE—I mean everyone with a right mind—will sympathise with those nice people at Bristol who have been holding a "Woman's Conference." So kind and thoughtful of them, isn't it? I notice that Lady BATTERSEA gave a spirited account of a Confederation of Temperance of some thirty villages in Norfolk. The dear, good inhabitants are to keep off the allurements of drink by "listening to such shining lights as Canon WILBERFORCE, and social teas, processions with banners, and magic-lanterns, play their part." How they are to listen to the teas, processions and lanterns, I don't quite understand, in spite of the fact that they (the aforesaid teas, &c.) seem to be "playing their

parts." Evidently teas, &c., are amateur Actors.

Then somebody who described herself as "a nobody from nowhere," is said to have "touched a moving chord, as she spoke with great feeling of the sympathy and the moral help the poor give back to those who work among them." What "moving chord?" Sounds like a bell-rope!

Then another lady who wore "the black and lavender dress of the Sisters of the People," followed with a paper, "perhaps overfull of details." And here let me say that I am quoting from "a woman correspondent" who seems to be full of admiration for her talking sisters. But in spite of this admiration, she knows their little faults. For instance, she describes a speech as "vigorous, racy, and perhaps a trifle sen-

sational." Then, when someone else delivered an "address to educated mothers," she says that it excited deep interest, and "almost too many educated mothers threw themselves into the discussion that followed."

Then she observes, "It was disappointing that Lady ABERDEEN was at the last moment forbidden by her Doctor to undertake the long journey from Scotland." So it was, most disappointing; and "at the last moment," too!

Then she announces that "Some ladies expressed a feeling, that introducing young men and women in business to each other, when assembled in their hundreds at Prince's Hall, was an office fraught with considerable responsibility." To be sure! Great responsibility! Might even be improper! Everyone should be so careful!

However, there was one good thing in this Woman's Conference that everyone will praise. The delightful, genial, charitable females seem to have kept to themselves. No men were present. What a blessing—for the men!

Yours gratefully,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

The Growleries, Lostinbuttonbury, Singleton.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

WHEN the ruddy autumn leaves
Flutter down on golden sheaves,
And on plum-trees one perceives

No more plums—
All the swallows have not fled,
Hardly is the summer dead—
Then, alas, it must be said

Christmas comes!

Christmas! Hang it all! But how
Can that be? 'Tis weeks from now.

What a fearful thought, I vow

That it numbs!

"Order Christmas papers" fills
Bookshops, bookstalls. With its bills,
Taxes, tips, fogs, frosts, coughs, chills,
Christmas comes!

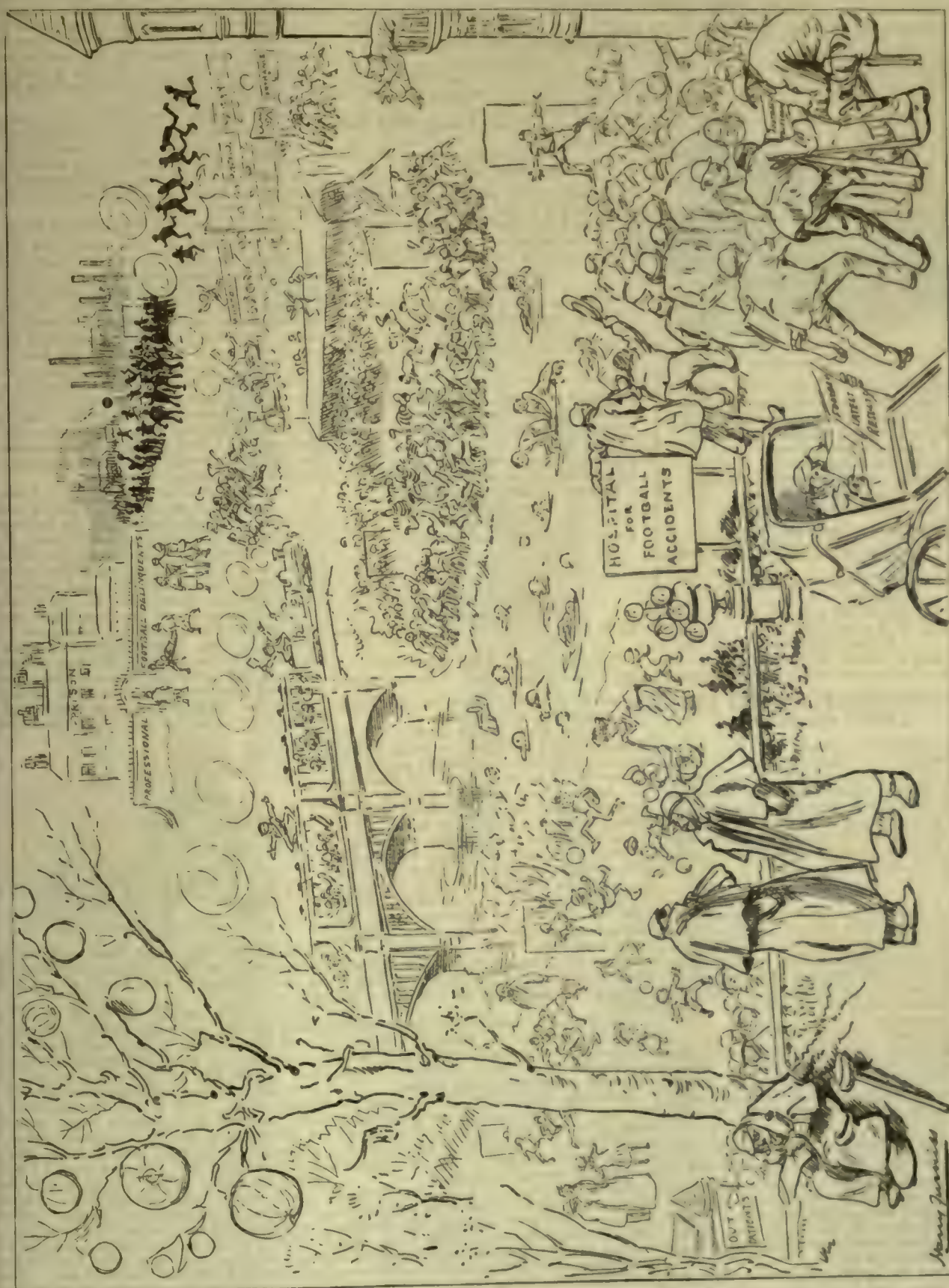


Even Christmas-cards appear,
They are with us half the year,
I would banish them from here,

Say, to Thrums,
Or to any mournful place,
Where I'd never show my face,
For they tell one that, apace,

Christmas comes!

SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS MOTTO FOR WELL-KNOWN FINE-ART PUBLISHERS.—"Tuck in!"



FOOTBALL FEVER. SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN THE MIDLANDS.

TO "THE LAZY MINSTREL"

On the publication of his Eighth Edition, with therein Nineteen Poems originally written for Mr. Punch.



The Lazy Laureate of the Thames.

(The Nymph Pantalettina is heard singing.)

Come where my ASHBY lies dreaming,
Dreaming for hours after lunch.
Softly! for he is scheming
Poems for Mister Punch!
Graceful is his position—
Hark! how he sweeps the strings,
While of his Eighth Edition
The Warbler STERRY sings:—

(The Bard chirpeth his roundelay.)

"On 'Spring's Delights' in 'Hambledon Lock'

'My Country Cousin' may hap—

With her I'll go
'In Rotten Row,'
Stop on an 'oos
'At Charing-Cross,'
For a 'Tam O' Shanter Cap.'

Who would not be a Minstrel Lazy?

A trifle crazy,
The best of them! Ah!

Here's ASHBY STERRY, in punt or wherry,
He's ever merry! sing "hey down derry,"

Or anything very
Like Tra! la! la! la!

On sunny days he trolls his lays
With gay guitar and Tra! la! la! la!
From groves and glades come meadow-sweet maids,
None of your saucy minxes or jades;

The poet is there
Without a care.

With no regret, with mild cigarette,
With gay guitar, and whiskey from Leith,
Will he be crowned with the Laureate wreath?

No gout? Oh no! But I'm 'Taken in
And suffering from dejection, [Tow,'
'Spring Cleaning' I'll use for a pair of
old shoes

(Queer rhyme upon reflection),
'Sound without Sense,' I've no pretence,
To write Shakspearian Sonnets.

Of her and him,
As suits my whim,
I sing, and I hymn her bonnets!"

(Chorus of Pantalettina and River Nymphs.)

So, hail to the Bard so merry,
To Lazy Laureate STERRY!
He'll sing of a Lock on the Thames!
oh rare!
Or hymn a Lock of his Lady's hair.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

THE subject of Lunch, my dear young friends, has now been exhausted. We have done, for the time, with poetry, and descend again to the ordinary prose of every-day shooting. Yet stay—before we proceed further, there is one matter apart from the mere details of sport, which may be profitably considered in this treatise. It is the divine, the delightful subject of

SMOKING.

First, I ask, do you know—(1), the man who never smokes from the night of the 11th of August up to the night of the 1st of February in the following year, for fear of injuring his sight and his shooting nerve? (2), the host who forbids all smoking amongst the guests assembled at his house for a shooting-party?

You, naturally enough, reply that you have not the honour of being acquainted with these severe, but enthusiastic gentlemen. Nobody does know them. They don't exist. But it is very useful to affect a sort of second-hand knowledge of these Gorgons of the weed, [as thus:—

A Party of Guns is walking to the first beat of the day. Time, say about 10.20 A.M.

Young Sportsman (who has a pipe in his mouth, to Second Sportsman, similarly adorned). I always think the after-breakfast smoke is about the best of the day. Somehow, tobacco tastes sweeter than at any other time of the day.

Second Sp. (puffing vigorously). Yes, it's first class; but I hold with smoke at most

times of the day, after breakfast, after lunch, after dinner, and in between.

Young Sp. Well, I don't know. If I try to smoke when I'm actually shooting, I generally find I've got my pipe in the gun side of my mouth. I heard of a man the other day who knocked out three of his best teeth through bringing up his gun sharp, and forgetting he'd got a pipe in his mouth. Poor beggar! he was very plucky about it, I believe; but it made no end of a difference to his pronunciation till he got a new lot showed in. Just like that old Johnnie in the play—Overland something or other—who lost his false set of teeth on a desert island, and couldn't make any of the other Johnnies understand him.

Second Sp. I've never had any difficulty with my smoking. I always make a habit of carrying my smokes in the left side of my mouth.

Young Sp. Oh, but you're pretty certain to get the smoke or the ashes or something, blown slap into your eyes just as you're going to loose off. No. (With decision.) I'm off my smoke when the popping begins.

Second Sp. Don't be too hard on yourself, my boy. They tell me there are precious few birds in the old planting this year, so you can treat yourself to a cigarette when you get there. It never pays to trample on one's longing for tobacco too much.

Young Sp. No, by Jove. Old REGGIE MORRIS told me of a fellow he met somewhere this year, who goes regularly into training for shooting. Never touches bacoy from August to February, and limits his drink to three pints a day, and no whiskeys and sodas. And what's more, he won't let any of his guests smoke when he's got a shoot on,

He's got "No Smoking" posted up in big letters in every room in the house. REGGIE said it was awful. He had to lock his bedroom door, shove the chest-of-drawers against it, and smoke with his head stuck right up the chimney. He got a peck of soot, one night, right on the top of his nut. Now I call that simple rot.

Second Sp. Ah, I've heard of that man. Never met him though, I'm thankful to say. Let me see what's the beggar's name? JACKSON or BARRETT, or POLLARD, or something like that. He's got a big place somewhere in Suffolk, or Yorkshire, or somewhere about there.

Young Sp. Yes, that's the chap, I fancy.

Now that kind of thing starts you very nicely for the day. It isn't necessary that either of the sportsmen whose dialogue has been reported should believe implicitly in the absolute truth of what he is saying. Observe, neither of them says that he himself met this man. He merely gets conversation out of him on the strength of what someone else has told him. That, you see, is the real trick of the thing. Don't bind yourself to such a story as being part of your own personal experience. Work it in on another man's back. Of course there are exceptions even to this rule. But this question I shall be able to treat at greater length when I come to deal with the important subject of "Shooting Anecdotes."

Very often you can work up quite a nice little conversation on cigarettes. Every man believes, as is well-known, that he possesses the only decent cigarettes in the country. He either—(1), imports them himself from Cairo, or (2), he gets his tobacco straight from a firm of growers somewhere in Syria and makes it into cigarettes himself; or (3), he thinks Egyptian cigarettes are an abomination, and only smokes Russians or Americans; or (4), he knows a man, BACKASTOPOULOU by name, somewhere in the Ratcliffe Highway, who has the very best cigarettes you ever tasted. You wouldn't give two-pence a hundred for any others after smoking these, he tells you. And, lastly, there is the man who loathes cigarettes,



despises those who smoke them, and never, smokes anything himself except a special kind of cigar ornamented with a sort of red and gold garter.

Out of this conflict of preferences the young shooter can make capital. By flattering everybody in turn, he can practically get his smoking gratis, for everyone will be sure to offer him at least one cigarette, in order to prove the superiority of his own particular kind. And if the young shooter, after smoking it, expresses a proper amount of ecstasy, he is not at all unlikely to have a second offered to him. Most men are generous with cigarettes. Many a man I know would far rather give a beggar a cigarette than a shilling, though the cigarette may have cost, originally, a penny-halfpenny, or more—a strange and paradoxical state of affairs.

Here is a final piece of advice. Admire all cigarette-cases, and say of each that it's the very best and prettiest you ever saw. You can have no notion how much innocent pleasure you will give.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XVII.—TO FAILURE.

A PHILOSOPHER has deigned to address to me a letter. "Sir," writes my venerable correspondent, "I have been reading your open letters to Abstractions with some interest. You will, however, perhaps permit me to observe that amongst those to whom you have written are not a few who have no right whatever to be numbered amongst Abstractions. Laziness, for instance, and Crookedness, and Irritation—not to mention others—how is it possible to say that these are Abstractions? They are concrete qualities and nothing else. Forgive me for making this correction, and believe me yours, &c. A PLATONIST."—To which I merely reply, with all possible respect, "Stuff and nonsense!" I know my letters have reached those to whom they were addressed, no single one has come back through the Dead-letter Office, and that is enough for me. Besides, there are thousands of Abstractions that the mind of "A PLATONIST" has never conceived. Somewhere I know, there is an abstract Boot, a perfect and ideal combination of all the qualities that ever were or will be connected with boots, a grand exemplar to which all material boots, more or less, nearly approach; and by their likeness to which they are recognised as boots by all who in a previous existence have seen the ideal Boot. Sandals, moccasins, butcher-boots, jack-boots, these are but emanations from the great original. Similarly, there must be an abstract Dog, to the likeness of which, in one respect or another, both the Yorkshire Terrier and the St. Bernard conform. So much then for "A PLATONIST." And now to the matter in hand.

My dear FAILURE, there exists amongst us, as, indeed, there has always existed, an innumerable body of those upon whom you have cast your melancholy blight. Amongst their friends and acquaintances they are known by the name you yourself bear. They are the great army of failures. But there must be no mistake. Because a man has had high aspirations, has tried with all the energy of his body and soul to realise them, and has, in the end, fallen short of his exalted aim, he is not, therefore, to be called a failure. Moses, I may remind you, was suffered only to look upon the Promised Land from a mountain-top. Patriots without number—KOSSUTH shall be my example—have fought and bled, and have been thrust into exile, only to see their objects gained by others in the end. But the final triumph was theirs surely almost as much as if they themselves had gained it. On the other hand there are those who march from disappointment to disappointment, but remain serenely unconscious of it all the time. These are not genuine failures. There is CHARLEY, for instance, journalist, dramatist, novelist—Heaven knows what besides. His plays have run, on an average, about six nights; his books, published mostly at his own expense, are a drug in the market; but the little creature is as vain, as proud, and, it must be added, as contented, as though Fame had set him, with a blast of her golden trumpet, amongst the mighty Immortals. What lot can be happier than his? Secure in his impregnable egotism, ramparted about with mighty walls of conceit, he bids defiance to attack, and lives an enviable life of self-centred pleasure.

Then, again, there was JOHNNIE TRUEBRIDGE. I do not mean to liken him to CHARLEY, for no more unselfish and kind-hearted being than JOHNNIE ever breathed. But was there ever a stone that rolled more constantly and gathered less moss? Yet no stroke could subdue his unconquerable cheerfulness. Time after time he got his head above the waters; time after time, some malignant emissary of fate sent him bubbling and gasping down into the depths. He was up again in a moment, striving, battling, buffeting. Nothing could make JOHNNIE despair, no disappointment could warp the simple straightforward sincerity, the loyal and almost childlike honesty of his nature. And if here and there, for a short time, fortune seemed to shine upon him, you may be sure that there was no single friend whom he did not call upon to bask with him in these fleeting rays. And what a glorious laugh he had; not a loud guffaw that splits your tympanum and crushes merriment flat, but an irrepressible, helpless, irresistible infectious laugh, in which his whole body became involved. I have seen a whole roomful of strangers rolling on their chairs without in the least knowing why, while JOHNNIE, with his head thrown back, his jolly face puckered into a thousand wrinkles of hearty delight, and his hands pressed to his sides, was

shouting with laughter at some joke made, as most of his jokes were, at his own expense.

It was during one of his brief intervals of prosperity, at a meet of the Ditchington Star-hounds that I first met JOHNNIE. He was beautifully got up. His top-hat shone scarcely less brilliantly than his rosy cheeks, his collar was of the stiffest, his white tie was folded and pinned with a beautiful accuracy, his black coat fitted him like a glove, his leather-breeches were smooth and spickless, and his champagne-coloured tops fitted his sturdy little legs as if they had been born with him. He was mounted on an enormous chestnut-horse, which Anak might have controlled, but which was far above the power and weight of JOHNNIE, plucky and determined though he was. Shortly after the beginning of the run, while the hounds were checked, I noticed a strange, hatless, dishevelled figure, riding furiously round and round a field. It was JOHNNIE, whose horse was bolting with him, but who was just able to guide it sufficiently to keep it going in a circle instead of taking him far over hill and dale. We managed to stop him, and I shall never forget how he laughed at his own disasters while he was picking up his crop and replacing his hat on his head. Not long afterwards, I saw our little Mazeppa crashing, horse and all, into the branches of a tree, but in spite of a black eye and a deep cut on his cheek, he finished the run—fortunately for him a very fast and long one—with imperturbable pluck and with no further misadventure. "Nasty cut that," I said to him as we trained back together, "you'd better get it properly looked to in town." "Pooh," said JOHNNIE, "it's a mere scratch. Did you see the brute take me into the tree? By Jove, it must have been a comic sight!" and with that he set off again on another burst of inextinguishable laughter.



About a week after this, the usual crash came. A relative of JOHNNIE was in difficulties. JOHNNIE, with his wonted chivalry, came to his help with the few thousands that he had lately put by, and, in a day or two, he was on his beam-ends once more. And so the story went on. Money slipped through his fingers like water—prosperity tweaked him by the nose, and fled from him, whilst friends, not a whit more deserving, amassed fortunes, and became sleek. But he was never daunted. With inexhaustible courage and resource, he set to work again to rebuild his shattered edifice, confident that luck would, some day, stay with him for good. But it never did. At last he threw in his lot with a band of adventurers, who proposed to plant the British flag in some hitherto unexplored regions of South or Central Africa. I dined with JOHNNIE the evening before he left England. He was in the highest spirits. His talk was of rich farms, of immense gold-mines. He was off to make his pile, and would then come home, buy an estate in the country—he had one in his eye—and live a life of sport, surrounded by all the comforts, and by all his friends. And so we parted, never to meet again. He was lost while making his way back to the coast with a small party, and no trace of him has ever since been discovered. But to his friends he has left a memory and an example of invincible courage, and unceasing cheerfulness in the face of misfortune, of constant helpfulness, and unflinching staunchness. Can it be said that such a man was a failure? I don't think so. I must write again. In the meantime I remain, as usual, D. R.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.—"Beauty's Daughters!" These charming young ladies are to be obtained for the small sum of one penny! as for this trifling amount,—unless there is a seasonably extra charge,—you can purchase the Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated*, wherein Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT "our dear departed" (on tour round the world—"globe-trotting"), leads off with some good verses. Will he be chosen Laureate? He is away; and it is characteristic of a truly great poet to be "absent." And the Editor, that undefeated story-teller, tells one of his best stories in his best style, and gives us a delightful picture of Miss ELSIE NORMAN. "Alas! she is another's! she never can be mine!"—as she is Somebody Elsie's. Success to your Beauties, Mr. LATY, or more correctly, Mr. EARLY-AND-LATEY, as you bring out your Christmas Number a good six weeks before Christmas Day.

MOTTO FOR THE LABOUR COMMISSION.—"The proper study of mankind is—MANN!"

THE NEW EMPLOYMENT.—Being "Unemployed."



A CABIN' IT COUNCIL IN NOVEMBER.

CABBIN' IT COUNCIL.

(IN NOVEMBER.)

Grand Old Jarvie, loquitur:—

O LUD! O Lud! O Lud!
As Tom Hood cried, apostrophising London),
November rules, a reign of rain, fog, mud,
And Summer's sun is fled, and Autumn's
fun done.

Far are the fields M.P.'s have tramped and
gunned on!

Malwood is far, and far is fair Dalmeny,
And Harwarden,
Like a garden

(To Caucus-mustered crowds) glowing and
greeny

In soft September,
Is distant now, and dull; for 'tis November,
And we are in a Fog!

Cabbin' it, Council? Ah! each *absent*
Member

May be esteemed a vastly lucky dog!
The streets are up—of course! No Irish bog
Is darker, deeper, dirtier than that hole
SP-NC-R is staring into. On my soul,
M-RL-Y, we want that light you're seeking,
swarming

Up that lank lamp-post in a style alarming!
Take care, my JOHN, you don't come down a
whopper!

And you, young R-S-B-RY, if you come a
cropper

Over that dark, dim pile, where shall we be?
Pest! I can hardly see

An inch before my nose—not to say clearly.
Hold him up, H-RC-RT! He was down
then, nearly,

Our crook-knee'd "crook." Seems going very
queerly,

Although so short a time out of the stable.
Quiet him, WILLIAM, quiet him!—if you're
able.

This is no spot for him to fall. I dread
The need—just here—of "sitting on his
head."

Cutting the traces
Will leave us dead-look'd, *here* of all bad
places!

Oh, do keep quiet, K-MB-RL-Y! You're
twitching

My cape again! Mind, ASQ-TH! You'll be
pitching

Over that barrier, if you are not steady.
Fancy us getting in this fix—already!
Cabbin' it in a fog is awkward work,
Specially for the driver, who can't shirk,

When once his "fare" is taken.
I feel shaken.

'd rather drive the chariot of the Sun
(That's dangerous, but rare fun!)

Like Phaëthon,

Than play the Jehu in a fog so woful
To this confounded "Shoful"!

LADY GAY'S GHOST.

Mount Street, Berkeley Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MORE than a fortnight ago I fled
from the London fog, with the result that it
got thicker than ever about me in the minds
of your readers and yourself! I determined
during my absence to do what many people
in the world of Art and *Letters* have done
before me, employ a "Ghost"—(my *first*
dealings with the supernatural, and probably
my *last*!). I wired to one of the leading
Sporting Journals for their most reliable
Racing Ghost—he was busy watching *Nun-*
thorpe—(who is only the Ghost of what he
was!)—and the Bogle understudy sent to me
was a Parliamentary Reporter!—(hence the
stilted style of the letter signed "POMPERSON."
Heavens! what a name!)—I had five minutes



REAL PRESENCE OF MIND.

POLICEMAN X 24, DRUNK AND ALMOST INCAPABLE IS JUST ABLE TO BLOW HIS WHISTLE FOR HELP!

to explain the situation to him before catching
the *train de luxe*—(Lord ARTHUR had gone
on with the luggage)—and I don't think he
had the ghostliest idea of what I wanted!
—the one point he grasped, was, that he was
to use anonymous names—which he did with
a vengeance!—My horror on reading his letter
was such that I dropped all the money I had
in my hand on the "red" instead of the
"black"—and it won!—(I think I shall bring
out a system based on "fright.")

Of course all my friends thought Lord
ARTHUR and I had quarrelled, and I was
"off" with someone else!—What a fog. This

idea being confirmed by the following week's
letter, which was the well-meant but mis-
directed effort of my friend Lady HARRIETT
ENTOUCAE, to whom I wired to "do some-
thing for me"—(she pretty nearly did for me
altogether!)—there was nothing for it but to
come home—where I am—Lord ARTHUR
wanted to write you this week, but I thought
one explanation at a time quite enough—so
his shall follow—"if you want a thing done,
do it yourself."—so in future I will either be
my own Ghost or have nothing to do with
them! Yours apparitionally,

LADY GAY.

ALL ROUND THE FAIR.

No. II.

INSIDE THE "QUEEN'S GRAND COLLECTION OF MOVING WAXWORKS AND LIONS, AND MUSEUM DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN WONDERS AND NOVELTIES."

The majority of the Public is still outside, listening open-mouthed to a comic dialogue between the Showman and a juvenile and irreverent Nigger. Those who have come in find that, with the exception of some particularly tame-looking murderers' heads in glazed pigeon-holes, a few limp effigies stuck up on rickety ledges, and an elderly Cart-horse in low spirits, there is little to see at present.

Melia (to JOE, as they inspect the Cart-horse). This 'ere can't never be the live 'orse with five legs, as they said was to be seen inside!

Joe. Their ain't no other 'orse in 'ere, and why shouldn't it be 'im, if that's all?

Melia. Well, I don't make out no more'n four legs to 'un, nohow, myself.

Joe. Don't ye be in sech a 'urry, now—the Show ain't begun yet! [The barrel-organ outside blares "God Save the Queen," and more

Spectators come stamping down the wooden steps, followed by the Showman.

Showman. I shall commence this Exhibition by inviting your inspection of the wonderful live 'orse with five legs. (To the depressed Cart-horse.) 'Old up! (The poor beast lifts his off-fore-leg with obvious reluctance, and discloses a very small supernumerary hoof concealed behind the fetlock.) Examine it! for yourselves—two distinct 'oofs with shoes and nails complete—a great novelty!

Melia. I don't call that nothen of a leg, I don't—it ain't 'ardly a oof, even!

Joe (with phlegm). That's wheer th' old 'orse gits the larf on ye, that is!

Showman. We will now pass on to the Exhibition. 'Ere (indicating a pair of lop-sided Orientals in nondescript attire) we 'ave two life-sized models of the Japanese villagers who caused so much sensation in London on account o' their peculiar features—you will easily reckonise the female by her bein' the ugliest one o' the two. (Compassionate titlers from the Spectators.) I will now call your attention to a splendid group, taken from English 'Istry, and set in motion by powerful machinery, reppresentin' the Parting Interview of CHARLES THE FIRST with his fam'ly. (Rolls up a painted canvas curtain, and reveals the Monarch seated, with the Duke of GLOUCESTER on his knee, surrounded by OLIVER CROMWELL, and as many Courtiers, Guards, and Maids of Honour as can be accommodated in the limited space.) I will wind up the machinery and the unfortunate King will be seen in the act of bidding his fam'ly ajew for ever in this world.

[CHARLES begins to click solemnly and move his head by progressive jerks to the right, while the Little Duke moves his simultaneously to the left, and a Courtier in the background is so affected by the scene that he points with respectful sympathy at nothing; the Spectators do not commit themselves to any comments.]

Showman (concluding a quotation from MARKHAM). "And the little Dook, with the tears a-standin' in 'is heyes, replies, 'I will be tore in pieces fust!' Other side, please! No, Mum, the lady in mournin' ain't the beautiful but ill-fated MARY, Queen o' Scots—it's Mrs. MAYBRICK, now in confinement for poisonin' her 'usban', and the figger close to her is the MAHDI, or False Prophet. In the next case we 'ave a subject selected from Ancient Roman 'Istry, bein' the story of ANDROCLES, the Roman Slave, as he appeared when, escaping from his cruel owners, he entered a cave and found a lion which persented 'im with 'is bleedin' paw. After some 'estiation, ANDROCLES examined the paw, as reppresented before you. (Winds the machinery up, whereupon the lion opens his lower jaw and emits a mild bleat, while ANDROCLES turns his head from side to side in bland surprise.) This lion is the largest forestbred and blackmaned specimen ever imported into this country—the other lion standing beyond (disparagingly), has nothing whatever to do with the tableau, 'avin' been shot recently in Africa by Mr. STANLEY, the two figgers at the side reppresent the Boy Murderers who killed their own father at Crews with a 'atchet and other 'orrible barbarities. I shall conclude the Collection by showing you the magnificent group reppresentin' Her Gracious

Majesty the QUEEN, as she appeared in 'er 'appier and younger days, surrournded by the late Mr. SPURGEON, the 'Eroes of the Soudan, and other Members of the Royal Fam'ly.

INSIDE THE CIRCUS.

After some tight-ropes, juggling, and boneless performances have been given in the very limited arena, the Clown has introduced the Learned Pony.

Clown. Now, little Pony, go round the Company and pick me out the little boy as robs the Farmer's orchard.

[The Pony trots round, and thrusts his nose confidently into a Small Boy's face.

Small Boy (indignantly). Ye 're a liar, Powney; so theer!

Clown. Now, see if you can find me the little gal as steals her mother's jam and sugar. Look sharp now, don't stand there playin' with yer bit!

A Little Girl (penitently, as the Accusing Quadruped halts in front of her). Oh, please, Pony, I won't never do it no more!

Clown. Now go round and pick me out the Young Man as is fond o' kissin' the girls and married ladies when their 'usbands is out o' the way. (The Pony stops before an Infant in Arms.) 'Ere, think what yer doin' now. You don't mean 'im, do you? (The Pony shakes his head.)

Is it the Young Man standin' just beyond as is fond o' kissin' the girls? (The Pony nods.) Ah, I thought so!

The Rustic Lothario (with a broad grin). It's quito tri-ew!

Clown. Now I want you, little Pony, to go round and tell me who's the biggest rogue in the company. (Reassuringly, as the Pony goes round, and a certain uneasiness is perceptible among some of the spectators.) I 'ope no Gentleman 'ere will be offended by bein' singled out, for no offence is intended,—it is merely a 'armless— (Finds the Pony at his elbow.) Why, you rascal! do you mean to say I'm the biggest rogue 'ere? (The Pony nods.) You've been round, and can't find a bigger rogue than me in all this company? (Emphatic shake of the head from Pony; secret relief of inner circle of Spectators.) You and me 'll settle this later!

First Spectator (as audience disperses). That wur a clever Pony, sart'nly!

Second Spect. Ah, he wur that. (Reflectively.) I dunno as I shud keep partickler 'bout 'avin of 'im, though!

IN THE HOME OF MYSTERY.

A small canvas booth with a raised platform, on which a Young Woman in short skirts has just performed a few elementary conjuring tricks before an audience of gaping Rustics.

The Showman. The Second Part of our Entertainment will consist of the performances of a Real Live Zulu from the Westminster Royal Aquarium. Mr. FARINI, in the course of 'is travels, discovered both men and women—and this is one of them. (Here a tall Zulu, simply attired in a leopard's-skin apron, a bead necklace, and an old bushy, creeps through the hangings at the back.) He will give you a specimen of the strange and remarkable dances in his country, showin' you the funny way in which they git married—for they don't git married over there the same as we do 'ere—cert'nly not! (The Spectators form a close ring round the Zulu.) Give him a little more room, or else you won't notice the funny way he moves his legs while dancin'.

[The ring widens a very little, and contracts again, while the Zulu performs a perfunctory prance to the monotonous jingle of his brass anklets.]

Melia (critically). Well, that's the silliest sort of a weddin' as iver I see!

Joe. He do seem to be 'avin' it a good deal to 'isself, don't 'e?

Showman. He will now conclude 'is entertainment by porsin round, and those who would like to shake 'ands with 'im are welcome to do so, while at the same time, those among you who would like to give 'im a extry copper for 'isself you will 'ave an opportunity of noticin' the funny way in which he takes it.

Spectators (as the Zulu begins to sink round the tent, extending a huge and tawny paw). 'Ere, come arn!

[The booth is precipitately cleared.]

"WRITE Letter Days" should be the companion volume to Red Letter Days, published by BENTLEY.



"It's quito tri-ew!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

THE SMOKING-ROOM.

THE subject of the Smoking-room would seem to be intimately and necessarily connected with the subject of smoke, which was dealt with in our last Chapter. A very good friend of mine, Captain SHABRACK of the 55th (Queen Elizabeth's Own) Hussars, was good enough to favour me with his views the other day. I met the gallant officer, who is, as all the world knows, one of the safest and best shots of the day, in Pall Mall. He had just stepped out of his Club—the luxurious and splendid Tatterdemalion, or, as it is familiarly called, “the Tat”—where, to use his own graphic language, he had been “killing the worm with a nip of Scotch.”

“Early Scotch woodcock, I suppose,” says I, sportively alluding to the proverb.

“Scotch woodcock be blowed,” says the Captain, who, it must be confessed, does not include an appreciation of delicate humour amongst his numerous merits; “Scotch, real Scotch, a noggin of it, my boy, with soda in a long glass; plug, plug, down it goes, hiss’n’ over the hot coppers. You know the trick, my son, it’s no use pretendin’ you don’t”—and thereupon the high-spirited warrior dug me good-humouredly in the ribs, and winked at me with an eye which, if the truth must be told, was bloodshot to the very verge of ferocity.

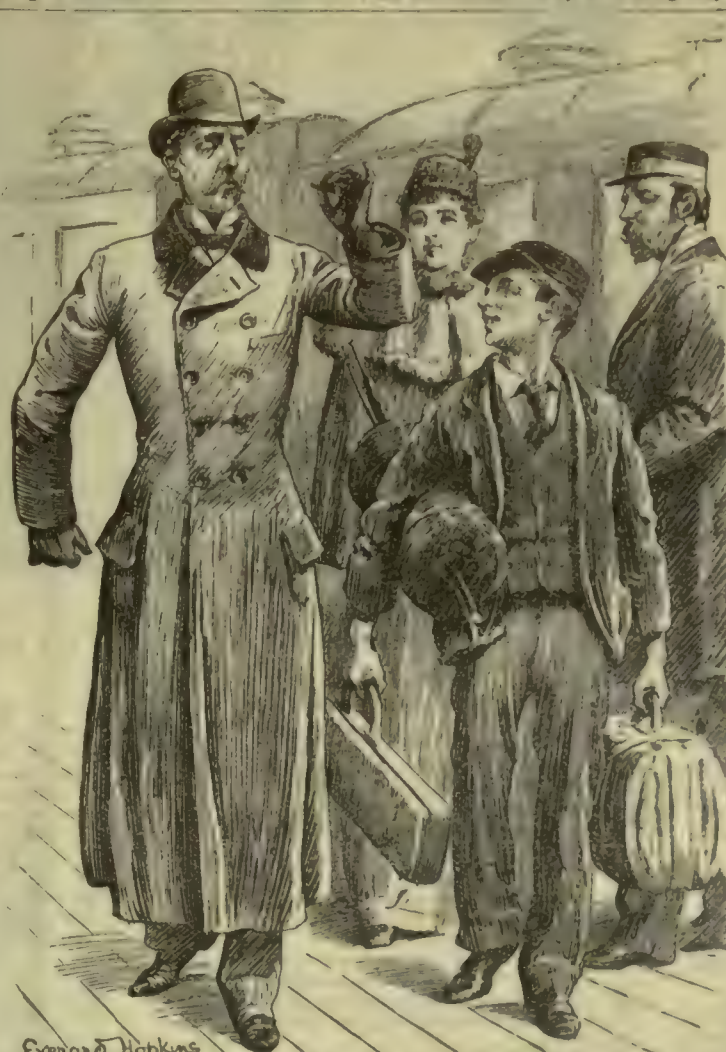
“Talkin’ of woodcock,” he continued—we were now walking along Pall Mall together—“they tell me you’re writin’ some gas or other about shootin’. Well, if you want a tip from me, just you let into the smokin’ room shots a bit; you know the sort I mean, fellows who are reg’lar devils at killin’ birds when they haven’t got a gun in their hands. Why, there’s that little son of a corn-crake, FLICKERS—when once he gets talkin’ in a smokin’ room nothing can hold him. He’d talk the hind leg off a donkey. I know he jolly nearly laid me out the last time I met him with all histalk—No, you don’t,” continued the Captain, imagining, perhaps, that I was going to rally him on his implied connection of himself with the three-legged animal he had mentioned, “no you don’t—

it wouldn’t be funny; and besides, I’m not donkey enough to stand much of that as FLICKERS. So just you pitch into him, and the rest of ‘em, my bonny boy, next time you put pen to paper.” At this moment my cheerful friend observed a hansom that took his fancy. “Gad!” he said, “I never can resist one of those india-rubber tires. Ta, ta, old cock—keep your pecker up. Never forget your goloshes when it rains, and always wear flannel next your skin,” and, with that, he sprang into his hansom, ordered the cabman to drive him round the town as long as a florin would last, and was gone.

Had the Captain only stayed with me a little longer, I should have thanked him for his hint, which set me thinking. I know FLICKERS well. Many a time have I heard that notorious romancer holding forth on his achievements in sport, and love, and society. I have caught him tripping, convicted him of imagination on a score of occasions; dozens of his acquaintances must

have found him out over and over again; but the fellow sails on, unconscious of a reverse, with a sort of smiling persistence, down the stream of modified untruthfulness, of which nobody ought to know better than FLICKERS the rapids, and shallows, and rocks on which the mariner’s bark is apt to go to wreck. What is there in the pursuit of sport, I ask myself, that brings on this strange tendency to exaggeration? How few escape it. The excellent, the prosaic DUNSON, that broad-shouldered, whiskered, and eminently snub-nosed Nimrod, he too, gives way occasionally. FLICKERS’S, I own, is an extreme case. He has indulged himself in fibs to such an extent, that fibs are now as necessary to him as drama to the drunkard. But DUNSON the respectable, DUNSON the dull, DUNSON the unromantic—why does the gadfly sting him too, and impel him now and then to wonderful antics. For was it not DUNSON who told me, only a week ago, that he had shot three partridges stone dead with one shot, and in measuring the distance, had found it to be 100 yards less two inches? Candidly, I do not believe him; but naturally enough I was not going to be outdone, and I promptly returned on him with my well-known anecdote about the shot which ricocheted from a driven bird in front of me and pierced my host’s youngest brother—a plump, short-coated Eton boy, who was for some reason standing with his back to me ten yards in my rear—in a part of his person sacred as a rule *plagosa Orbis*. The shrieks of the stricken youth, I told DUNSON, still sounded horribly in my ears. It took the country doctor an hour to extract the pellets—an operation which the boy endured with great fortitude, merely observing that he hoped his rowing would not be spoiled for good, as he should bar awfully having to turn himself into a dry-bob. This story, with all its harrowing details, did I duly hammer into the open-mouthed DUNSON, who merely remarked that “it was a rum go, but you can never tell where a ricochet will go,” and was beginning upon me with a brand-new ricochet anecdote of his own, when I hurriedly departed.

Wherefore, my gay young shooters, you who week by week suck wisdom and conversational ability from these columns, it is borne in upon me that for your benefit I must treat of the Smoking-room in its connection with shooting-parties. Thus, perhaps, you may learn not so much what you ought to say, as what you ought not to say, and your discretion shall be the admiration of a whole country-side. “The Smoking-room: with which is incorporated ‘Anecdotes.’” What a rollicking, cheerful, after-dinner sound there is about it. SHABRACK might say it was like the title of a cheap weekly, which as a matter of fact, it does resemble. But what of that? Next week we will begin upon it in good earnest.



Everard Hopkins

THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS!

Boy. “SECOND-CLASS, SIR!” Captain. “I NEVER TRAVEL SECOND-CLASS!”
Boy. “THIS WAY THIRD, SIR!”

FROM SMITH AND MITCHELL to a Kangaroo!!!
The “noble art” is going up! Whilloo! Stay, though! Since pugilist-man seems coward-clown, Perhaps ‘tis the Marsupial coming down!

On the Boxing Kangaroo.

FROM SMITH AND MITCHELL to a Kangaroo!!!
The “noble art” is going up! Whilloo! Stay, though! Since pugilist-man seems coward-clown, Perhaps ‘tis the Marsupial coming down!



FELINE AMENITIES.

"I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME LACE FOR YOUR STALL AT THE BAZAAR, LIZZIE. I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT QUITE OLD ENOUGH TO BE REALLY VALUABLE. I HAD IT WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL."

"OH, THAT'S OLD ENOUGH FOR ANYTHING, DEAREST! HOW LOVELY! THANKS SO VERY MUCH!"

"LE GRAND FRANÇAIS."

"[With all his faults, M. DE LESSEPS is perhaps the most remarkable—we may even say the most illustrious—of living Frenchmen.]—*The Times*."

JACQUES BONHOMME *loquitur* :—

SOMEONE should suffer—yes, of course—
For the depletion of my stocking;
But *Le Grand Français*? Bah! Remorse
Moves me to tears. It seems too shocking.
Get back my money? *Pas de chance!*
And then he is the pride of France!

I raged, I know, four years ago,
Against those Panama projectors.
The law seemed slack, inquiry slow;
How I denounced them, the Directors,
Including *him*—in some vague fashion;
But then—BONHOMME was in a passion!

And now to see the *gendarme's* hand—
Half shrinking—upon *his* shoulder,
Our *Grand Français*—so old, so grand!
Ma foi, it palsies the beholder.
And will it lessen my large loss
To fix a stain on the Grand Cross?

Too sanguine? Too seductive? Yes!
But was it not such hopeful charming
That led him to his old success?
The thought is softening, and disarming;
O'er Suez and the Red Sea glance,
And see what he has done for France!

Peste on this Panama affair!
Egyptian sands sucked not our savings
As did those swamps. Still I can't bear
To see *him* suffer. 'Midst my cravings
For *la revanche*, I'd fain not touch
Our Greatest Frenchman—'tis too much!

SHORT AND SWEET.

"[The Young Ladies of Nottingham have formed a Short-skirt League.]—*Daily Graphic*."

YE pretty girls of England,
So famous for your looks,
Whose sense has braved a thousand fads
Of foolish fashion-books,
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And refrain
From the train

While the stormy tempests blow,
While the sodden streets are thick with mud,
And the stormy tempests blow!

See how the girls of Nottingham
Inaugurate a League
For skirts five inches from the ground;
They'll walk without fatigue,
No longer plagued with trains to lift
Above the slush or snow;
They'll not sweep
Mud that's deep

While the stormy tempests blow;
Long dresses do the Vestry's work,
While stormy tempests blow.

O pretty girls of Nottingham,
If you could save us men
From our frightful clothing,
How we should love you then!
We'd shorten turned-up trouser,
And widen pointed toe,
Leave off that
Vile silk hat,

When the stormy tempests blow—
Wretched hat that stands not wind or rain
When the stormy tempests blow.

We're fools. Yet, girls of England,
We might inquire of you,
Why wear those capes and sleeves that seem
Quite wide enough for two?
And why revive the *chignons*—
Huge lumps pinned on? You know
You would cry
Should they fly
Where the stormy tempests blow;
For they catch the wind just like balloons,
Where the stormy tempests blow.

FAULTS O' BOTH SIDES.—Ardent Radicals grumbled at the Government for not holding an Autumn Session. That was a fault of omission. Now touchy Tories are angry with it for showing too strong a tendency to what Mr. GLADSTONE once sarcastically called "a policy of examination and inquiry"—into the case of Evioted Tenants, Poor-Law Relief, &c. This is a fault of (Royal) Commission. Luckless Government! The verdict upon it seems to be that it

"Does nothing in particular,
And does it very—*ill*."

NOTICE.—The Twin Fountains of Trafalgar Square regret to inform the British Public that, although they have performed gratuitously and continuously for a number of years, they are compelled to retire from business, as they cannot compete with the State-aided spouting which takes place in their Square.

A GREAT "TREAT."—Public-house Politics at Election time.



“LE GRAND FRANÇAIS!”

JACQUES BONHOMME (regarding M. DE LESSEPS, apart). “BAH! I HAVE LOST MY MONEY! (Pause.) ALL THE SAME, I CANNOT DESIRE THAT HE, SO OLD AND SO DISTINGUISHED, SHOULD SUFFER!!”



GALLANTRY REWARDED.

Lady (having had a fall at a Brook, and come out the wrong side,—to Stranger, who has caught her Horse). "Oh, I'm so much obliged to you! Now, do you mind just bringing him over!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Books from the publishing house of FISHER UNWIN are always goodly to look upon, the public having to thank him for something new in form, binding, and colour, in other series than the Pseudonym Library. In a new edition of *The Sinner's Comedy*, just issued at the modest price of Eighteenpence, he has solved a problem that has long baffled the publisher, and bothered the public. Few like the appearance of a book with the pages machine-cut; fewer still can spare the time to cut a book. Mr. FISHER UNWIN compromises by presenting this dainty little volume with the top pages ready cut, the reader having nothing to do but to slice the side-pages, a labour which no book-lover would grudge, seeing that it leaves the volume with the uncut appearance dear to his heart. The story, told in 146 pages, is, my Baronite says, worthy the distinction of its appearance. The characters are clearly drawn, the plot is interesting, the conversation crisp, and the style throughout pleasantly cynical. The author, JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, has a pretty turn of aphorism. "A man's way of loving is so different from a woman's"; and again, "Genius is so rare, and ambition is so common." Here be truths, old enough perhaps, but cleverly re-set.

Some people complain that politics are dull. They should read the parliamentary and extra-parliamentary utterances of the Member for Wrotenborough. They appear weekly in that rising young paper, the *Sunday Times*, and an extremely readable selection of them has lately been published "in book form," for the enlivening of the Recess. Adapting the Laureate's lines, the Baron would say,—

"They who would vote for an M.P. whose sense with humour chimes,
Will read the Member for Wrotenborough, all in the *Sunday Times*—
A paper our sires paid Sevenpence for, along of its grit and go,

Seventy years ago, my Public, seventy years ago!"

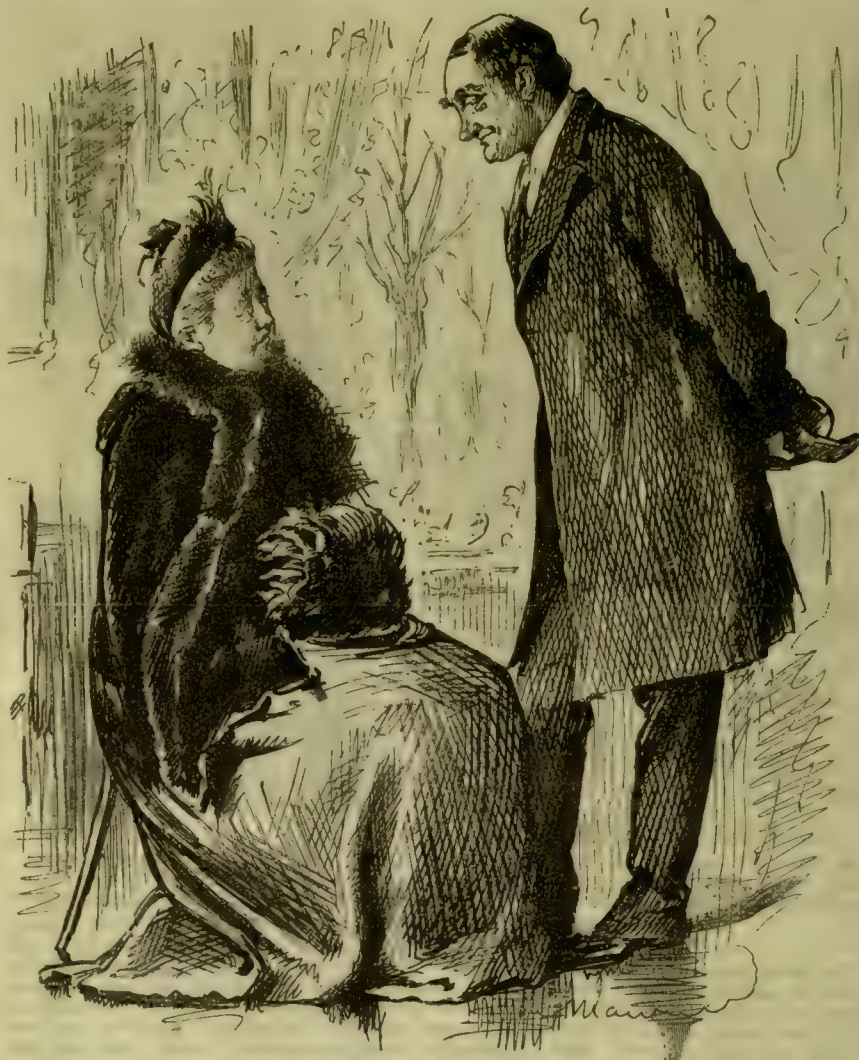
For whimsical audacity, and quaint unexpectedness, Mr. PAIN, in his latest book, *Playthings and Parodies*, would be hard to beat. In this there is a good back-ground of shrewd observation. He does not propose to make your flesh creep, or your eyes run torrents. He simply succeeds in making you laugh. In "The Processional Instinct," Mr. PAIN informs us that he has discovered that our private life is circular, and our public life is rectilinear. SHAKESPEARE, who, being for all time, and not merely for an age, recommends this author to the general public when he says that everybody "should be so conversant with PAIN."

The Memories of Dean Hole is rather a misleading title: "but," says the Baron, "I suppose the term 'Reminiscences' is played out. The word 'Memories' seems to suggest that someone, whether Dean HOLE, or Dean CORNER, or any other Dean, had more than one memory, as indeed those persons appear to possess who mention their 'good memory for names,' and their 'bad memory for dates,' and *vice versa*. Soit," quoth the Baron, in excellent French, "you may take it from me (if I'll part with it) that the Hole book is by no means a half-and-half sort of book, but is vastly entertaining." The stories of "The Cloth" form the most entertaining part of the work. The Baron wishes success to this work of the Dean in Hole Orders, and suggests that the volume should be re-entitled *Gathered Leaves from Dean Hole's Rose Garden*, a better title than "Reminiscences."

MARION CRAWFORD's *Don Orsino* (published by MACMILLAN & Co.) would be worth reading were it only for the colour of its word-painting, and for its high-comedy dialogue. Yet is Mr. CRAWFORD rather given to pause in his story, for the sake of moralising on the tendencies of the age; and the reader, patient though he may be, when he has become interested in the personages of the novel, does not care to be button-holed by a digression. MARION CRAWFORD's recipe for commencing an amorous dialogue (early in Vol. III.), which is to lead up to a declaration of love, is deliciously ingenious. It begins with the gentleman taking a seat, and his first remark is upon the chair. Mr. CRAWFORD evidently remembers the old story of how the tenor who knew but one song, "*In my Cottage near a Wood*," used to introduce it into any scene of any Opera by the simple process of making his entrance alone and finding a chair on the stage. "Aha!" quoth he. "What's this? A chair? and made of wood! Ah! that word! how it reminds me of my 'umble home, 'my cottage near a wood.'" Cue for band; chord; song. In this instance, the love-scene, admirably led up to on the above plan, is strikingly powerful; it is the work of a master-hand. The dénouement is both artistically original and, at the same time, ordinarily probable. May all readers enjoy this excellent novel as much as has the sympathetic

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

CLASSICAL QUESTION.—If some schoolboys, home for Christmas holidays, wanted Sir AUGUSTUS DRUCIOLANUS to give them a Christmas Box (not a private one at the Pantomime), what Ancient Philosopher would they mention? Why—of course—"ARISTIPPUS."



A LABOUR OF LOVE.

The Vicar. "AND WERE YOU AT THE BALL LAST NIGHT, MRS. RAMSBOTHAM?"
Mrs. R. "OH, YES; I WAS SHAMPOOING EIGHT YOUNG LADIES THERE!"

LOCAL COLOUR.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, in his new poem, *Fortunatus, the Pessimist*, has hit upon a new notion, to say nothing of a novel rhyme. Sings he:—

"When the foal and brood-mare hinny,
 And in every cut-down spinney
 Lady's-Smocks grow mauve and mauwer,
 Then the Winter days are over."

This opens a polychromatic vista to the New Poetry. Technical Art comes to the aid of the elder Muses. The products of gas-tar alone should greatly regenerate a something time-worn poetic phraseology. As thus:—

When the poet, Mr. PENNYLINE,
 Is inspired by beauteous Aniline,
 Products chemical and gas-tarry
 Give the modern Muse new mastery.
 Mauve may chime with love, and mauwer
 Form a decent rhyme to lover;
 While (and if not, why not?) mauwest
 Antiphonetic proves to lovest.
 (Verse erotic always sports
 Tricksily with longs and shorts.
 Verbal votaries of Venus
 Are an arbitrary genus,
 And as arrogant as HOWELLS
 In their dealings with the vowels.
 Love, move, rove, linked in a sonnet,
 Pass for rhymes; the best have done it!)
 Then again there is Magenta!
 Surely science never sent a
 Handier rhyme to—well, polenta,
 Or (for Cockney Muses) Mentor!
 The poetic sense auricular
 Can't afford to be particular.
 Rags of rhymes, mere assonances,
 Now must serve. Pegasus prances,
 Like a Buffalo Bill buck-jumper,
 When you have a "regular stumper"
 (Such as "silver") do not care about
 Perfect rhyming; "there or thereabout"
 Is the Muse's maxim now.
 You may get (bards have, I trow)
 Rhyme's last minimum irreducible,
 From dye-vat, retort, or crucible.

Verily (as *Touchstone* says), "I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted." And if it is "the right butterwoman's rate to market," or "the very false gallop of verses," it is at any rate good enough for a long-eared public or a postulant for the Laureateship.

WAR ON A LARGE SCALE.

(An Account of the Conflict, from the Diary of an Inhabitant of Herne Bay.)

Monday.—Extremely awkward—the entire British Fleet have come ashore; and, as it is impossible to move them on account of their enormous tonnage, this will entail a loss of £24,000 000 000!

Tuesday.—Troubles never come singly! The French, taking advantage of the temporary suspension of our naval operations, have declared war. This means the utter ruin of the bathing season, not only at Herne Bay, but Southend, and the Isle of Thanet.

Wednesday.—As I expected! The French Fleet are coming up towards London. They are sure to pepper us as they pass. As every gun carries several hundred miles, I do not see how books can be uninterruptedly issued from and returned to the Circulating Library.

Thursday.—Our first slice of luck! The entire French Fleet during the mist last night came into collision with the Nore Light, and sank immediately. I was surprised at their sparing the Reculvers and the local bathing-machines, but now the mystery is explained.

Friday.—Just learned that the great gun

of Paris, which carries forty-four thousand miles, is to be tried for the first time to-morrow. It would have been used earlier, had it not been necessary to raise a foreign loan to supply funds to load it. Trust it won't be laid in our direction. This war has already caused the Insurance Companies to double their charges! Too bad!

Saturday.—All's well that ends well. Hostilities are at an end. This morning all the glass in the windows were broken at 8 o'clock. Ten minutes later the Champs Elysées was deposited half a mile from Birchington. We now know that the great Paris gun burst on its first discharge, and France exists no longer as a country, but as a "geographical expression" is deposited in various parts of Europe.

REAL AND IDEAL.—"A Really Hard-Headed Man"—the Iron-skulled individual now exhibiting at the Aquarium. If his will is as iron as his head, what a despot he would be! If France is tired of her Republic, she might try the Iron-Headed Man as a ruler. There is the chance, of course, that he might turn out a numskull, and be only King Log, after all.



A GENTLEMAN WHO "TAKES LIFE EASILY."



A REMINISCENCE OF THE BASEBALL SEASON.

JIM'S JOTTINGS.

["Do the poor make the slums, or the slums make the poor?"—*Henry Lazarus*, in "*Land-lordism*"]

Is it the poor wot makes the Slums, or the Slums wot makes the poor?

Well, that's the question, Guv'nor, and I've 'eared it asked afore, [be O.K.]

And the arnser ain't so easy, if you wants to Don't suppose as I can settle it, but I'll have my little say.

My old friend Mister LAZARUS, now, he ups and sez, sez he,

The great Ground Landlord is the great *prime* cause. "Yah! fiddlededee!"

Cries the House-Farmer; "Slums is Slums, acoos the Poor is Pigs!"

"You try 'em, friend philanthropist! They'll play you proper rigs."

Yus, there's two sides to heverythink, wus luck! That's where we're fogged.

Passages like foul pigstyes, gents, and back-yards like black bogs,

Banisters broke for firewood, and smashed winders stuffed with rags,

These make the sniffers slate the poor, Perticular if they're wags.

Well, gents, you know, it's *this* way. Just you fancy yerselves *born*

In a back-slum like Ragman's Rents. 'Old 'ard, don't larf with scorn!

Some on us is born there, yer know; it might ha' bin *your* luck, got the chuck.

If yer mother'd bin a boozier, and yer father'd

Of course *yourn* was respectable; *mine* wosn't; there's the diff.!

Ah! things like this ain't settled by a snort or by a sniff. [dark dive,

Jest fancy hopenin yer eyes fust time in a Or a sky-parlour where a plan't o' musk won't keep alive.

Emagine, if yer washups can, some ten foot square o' room,

With a stror-heap in one corner, and a "dip" to light the gloom;

With the walls dirt-streaked with damp-lines, outside, a drunken din,

And hinside, a whiff of sewer-gas in a hat-mosphere of gin.

Some on you can't emagine there's sech 'orrors on the earth;

But there are, you bet your buttons. Who'd select 'em for their *birth*? [I expect;

Not you, not me, not no one, if you asked 'em, But yer place o' birth yer see, gents' jest the thing yer *can't* select.

If you're born where streets is narrer, and where rooms is werry small,

Where you've damp sludge for a ceiling, rotting plaster for a wall;

Where yer can't eat, sleep, wash yerselves, or lay up when you're sick.

Without tumbling one o'er tother, wy, yer *sinks*, gents, pooty quick.

Sinks! Yes, when wot yer lives in is a sink, or somethink wus;

With a drunkard for a mother, and some neighbour for a nuss;

With the gutter for yer playground, and a 'ome from which yer shrink,

Can you wonder that poor Slum-birds is give o'er to Dirt and Drink.

Ah! them two D's goes together. Just you plant some orty Queen

In a rookery, in her kidhood, and then tell her to keep *clean*,

Wash 'er face, and mend 'er garments,—wich they're mostly sewed-up rags,—

In six months she'd be a scare-crow, 'ands like sut, and 'air all jags.

Wot yer washups don't quite tumble to's the fack as like breeds like.

If you would himprove Slum-dwellers, at the Slum you fust must strike.

Give us small dark 'oles to dwell in, and you must be jolly green

If you think folks bred in dirt like, are a-going to keep 'em clean.

When the sewer-rats take to sweetening and lime-washing *their* foul 'oles,

And bright light and disinfectants are the fads of skunks and moles,

Then poor souls in cellar-dwellings and in jerry-builders' dens,

Will be smart as young canaries and as clean as clucking hens.



NOCKY SPRIGGINES guyed me proper, in his chuckly sorter style,

With his thumb 'ooked orful hartful, and his chikaleary smile.

"JIM," sez he, "wot price *your* jabber? Do yer think the blooming blokes

Cares a cuss for me and you, JIM, any more than for our mokes?

"Shut yer face, you pattering jossler! Dirt and Drink is good for Rents!

If the Poor *wos* clean and sober, where 'ud be their cent-per-cents?

If it's Public 'Ouse 'gainst Wash 'Ouse, if it's Slumland *versus* Swipes,

I am on for booze and backy 'stead o' drains and water-pipes.

"You may be *too* jolly clean, JIM, and a precious sight *too* light.

Were's the good to scrub yer skin orf! And if when a cove gits tight, [wot a lark

Or would give his donah wot-for on the Q.T. If there weren't no 'andy alleys, nor no corners snug and dark.

"If the Public—and the Slops—wos always fly to wot *we* done,

'Long o' widened streets and gas-light, wy we'd 'ave no blooming fun.

Lagged for larrupping yer missus, nailed for boozing till yer nod?

Wy, you jabbering young Juggins, *we should always be in quod!*"

'Ard nut is NOCKY SPRIGGINES—of the sort as make the slums.

'Cos there ain't much chance for cleanness, or for comfort, when *he* comes.

He's as 'appy in the dirt, gents, as a blowfly or a 'og; [a bog;

Or poor Paddy in his tater-patch alongside of He'd chop up 'is doors and winders for a fire

to 'ot his lush, Don't care a 'ang for decency, and never raised a blush.

But, arter my experience—and I've 'ad some down our court—

I believe that—fair at bottom—it's the Slum as makes *his* sort.

Anyways I'm pooty certain, if we'd got more light and space,

And were not jammed up together in a filthy, ill-drained place;

If the sunlight could but see us, and the public and the cops,

There would be less booze and bashing, fewer drabs and drinking-shops.

Aye, and fewer NOCKY SPRIGGINES! I don't go for to say

As it's *all* along o' Landlords, who'd rent 'ell, if 'twould but pay;

But I've noticed you find fewest mice where there are lots of cats,

And where there ain't no rat-holes, well—yer won't spot many rats!

THE LAST DISCOVERY.

(A Sequel to a recent Lecture. By Mr. Punch's Prophetic Reporter.)

THE ENORMOUS crowd cheered again and again. It was furious. The enthusiasm spread from throng to throng, until a mighty chorus filled every portion of the land. And there was indeed reason for the rejoicing. Had not the great Arctic Explorer come home? Had he not been to the North Pole and back? At that very moment were not a couple of steam-tugs drawing his wooden vessel towards his native shore? It was indeed a moment for congratulation—not only personal but national, nay cosmopolitan. The victory of art over nature belonged to more than a country, it belonged to the world!

And the tugs came closer and closer, and the cheers grew louder and louder. Then the vessel bearing the Explorer was near at hand. The crowd joyously jumped into the water, and raising him on their shoulders, bore him triumphantly to land.

How they welcomed him! How they seized his hands and kissed them! How they cried and called him "Master," and "Victor," and "Hero!" It was a scene never to be forgotten!

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, they began to ask him questions. At last one of them wished to know how he contrived to find the North Pole and get back in safety?

"You intended to drift?" said they. "Great and glorious hero, victorious victor, triumphant explorer, did you do this?"

"I did," was the reply.

"And tell us what was your method of obtaining the knowledge you now possess? Oh, great chief, how *did* you manage it?"

Then came the answer—

"By sitting still, and doing nothing!"

And now it being dark, they separated to illuminate their homes in honour of the fresh industry—an industry admirably adapted to that great and contented class of the community, the Unemployed!

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

III.—THE MAN WHO WOULD GET ON.

"I DREAMED," said the Scotch Professor, "that I was struggling for dear life with a monstrous reptile, whose soaly coils wound about my body, while the extremity of his own was lost in the distance. At last I managed to shake myself free, and setting my foot on his neck, I was preparing to cut his throat, when the animal looked up at me with an appealing expression, and said, 'At least you might give me a testimonial!'"

This professional nightmare (for the labours of a Scotch instructor consist, to a great extent, in writing testimonials, or in evading requests for them), suggested to one of his audience the history of SAUNDERS MCGREGOR, the Man who would Get on. In boyhood, SAUNDERS obtained an exhibition, or bursary, to the University of St. Mungo's. This success implied no high degree of scholarship, for the benefice was only open to persons of the surname of MCGREGOR, and the Christian-name of SAUNDERS. The provident parents of our hero, having accidentally become aware of this circumstance, had their offspring christened SAUNDERS, and thus secured, from the very first, an opening for the young man.

At St. Mungo's, SAUNDERS was mainly notable for a generous view of life, which enabled him to look on the goods of others as practically common among Christians. A pipe of his own he somehow possessed, but tobacco and lights he invariably borrowed, also golf-balls, postage-stamps, railway fares, books, caps, gowns, and similar trifles; while his nature was so social, that he invariably dropped in to supper with one or other of his companions. The accident of being left alone for a few moments in the study of our Examiner, where SAUNDERS deftly possessed himself of a set of examination-papers, enabled him to take his degree with an ease and brilliance which very considerably astonished his instructors. By adroitly using this good fortune, SAUNDERS accumulated a pile of most egregious testimonials, and these he regarded as the main-spring of success in life. He had early discovered in himself a singular capacity for drawing salaries, and as he had unbounded conceit and unqualified ignorance, he conceived himself to be fit for any post in life to which a salary is attached. He had also really great gifts as a *crampon*, or hanger-on, and neglected no opportunity, while he made many, of securing useful acquaintances. Thus it was the custom of his college to elect, at stated periods, a man of eminence as Rector. SAUNDERS at once constituted himself secretary of a committee, and, without consulting his associates, wrote invitations to eminent politicians, poets, painters, actors, editors, clergymen, and other people much in the public eye. In these effusions he poured forth the innocent enthusiasm of his heart, expressing an admiration which might seem excessive to all but its objects. They, with the guilelessness of mature age and conscious merit, were touched by SAUNDERS's expressions of esteem, which they set down to hero-worship, and a fervent study of Mr. CARLYLE's works. Only one of the persons addressed, unluckily, could be elected; but SAUNDERS added their responses to his pile of testimonials, and frequently gave them good epistolary reason to remember his existence and his devotion.

His earliest object was to become secretary to somebody or something, the Prime Minister, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Society for the Protection of Aborigines, or Ancient Monuments, or even as Secretary to the Carlton Club, SAUNDERS felt he could do his talents justice in any of these positions. If anything was to be had, SAUNDERS was the boy to ask for it; nay more, to ask other people to ask. Private Secretaryships to Ministers, or societies, or great Clubs, are not invariably given to the first applicant who comes along, even if he appeals to testimonials in the Junior Mathe-

matical Class from Professor MCGLASHEAN of St. Mungo's. But SAUNDERS was not daunted. He would write to one notable, informing him that his grandmother had been at a parish school with the notable's great uncle—on which ground of acquaintanceship he would ask that the notable should at once get him a post as Secretary of a Geological Society, or as Inspector of Manufactories, or of Salmon Fisheries, or to a Commission on the Trade of Knife-grinding.

Another notable he would tell that he had once been pointed out to him in a railway station, therefore he was emboldened to ask his correspondent to ask his Publisher, to get at the Editor of the *Times*, and recommend him, SAUNDERS, as Musical Critic, or Sub-editor, or Society Reporter. Nor did SAUNDERS neglect Professorships, and vacant Chairs. His testimonials went in for all of them. He was equally ready and qualified to be Professor of Greek, Metaphysics, Etruscan, Chemistry, or the Use of the Globes, while Biblical criticism and Natural Religion, prompted his wildest yearnings. Though ignorant of foreign languages, he was prepared to be a correspondent anywhere, and though he was purely unlearned in all matters, he proposed to edit Dictionaries and Encyclopedias, of course with the assistance of a large and competent staff. His proofs of capacity for a series of occupations that would have

staggered a CRICHTON, was always attested by his old College testimonials, for SAUNDERS was of opinion that the courteous *obiter dictum* of a Professor was an Open Sesame to all the golden gates of the world. Meanwhile, he supported existence by teaching the elements of the classic languages, with which he had the most distant acquaintance, to little boys, at a Day School. But one of these pupils came home, one afternoon, in tears, having been beaten on the palms of the hands with a leather strap, in addition to the task of writing out the verb *vivere*. This punishment was inflicted because, in accordance with SAUNDERS's instructions, he had represented the Cyclops of Euripides as "sweeping the stars with a rake." The original words of the Athenian poet do not bear this remarkable construction, so SAUNDERS was dismissed from the only work which he

had ever made even a pretence of doing. He has not the energy, nor the lungs necessary for the profession of an agitator; he has not the grammar required in a penny-a-liner, he cannot cut hair, and his manners unfit him for the occupation of a shop-assistant, so that little is left open to SAUNDERS but the industry of the Blackmailer. The office of Secretary to a Missionary in a Leper settlement, on an island of Tierra Del Fuego, is, however, vacant; and, if the many important personages with whom SAUNDERS has corresponded will only make a united effort, it is possible that the Man who would Get on may at last be got off, and relieve society from the burden of his solicitations. May the comparative failure in life of SAUNDERS MCGREGOR act as a warning to those who think that they shall be heard, by men, for their much asking!

P.S.—This does not apply to women. We have just been informed that Mr. SAUNDERS MCGREGOR, M.A., is about to lend to the altar the only and orphan daughter of the late ALISTER MCFUNGUS, Esq., of Castle Fungus, Drepdally, N.B., the eminent introducer of remarkably improved processes in the manufacture of Heel-ball.

"ONE DOWN, T'OTHER COME ON!"—Mr. HORACE SEDGER has a *Prima Donna* supply always on tap. After two of them have retired from the principal part in *Incognito*, the lively Miss AIDA JENOU'RE—"('Aid 'em JENOU'RE,' she ought to be called," quoth Mr. WAGG-STAFF)—comes to the rescue, and "on we goes again" with an excellent *dansseuse*, too, thoroughly in earnest, as her name implies, which sounds like Miss Sin-cere and is written Miss ST. CYR.





THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.



A MERE DETAIL.

Friend of the Family. "WEEL, MRS. M'GLASGIE, AND HOW 'S YOUR DAUGHTER DOIN', THE ONE THAT WAS MARRIED A WHILE AGO?"
Mrs. M'Glasgie. "OH, VARRA WEEL, THANK YE, MR. BROWN, VARRA WEEL, INDEED! SHE CANNABIDE HER MAN. BUT THEN, YE KEN, THERE 'S AYE A SOMETHING!"

THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

(Modern Monetary Version.)

'Twas the gallant Golden Knight downed his visor for the fight.
 All true champions delight in hard tussles.
 With his yellow Standard reared at his back, no foe he feared,
 And his gaze all comers queered,
 There at Brussels.

Like *Sir Kenneth*, only more so, he expanded his fine torso.
 His Standard—bold he swore so—flying proudly,
 Still supreme should flow and flaunt, its defenders none should daunt.
 'Twas a very valiant vaunt.
 Shouted loudly.

Now the Silver Knight had sworn—that the Standard so long borne
 By the Aureate One, in scorn irreducible
 Should not solitary wave. He'd squabosh that champion brave,
 Or would find a torrid grave—
 In some crueible!

Such cremation he would dare if that Standard he might bear
 To the dust, and upraise there one more Silvery.
 For this Argent Knight, though pale, was right sure he could not fail,
 He was proud of his white mail,
 And his skill—very!

So here, Gentles, you behold that brave Knight in mail of Gold,
 Sworn his Standard to uphold high and aureate;
 And that blustering battle-bout, twixt those champions stern and
 stout,
 Will inspire, I have no doubt,
 Our next Laureate!

Yank Knights-Errent may evince interest grave; that Indian Prince
 Will alternate swell and wince as they struggle;
 The young Scottish Knight BALFOUR (who looks callow more than
 dour)
 Hopes the Silver Knight may score,
 By some juggle.

But in spite of Yank and Soot, and the Bimetallic lot,
 They who're fly to what is what, back the Gold 'un.
 And did I bet—for fun—ere this Standard fight is done,
 I should plank my ten to one
 On the Old 'Un!

SUN-SPOTS.

Foe, haze, smoke or cloud, almost daily enshroud
 The Metropolis—place we should shun—
 And day after day the reports briefly say,
 "Bright sunshine at Westminster—none,"

Yes, none!

O Sol, not a ray; no, not one!

The Times says that lots, quite a fine group of spots,
 Are discernible now on the sun;
 Have these stopped heat or light, so that weather-wise write,
 "Bright sunshine at Westminster—none?"

Yes, none!

O Sol, what have you been and done?

Have these sun-spots increased? We know London, at least,
 Is a spot unconnected with sun;
 All day long we burn gas, the report is, alas!
 "Bright sunshine at Westminster—none,"

Yes, none!

O Sol, you old son of a gun!

LADY GAY'S SELECTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
 I AM proud of being the "selection" referred to above,
 though, as a matter of fact it was I who "selected" GAY from the
 numerous sweet young things submitted for my approval during the
 Season when I was considered "the parti"—but on this point I
 maintain a noble silence! In spite of the old Welsh proverb, "Oh,
 wad some Gay the giftie gie us," &c. &c., I was a bit puzzled on
 reading GAY's letters, at the similarity of names, but thought it only
 a coincidence, until she was so upset by the one she read when abroad,
 that she confessed everything, and asked my advice!—It's very
 strange how all these clever women, when they get into a fix, apply
 for assistance to weak "man!" eh? Now that flat-racing is over,
 we are "resting on our oars" for a time—(that is literally true, for
 the country has been mostly under water lately!)—but we shall
 shortly have a cut-in at steeplechasing, when GAY will doubtless
 have some new experiences to relate; meanwhile, allow me to sub-
 scribe myself—(I like to subscribe to everything good)—Yours
 explanatorily,
 (Lord) ARTHUR FLEETWOOD.

ALL ROUND THE FAIR.

No. III.

IN THE "FINE ART" EXHIBITION.

Rustic Art Patrons discovered applying their eyes to peepholes, through which a motley collection of coloured lithographs of the Crimean Campaign, faded stereoscopic-views, Scriptural engravings, and daubed woodcuts from the "Illustrated Police News," is arranged for their inspection.

First Art Patron (waiting for his turn at the first peephole). Look alive theer, GE-ARGE, ain't ye done squintin' at 'un yet?

Ge-arge (a local humorist). 'Tis a rare old novelty, BEN, th' latest from London, and naw mistake 'bout it!

Ben (with disappointment, as he succeeds to the peephole). Why, 'tain't on'y ADAM an' EVE afoor th' Fall! that ain't so partickler noo, as I can see—Lar dear, they're a settin' nekked on a live lion, and a nursin' o' rabbits! (At the next hole ADAM and EVE are represented "After the Fall," overwhelmed with confusion, while the lion is stalking off scandalised, with a fine expression of lofty moral indignation.) 'Ere they are agen! that theer lion thinks he's played sofy to 'en long 'nough, seemin'ly!

Ge-arge (from a further peephole). I say, BEN, 'ere's Mrs. PEARCEY a murderin' Mrs. 'Oge down this 'un—we're a-gittin' along.

Ben (puzzled). They must ha' skipped out a deal. I'm on'y at "CAIN killin' ABEL!"

Female Patron (to Proprietor). 'Ere, Master, I can't see nothen' down 'ere—'tis all dark like!

Proprietor. Let me 'ave a look! You shud put your 'ands so, each side o' your eyes, and—(He looks.) 'Um, it is rayther—but what else do yer expek? It's a "View o' Paris by Night," ain't it—that's all right!

OUTSIDE "PROFESSOR PUGMAN'S SPARRING SALOON."

The Professor (on a little platform, with a pair of Pupils). Now then, all you as lovers o' the Noble and Manly Art o' Self-Defence, step inside and see it illustrated in a scientific an' fust-class manner! This (introducing first Pupil, who rubs his nose with dignity) is 'OFFER of 'Olloway, the becoming nine-stun Champion. This hother's BATTERS o' Bermondsey, open to fight any lad in England at eight-stun four. Is there anyone among you willing to 'ave a round or two with either on 'em fur a drink an' admission free?—if so, now's his time to step forward—there's no waiting, mind yer?

Joe (to Melia). I b'lieve as 'ow I could tackle the little 'un—I used to box above a bit.

Melia. Don't ye now, JOE; you 'll on'y go and git yourself 'urt or summat!

Joe. I shan't git 'urt. 'Ere, Master, I'm game fur to put on the gloves wi' 'im.

Prof. Git inside with yer then! (To Crowd.) Now then for the Great Glove Contest—Just goin' inside to begin—Mind, there's no waitin'!

Joe. 'Ere, MELIA, come along in, and look arter my 'at an' coat.

Melia. I dussen't, JOE! I can't abear to see no fightin', I 'll bide 'ere till ye come out.

[Joe enters the tent, followed by the Pupils and a few Connoisseurs.

Prof. (looking into the interior of tent through a slit in the canvas). Theer they are! Oh my, what a pictur'! They 're puttin' on the gloves now, make 'aste if you 're goin' in! (The Crowd hesitate.) 'Ere! (To the Champions.) Step outside once more and show yourselves!

[The Champions appear, re-mount the platform, and are introduced all over again.

Melia (intercepting her swain). JOE, 'ow are ye gittin' on? You don't look none the worse so fur; is it neelly over?

Joe (gruffly). Neelly over! why, we ain't begun yet—nor likely to wi' all this bloomin' palaverin'!

Melia. I do wish 'twas over—Kip a good 'art, JOE; don't let 'un go knockin' ye about!

Joe (with a slight decrease of confidence). Theer's a way to talk! I don't reckon as 'ow he 'll kill me, not in three rounds, I don't, but if I d a-know'd there'd be all this messin' about fust, I d a—

[He goes inside gloomily.

INSIDE THE SPARRING SALOON.

The Spectators are waiting patiently around the ropes; the Professor is still on the platform, expatiating on the coming contest. JOE has found a friend whom he has entrusted with his hat and coat.

Joe (to the Friend). Jest kip a heye on these 'ere, will ye!

[He hands him a huge pair of highlows.

Prof. (calling in). Fur the larst time, come outside and show yerselves, all on yer!

The Friend. You got to go out agin, JOE, better putt on yer coat an' 'at, not to ketch cold!

Joe. Ah, and I 'll 'ave to 'ave they bo-oots on agen, too. (He gets into his things in a great flurry, and hastens outside.) 'Tis enough to take th' 'art out of a man, thet 'tis!

[More exhortations from Proprietor, until the last Spectator has been induced to enter the Saloon, whereupon the Champions return, and the hangings at the entrance are finally drawn.

Prof. (acting as Timekeeper). Now then, all ready? (To JOE.) In you go—What are yer waitin' for? Never mind about takin' orf

yer boots! Gentlemen, BATTERS o' Bermondsey is agoin' to fight three rounds with a volunteer, one o' your own men. What-ever you see between 'em (solemnly), pass no remarks! Time!

[JOE and "BATTERS o' Bermondsey" walk round each other and make a fumbling attempt to shake hands, after which JOE, while preparing to deliver a blow with extreme caution and deliberation, is surprised by a smart smack on his cheek, which makes him stagger; he recovers himself and prances down on BATTERS with a windmill action.

Batters (limping into his corner). 'Ere, I say, ole man—moind my tows—foight at yer right end!

Joe (apologetically). I didn't mean nothing unfair-like—I warn't fur to take off them 'ere boots—but I warn't let!

Batters. I 'll let ye—fur 'taint no corpet slippers as you've got on, ole feller, I tell yer strite!

[JOE removes the offending boots.

Spectators (during the second round, which is fought with more spirit than science on JOE's part). Ah, JOE ain't no match for 'un—he let un 'ave it then, didn't he? My word! but it's "Go 'ome an' tell yer Mother, an' ax yer Uncle 'ow ye be" with 'un, pretty near every time!

Prof. (with affected rapture). Oh dear! Oh lor! What doins! Time! you two, afore ye kill one another! Now, Gentlemen, a good clap, to encourage 'em. I think you 'll agree as the Volunteer is showin' you good sport; and, if you think him deservin' of a drink, p'raps one o' you will oblige with the loan of a 'at, which he 'll now take round. (The hat is procured, and offered to JOE, who, however, prefers that the collection should be made by deputy.) Don't forgit 'im, Gentlemen! (Coppers pour into the hat, and the last round is fought; B. of B. ducking JOE's blows with

great agility, and planting his own freely in various parts of JOE's anatomy.)

Spectators. 'E'll be knocked out in a minnit, 'e will! Don't sim to git near 'un no 'ow. Look a' that—and thar agin! Ah, JOE got one in that time—but the tother 's the better man—'e don't touch 'un without 'ittin' of 'un—d'ye see? Time! Ah, and time it was time, too—fur 'im!

Prof. (to JOE, as he sits blinking, and blowing his nose with vigour). That was a jolly good fight—tho' rough. You've some notion o' sparrin'—we'd soon make a boxer o' you. 'Ere's your share of the collection—sevenpence ap'ny. We give you the extry ap'ny, bein' a stranger. Would you feel inclined to fight six rounds, later on like, with another of our lads, fur ten bob, now?

Joe (making a futile attempt to untie his glove with his teeth). Much obliged, Master, but I've 'ad about enough spree a'ready to do me fur a bit.

Prof. Are there any two friends in 'ere as 'ud like to fight a round or two?

[Two Rustics step forward valiantly—a tall dark man and a little red-haired one—and, after the usual preliminaries, square up at a safe distance.



Spectators (to the tall man). Why don't ye step up to 'un, Jim? Use yer right 'and a bit! *(To the short one.)* Let out on 'un, Tom!

[*Tom, thus exhorted, lands an unexpected blow on Jim's eye.*

Jim (suddenly ducking under the rope in great duddoon). 'Twas a cowardly blow! I didn't stan' up to be 'it in th' fa-aeo' i' that way; I've 'ad enoof of it!

Tom. Come back and fight it out! *(Soothingly.)* Why, ye come at me like a thunderin' great lion, ye did!

Jim (putting on his hat and coat, sulkily). Loi-on or noan, I ain't gawin' to hev naw moor on it, I tell 'ee. [*Groans from Spectators.*]

Prof. Don't be 'ard on 'im, Gents; it ain't 'is fault if he's on'y bin used to box with bolsters, and as he ain't goin' to finish 'is rounds, it's all over for this time, and I 'ope you 're all satisfied with what you 've seen.

A Malcontent. I ain't. I earl it a bloomin' swindle. I come 'ere to see some sparrin', I did!

Prof. Step inside the ropes then, and I 'll soon show yer some! *(This invitation is hastily declined.)* Well, then, go outside quiet, d'jean me? or else you'll do it upside down, like ole JOHN BROWN, in 'arf a sec., I can tell yer!

[*The Malcontent departs meekly, and reserves any further observations until he is out of hearing.*

Melia (to JOE). Lor, I wish now I'd been there to see ye; I do 'ope ye weren't too rough with 'un, though, JOE. What shall we do next?—ave a turn on the swings, or the swishback circus, or the giddy-go-round—or what? *(JOE shakes his head.)* Why won't ye, JOE?

Joe (driven to candour). Why?—'cause it 'ud be throwin' away money, seein' I've got 'em all goin' on inside o' me at once as 'tis, if ye want to know! I feel a deal more like settin' down quiet a bit, I do, if I cud find a place.

Melia (with an inspiration). Then let's go and 'ave our likenesses took!

[*She cannot understand why JOE should be so needlessly incensed at so innocent and opportune a suggestion.*

THE "BEST EVIDENCE"—HOW NOT TO GET IT.

HAVE been summoned to attend as a Witness in the trial of the six roughs who first drugged and then savagely ill-treated a foolishly convivial citizen in Whitechapel. Don't know if it was wise of me to tell the Police that I could identify the men. Since my evidence before the Magistrate came out, I have had thirty-seven threatening letters, my front windows have been broken several times over, and a valuable dog poisoned. Still, evidently a patriotic duty to "assist the course of Justice;" and no doubt I shall be compensated.

So this is the "Central Criminal Court," is it? Should hardly have believed it possible. Outside mean and dirty.

Interior, meaner and much dirtier. Speak to Usher. Usher most polite. Glad, that at any rate, they do know how to treat important Witnesses. Am assured I shall have a seat "close to the Judge." Produce my witness-summons. Demeanour of Usher suddenly changes. I shall have to go to the "Witnesses' Waiting-room in the old Court." Where's that? *He* doesn't know. I'd better ask a Policeman. It now flashes across me that Usher mistook me for a wealthy, and probably generous spectator, and thought when I was fumbling in my pocket for my summons, I was looking for half-a-crown for him! Depressing.

Policeman leaves me in a dark, draughty passage, with a bench on each side. "But where is the waiting-room?" I ask an attendant. "This is the waiting-room," he replies. More like the Black Hole. Was it wise of me to give information to the Police?

Two Days later.—They crammed forty Witnesses into that passage! No seats for half of them. We had one chair, and Usher took it away "as a lady wanted it in Court." Lady no doubt a spectator—did she hunt in her pocket for half-a-crown? Anyhow, after two days in the passage, I have just given my evidence in Court, with fearful cold on my lungs, owing to the draught. Very hoarse. Ordered by Judge, sternly, to "speak up." Conscious that I looked a wretched object. Jury regarded me with evident suspicion. Severely cross-examined. Mentioned to Judge about my windows being smashed, &c.; could I receive anything for it? "Oh, dear no," replied the Judge; "we never reward Witnesses." Amusement in Court—at my expense. In fact, the course of Justice generally seems to be altogether at my expense. Home in a cab and a fever. Find ten more threatening letters, and an infernal machine under area-steps. Go to bed. Doctor says I am in for pneumonia and bronchitis, he thinks. Tells me I am thoroughly run down, and asks me, "What I've been doing to reduce myself to this state?" I reply that, "I have been assisting the course of Justice." Doctor shrugs his shoulders, and I hear him distinctly mutter, "More fool you!" I agree with Doctor, cordially. Am quite certain now that it was unwise to tell Police that I could identify those criminals. If this is the way in which Witnesses are treated, let Justice in future assist itself!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MY Baronite has been reading *Mona Maclean, Medical Student*. (BLACKWOOD.) "It is," he tells me, "a Novel with a purpose—no recommendation for a novel, more especially when the purpose selected is that of demonstrating the indispensability of women-doctors. Happily GRAHAM TRAVERS, as the author being evidently a woman) calls herself, is lured from her fell design. There is a chapter or two of talk among the girls in the dissecting-room and the chemical laboratory, with much about the "spheno-maxillary fossa," the "dorsalis pedis," and the general whereabouts of "Scarpa's triangle." But these can be skipped, and the reader may get into the company of *Mona Maclean* when she is less erudite, and more womanly. When not dissecting the "plantar arch," *Mona* is a bright, fearless, clever girl, with a breezy manner, refreshing to all admitted to her company. The episode of her shopkeeping experience is admirably told, and affords the author abundant and varied opportunity of exercising her gift of drawing character. *Mona Maclean* is, apparently, a first effort at novel-writing. The workmanship improves up to the end of the third volume; and Miss TRAVERS' next book will be better still.



Affection's Offering—from Alfred the Second to Dear George the First.

TO MR. J. FISHER UNWIN comes the happy thought of issuing, in a neatly-packed box, the whole twenty volumes of the Pseudonym Library—and a very acceptable Christmas-Box it will make. The volumes, with their odd, oblong shape, are delightful to hold; the type is good, and the excellence of the literary matter is remarkably well kept up over the already long series. Mr. UNWIN promises fresh volumes, introducing to the British public Finnish and Danish authors, or Danish first, and the others to Finnish.

See how these Poets love one another! How touching is the dedication of ALFRED AUSTIN's latest volume to GEORGE MEREDITH! May both live long and prosper, is the hearty wish of their friend,
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO COMFORT.—A DREAM.

THE rival Steamboats were on the alert. It was a misty night, and it was a difficult matter to make out the lights of Calais Harbour. "We shall catch him yet," said the Captain of the Blue Vessel.

"He will not escape us," observed the C. O. of the Red.

Suddenly the Blue started at full steam ahead, and was lost to sight in Calais harbour. She was quickly followed by the Red, moving with equal expedition.

The vessels reached the quay nearly at the same time. Then there was confusion and sounds of military music. Evidently the Illustrious Personage had embarked. Then the mist cleared away.

"He is safe on board," said the Captain of the Blue Vessel, and his Mate indulged in a short laugh of triumph.

"It does not matter," observed the Commanding Officer of the Red; "the Blue may have his person, but see how his luggage!"

And then the cheers were renewed again and again, and the Illustrious Personage came to the conclusion that English enterprise was not without its disadvantages!



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

HE TRAVELS ALL OVER ENGLAND IN SEARCH OF A BACKGROUND FOR HIS "VIVIAN BEGUILING MERLIN IN THE FOREST OF BROCELIANDE,"—A HOPELESS QUEST!

BOGEY OR BENEFACTOR?

Timid Ratepayer loquitur:—

O LOB! O dear! What have we here? What a nondescript, huge NID-NODDY! None know, I'm sure, what I have to endure. It's enough to frighten a body! They are always up to some queer new game, and a giving me some fresh master; But this one is a *crux* from the sole of his foot to the crown of his comical castor.

He looks as big as all out-of-doors, and e'en BUMBLE was hardly as bumptious. He'd make my London a Paradise, which is a prospect that's perfectly sumptuous. But oh! he is big, with the funniest rig; a Titan who, if he *should* tumble, Might squelch me as flat as an opera-hat, and make me regret old BUMBLE.

Noddledom ruled me for many long years; this means, I am told, a new Era; But bad as a Booby may be as a Boss, what about a colossal Chimera? I don't say he's that, but with body of goat, dragon's tail, and the head of a lion, A creature were hardly more "mixed" than *this* monster, whose rule for the time I must try on.

A complex, conglomerate, Jack-of-all-Trades! Well, I trust he'll be master of some of them! *Largo al factotum!* He's game for all tasks, and—I wish I was sure what would come of them.

Most representative? Palpable that! And his plans most sublime (so he says) are; But he looks just as motley a nondescript as the image of Nebuchadnezzar.

The elephant who can root up a huge oak, or handle a needle or pin, is Less marvellous much, and it may be, of course, that the folks who distrust him are ninnies.

I hopeso, I'm sure. There are evils to cure, and of room for improvement there's plenty; And all must admit that, whatever his faults, he cannot be called *far niente*.

He *does* look a bit of a Bogey, but then he *may* prove just a big Benefactor, And if he should work on the cheap kill Corruption, and kick out the knavish Contractor, Without piling Pelion on Ossa (of rates) on my back, till my legs with the "tottle" limp, I *shall* "learn to love him" as Giant Beneficent, not a big, blundering Bottle-Imp!

OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.—*Otello* (the Grand *Otello* Company, Limited) was the feature last week. GIANINI a stout *Otello*, much and Moor. MELEA a charming *Desdemona*, but not a great part for her. DUFFICHE as *Iago*, good, but not good enough for him. Sir DRURIOLANUS gives *Carmen* at Windsor Castle, before the QUEEN! Aha! Where now is *Lago Factotum* and His Special Patronaged Royal Box at the Olympic? DRURIOLANUS Victor, with all the honours.

AT A RINK.

ROUND and round, and to and fro
At a rink,
Pretty girls, with cheeks that glow
Rosy pink;
Graceful, gleeful, gliding, go,
Whilst they link
Arms together, like the flow
Past its brink
Of a river's eddy—so
Duffers think
They can glide. See one start slow,
Shyly shrink,
Fearful lest his end be woe,
Sheepish slink,
Skates on unaccustomed toe
Strangely clink,
Hot and thirsty he will grow,
Long for drink;
All around amusement show,
Laugh and wink,
But they look as black as crow,
Or as ink,
If he fall against them. Oh,
In a twink
On the floor, not soft but low,
See him sink!
Whilst he murmurs gently, "Blow
This old rink!"

LOGICAL AND ENGINE-IOUS.—Why object (though we do) to Advertisements of all sorts along our Railway lines? Surely, wherever the Locomotive goes, there is the very place for puffing.



BOGEY OR BENEFACTOR ?

L. C. C. "HA, HA! YOU MUST LEARN TO LOVE ME!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

THE SMOKING-ROOM.

(With which is incorporated "Anecdotes.")

LET us imagine, if you please, that the toils and trappings of the day are over. You are staying at a comfortable country-house with friends whom you like. You have had a good day at your host's pheasants and his rabbits. Your shooting has been fairly accurate, not ostentatiously brilliant, but on the whole satisfactory. You have followed out the hints given in my previous Chapters, and are consequently looked upon as a pleasant fellow, with plenty to say for himself. After tea, in the drawing-room, you have had an hour or two for the writing of letters, which you have of course not written, for the reading of the morning papers from London which you have skimmed with a faint interest, and for the forty or eighty or one hundred and twenty winks in an arm-chair in front of the fire, which are by no means the least pleasant and comforting incident in the day's programme. You have dressed for dinner in good time; you have tied your white tie successfully "in once;" you have taken in a charming girl (ROSE LARKING, let us say) to dinner. The dinner itself has been good, the drawing-room interlude after dinner has been pleasantly varied with music, and the ladies have, with the tact for which they are sometimes distinguished, retired early to bed-rooms, where it is believed they spend hours in the combing of their beautiful hair, and the interchange of gossip. You are in high spirits. You think, indeed you are sure (and again, on thinking it well over, not quite so sure), that the adorable ROSE looked kindly upon you as she said good-night, and allowed her pretty little hand to linger in your own while you assured her that to-morrow you would get for her the pinion-feather of a woodcock, or die in the attempt. You are now arrayed in your smoking-coat (the black with the red silk-facings), and your velvet slippers with your initials worked in gold—a birthday present from your sister. All the rest are, each after his own fashion, similarly attired, and the whole male party is gathered together in the smoking-room. There you sit and smoke and chat until the witching hour of night, when everybody yawns and grave men, as well as gay, go up to their beds.

Now, since you are an unassuming youngster, and anxious to learn, you ask me probably, how you are to bear yourself in this important assembly, what you are to speak about, and how? The chief thing, I answer, is *not to be a bore*. It is so easy not to be a bore if only you give a little thought to it. Nobody wants to be a bore. I cannot imagine any man consciously incurring the execration of his fellow-men. And yet there exist innumerable bores scattered through the length and breadth of our happy country, and carrying on their dismal business with an almost malignant persistency. Longwindedness, pomposity, the exaggeration of petty trivialities, the irresistible desire to magnify one's own wretched little achievements, to pose as

the little hero of insignificant adventures, and to relate them to the whole world in every dull detail, regardless of the right of other men to get an occasional word in edgewise—these are the true marks of the genuine bore. He must know that you take no interest in him or his story. Even if you did, his manner of telling it would flatten you, yet he fascinates you with that glassy stare, that self-conscious and self-admiring smirk, and distils his tale into your ears at the very moment when you are burning to talk over old College-days with CHALMERS, or to discuss an article in the *Field* with SHARRACK.

I remember once finding myself, by some freak of mocking destiny, in a house in which two bores had established fortified camps. On the first night, we all became so dazed with intolerable dullness, that

our powers of resistance faded away to the vanishing point. Both bores sallied out from their ramparts, laid our little possessions waste, and led, each his tale of captives back with him, gagged, bound, and incapable of struggle.

So next day, when the accustomed train of things grew round our senses again,

we agreed together, those of us, I mean, who had suffered on the previous night, that something must be done. What it was to be we could not at first decide. We should have preferred "something lingering, with boiling oil in it," but at last we decided on the brilliant suggestion of SHARRACK, who was of the party, that we should endeavour by some means or other to bring the two bores, as it were, face to face in a kind of boring-competition in the smoking-room that very night, to engage them in warfare against one another and ourselves to sit by and watch them mutually extinguishing one another; a result that, we were certain, could not fail to be brought about, owing to the deadly nature of the weapons with which each was provided. Both the bores, I may observe, shot execrably during the day. In the evening, after a short preliminary skirmish, from which SHARRACK the hussar extricated us with but little loss, that which we desired came to pass. It was a terrible spectacle. In a moment both these magnificent animals, their bristles erect, and all their tusks flashing fiercely in the lamp-light, were locked in the death-grapple. Every detail of the memorable struggle is indelibly burnt



Everett Hopkins

QUITE UNPARDONABLE.

Assistant (in his most insinuating manner). "IN YOUR CASE, MADAM, I SHOULD CERTAINLY CONSIDER *PAST COLOURS* MOST SUITABLE." RESULT!

into my brain. Even at this distance of time, I can remember how we all looked on, silent, awestruck, fascinated, as the dreadful fight proceeded to its inevitable close. For the benefit of others, let me attempt to describe it in the appropriate language of the Ring.

GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN THE KENTISH PROSER AND THE HAMPSHIRE DULLARD.

Round I.—Both men advanced, confident, but cautious. After sparring for an opening, the Proser landed lightly on the jaw with—"When the Duke of DASHBURY did me the honour to ask me to his Grace's noble deer-forest." He ducked to avoid the return, but the Hampshire Champion would not be denied, and placed two heavy fish-stories fair in the bread-basket. The Proser swung round a vicious right-hander anecdote about a stag shot



THE SERPENT'S TOOTH.

"DIDN'T I SEND 'IM TO HETON AN' HOKFORD! DIDN'T I SEND 'IM INTO THE HARMY, ALONG O' SOME O' THE BIGGEST NOBS IN ALL HENGLAND, WITH AN ALLOWANCE FIT FOR A YOUNG HEARL! AND WHAT'S THE HUPSHOT OF IT ALL! WHY, HE GIVES DINNERS TO DOOKS AND ROYAL 'IGNNESSES, AN' DON'T EVEN HASK 'IS FORT OLD FATHER TO MEET 'EM. 'IGNNESSES, INDEED! I COULD BUY UP THE 'OLE BLESSED LOT! AND, WHAT'S MORE, I WOULDN'T MIND TELLIN' 'EM SO TO THEIR FACES, FOR TWO PINS!—AH! JUST AS SOON AS LOOK AT 'EM—AND 'E KNOWS IT!"

at 250 yards, but the blow fell short, and he was fairly staggered by two in succession ("the tree-climbing rabbit," and "the Marquis of DULLFIELD's gaiters"), delivered straight on the mouth. First blood for the Dullard. After some hard exchanges they closed, and fell, the Dullard underneath.

Round II.—Both blowing a good deal. The Proser put up his Dukes, and let fly with both of them, one after another, at the Dullard's conk, drawing claret profusely. Nothing daunted, the Dullard watched his opportunity, and delivered a first-class Royal Prince on the Proser's right eye, half closing that optic. The men now closed, but broke away again almost directly. Some smart fibbing, in which neither could claim an advantage, ensued. The round was brought to a close by some rapid exchanges, after which the Proser went down. Betting 6 to 4 on the Dullard.

Round III., and last.—Proser's right peeper badly swollen, the Dullard gory, and a bit groggy, but still smiling. Proser opened with a ricochet, which did great execution, but was countered heavily when he attempted to repeat the trick, the Dullard all but knocking him off his legs with a fifty-pound salmon. After some slight exchanges

they began a hammer-and-tongs game, in which Proser scored heavily. Dullard, however, pulled himself together for a final rush. They met in the middle of the ring, and both fell heavily. As neither was able to rise, the fight was drawn. Both men were heavily damaged, and were carried away with their jaws broken.

There you have the story. The actual result was that these two ponderous bores all but did one another to death. So exhausted were they by the terrible conflict, that our comfort was not again disturbed by them during this particular visit. We were lucky, though at first we scarcely saw it, in getting two evenly matched ironclad bores together. If we had had only one, the matter would have been far more difficult.

Undecided.

GOOSEY, Goose, Uganda,
With whom will you wander,
With the English, with the French?
Or with King MWANGA?

ADVICE GRATIS (by a Bill Poster).—"In-
vest all your savings in hoardings."

THE COMPLIMENT OF COIN.

(An Extract from Mr. Punch's Purely Imaginary Conversations.)

SCENE—Interior of a Palace. Emperor and Empress discovered discussing the former's tour in foreign parts.

Emperor (finishing a good story). So after I had made a hearty meal off the bread-and-milk, I gave the old woman a note for five thousand thalers, and told her to buy a three-sous portrait of myself so that she might see the Sovereign that she had saved from starvation. Ha! ha! ha! Wasn't it amusing?

Empress (smiling). Very, dear; but wasn't it a little expensive? Surely you could have got the bread-and-milk for a smaller sum?

Emperor. Of course I could! But then, don't you see, it made me popular. It's in all the papers, and reads splendidly!

Empress. Yes, of course, dear. By the way, I found this volume (producing book bound in velvet with real gold clasps) in your overcoat. May I peep into it?

Emperor (doubtfully). I don't think you will find it particularly interesting. I have just jotted down my petty cash disbursements.

Empress (opening book and glancing at contents). Dear me! Why the total amounts to £15,000! I see it's put in English money.

Emperor. Yes, it saves trouble. When I am travelling I get rather confused with all coinage save that of Mother's Fatherland.

Empress. But surely £15,000 is a lot to expend upon extras?

Emperor. Depends on the view you take of things. I had a lot of things to buy.

Empress. But surely this must be wrong? Shoeblack fifty guineas!

Emperor (lightly). No, I think that's all right. You see, the fellow, after he had cleaned my boots, suddenly recognised me, called me Sire, and sang the "Wacht am Rhein." I couldn't, after that, give him less.

Empress. Well, you know best, dear; but I should have thought you could have got your boots cleaned for rather less!

Emperor. Possibly; but I should have lost the story. And you know it reads so well.

Empress. And here's another rather big item. £800 for a London cabman!

Emperor. I consider that the cheapest item in the lot. He wanted more!

Empress. And here are several items of seventy pounds apiece. What were they for?

Emperor. Oh, nothing in particular. Little girl picked up my handkerchief, and a little boy asked me for a kite. Was obliged to give them each a bundle of tenners. It would have been so mean if I had given them less. But there, I told you you wouldn't find the book at all interesting. If you will pass it to me, I will look it up.

Empress. Oh, certainly, dear. (Gives up volume.) And now, darling, I am going to ask you a favour. You never saw such a pet of a coronet as they have at Von —'s. Now I want you to buy it for me particularly.

Emperor (embarrassed). Certainly, dear—but you know, we are not too well off.

Empress. Oh, but it is simply charming. Rubies round the edge, and a cross of brilliants and emeralds. And, really, so cheap. They only want £100,000 for it!

Emperor. Very nice indeed; but just at this moment it would be a little inconvenient to produce so large a sum.

Empress. Large sum! Why, the rubies alone are worth all the money.

Emperor. Yes, I know, dear. And now I must hurry away; duty, my love, comes before pleasure. See you soon.

[Exit hurriedly, to attend a review. In the meanwhile, Coronet remains in the jeweller's shop-window. Curtain.]



THE FESTIVE SEASON. A SCOTCH NIGHT.

AN EVENING FROM HOME.

THERE used to appear daily—and it may be appearing daily now, for aught I know, only, speaking on oath, I haven't lately noticed

it—a question addressed by Everybody in General, or by Nobody in Particular to Everybody Else, which took this form: "Where shall we dine to-day?" I forget what the answer was, but, as a rule, the domesticated man, with a good cook in his own kitchen, could answer it off-hand by saying to himself, "Where shall we dine to-day?" Why, at home, of course—where better?—and catch me moving out afterwards." But, if he were contemplating the unpleasant certainty of having post-prandially to leave his hearth and home in order to visit some theatre, opera, or concert, then it might occur to him that he could do the thing well, and give his party a novel treat, if, in French fashion, he took them somewhere to dine, previous to doing their play. Thus it occurred to Yours truly, Y TI-BULLUS BIBULUS, a day or two ago when, dressed in his classical evening Togaryii in a *Currus Pulcher* (with a *Cursor* alongside anticipating *denarii*, and risking the sharp rebuke of a probable *Cursor* inside the vehicle) he was passing the Oxford Music

the wearing of it—is here, there, and everywhere, and only waiting till the last moment, and the right one, when the banquet is ended, to give the word of command, "Charge!"—and the charge (decidedly moderate and previously named in the *carte du jour*) is received with satisfaction and defrayed with delight.

I have only one suggestion to make, and that affects the music not the meal. Let the music be adapted to the dishes; and not only should the course of time be considered as it progresses, but also the time of the course. For example,—who that has an ear for music can swallow oysters deliberately and sedately while the band is playing a mad gallop? Let there be something very slow and *pianissimo* for the *hors d'œuvres*: something gentle and soothing for the oysters; there can be an indication of heartiness in the melody that ushers in the soup, as though giving it a warm welcome. There should be a mincing minuet-like movement for the *entrees*, a sparkling air for the champagne, and something robust for the joint. A sporting tune for the game: sweet melody for the sweets, and a grand and grateful Chorale—a kind of thanksgiving service as it were—when the last crumb and the last bit of cheese have been swept away.

After this to The Pavilion, in plenty of time to hear the ubiquitous ALBERT CHEVALIER singing his celebrated oyster-songs. Signor COSTA was a well-known name in the musical world some years ago; CHEVALIER Coster is about the best-known now. These ditties are uncommonly telling; the music is so catching and so really good. Then his singing of the little Nipper "on'y so 'igh, that's all," has in it that touch of nature which makes you drop the silent tear and pretend you are blowing your nose. Capital entertainment at the "Pav." Ingress and egress is not difficult, and the place doesn't become inconveniently hot. The sweet singer with the poetic name of HERBERT CAMPBELL is very funny; which indeed he would be, even if he never opened his mouth. Such a low comedian's "mug!"

But of all the pretty things to be seen in its perfection here (I have seen it elsewhere, and was not so struck by it) is the Skirt Dance. It is "real elegant," graceful, and picturesque. What a change has come over the Music-hall entertainment since—since—"since even I was a boy!" says the Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD SWANBOROUGH,—ever-green in the true sense of the word. A vast improvement, no doubt of it. But, with such good amusement for the public, why on earth do the Music-Halls want to do "Dramatic Sketches"? And, if they do them, then, judging by what I saw at the "Pav," I am fain to ask again, why, in the name of SHAKESPEARE, and the musical glasses, should the theatres object?

Does anyone seriously think that *Othello* or *King Lear* is wanted at the Music-Halls, or that SHERRIDAN's *School for Scandal* wouldn't empty any Music-Hall of its patrons? It is the "variety" which is the charm of the Music-hall show, and if any one part of the variety show is a bit too long—longer let us say, than the time it takes to smoke one-eighth of a fair-sized cigar and to drink half a glass of something according to taste—then the audience will pretty plainly express what they understand by Variety, what they have paid to see, and what they mean to have for their money; and if they don't get it there, they'll go somewhere else where it will be given them. The summing-up, Gentlemen, is that, if you want a pleasant evening, you can't do better than dine at Frascati and afterwards patronise the "Pav." Such is the opinion of Y TI-BULLUS BIB.



"Our Hamp-phitryon."

Hall, and a brightly decorated Restauration caught his observant eye. Was it new, or was it a Restauration restored? Its name, in large letters, "FRASCATI." This seemed at once to lend itself to a familiar jingle, and I found myself humming,—

Oh, did you never hear of Frascati?
'Tis not far from Rome, eh my hearty?
The place looks so fine,
I will there go and dine,
And I'll bring with me all of my party!

Horatian inspiration! I like to find out a new dining-place. Years ago, by the merest accident sailing north, I discovered the Holborn, and, since then, how many have not blessed the Columbus Holbornius? I do not ask how many have done so. "That is another story." Since then, the taste for dining domestically away from home has come considerably into fashion. The Ladies like it, and the Law allows it. (Quotation from *Merchant of Venice* adapted to occasion—Restaurant edition—*Portia* for two.) It is a cheerful change, it assists the circulation of coin, it is an aid to the solution of the problems of Bimetallism, it rejuvenesces the home-fire-sider, it develops ideas, restores the balance of temper; and, if only the dinner be good, everybody goes away delighted,—guests are satisfied, the host is pleased, the waiter smiles on the tipper, the tipper on the manager, the manager on the proprietor, and all is Joy and Junketing! Judge my surprise, when to me, TIBULLUS, entering Frascati, and as Cicerone, informing my friends (all eager and hungry, and therefore unwilling to dispute) how Frascati was the ancient Tusculum, a well-known face appears welcoming us with smiles. It is Signor HAMPI, better known as Mr. HAMP of Holborn. "Salve!" quoth I, as TIBULLUS. "The same to you, Sir," responds HAMPIUS. "Now," said my friend WAGSTAFFIUS, without whom no party is complete, "Now we shall be Hamp-ly satisfied."

The arrangement of the Frascati is a novelty; it is all so open and, though there are plenty of stuffers about, in the least stuffy. It would take a considerable crowd to overcrowd the place and to demoralise the troops of well-disciplined waiters, all under the eye of the ever-vigilant generalissimo of the forces, who in his white waistcoat, black tie, and frock-coat of most decided cut and uncompromising character—there is much in a frock-coat and something too in



"Up I came with my little lot!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

THE SMOKING-ROOM (continued).

I MAY assume, that after the terrible example given in my last chapter, you have firmly made up your mind never on any account to take service in the great army of bores. But this determination is not all that is necessary. A man must constantly keep a strict guard on himself, lest he should unconsciously deviate even for a few minutes into the regions of boredom. Whatever you do, let nothing tempt you to relate more than once any grievance you may have. Nothing of course is more poisonous to the aggrieved one than to stifle his grievance absolutely. Once, and once only, he may produce it to his friends. I shall be blamed, perhaps, for making even this slight concession. Please be careful, therefore, not to abuse it. Is there in the whole world a more ridiculous sight than a strong, healthy, well-fed sportsman who wearies his companions one after another with the depressing recital of his ill-luck, or of the dastardly behaviour of the head-keeper in not stopping the whole party for half an hour to search for an imaginary bird, which is supposed to have fallen stone-dead somewhere or other; or of the iniquities of the man from whom he bought his cartridges in not loading them with the right charge; or any of the hundred inconveniences and injuries to which sportsmen are liable. All these things may be as he says they are. He may be the most unfortunate, the most unjustly treated of mankind. But why insist upon it? Why check the current of sympathy by the dam of constant repetition? And, after all, how trivial and absurd the whole thing is! Even a man whose career has been ruined by malicious persecution will be avoided like a pest if it is known that he dines the account of his wrongs into everyone's ears. How, then, shall the sufferer by the petty injuries of ordinary sport be listened to with patience? Of all bores, the grievancemonger is the fiercest and worst. Lay this great truth by in your memory, and be mindful of it in more important matters than sport when the occasion arises.

I have been asked to say, whether a man may abuse his gun? I reply emphatically, no. A gun is not a mere ordinary machine. Its beautiful arrangement of locks, and springs, and catches, and bolts, and pins, and screws, its unaccountable perversities, its occasional fits of sulkiness, its lovely brown complexion, and its capacity both for kicking and for smoking, all prove that a gun is in reality a sentient being of a very high order of intelligence. You may be quite certain that if you abuse your gun, even when you may imagine it to be far out of earshot, comfortably cleaned and put to roost on its rack, your gun will resent it. Why are most sportsmen so silent, so *distracts* at breakfast? Why do they dally with a scrap of fish, and linger over the consumption of a small kidney, and drink great draughts of tea to restore their equilibrium? If you ask them, they will tell you that it's because they're "just a bit chippy," owing to sitting up late, or smoking too much, or forgetting to drink a whiskey and soda before they went to bed. I know better. It is because they incautiously spoke evil of their guns, and their guns retaliated by haunting their sleep. I know guns have this power of projecting horrible emanations of themselves into the slumbers of sportsmen who have not treated them as they deserved. I have suffered from it myself. It was only last week that, having said something derogatory to the dignity of my second gun, I woke with a start at two o'clock in the morning, and found its wraith going through the most horrible antics in a patch of moonlight on my bed-room floor. I shot with that gun on the following day, and missed nearly everything I shot at. Could there be a more convincing proof? Take my advice, therefore, and abstain from abusing your gun.

Now your typical smoking-room conversation ought always to include the following subjects:—(1) The wrong-headed, unpopular man, whom every district possesses, and who is always at loggerheads with somebody; (2) "The best shot in England," who is to be found in every country-side, and in whose achievements all the sportsmen of his particular district take a patriotic pride; (3) the folly and wickedness of those who talk or write ignorantly against any kind of sport; (4) the deficiency of hares due to the rascally provisions of the Hares and Rabbits Act; (5) a few reminiscences, slightly glorified, of the particular day's sport; and (6) a prolonged argument on the relative merits of the old plan of shooting birds over dogs, and the modern methods of walking them up or driving.

These are not the only, but certainly the chief ingredients. Let me give you an example, drawn from my note-book.

SCENE—The Smoking-room of a Country-house in December. Six Sportsmen in Smoking-coats. Time, 11.15 P.M.

First Sportsman (concluding a harangue). All I can say is, I never read such rot in all my life. Why, the fellow doesn't know a gun from a cartridge-bag. I'm perfectly sick of reading that everlasting rubbish about "pampered minions of the aristocracy slaughtering the unresisting pheasant in his thousands at battues." I wonder what the beggars imagine a rocketing pheasant is like? I should like to have seen one of 'em outside Chivy Wood to-day. I never saw taller birds in my life. Talk of them being easy! Why, a pheasant gets ever so much more show for his money when he's beaten over the guns. If they simply walk him up, he hasn't got a thousand to one chance. Bah! *[Drinks from a long glass.]*

Second Sportsman. I saw in some paper the other day what the President of the United States thought about English battue-shooting. Seemed to think we shot pheasants perched in the trees, and went on to say that wasn't the sport for him; he liked to go after his game, and find it for himself. Who the deuce cares if he does? If he can't talk better sense than that, no wonder CLEVELAND beat him in the election.

Third Sp. Pure rubbish, of course. Still I must say, apart from pheasants, I like the old plan of letting your dogs work. It's far more sport than walking up partridges in line, or getting them driven at you.

First Sp. My dear fellow, I don't agree with you a bit. In the first place, as to driving—driven birds are fifty times more difficult; and what's the use of wasting time with setters or pointers in ordinary root-fields. It's all sentiment.

[A long and animated discussion ensues. This particular subject never fails to provoke a tremendous argument.]

(A few minutes later.)

Second Sp. (to the host). What was the bag to-day, CHALMERS?

Chalmers. A hundred and forty-five pheasants, fifty-six rabbits, eleven hares, three pigeons, and a woodcock. We should have got a hundred and eighty pheasants if they hadn't dodged us in the big wood. I can't make out where they went.

Second Sp. It's a deuced difficult wood to beat, that is. I thought we should have got more hares, all the same.

Chalmers. Hares! I think I'm precious lucky to get so many nowadays. There won't be a hare left in a year or two.

(The discussion proceeds.)

Third Sp. How's old JOHNNY RAIKES shooting this year? I never saw such a chap for rocketers. They can't escape him.

Chalmers. I asked him to-day, but he couldn't come. I think for pheasants he's quite the best shot in England. Nobody can beat him at that game.

Fourth Sp. Hasn't he got some row or other on with CRACKSIDE?

Chalmers. Yes. That makes fourteen rows CRACKSIDE has got going on all at once. He seems to revel in them. His latest move was to refuse to pay tithe, and when the parson levied a distress, he made all his tenants drunk and walked at their head blowing a post-horn. He's as mad as a hatter.

So there you have a sample conversation, sketched in outline. You will find it accurate enough. All you have to do is to select for yourself the part you mean to play in it.

Something to Live For.

(From the Literary Club Smoking-room.)

Cynicus. I'm waiting till my friends are dead, in order to write My Reminiscences?

Amicus. Ah, but remember, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

Cynicus. Quite so. I shall tell nothing but exceedingly good stories about them.

SO LIKE HER!—"I can never trust him," said Mrs. R., alluding to a friend of hers, who considered himself well up in SHAKESPEARE, "because I've found out before now that he gorges his quotations."

NOTE.—"The Man who Would," will appear next week. No. IV.





THE RHODES COLOSSUS
STRIDING FROM CAPE TOWN TO CAIRO.

THE RHODES COLOSSUS.

["Mr. RHODES announced that it was his intention, either with the help of his friends or by himself, to continue the telegraph northwards, across the Zambesi, through Nyassaland, and along Lake Tanganyika to Uganda. Nor is this all. . . . This colossal *Monte Cristo* means to cross the Soudan . . . and to complete the overland telegraph line from Cape Town to Cairo; that is, from England to the whole of her possessions or colonies, or 'spheres of influence' in Africa."—*The Times*.]

THE World's Seven Wonders are surely outshone!

On Marvel World's billows 'twill toss us—'twill toss us,

To watch him, Director and Statesman in one,

This Seven-League-Booted Colossus—Colossus!

Combining in one super-natural blend

Plain Commerce and Imagination—gination;

O'er Africa striding from dark end to end,

To forward black emancipation—cipation.

Broddingnagian Bagman, big Dreamer of Dreams,

A Titan of tact and shrewd trader—shrewd trader!

A diplomat full of *finesse* and sharp schemes,

With a touch of the pious Crusader—Crusader!

A "Dealer" with despots, a "Squarer" of Kings,

A jumper of mountain, lake, wilderness, wady,

And manager 'cute of such troublesome things

As LOBENGULA or the MAHDI—the MAHDI.

Well may ABERCORN wonder and FIFE tootle praise,

His two thousand hearers raise cheering—raise cheering.

Of wild would-be Scuttlers he proves the mad craze,

And of Governments prone to small-beering—small-beering.

Sullen Boers may prove bores to a man of less tact,

A duffer funk wiles Portuguese—tuguesy;

But Dutchmen, black potentates, all sorts, in fact,

To RHODES the astute come quite easy—quite easy.

The British South-African Company's shares

May be at a discount—(Trade-martyrs!—trade-martyrs!)

But he, our Colossus, strides on, he declares,

Whether with or without chums or charters—or charters.

Hooray! We brave Britons are still to the front—

Provided we've someone to boss us—to boss us;

And Scuttlers will have their work out out to shunt

This stalwart, far-striding Colossus—Colossus!

TAXES. A HOARDING AND SAVING CLAUSE.—*A propos* of an article in the *Times* on this subject, and a paragraph of Mr. *Punch's*, last week, anent "Hoardings," we may now put a supplementary question in this form, "As Government taxes *Savings*, would it not be quite consistent to tax *Hoardings*?" Since the answer must, logically, be in the affirmative, let Government begin at once with all the Hoardings displaying any kind of hideous pictorial advertisement.

"He rumbles so in his conversation," observed Mrs. R. of an orator whose sentences were considerably involved, "that I can seldom catch the gist of what he says."

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY.

MRS. BESANT is said to have told a representative of a daily paper, that "an adept in Theosophy uses his supernatural powers solely for his own convenience, just as ordinary people avail themselves of a messenger, or the telephone or telegraph."

We have it on the very best of authority that the discharge of handbills from aerial bombs is to be entirely surpassed as a method for advertising a commodity, by a new and protected process.

"A Company is being formed," so runs the prospectus, "for the express purpose of importing Mahatmas of the very best vintage (guaranteed *extra sec*), direct from Thibet, where an exceptionally luxuriant crop has been produced during past years.

"They will be shipped to any port in the United Kingdom, and delivered to any address, carriage free, at prices which will compare most favourably with those quoted by foreign firms for inferior articles.

"The trade supplied by special contract.

"They will prove invaluable to advertisers and others.

"No family should be without one. Order early.

"They can be used for a variety of purposes; but they will be found most particularly serviceable for distributing handbills and posters, especially in inaccessible places.

"Domestic servants entirely superseded by them.

"Prompt and accurate delivery of any object may be effected by their agency, owing to their marvellous powers of precipitation.

"Full instructions for working, and instruments for repairing, supplied with each specimen.

"Not liable to get out of order.

"Safe in the hands of a child. Yet they are not toys.

"Procureable of any respectable Lunatic Asylum.

"Ask for Our Brand, and see that you get none other.

"Beware of worthless foreign imitations, which dishonest dealers will try to foist upon you.

"Of Mahatmas young, and Mahatmas old,

Of Mahatmas meek, and Mahatmas bold,

Of Mahatmas gentle, and Mahatmas rough,
We lay long odds that we'll sell enough."

The financial column of the *Journal of the Future*, we may expect, will read somewhat as follows:—"Mahatmas opened weak, but slowly advanced a third. Later they became stronger, and closed firm at 8½. Latest—Mahatmas fell rapidly."

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

CHARITY BEGINS ABROAD.—The following advertisement (which recently appeared in the *Times*) has been sent for solution:—

GENTLEMAN, with knowledge of business and disposing of 100,000 francs, is desirous of REPRESENTING, either in Europe, Africa, America, or elsewhere, a serious FIRM, capable of giving important profits. Offers to be addressed, &c.

In reply to this appeal, Mr. *Punch* begs to say that "the gentleman with knowledge of business" seems to be anxious to act as an *alter ego* to a serious (not a jocular) firm "capable of giving profits." "GENTLEMAN" does not specify whose profits the serious firm is capable of giving, and thus it may be presumed that the 100,000 francs would form the capital with which the charitable transaction would be conducted. This is the more probable as "GENTLEMAN" says he knows how to dispose of them.



A HEARTY WELCOME.

Local Flyman (who also officiates at Funerals). "MORNIN', SIR. GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN! REALLY THOUGHT I SHOULD 'A' HAD THE HONOUR OF DRIVIN' YOU TO THE CEMETERY, SIR!"

ALL ROUND THE FAIR.

No. IV.

THE IRISH GIANT BABY "AT HOME."

The exterior of the Show is painted to represent a Cottage, and bears the highly improbable name of "POLLY O'GRACIOUS," with an even less credible announcement that this is the identical "little cot where she was born." Inside is an ordinary tent, with a rough platform at the further end, whereon is an empty chair, at which a group of small Boys, two or three young Women, and some middle-aged Farm-labourers, have been solemnly and patiently staring for the last quarter of an hour.

First Farm Labourer (to Second). I bin in 'ere 'bout erf an hour, I hev, and ain't seed nowt so fur!

Second F. L. Same 'ere! Seems to take 'em a proper good time a-gittin' o' this 'ere baby claned up!

First F. L. Ah, it do. But look at the size on her!

Second F. L. Size! They cudn't be no slower not with a hellyphant!

[The tedium is relieved by a very audible dispute outside between the Driver of the Baby's Caravan and the Wife of the Conjuror next door, who appears to have excited the Driver's displeasure by consenting to take the money in the absence of the Baby's proprietress.]

The Driver (with dignity). I consider it a bloomin' liberty, and a downright piece of himpertinence, you comin' 'ere interferin' with my business—and so I tell yer!

The Lady (with more dignity). I'm not taking no liberties with nobody—she ast me to it, or I shoudn't be 'ere—I don't want to take the money, not without bein' ast to do so. She come and ast me to take her place while she was away, and in, course I wasn't goin' to say no.

Driver. Don't you tork to me. I know what you are, puttin' yerself forward whenever yer can—a goin' tellin' the people on the road as you was the Baby's mother!

The Lady. I never said no such thing! Why should I want to tell sech a story for?

Driver. Arsk yourself—not me. And p'raps you never said you 'ad valuable property in your waggin' neither.

Lady (apparently cut to the heart by this accusation). It's a false'ood! I never 'ad no valuable property in your waggin', nor yet nobody else's; and I'll thank you to keep your distance, and not go raggin' me.

Driver (edging nearer). I'll keep my distance. But don't you make no mistake—I'm not to be played with! I'm sick o' your goin's on. And then (reviving a rankling and mysterious grievance) to think o' you a comin' mincein' up on the road with yer (mimicking), "Oh, yus, Mrs. FAIR-CHILD, there's a blacksmith jest across the way!" What call 'ad you got to shove your nose in like that, eh? you're a interferin' cat, that's what you are!

[The Conjuror's Lady is moved to the verge of tears and assault, and her wrath is only assuaged by the arrival of the missing Proprietress, who patches up a temporary peace; presently the hangings at the back are parted, and an immensely stout child, dressed in an infant's frock, waddles in, hoists herself on the platform and into the chair, from which she regards the Spectators with stolid composure; the small boys edge back, nudge one another and snigger furtively; the girls say "Oh, lor!" in a whisper, and a painful silence follows.]

A Middle-aged Labourer (feeling the awkwardness of the situation). 'Ow old may you be, Missy?

The Giant Baby (with a snap). Ten!

[She gazes all round with the hauteur peculiar to a phenomenon, and her visitors are only relieved from the strain by the timely appearance of the Exhibitor, a Mulatto lady, who gives a brief biographical sketch of the Infant's career, with details of her weight and measurements. Then Miss POLLY sings a stanza of "Little Annie Rooney" in a phonographic manner, dances a few ponderous steps, and identifies the most sheepish youth in the audience—much to his embarrassment—as her sweetheart, after which her audience is permitted to shake hands with her and depart.]

A PRIZE LOTTERY.

A Young Man in a light suit, and a paste pin in a dirty white necktie, has arrived with a chest, from which he extracts a quantity of small parcels in coloured tissue-paper.

The Young Man (as a group collects around him). Now, I'm 'ere to offer those among yer who 'ave the courage to embark in speculation an unrivalled opportunity of enriching themselves at next to no expense. Concealed in each o' these small porcel is a prize o' more or less value, amongst them bein', I may tell yer, two 'undred threepenny pieces, not to mention 'igher coins up to 'arf a sov'r'in. Mind, I promise nothing—I only say this: that those who show confidence in me I'll reward beyond their utmost expectations. (To an Agricultural Labourer in the circle.) 'Ere, you Sir, 'ave you ever seen me before in all your life?

The Agricultural Labourer (with a conscientious fear of committing himself). I may 'ave.

The Young Man. You may 'ave! 'Ave you? 'Ave I ever seen you? Come now!

The Agr. L. (cautiously). I can't answer fur what you've seen, Sir.

The Y. M. Well, are you a friend o' mine?

The A. L. (after inward searchings). Not as I'm aweer on.

The Y. M. Then take this packet. (The A. L. grins and hesitates.) Give me a penny for it. (The A. L. hangs back.) Do as I say! (His tone is so peremptory that the A. L. hastens to obey.) Now don't open that till I tell you, and don't go away—or I shall throw the money after yer. (The A. L. remains in meek expectation; OLD BILLY FAIRPLAY, and a Spotty-faced Man, happen to pass; and join the group out of innocent curiosity.) Will you give me a penny for this, Sir? (To the Spotty-faced One, who shakes his head.) To oblige Me! (This is said in such an insinuating tone, that it is impossible to resist him.) Now you've shown your confidence in me, will you open that packet and show the company what it contains.

The Spotty-faced Man (undoing the packet). There's nothink inside o' mine—it's a reg'lar do! [Roars of laughter.]

The Y. M. Quite right—there was nothink inside o' thet partickler packet. I put it there a-purpose, as a test. But I don't want nobody to go away dissatisfied with my manner o' doin' business, and, though I ain't promised yer nothing, I'll show yer I'm better than my word, and them as trusts me'll find no reason to repent o' 'aving done so. 'Ere's your original penny back, Sir, and one, two, three more atop of that—wait, I ain't done with yer yet—ere's sixpence more, because I've took a fancy to yer face—and now I 'ope you're satisfied!

The Sp.-F. M. (in an explanatory undertone to his neighbours). I knew it's on'y them as comes last thet gits left, d'yer see!

[Several bystanders hasten to purchase.]

Old Billy Fairplay (in an injured tone). There ain't on'y a three-penny-bit in mine!

The Y. M. 'Ark at 'im—there's a discontented ole josser for yer! I can't put 'arf a sov'r'in in all o' the packets, not and make my expenses. P'raps you'll 'ave better luck next time.

[The packets are in more demand than ever.]

The Agr. L. May I open this 'ere packet now, Master?

The Y. M. If you don't tell nobody what's in it, you may. I've sold as many as I keer to a' ready.

The Agr. L. (opening the parcel, and finding a toy-watch of the value of one farthing sterling). 'Ere, I'll give yer this back—'tain't no good to me!

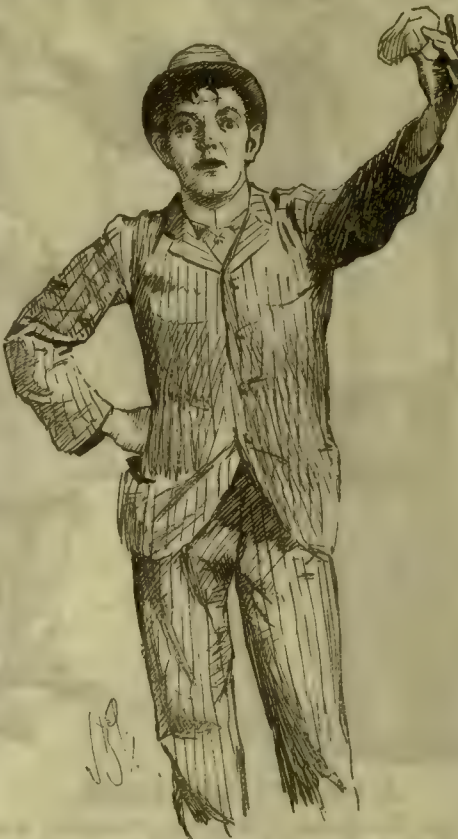
The Y. M. (with concern). I'm reelly very sorry, Sir, I've given you a wrong 'un by mistake. I quite fancied as—Allow me to apologise, and, as a proof I 'aven't lost your good opinion, give me a penny for this one.

[He selects a packet with great care from the heap.]

The A. L. You don't take me in no moor—I'd sooner make yo a present o' the penny!

The Y. M. (wounded). Don't talk like that, Sir—you'll be sorry for it afterwards! (In a whisper.) It's all right this time, s'elp me!

The A. L. I know as it's a kitch o' some sort...—hows'ever,



"Concealed in each o' these small porcel is a prize o' more or less value."

jest this once. (He purchases another packet, and is rewarded by an eyeglass, constructed of cardboard and coloured gelatine, which he flings into the circle in a fury.) 'Tis nobbut a darned swindle—and I've done wi' ye! Ye're all a pack o' rogues together!

[Exit, amidst laughter from the rest, whose confidence, however, has been rewarded by very similar results.]

The Y. M. He don't know what he's lost by givin' way to his narsty temper—but there, I forgive 'im! (He begins to replace the remaining parcels in the chest; one packet escapes his notice, and is instantly pounced upon by a sharp, but penniless urchin.) Now, Gentlemen, I'm 'ere reppersentin' two Charitable Institootions—the Blind Asylum, and the Idjut Orfins—but I'm bloomin' sorry to say that, this time, arter I've deducted my little trifling commission, there'll be a bloomin' little to 'and over to either o' them deservin' Seroeties; so, thenkin' you all, and wishin' you bloomin' good luck, and 'appiness and prosperity through life, I'll say good-bye to yer.

The Sharp Urchin (after retiring to a safe distance with his booty.) Their's summat inside of 'un—I can 'ear una-rartlin'... 'ow many moor wrops! 'Tis money, fur sartin!... (Removes the last wrapping. Nawthen but a silly owld cough-drop! (He calls after the Young Man, who is retreating with Mr. FAIRPLAY, and his spotty friend.) I've a blamed good mind to 'ave th' Lar on ye fur that, I hev—a chatin' foaks i' sech a way! Why don't ye not honest?

[Is left masticating the cough-lozenges in speechless indignation.]

"THE SINS OF SOCIETY."

READ yesterday, in the *Fortnightly*, this article by OUIDA. Resolved to follow her teachings at once. Changed my "frightful, grotesque, and disgraceful male costume" for the most picturesque garments I had—a kilt, a blue blazer, and a yellow turban, which I once wore at a fancy dress ball. Then strolled along Piccadilly to the Club. Rather cool. Having abandoned "the most vulgar form of salutation, the shake-hands," bowed distantly to several men I had known for years—but they looked another way. Met a policeman. "Hullo!" he said. "Come out o' that! Your place is in the road." He mistook me for a sandwich-man! Explained that I was advocating a new style of dress. "Where's yer trousers?" he asked. "Trousers!" I cried. "Why, OUIDA"—but it was useless to explain to such a fool—so I left him.

At the Club, immense astonishment. Again explained. Members tapped their foreheads, and said I had better see the Doctor. Why? Then they all avoided me. Grand chance to show my ability "to support solitude, and to endure silence." Deuced dull, but it saved me from "the poisoned atmosphere of crowded rooms." Began to feel hungry about lunch-time, but happily remembered that "it is not luxury which is enervating, it is over-eating." Exhausted, but virtuous. Remembered that I had to dine at my aunt's. Awkward! Could I go in that dress? She is so prim, and so prejudiced in favour of trousers. Also she is so rich, and I was her heir. It needs money to obtain the luxury which the great teacher advocates. Hurried home, and put on hateful evening dress. Avoided hansom, they being too much connected with one "ugly hurry-scurry," and drove to my aunt's in a damp, dirty four-wheeler. Even the new moralist herself would have been satisfied with the slowness of that.

At dinner sat between two charming women, evidently as clever as they were beautiful. Suddenly remembered that we "lose the subtle and fine flavours of our best dishes, because we consider ourselves obliged to converse with somebody," and after that did not speak a word. Charming women stared, and then each turned towards me a beautiful shoulder, and I saw her face no more. Was just enjoying the flavours when I recollected that nothing "can make even tolerable, artistically speaking, the sight of men and women sitting bolt upright close together taking their soup." We were long past the soup, but it was not too late. I left the table at once, and reclined elegantly on the floor, with my plate by my side. "AUGUSTUS," said my Aunt, "are you ill?" I shook my head; I could not speak, for I was just enjoying an unusually subtle flavour. Then one of the guests, a member of my Club, whispered to my aunt, and tapped his forehead. Then she tapped her forehead, and all the guests tapped their foreheads. I had finished that flavour, so I said, "My dear Aunt, I am not mad, I—" "Then," said she, "you must be intoxicated. Leave the house!" And, with the butler and the footmen escorting me to the street-door, I was obliged to do so.

It is all over. I know that my Aunt will bequeath her fortune to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ancient Buildings among the Jews, but I am consoled by the thought that I, at least, have followed the noble teachings of the New Morality.

"WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE OF."—By Captain SCUTTLE, to British East African Co.:—"Your Room is better than your Company."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE title of Mr. CONAN DOYLE's new book, *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, is incomplete without the addition of, "And the D.D., or Dummy Doctor," who plays a part in the narratives analogous to that of "Charles, his Friend," on the stage. The book is, in many respects, a thriller, reminding one somewhat of *The Diary of a Late Physician*, by SAMUEL WARREN. This volume is handsomely got up—too handsomely—and profusely, too profusely, illustrated. For both romancer and reader, such stories are better un-illustrated. A sensational picture attracts, and distracts. In this collection the Baron can recommend *The Beryl Coronet*, *The Red-Headed League*, *The Copper Beeches*, and *The Speckled Band*. The best time for reading any one of these stories is the last thing at night, before turning in. "At such an hour, try *The Speckled Band*, and see how you like it," says the Bold Baron.

The Baron's assistant dives into the Christmas Card Basket, and produces RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS,—"Tuck," a schoolward dear to "our boys,"—who lead off the Christmas dance. Daintily and picturesquely got up, their Cards are quite full. Their Watteau Screens will serve as small ornaments afterwards. These "Correct Cards," with few exceptions, are not particularly for Christmas, but for all time. Here's 's'Luck to RAPHAEL TUCK!

"Todgers's could do it when it liked," and so can Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co. at this Fairy Tale time, when they bring out three capital books, edited by ALFRED H. MILES; i.e., *Fifty-two Fairy Tales*, *Fifty-two other Stories for Boys*, and *Fifty-two other Stories for Girls*. Why not Fairy Tales for a holiday task, and an examination in Fairy Lore, with a Fairy Lore Degree for the successful candidate?

Then come BLACKIE AND SONS with Plenty from HENTY—Mr. G. A. HENTY—who at Christmas-time is anything but a "Non-Hentyty." *Berie the Briton*. In *Greek Waters*, *Condemned as a Nihilist!*—"Go it, HENTY!" The Baron cheers you onward.

The Thirsty Sword, by ROBERT LEIGHTON. It's a killing story.

An Old-Time Yarn, by EDGAR PICKERING, about the adventures of DRAKE and HAWKINS. HAWKINS, mariner, not Sir 'ENRY, the Judge. New yarn. Strong old salts—very refreshing.

The Bull Calf, brought out for JOHN BULL JUNIOR's amusement at Christmas, and seasonably illustrated by FROST, is a queer sort of animal of the Two Mace Donkey breed. Right for NIMMO to have some fun at Christmas, according to old example, "*Nimmo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*."

What's in a name? not the first time this question has been asked and answered—but 'tis impossible for the Baron to avoid quoting it now, when in consequence of its title, he was within an ace of putting aside *The Germ Growers*, under the impression that it was a scientific work on Bacillus and Phylloxera. On taking it up, however, the Baron soon became deeply interested, but was subsequently annoyed to find how the artful author had beguiled him by leading up to a kind of imitation of the *In hoc Signo vinces* legend, and had somewhat adroitly adapted to his purpose the imagery of one of the most poetic and sublime of ancient Scripture narratives; i.e., where the prophet sees the chariots of Israel in the air. One remarkable thing about the romance is the absence of "love-motive," and, indeed, the absence of all female interest. Here and there the Canon writes carelessly, as instance the following paragraph:—

"Then he got a little glass-tube into which he put something out of a very small bottle, which he took from a number of others which lay side by side in a little case which he took out of a pocket in the side of the car."

Apart from other faults, there are too many "whiches" here, and unlike his malignant hero, *Davoli*, the Canon doesn't seem to be well up in his "which-craft." Clever Canon POTTER must turn out from his Potteries some ware superior to this for the public and

THE BARON.

REFLECTION IN THE MIST.—You could have "cut the fog, it was so thick" is a common expression. But the fog, unwelcome as it always is, is not like an unwelcome acquaintance, who can be "cut" or avoided by turning down a street, or by pretending unconsciousness of his proximity.

QUESTION FOR A LEGAL EXAM.—If a farmer purchased a good milch cow reared at Dorking, what would be its (old style) legal produce? Answer or Rejoinder.—Why, of course, some sort of Surrey-butter.



A NORSE TALE



CULTCHAH!

Suburban Belle (to her Dressmaker). "AND I SHOULD LIKE A MEDICI COLLAR TO MY TEA-GOWN. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? A MEDICI COLLAR—LIKE THAT OF THE VENUS DE MEDICI!"

"DAVY JONES'S LOCKER."

DAVY JONES, *loquatur* :—

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest. Hey! ho, and a bottle of rum!"
Faith, that's a chorus I can rattle off with zest. Gratefully it clatters upon DAVY's tym-pa-num,
Like a devil's tattoo from Death's drum! Fil! Fo! Fum! These be very parlous times for old legends of the sea.
VANDERDECKEN is taboo'd, the Sea Serpint is pooh-pooh'd, but 'tis plain as any pikestaff they can't disestablish Me!

DADDY NEPTUNE may delight in the Island trim and tight, where his sea-dogs breed and fight, as in days of yore,
When old CHARLIE DIBDIN's fancy piped free songs of JACK and NANCY, of Jolly Salts at sea, and Old Tarry-Breeks ashore;
But if Britons rule the waves, as the grog-fired sailor raves, when he dreams of glorious graves in the deep dark main,
DADDY NEPTUNE must allow DAVY shares his empire now, or the Sultan and the Howe have gone down in vain.

DADDY NEPTUNE loves me not. Plumped by storm or by shot, my Locker held a lot in the days gone by,

But 'tis daily growing fuller. Is the British Tar off colour, are the sea-dogs slower, duller, though as game to die?
Has Science spoilt their skill, that their iron pots so fill my old Locker? How I thrill at the lumbering crash,
When a-crunch upon a rock, with a thundering Titan shock, goes some shapeless metal block, to immortal smash?

Oh! it's real, rasping fun! Mighty hull, monster gun, all are mine ere all's done; and the millions madly spent

On a lollopping wollopping kettle, with ten thousand tons of metal sink as the Titans settle, turtle-turned, or wrenched and rent,

To my rocks and my ooze. I seem little like to lose by the "Progress" some abuse, and the many crack up.

Ah! NEPTUNE, sour old lad, DAVY JONES may well look glad at the modern Iron-clad, and thank ARMSTRONG and KRUPP!

Science and Salvage? Fudge! If I am any judge, my sea-depths and salt sludge will not lose by them.

NEP calls me callous mocker, but, according to my Cocker, I may laugh with a full Locker, whilst the fools condemn.

Think of daring the blue brine with a chart of the Eighty-Nine, and "a regular gold-mine" in one huge black hulk!

Whilst the lubbers stick to that, I shall flourish and grow fat like a shark or ocean-rat, though old NEP may sulk.

Demon-Sexton of the Deep! Ha! ha! Ho! ho! I keep my old office. Wives may weep, and the taxpayers moan;

Let the grumblers make appeal to King Science! Lords of Steel, Iron Chieftains, do ye feel when your victims groan?

DAVY JONES is well content with that tribute ye have sent, with the millions ye have spent just to glut his gorge;

He had seldom such a fill in the days of wood—and skill—constant sea-fights, or the spill of the *Royal George*.

Good old false last-century Chart! Though the conning may be smart, and the steersman play his part, Palinurus-like,

Whilst they trust to your vain vellum, which is almost sure to sell 'em, even DAVY JONES can tell 'em, they may sink or strike.

Hooray, King Death, hooray! Who says we've had our day! Pass the rum and let's be gay. Not that "dead man's chest,"

ROBERT LOUIS grimly sings, like my "Locker Chorus" rings—mingling weirdly wedded things—grisly doom and jest!

On an Irish Landlord.

"Love thou thy Land!" So sang the Laureate.

Were that sole Landlord duty, you'd fulfil it!

But land makes not a Land, nor soil a State.

Loving your land, how sullenly you hate—

The People—who've to till it!

Of the earth, earthy is that love of soil

Which for wide-acred wealth will sap and spoil

The souls and sinews of the thralls of Toil.

Churl! Bear a human heart, a liberal hand!

Then thou may'st say that thou dost "love thy Land."

WHEN a Stag has once been uncartered, and has been given so many minutes law to get away, the Huntaman may correctly allude to him as "The Deer Departed."



"DAVY JONES'S LOCKER."

DAVY JONES. "AHA! SO LONG AS THEY STICK TO THEM OLD CHARTS, NO FEAR O' MY LOCKER BEIN' EMPTY!!"

RECONCILIATION.

(Scene from that new Screaming Farce "The Political Box and Cox.")

["Mr. GLADSTONE (says the *Daily Chronicle*) has effected a formal reconciliation with the Member for Northampton. He visited Mr. and Mrs. LABOUCHÈRE, took tea with them, and had a long and very cordial interview. So far, indeed, as Mr. LABOUCHÈRE ever had any personal feeling in reference to his exclusion from the Ministry, it may be regarded as dead."]



Box. Although we are not destined to occupy the same—ahem!—Cabinet Council Chamber—at present, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's political throat, Sir.

Cox. Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.

Box. And, after all, I've no violent animosity against you, Sir.

Cox. Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, Sir.

Box. Besides, it was all—ahem!—Mrs.—ahem's fault, Sir!

Cox (embarrassed). Well—ahem!—my—er—loyalty—as a man of honour—to—er—that lady, Sir, forbids, Sir, my saying, or—er—permitting to be said—

[Gradually approaching chairs.]

Box. Ah, exactly, I quite understand that. The truth is—

Cox (quickly). A most excellent thing, in its way. I always see it.

Box. Very well, Sir!

Cox. Very well, Sir!

Box. Take a little jam, Sir!

Cox. Thank you, Sir!

[Taking a spoonful. Pause.]

Box. Do you sing, Sir?

Cox (modestly). I have, in days gone by, done a little Negro Minstrelsy.

Box. Then give us a breakdown. (Pause.) Well, well, perhaps the suggestion's a little inopportune. What is your opinion of smoking, Sir?

Cox (tartly). I think it is a pestilent practice, Sir!

Box (puffing). So do some other singular people, Sir. To be sure, they may not so much object to it if the pipes are not loaded.

Cox. No—I daresay that does make some difference.

Box. And yet, Sir, on the other hand, doesn't it strike you, as rather a waste of time, for people to keep puffing away at pipes (or Programmes) with nothing in 'em?

Cox (dryly). No, Sir—not more than any other harmless recreation—such, for instance, as posing as a Party leader, without any Party.

Box (aside). Some of his own Party may be found a bit shaky. Next time I invite him, it may be to tea—and turn-out!

Cox (aside). Let him put that in his pipe (or cigarette) and smoke it!

Box (aloud). Well, now we so thoroughly understand each other, what—even Programmes—shall part us?

Cox. Who—even—ahem! a certain Party, shall tear us asunder?

Box. Cox!

Cox. Box!

[About to embrace. Box stops, seizes Cox's hand, and looks eagerly in his face.]

Box. You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you'd never be such a suicidal idiot as to—seek another Chamber?

Cox (winking). Walker!

Box. Ah—tell me—in mercy tell me—have you such a thing as the "Strawberry Leaves" in your eye?

Cox. No!

Box. Then we are brothers!

[They rush into each other's arms.]

Cox. Of course, we stop where we are?

Box. Of course!

Cox. For between you and me, I'm rather partial to the House.

Box. So am I—I feel quite at home in it.

Cox. Everything so clean and comfortable!

Box. And I'm sure its Mistress, Mrs.—ahem!—from what little I've seen of her, is very anxious to do her best.

Cox. So she is—and I vote, Box, that we stand by her!

Box. Acree! (winks). There's my hand upon it—join but yours—agree that the House is big enough to hold us both, then Box—

Cox. And Cox—

Both. Are satisfied!

[Curtain.]

FACT, OR FUNK?

SIR.—Will you permit me to protest against the shocking insecurity of life and property in London? What are the Police doing? Only yesterday I was walking, in the middle of the day, in a rather quiet road in this suburb, when a highway robber, disguised as an ordinary beggar, asked me for a copper! His look was most forbidding, and he put his hand under his coat in a way that convinced me he was about to draw a revolver! I at once gave him my purse, with half-a-crown in it, which seemed to pacify him, and I am convinced that I owe my life to my presence of mind. The shock, however, has quite prostrated me, and my medical adviser has already paid me three visits, on the strength of it, and says I need "careful watching for some time." He has very kindly put off a holiday, in order to watch me, which is sufficient to prove what a diabolical outrage I have been the victim of!

Yours, indignantly,

Cozynook, Sydenham. TABITHA GRUNDY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—We are coming to a really awful state of things in the Strand! A friend of mine (who does not wish his name mentioned) assures me that he was proceeding from the Gaiety Restaurant, where he had been lunching, towards Charing Cross, when he was "attacked by VERITOO" in broad day-light! Comment is needless. If dangerous foreign bandits like this VERITOO—who from his name must be an Italian—are permitted to plunder innocent pedestrians with impunity, the sooner we abolish our Police Force and save the expense, the better.

NO ALARMIST.

DEAR ED'OR.—I write you a line to say I've jus' been 'sulted—grossly 'sulted—on Thames 'Bankmen'. Walkin' 'long—quite shober—sud'ly 'coasted by man dressed like 'pleeceman. Said "lot bad krakters about"—took hold of my arm—wanted see me into cab. I saw through him at once. It was a plot! Wanted steal vabblewatch—forshately lef' watch home. Angry at not findin' watch—bundled me into cab anyhow—feel 'feets still. Whash Scotland Yard 'bout? Are spekkull citizens to be 'sulted by pleece—by me'dress-li'pleece, I mean? It's all true 'bout Lunn' bein' most unsafe. Norra word of 'xagg'ration! (Cre' 'xperto. Thash Latin!—Shoves I'm spekkull. No more now! He'ache. Yours, REM PUNCH.

Sir Gerald Portal.

Or Afric's districts C. and E.,

'Tis clear to any mortal,

We've but to keep our Afric key,

And enter by our PORTAL.

THE following mysterious advertisement is cut from the *Grantham Journal*:—

WANTED, to Purchase, a HALF-LEGGED Horse, five years old, suitable for Building work, about 16 hands.—Address, &c.

Is the horse to have two legs? Not on all fours with nature? And the sixteen hands? Compensation for want of legs? Give it up!

THE NEXT ELECTION PIC-NIC.

(By Our Own Prophetic Reporter.)

A FEW days since a "Grand Intellectual Fête" was given by the Flower League in advancement of the Patriotic Cause, in the grounds of the Duke of DITCHWATER. The Railway Companies afforded unusual facilities for securing a large gathering, and there was much enthusiasm amongst those who were present. To meet the requirements of decisions arrived at during the trial of recent Election Petitions, it was arranged that some one competent to undertake the task should introduce and explain the various distractions afforded for the entertainment of the very numerous company. Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR, Barrister, of London, kindly consented to act as lecturer, his professional engagements fortunately allowing him leisure to assume such a responsibility.

The Lecturer said that he was delighted to see so large a gathering. (Cheers.) They quite reminded him of the clients who thronged his passage on the first day of term, waiting for his chamber-doors to open. (Laughter.) There was nothing in the remark he had just made to provoke merriment. He wished it to be clearly understood that he appealed to their reason. (Cheers.) It had been objected that some of the entertainments given at what had been called political pic-nics had nothing to do with the reasoning faculties of the spectators. This he emphatically denied. (Applause.) Without wasting further of their time—"No, no!" "Go on!"—he would come to his first illustration—the Bounding Brothers of Bohemia. (Great cheering.) It was advisable that the bodies as well as the minds of children educated by the School-Boards should receive attention. Their bodies should be brought to as near perfection as possible; every muscle should be brought into play. To explain his meaning, he called upon the Bounding Brothers of Bohemia to illustrate the poetry of motion.

Upon this, five gentlemen in tights (understood to be the athletic kindred to whom the Lecturer had referred) performed a series of feats of strength, which included standing on one another's heads, jumping through hoops, and turning quadruple somersaults.

After their performances were over Mr. BRIEFLESS resumed.

The Lecturer said: He next wished to appeal to their reason—to challenge, so to speak, their senses on the power of foreign opinion. It was asserted that an Englishman cared only for his native land and the Press appertaining thereto. Now he (the Lecturer) had the greatest respect for the English Press—(cheers)—still he found that some of our foreign contemporaries were nearly as good. ("Hear, hear!") He wished to introduce the Signora MANTILLA from Spain—(applause)—who had consented to sing a political song in Spanish, emphasizing her opinions by a dance after each verse. (Great cheering.) The Signora MANTILLA then gave a demonstration, which was much appreciated.

The Lecturer resumed. He said he had not insulted their intelli-

gence by asking them if they understood Spanish. Of course, they did. (Loud laughter.) He was quite sure that the Signora's third verse and accompanying dance must have convinced everyone of the advantages of Fair Trade. (Laughter.) He saw no reason for merriment. (Renewed laughter.) He had now come to that important subject Bi-metallism. (Cheers.) They had been told that whereas speech was silver, silence was golden. ("Hear, hear!") To show the advantage of silver (represented by speech), the Blue-eyed Nigger would give a native song accompanied on his own banjo. (Loud applause.)

The Blue-eyed Nigger then favoured the company with one of his characteristic ditties.



MILITARY EDUCATION.

General. "MR. DE BRIDOOD, WHAT IS THE GENERAL USE OF CAVALRY IN MODERN WARFARE?"

Mr. de Bridood. "WELL, I SUPPOSE TO GIVE TONE TO WHAT WOULD OTHERWISE BE A MERE VULGAR BRAWL!"

The Lecturer said he had now to thank his audience for their kind attention, and to inform them that the display of fireworks with set-pieces containing political sentiments appealing to their reason, would take place immediately.

Shortly afterwards the company separated, greatly pleased with the rational entertainment they had been invited to enjoy.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

(Being a Parisian Parliamentary Procedure as "She Might be Spoke in England.")

SCENE — The House of Commons at question-time. Ministers in attendance, excited Members regarding them with derision.

First Member. I claim the word, Mr. SPEAKER. I would ask Esquire HARCOURT, does he propose to make his Budget popular? ["Very well, very well!" from the Conservatives.]

Esquire Harcourt. I tell the Hon. Gentleman that by such a question he insults the world! (Cheers.) Nay, he insults England! [Loud applause, in which all join.]

First Mem. (after a pause). Still, you have not answered my question. Is your Budget to be popular? [Murmurs.]

Esquire Har. (with spirit). I consider such a question twice repeated an infamy!

[Enthusiastic cheering.] Second Mem. Then it is you who are infamous!

[Uproar.] The Speaker. Gentlemen, Ministers, do not

force me to put on my hat—do not cause me to suspend the sitting.

First Mem. Surely a civil question deserves a civil answer?

Esquire Harcourt. Not in a nation that has bled on the field of battle.

First Mem. (after a pause). And yet what I required to know was reasonable. I wished to know whether Esquire HARCOURT proposed to name a popular Budget?

Esquire Harcourt. He repeats the calumny!

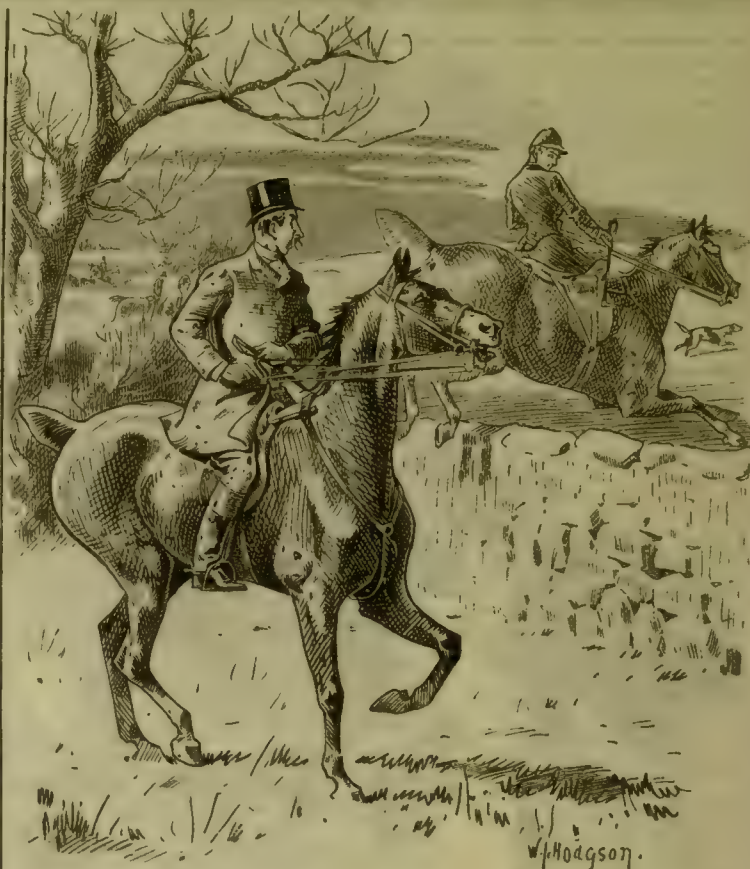
First Mem. (after a pause). But is there no reply? I would ask Sir GLADSTONE—is there no reply?

Sir Gladstone (springing to his feet). It is for the honour of England! (Immense enthusiasm.) And now, Sir, you are answered!

[Roars of applause. Scene closes in upon Ministers receiving the hand-shakes of supporters and opponents.]



SPORT AS A MATTER OF COURSE-ING.



LADIES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

IT IS THE OPINION OF MR. PHUNKIE "THAT THE FAIR SEX IS ALL VERY WELL AT THE COVERT SIDE, AND HE HAS NO OBJECTION TO A LITTLE QUIET FLIRTATION THERE; BUT IF A MAN IS EXPECTED TO GO HANGING ROUND A GIRL WHEN HOUNDS ARE RUNNING, THE THING IS APT TO BECOME A DOOCE OF A NUISANCE!"

TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE.

["A deputation of Seamstresses stated at Westminster Police Court, that they make soldiers' clothing, receiving for each pair of trousers 8½d., and for each flannel-belt, rather less than one penny."—*Daily Paper*.]

O ENGLAND, you boast of your warrior sons,
Your history tells of them, fearless in strife,
How they faced the French horse, how they charged Russian
guns.

So thoughtful of duty, so careless of life!

You honour them rightly, but do not forget
That economy pleases the voters as well;
Each penny reduces the National Debt;
Old Ships, as you know, are the best things to sell.

You could not escape paying pounds to the men
Who fought, wearing soles of brown paper, supplied
In your wise, frugal way. Follow precedent then!
Remember pence saved, not your children who died!

Though the men must be paid, such expense need not vex
A skilful economist. This can be met.

You can always grind pence from the poor, weaker sex;
If the clothes are ill-made, think what bargains you get!

Then lavish your honours, your wealth, on the brave,
If you did not, perhaps, scarce a man would enlist;
But forget not the gain of each penny you save,
And starve these poor Women—they cannot resist.

PEARS' Christmas Number—what it ought to be:—A new edition of "*His Soap's Fables*."

THE REAL ENEMY TO "THE BIG LOAF" (ACCORDING TO JOHN BURNS).—The Big Loafer.

QUEER QUERIES.

NATIONAL ART-TREASURES.—I see that objections are being made to Millbank as a suitable site for the Picture Gallery which Mr. TATE has so generously offered to the nation. May I ask whether the advantages of the Isle of Dogs have ever been considered? The position being right out of the way of anybody who cares a rush for Art, and in the centre of the river-fog district, so as to ensure a maximum of injury to the pictures by damp, its offer to the generous donor would convincingly demonstrate our Government's appreciation of such patriotic munificence. Failing the Isle of Dogs, would there be any objection to Barking, in the neighbourhood of the Sewage Outfall? They are quite accustomed there to dealing with the precipitation of sludge. Perhaps some Art-lover would reply.

CITIZEN OF A RATHER MEAN CITY.

HOUSEHOLDER'S DIFFICULTIES.—Could some practical Correspondent advise us as to what would be the best course to pursue under the following awkward circumstances? I live in a house in a newly-constructed terrace, with very thin party-walls. The tenant on one side has just set up a private establishment for the reception of the most thoroughly incurable class of maniacs, while on the other side is a family who make their living by piano, violin, and cornet performances, at private houses. I have asked the landlord to abate the nuisance by adding another brick to the thickness of the walls on each side; but he writes to me, giving his address at the Bankruptcy Court, to explain that the houses are not so constructed as to bear the extra weight, which I think very probable. I would apply for an injunction against the Maniacs, were it not that their howlings are sometimes useful in drowning the sound of the constant practising on the piano. Would it be wise to retaliate by dropping bricks at midnight down my neighbours' chimneys? What is the least term of Penal Servitude that I could get if I hired some of the Unemployed to break into the musical house and smash up the instruments? If I went as a Deputation on the subject to Mr. ASQUITH, should I be likely to be cordially received?

TORTURED TENANT.



THE WILD WILD EAST.

First Coster. "SAY, BILL, 'OW D'YER LIKE MY NEW KICKSEYS? GOOD FIT, EH?"

Second Coster. "FIT! THEY AIN'T NO FIT. THEY'RE A HAPER-PLICTICK STROKE!"

MIXED NOTIONS.

No. I.—BI-METALLISM.

SCENE—A Railway-carriage in a suburban morning train to London. There are four Passengers, two of whom are well-informed men, while the third is an inquirer, and the fourth an average man. They travel up to London together every morning by the same train. The two Well-informed Men and the Average Man are City men; the Inquirer is a young Solicitor. They have just finished reading their morning papers, and are now ready to impart or receive knowledge.

Inquirer. They don't seem to be making much of this Monetary Conference in Brussels.

First Well-informed Man. Of course they're not. I knew how it would be from the start. I met HARCOURT some time ago, and told him what I thought about it. "You mark my words," I said, "the whole blessed thing will be a failure. You haven't sent out the right men, and they're certain to waste their time in useless academic discussions." He seemed surprised, but he hadn't got a word to say.

Inquirer (deeply impressed). Ah!

First W. I. M. The thing's really as simple as A B C. Here are we, a country with a gold standard, and we find that gold has appreciated. What's the consequence? Why, silver goes down everyday, and commerce is dislocated,—absolutely dislocated. All we have to do is to—

Second W. I. M. (breaking in). One moment! When you say gold has appreciated, you mean, of course, that the purchasing power of gold has increased—in other words, commodities are cheaper. Isn't that so?

First W. I. M. Yes. Well, what then?

Second W. I. M. What's your remedy? Do you think you can

make things better by fixing a ratio between gold and silver? In the first place, you can't do it; they've got nothing to do with one another.

First W. I. M. (triumphantly). Haven't they? What have you got to say, then, about the Indian rupee? That's where the whole of your beautiful system comes to grief. You can't deny that.

Second W. I. M. The Indian rupee has got nothing to do with it. My theory is, that it's all due to the American coinage of silver, and (vaguely), if we do the same as they, why, we shall only make things worse. No, no, my boy, you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick, there. Look at the Bland Bill. Do you want to have that kind of thing in England?

Inquirer. God forbid! By the way, what was the Bland Bill?

Second W. I. M. What! you don't know what the Bland Bill was? Don't you remember it? It provided that a certain amount of silver was to be coined every year, and the Treasury was to hold the surplus until it reached a certain value, and then,—but every schoolboy knows what happened.

Average Man. What did happen, as a matter of fact?

Second W. I. M. (scornfully). Why, the market was flooded.

First W. I. M. Yes, and that exactly proves my point. Make fifteen the ratio between gold and silver, and you'll never have the market flooded again.

Second W. I. M. (hotly). How do you make that out?

First W. I. M. It's as plain as a pikestaff. Make silver your legal tender for large amounts in this country, and you stop all these United States games at one blow.

Second W. I. M. Fiddlesticks! I suppose you'll want us to believe next that if we become bi-metallists, corn and everything else will go up in value?

First W. I. M. Of course it will. We've only got to get Germany and France, and the rest of them to come in, and the thing's as good as done. What I say is, adopt bi-metallism, and you relieve trade and agriculture, and everything else.

A. M. Do you mean we shall have to pay more for everything?

First W. I. M. No, of course not; I mean that the appreciation of gold is a calamity which we've got to get rid of.

A. M. I don't see it. If my sovereign buys more than it did years ago, that seems to be a bit of a catch for me, don't it?

First W. I. M. Ah, I daresay you think so, but you're wrong. If you fix a ratio, things may be dearer, but you'll have twice as much purchasing power.

Inquirer (anxiously). How do you fix a ratio?

Second W. I. M. Ah, that's the question!

First W. I. M. That's not my business. I say it ought to be fixed, and it's for the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Bank of England to do it.

Second W. I. M. (decisively). The Bank can't do it. Its Charter won't allow it.

Inquirer. How's that? I never quite understood the Charter.

Second W. I. M. By the Charter the Bank has to—

[But at this moment, the train having drawn up at a station, an intruder gets into the carriage. He is severely frowned upon, and the conversation, thus checked, is not resumed.]

Inquirer (getting out at terminus, to First W. I. M.). I think I've got a pretty clear notion of Bi-metallism now, thanks to you.

First W. I. M. (modestly). Oh, it's quite simple, if you only take the trouble to give your mind to it.

OUR "MISSING WORD COMPETITION."

Guaranteed exempt from any Treasury prosecution under 1st Jingo, B. IV. Cap (Fit) 1, sec (Pommetry) '74. (Heading, "Wish you may get it.")

MR. PUNCH

DESIRES TO CONVEY TO ALL, UMBI ET ORBI, HIS VERY KINDEST AND BEST FOR THE COMING CHRISTMAS, 1892.

N.B.—Coupons must be cut from the current number, and should be sent to SIR JOHN BRIDGE, Bow-Street, E.C., with shillings for the Poor Box to same address.



A Little Mixed.

THE QUEEN AND THE SONGSTRESS.—In consequence of Her Gracious MAJESTY's marked approbation of Miss PALLISER's operatic performance at Windsor Castle, Sir DEUBOLANUS WINSORENSIS CHERUBUS has serious thoughts of asking the young cantatrice to change her name to Miss ROYAL PALLISER; or, if she has the honour of singing "By Command" in London, to Miss BUCKINGHAM PALLISER.

"NEXT PLEASE!"—My Brother's! Out—new work by Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON, Authoress of *A Sister's Sin*.



"THE WANDERING MINSTREL."

Jem Baggs ("The Wandering Minstrel"). "THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE AGIN THE COUNTY COUNCIL; I SAYS THEY'RE JOLLY GOOD FELLERS."



MISPLACED QUOTATIONS.

Young Jones (who, five minutes before the announcement of Dinner, has been introduced to Miss Sprightly, and has been endeavouring to find a fitting remark wherewith to open the conversation). "THIS—ER—I BELIEVE IS CALLED THE—ER—'MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE'!"

"THE WANDERING MINSTREL."

(Modern Kensington Version.)

[The London County Council has declined to co-operate with the Kensington Vestry in a representation to the Home Secretary for more efficient control over itinerant musicians, street-cries, and similar nuisances, on the ground that though the Council has power to make bye-laws for this object, there are no means of enforcing them.]

SCENE—Highly respectable Terrace in Kensington. The exterior of Mr. TAMBOUR'S house. Enter JEM BAGGS (R.H.) playing the clarinet badly.

Jem B. (log.) Vell now! that's vot I calls wery tidy vork! Bob and a tanner for seven doors ain't none so dusty, blow me! Summat better this 'ere than orkin' "All the new and poplar songs of the day for a penny!" Vot miserable vork that vos to be sure! I vos allays a cryin' about the streets, "Here y' are—one 'undered and fifty on 'em pootily bound in a Monster Song Book for a penny!—Here's 'Ran-ta-rar-roopy-ay!'—Mary, they 'ave raised my Screw'—Sling yer 'ook, yer 've got no oof, John.'—Snide Sammy courted Sally Brown.'—On the Banks of the yaller Lea.'—'Chummies! Chummies.'—Fanny Tooney.'—The Man who ran the Muglumberer's Building Society.'—Dandy Dan, the Whelk Man, and 'is Donah.'—He vos famed for gargling Fizz.'—His there a Lip vot never Lapped?'—A Life on the Lotion-Lay.'—If I 'ad a Monkey on, couldn't I go!'—Down to the Derby with a Shallow and a Moke.'—Oh, say not Modern Art is Sold'—for the small charge of a penny!" I dessay I might ha' been at that there callin' to this werry day, if it hadn't been for BOSKY BILL. I shall never forget BOSKY BILL's a-sayin' to me—says he, "I say, JEM BAGGS, vy don't yer take to the singin' line?" "Cos I sings vorser than 'The Big Bounce,'" says I. "Vorsier!" says he, "Vhy so much the betterer!" "Voice ain't wanted," says he, "only leather and brass. Leather for yer lungs, and brass for yer face, and there yer are, in the 'Alls or out on 'em." "But 'ow about them Bye-Laws, BILL?" says I. "Bye-Laws be bust!" says he, scornful. "Who's to henforce 'em? Westries and County Councils can't. Bobbies—bless 'em!—von't," says he. "So there yer are, JEM BAGGS!" In course I twigged. With my voice and a vistle, sez I, they'll

villingly give a tanner to git rid of me! And they do! Oh, I know the walley of peace and quietness, and never moves hon hunder sixpence! (Looking up at the house.) But I know as there's a hartist covey lives 'ere. Notice-plate says, "Mister TAMBOUR is hout." Walker! I know vot that means. I thinks as how he'll run to a shilling. Anyhow, I'll kick him for a bob.

[He strikes up, taking care to make as much noise as possible.

'Tis hof a great Council in London doth dwell;
Jest vot they are arter 'twould floor me to tell.
They're quite a young body—not seving years old—
But they've spent a large fortin in silver and go-o-old.
Singing, Illa ve vill cure all on the Soshlerlist lay.

As the Council vere a sittin in their Chamber von day,
The Westry come to them, and thus it did say:—
"Ve're off to the Home Sec., street abindies to stay,
So put on your toppers, and come with hua, pray!"

Singing, &c.

"Nay, Westry," said the Council, "your vish is declined,
To co-operate (at present) ve can't make up our mind;
Our Bye-Laws the Bobbies von't enforce. 'Tis a bore!
But the Public must bear it just a year or two more!"

Singing, &c.

"Go to, County Council!" that Westry replied,
"You svagger no end, and put on lots of side;
But when plain reform 'tis our vish to begin,
By your aid ve don't benefit not von single pin!"

Singing, &c.

[His melodious flow is interrupted by a violent rapping at the window, and the sudden opening of the street-door.

Jem Baggs (log.) Aha! I knew they couldn't stand that werry long. Out comes the sarvint with tuppence or thruppence, and a border for me to "move on." Walker! There ain't no Bobby in sight, and I shan't shift under a chilling. Vell, they may say vot they likes agin the County Council; I says they're jolly good fellers, and I'll drink their bloomin' 'ealth out o' that hartist cove's bob, ven I gets it.

[Tunes up again.

AT A VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT.

SCENE—"The Nebuchadnezzar's Head," in the City. Time—The luncheon hour. The interior, which is bright, and tastefully arranged, is crowded with the graminivorous of both sexes. Clerks of a literary turn devour "The Fortnightly" and porridge alternately, or discuss the comparative merits of modern writers. Lady-clerks lunch sumptuously and economically on tea and baked ginger-pudding. Trim Waitresses move about with a sweet but slightly mystic benignity, as conscious of conducting a dietetic mission to the dyspeptic.

A Vegetarian Fiancé (who has met his betrothed by appointment, and is initiating her into the mysteries). I wish you'd take something more than a mustard-and-cress roll, though, LOUISE—it gives you such a poor idea of the thing. (With honest pride.) You just see me put away this plate of porridge. At the "Young Daniel," where I usually lunch, they give you twice the quantity of stuff they do here.

Louise (admiringly). I'm so glad I've seen you lunch. Now I shall be able to fancy every day exactly what you are having.

Her Fiancé (to assist her imagination). Mind you, I don't always have porridge. Sometimes it's mushroom croquettes, or turnip and onion rissoles, — whatever's going. Now yesterday, for instance, I had—

[He details exactly what he had, and she listens to these moving episodes with the rapt interest of a Desdemona.

First Literary Clerk. No; but look here, you don't take my point. I'm not running down SWINBURNE—all I'm arguing is, he couldn't have written some of the things BROWNING did.

Second L. C. Of course not — when BROWNING had written them — that's nothing against him.

First L. C. (warmly). I'm not saying it is. I'm telling you the difference between the two men—now BROWNING, he makes you think!

Second L. C. He never made me think, that's all I know.

Third L. C. Nor yet me. Now, 'ERBERT SPENCER, he does make you think, if you like!

First L. C. Now you're getting on to something else. The grand fault I find with SWINBURNE, is—

Second L. C. Hold hard a bit. Have you read him?

Third L. C. Yes, let's 'ave that first. 'Ave you read 'im?

First L. C. (with dignity). I've read as much of him as I care to.

Second L. C. (aggressively). What have you read of his? Name it.

First L. C. I've read his *Atlantis in Caledonia*, for one thing.

Second L. C. (disappointed). Well, you don't deny there's poetry in that, do you?

First L. C. I don't call it poetry in the sense I call WALT WHITMAN poetry—certainly not.

Second L. C. There you touch a wider question—there's no rhyme in WHITMAN, to begin with.

First L. C. No more there is in MILTON; but I suppose you'll admit he's a poet.

[And so on, until none of them is quite sure what he is arguing about exactly, though each feels he has got decidedly the best of it.

First Lady Clerk (at adjoining table, to Second L. C.). How excited those young men do get, to be sure. I do like to hear them taking up such intellectual subjects, though. Now, my brothers talk of nothing but horses, and music-halls, and football, and things like that.

Second L. C. (pensively). I expect it's the difference in food that accounts for it. I don't think I could care for a man that ate meat. Are you going to have another muffin, dear? I am.

An Elderly Lady, with short hair and spectacles (to Waitress). Can you bring me some eggs?

Waitress. Certainly, Madam. How would you like them done — à la cocotte?

The E. L. (with severity). Certainly not. You will serve them respectably dressed, if you please!

Waitress (puzzled). We can give you "Convent eggs" if you prefer it.

The E. L. I never encourage superstition—poach them.

Enter a Vegetarian Enthusiast, with a Neophyte, to whom he is playing Amphitryon.

The Veg. Enth. (selecting a table with great care). Always like to be near the stove, and out of the draught. (The prettiest Waitress approaches, and greets him with a sacerdotal sweetness, as one of the Faith, while to the Neophyte—whom she detects, at a glance, as still without the pale—she is severely tolerant.) Now, what are you going to have?

[Passing him the bill of fare.

The Neoph. (inspecting the document helplessly). Well, really, er—I think I'd better follow your lead.

The Veg. Enth. I generally begin with a plate of porridge myself—clears the palate, y'know.

The Neoph. (unpleasantly conscious that it wouldn't clear his). I'm afraid that, at this time of day—to tell you the truth (with desperate candour), I never was a porridge lover.

[The Waitress regards him sorrowfully.

The Veg. Enth. Pity! Wholesome thing you can take. More sustenance to the square inch in a pint of porridge than a leg of mutton. However (tolerantly), if you really won't, I can recommend the rice and prunes.

The Neoph. (feebly). I—I'd rather begin with something a little more—

Waitress (with a sad foreknowledge that she is casting pearls

before a swine). We have "Flageolet Fritters and Cabbage," or "Parasip Pie with grilled Potatoes"—both very nice.

The Neoph. (braving the unknown). I'll have some of this—er—"Cinghalese Stew."

[He awaits the result in trepidation. Customer (behind, dictating his bill). "What have I had?" Let me see. Braised turnip and bread sauce, fricassée of carrot and artichoke, tomato omelette, a jam roll, and a bottle of zoe done.

[The Waitress makes out his voucher accordingly, and awards it to him, with a bright smile of approval and encouragement.

The Enth. V. (who has overheard). A most excellent selection! That's a man, Sir, who knows how to live! Ha! here's my porridge. Will you give me some brown sugar with it, please? And—(to the N.)—there's your stew—smells good, eh?

The Neoph. (tasting it, and finding it a cunning compound of curried bananas and chicory). I—I like the smell—excellent indeed!

[He attacks the stew warily.

The Enth. Veg. (disposing of his porridge). There! Now I shall have some lentils and spinach with parsley sauce, and a Welsh rarebit to follow—and I think that will about do me. Will you—oh, you haven't finished your stew yet! By the way, what will you drink? I don't often indulge in champagne in the middle of the day; but it's my birthday—so I think we might venture on a bottle between us, eh?

The Neoph. (in whom the Cinghalese Stew has excited a lively thirst). By all means. I suppose you know the brands here?



"À la Cocotte?"

The Veg. Enth. Only one brand—non-alcoholic, of course. Manufactured I believe, from—ah—oranges.

The Neoph. Exactly so. After all, I'd just as soon have bottled ale—if they keep it, that is.

The Veg. Enth. Any quantity of it. What shall it be? They've "Anti-Bass Beer," or "Spruce Stout;" or perhaps you'd like to try their "Pennyroyal Porter?" I'm rather partial to it myself—capital tonic!

The Neoph. I—I've no doubt of it. On second thoughts, if you don't mind, I'd rather have water. (To himself.) It doesn't look Vegetarian!

The Veg. Enth. (more heartily than ever). Just as you please, my boy. But you don't mean to say you've done!

The Neoph. (earnestly). Indeed, I couldn't touch another morsel, really!

The Veg. Enth. I thought that stew looked satisfying; that's where it is, you see—a man can come here and get a thoroughly nutritious and filling meal for the trifling sum of fourpence—and yet you meet people who tell you Vegetarianism is a mere passing fad! It's a force that's making itself increasingly felt—you must be conscious of that yourself already?

The Neoph. (politely). Y—yes—but it's not at all unpleasant at present—really!

Enter a couple of Red-faced Customers from the country, who seat themselves.

First Redf. C. Well, I dunno how you're feelin'—but I feel as if I could peck a bit.

Second Do. I can do wi' soom stokin' myself. Tidy sort of a place this. 'Ere, Missy!—(to one of the Waitresses, who awaits his commands with angelic patience) you may bring me and my friend a choomp chop a-piece, not too mooch doon, and a sorsedger, wi' two pots o' stout an' bitter—an' lo-ook sharp about it!

[Sensation—the Waitress gives them, gently, but firmly, to understand that these coarse and carnivorous propensities must be indulged elsewhere; whereupon they depart, rebuked and abashed, as Scene closes.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE BARON, on behalf of small Baronites, thanks Messrs. CASSELL & Co. for *Fairy Tales in Other Lands*, by JULIA GODDARD, as they are dear old friends with new faces.

One of the Assistants in the Baronial Office says, that *The Coming of Father Christmas* is most exquisitely heralded by E. F. MANNING, in the daintiest of books. 'Tis published by FREDERICK WARNE & Co. So if you warne't to make a nice present, you know where to go and get it.

If DEAN AND SON are "limited," their stock is unlimited; and, all things considered as far as possible, the Baron's Chief Retainer opines that the picture-books from the Deanery of DEAN AND SON are still the best, and, in kind, the most varied for children. "Which nobody can Dean-y!" *The Little One's Own Wonderland* is a delightful realm, wherein the very little ones can wander with interest through coloured pictures and easy fairy tales. Among the coloured picture series, the *Old Mother Hubbard of 1793*, with its contrast. *Old Mother Hubbard of To-day*, is very amusing.

J. S. FRY AND SONS send out through SELL'S Advertising Agency samples of their daintiest specialities in *bonbonnières*. Being issued by a SELL, one fears a take in; but as 'tis all good, the agency of SELL secures a Sale. The chocolates are sure to go down with everyone.

We all know what the sincerest form of flattery is, and certainly our dear old pet, *Alice in Wonderland*, whose infinite variety time cannot stale, will gracefully acknowledge the intensest of the compliments conveyed in *Olga's Dream*, as written by NORLEY CHESTER, illustrated by Messrs. FURNISS and MONTAGU (the illustrations will carry the book), and published by Messrs. SKEFFINGTON. It would be a preternaturally wise child who could quite grasp some of the jokes and up-to-date allusions. However, the real original *Alice* (in *Wonderland*, and *Through the Looking-glass*) with the great Master's, JOHN TENNIEL's, illustrations, is still, as Mr. Sam Weller said of the Governor, "paramount."

Light and airy are the *Soap Bubble Stories* blown by FANNY BARRY through her pen-pipe. Wonder is that, in this advertising age, she didn't dedicate them to PEARLS.

The Baron's Assistant has a word to say about the Diaries for this next year. If you want a useful Diary, the B. A. would recommend the "Registered Back-loop Pocket Diary," got up, like a sportsman, in the best of leathers by JOHN WALKER & Co., or, "as Friend JOHNNIE observes," HENRY IRVING would say—"to put it briefly, 'WALKER—London.'"

The Baron has recently received two books, not strictly speaking "Christmas Books," though they are, *et cela va sans dire*, books published at Christmas-tide, the one practical and parliamentary, the other philosophical and phenomenal; the former dedicated to the Right Honourable ARTHUR BALFOUR by LUCY, and the latter

dedicated to Lord HALIFAX by LILLY. Two prettier names for authors, or rather, to judge of the writers' sex by the sound of the names, for authoresses, could not well be chosen. But authors masculine they are, the pair of them. Mr. W. S. LILLY is to be congratulated on his very taking title, *The Great Enigma*, and all classes of readers will be glad to be informed that it has nothing whatever to do with the Irish Question. If any reader expects to find the Great Enigma solved by the LILLY who toils and spins, then he must not be surprised if the author says to him in effect, "*Darus sum, non Edipus.*"

From *A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament*, by Mr. H. LUCY, anyone can quaff or sip, just as his thirst for Parliamentary knowledge may be feverish or moderate, but healthy. It is thoroughly interesting, most amusing, and really valuable for reference withal. 'Tis written, too, in so impartial a spirit, that it would be difficult to gather from these pages to which political Party the Diarist belongs, but for his exuberant eulogy of the wonderful Grand Old Man. Mr. LUCY is the Parliamentary PETER. The sketches are by an Old Parliamentary Hand, adept HARRY FURNISS, and assist the reader unfamiliar with the House of Commons to form a pretty accurate idea of the men who are, and of the men who were, and what they wear, and how they wear.

The most interesting part of JAMES PAYN's latest novel, *A Stumble on the Threshold*, to Cambridge men or Camford men (for



A Reviewer.

In this story the names are synonymous), will be the small-beer chronicle of small College life in their University some thirty years ago. The slang phrases of that remote period are perhaps somewhat confused with those of a more modern time, just as an old Dutch Master will introduce his own native town and the costume of his fellow-countrymen into a picture representing some great Scriptural subject, thus bringing it, so to speak, up to date, and giving us an artistic realisation of what may be concisely termed "the historic present." In the second volume (this novel is complete in two volumes) the sketches of river-life, including a delightful one of the old lock-keeper, are refreshingly breezy. The story, slight in itself, is skilfully worked out; and the only disappointing part of it—that is, at least to the Baron's thinking—is, that the villain of the earlier part of the tale does not turn up again as the real culprit, though the Baron is certain that every reader must expect him to do so, and must feel quite sure that, in spite of the author's reticence on the subject, it was he who really committed the murder, and escaped even the author's detection, unless, out of sheer soft-heartedness towards the puppets of his own creation, JAMES PAYN knowingly let him off at the last moment. The judicial portion of the novel, including the scene in the Coroner's court, is just what would have been expected from an impartial "J. P."

A DEGREE BETTER.—The Degree of Doctor of Music is to be received at Cambridge. The duties will be to attend ailing Musicians and Composers. When appointed, the Doctor will go out to Monte Carlo, or thereabouts, to see how Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN is getting on. Sir ARTHUR will, of course, regulate his conduct at the tables by the prescriptions of his Medical Adviser.

MR. WAGGSTAFF AND HIS DOCTOR.—He was ordered by his Doctor to walk two miles a day. "Can't do it in London," was the patient's reply; "never walk more than one mile. But," he said, brightening up, "I'll go to Paris, as one mile there is equal to double the distance in England. How's that? I'll tell you. I do half a mile out, half a mile back: one mile; *et cetera* two!"

"LITTLE TICH" AND "COLLINS."—The former, not the *Little Tich* of Drury Lane Pantomime, but Sir HENRY TYNBORNE, Bart., has, for absence of mind and body, thus not fulfilling his duties as High Sheriff, been fined by Mr. Justice COLLINS five hundred pounds—*quids pro quo*—unless he can show some just cause or impediment. "He wants TICH-ing up a bit," thought Mr. Justice, but he didn't say so.

REPORTS OF CRACKERS.—If among our old friend SPARAGNAPANE & Co.'s Crackers there are any that will "go off" better than others it will be those called *The True Lovers' Code Casques*. This is the latest addition to the School-Board Education Code for the Christmas Holidays.



"SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF!"

Mrs. Brown (a victim of secret social ambitions). "OH, AS FOR POOR MRS. ROBINSON, HER ONLY OBJECT IN LIFE IS TO DROP ALL HER OLD FRIENDS AND KNOW TITLED PEOPLE! ISN'T IT LOATHSOME AND SICKENING!"

Mrs. Jones (who is consumed inwardly by just the same desire). "YES, INDEED, IF IT'S TRUE! BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SHE WANTS ANYTHING SO UTTERLY DESPICABLE AND MEAN?"

Mrs. Brown (naïvely). "BECAUSE SHE WAS SO PRECIOUS HARD ON MRS. SMITH FOR TRYING TO KNOW LORD AND LADY SNOOKS!"

"THE MISSING WORD." (?)

This is "The Maiden All Forlorn," bowed down with burdens scarce to be borne, Waiting a blast on Hope's clarion horn, loud as the "Cook that crew in the morn."

Bucolic, wheat-crowned, she - *Micawber* seems she, waiting for something to turn up—somehow.

Poor Agriculture! Care's merciless vulture has harried her vitals, and furrowed her brow.

All are her friends—so each talker pretends—from CHAPLIN the cheery, to WINCHILSEA wise,

And valorous MUNTZ, who the land-question shunts, and "goes the whole hog" for Protection and rise;

With rollicking LOWTHER, who's no Malagrowthier, but larkily hints that the look-out is mournful;

And NETHERSOLE, rustic and most nubibustic, of law and of logic complacently scornful.

Poor latter-day Ceres! Quidnuncs and their queries will hardly restore her her loved long-lost daughter,

(Fair Profits) whom Pluto ("the Foreigner") stole. Vainly landlords and farmers breathe forth fire and slaughter

At Free Trade—that Circe on whom they've no mercy,—and howl down the speeches of those she's enchanted.

The one "Missing Word" may sound wholly absurd to cool sense, but to them 'tis the one thing that's wanted.

HOARE'S wrath fiercely waxes. Reduction of Taxes? Low Rents? More improvements in modes of production?

Pooh! SAUNDERS and RILEY must be far more wily to get him to yield to their Red Rad seduction.

He stands midst his ruins (like MARIUS) making of faith in Protection an open confession.

'Tis Duties on Food will alone do us good, nought else can now cure "the prevailing depression."

The Missing Word! Maiden Forlorn, 'tis a poser you put to the country, the cliques, and the classes,

The Landlord, The Farmer, the Labourer! Say they agree, what response may you hope from "the Masses."

Those tiresome "Consumers"? Old myths and new rumours are like the East wind, Maiden, mighty unfilling;

Bucolic ideas and crude panaceas won't help you, though with them all Fad-dom is thrilling.

Yes, Fads make strange bedfellows, WINCHILSEA tells us, in this far more wise than he's wholly aware of.

But CHAPLIN-cum-WALSH cannot turn back time's tide. And *Punch*, who all interests has to take care of,

Must tell you in kindness, that only sheer blindness can say of Protection the true Missing Word it is,

Though men, my poor Maiden, with worries o'erladen, will lend ear to Quackdom's most arrant absurdities!

Suggestions for New Musical Publications.

A COMPANION to *The Stars of Normandy*, to be entitled, *The North Pole-Star* (the words by COLD-WETHERBY), to be sung by CHARLES VERY CHILLEY. If sung at St. James's Hall, admission generally, one shilling. Freeze-seats, nothing.

"*The Carnival*" is announced, as "MOLLOY's last hit." We hope not. We trust that it is only Mистер JAMES MOLLOY's latest hit. "Never say die!"

As a companion to "*Come Dance the Romaika*," will be published, "*Come Read the Romaika*," set up and composed by the Press Cutting Agency.

RATHER STARTLING. — A Correspondent sends us a cutting from a paper:—

"Mr. MOODY, the Evangelist, who was a passenger on the *Spree*, . . . preached an able discourse."

She says, "I can read no more to-day. Mr. MOODY, as 'a passenger on the *Spree*,' is too much for my feelings." As Joe said to Pip, "What larks!" Yours truly, SHOCKED!



"THE MISSING WORD." (?)

["The Agricultural Conference unhappily seems to have made up its mind to defy the recognised laws of economic science, instead of endeavouring to adapt their farming methods to them. The first of the two operative resolutions passed yesterday was an undisguised proposal for the re-adoption of Protection."—*The Times*.]

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

IV.—THE MAN WHO WOULD BE A CRITIC.

ST. BARBE, as a literary man and critic, always professed a desire to live in a quiet neighbourhood. Therefore, as I approached his house, on the almost inaccessible slopes of Campden Hill, I was amazed to see a large and increasing crowd assembled in the vicinity. Pushing my way through, I saw that St. BARBE's windows were broken, glass was in a weak minority in the panes, and, what was more singular, the breakage seemed to be done from within! Objects were flying out into the garden, and those objects were books. I had the curiosity and agility to catch a few as they fell, and to pick others up. They were mostly volumes of Poetry, and, in every case, they bore St. BARBE's name on the fly-leaf, with a flattering manuscript inscription by the author. Some of the authors' names were unknown to me; in others I recognised ladies of title whom I had read about in the Society Journals. Urging my way through a hot fire of octavos, I rang the bell. The maid who opened the door said, "You're not an Interviewer, Sir?"

"Great Heavens, no!" I replied.

"It is lucky for you, Sir; he's got an air-gun, and winged two Interviewers to-day, and shot one in the hat."

"I am a friend of Mr. St. BARBE's," I explained, scarcely audible amidst the yells of that man of letters.

"He's awful bad to-day, Sir, assaulted a parcels-delivery man, who was too heavy for him."

So speaking, the maid led me to St. BARBE's study. He was now quiet, and only groaning softly as he reposed on the sofa; the fragments of furniture and the torn letters which covered the floor, proved, however, that the crisis had been severe, for a man who likes a quiet neighbourhood. I felt his pulse, injected morphine, and asked him how he did?

"Better," said St. BARBE, feebly. "I've been clearing them out."

"Clearing what out?" I asked.

"Presentation copies of books, from the authors," he said; and added, "and the devils of publishers."

At this moment the postman knocked, and the maid brought in some letters with an air of anxiety.

St. BARBE tore the envelopes open, "There, and there, and there!" he cried, thrusting them into my hands, while his features bore a satanic expression of hatred and contempt.

As he seemed to wish it, I read his correspondence, while he absently twirled the poker in his hands, and gnashed his teeth.

"What is the matter with you, old man?" I asked. "These notes seem to be very modestly and properly expressed:—"

"DEAR SIR,—You will be astonished at receiving a letter from a total stranger; but the sympathy of our tastes, which I detect in all you write, induces me to send you my little work on *The Folk Lore of Tavern Signs*."

Here St. BARBE sat down on the hearth, and scattered ashes on his head, in a manner unbecoming an Englishman.

"I don't see what annoys you so," I remarked, "or in this:—"

"DEAR MR. ST. BARBE,—You will not remember me, but I met you once at Lady CARRELEA SMITHFIELD'S, and therefore I take the liberty of sending you my little book of verses."

Here he rolled on the floor, and gnawed the castor of a chair. I had heard of things like this in the time of the PLANTAGENETS, but I never expected to see nowadays such ferocity of demeanour.

"It is signed MARY MIDDLESEX," I said. "She's very pretty, and a Countess, or something of that sort. What's the matter with you?"

"Try the next," he said.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Being well aware of the interest you take in the fragments of DIONYSIUS SYCORACHION, I have requested my publisher to send you my little work on his *Quæstio*. BOWDLER, as you are aware"—Here he pitched his clock into the mirror, and groaned audibly. I tried another:—

"DEAR MR. ST. BARBE,—I know how busy you are, but you can always spare an hour or two for the work of a friend. My *Love well Lost*, in three volumes, is on its way to you. I wish you to review it in all the periodicals with which you are connected. Last time I wrote a novel, my nephew reviewed it, very perfunctorily, in the *Pandærium*; this time I want only to be reviewed by my friends." He was kicking on the sofa, and apparently trying to commit suicide with the pillows.

"Command yourself, St. BARBE," I said; "this behaviour is unworthy either of a Christian or a philosopher. These letters, which irritate you so much, are conceived in a spirit of respectful admiration. The books which you have been heaving through the window are, no doubt, of interest and value."

"Waste paper, every one of them," he moaned. Then he added, as he rumbled his hair in a frantic manner, "I'd like to see you, old cock, if you had to live this life! It isn't living, it's answering humbugging letters, and opening brown-paper parcels, all day long, all the weary day. And my temper, which was angelic, and my manners, which were the mirror of courtesy, are irretrievably ruined. And my time is wasted, and my stationer's bill is mere perdition. It begins in the morning; I try to be calm; I sit down to write replies to all these pestilent idiots."

"Your admirers?" I said.

"They're not admirers; they only cadge for reviews. Time was, they say, when critics were bribed. Ha! ha! Now they all expect to be praised for nothing. And the parcels of books they send." Here I noticed a London Parcels Delivery van, laden with brown-paper packages of books. Quickly the maid rushed out, and induced the driver to remember that he was a family man, and he went on his way without calling.

"They come all day long," my poor friend went on, "and all of them are trash, rubbish that they shoot here: shoot, ha! ha!" and he took down a Winchester rifle, and crept stealthily to the window.

Luckily none of his enemies were in view.

"No waste-paper basket is big enough to hold them all," he said, ruefully, "and once a week I make a clearance. The neighbours are beginning to murmur," he added, "There is no sympathy in England, for a man of letters." Letters, indeed! I wrote them all day to these impostors, these amateurs; and he bit a large piece out of a glass, which was standing handy.

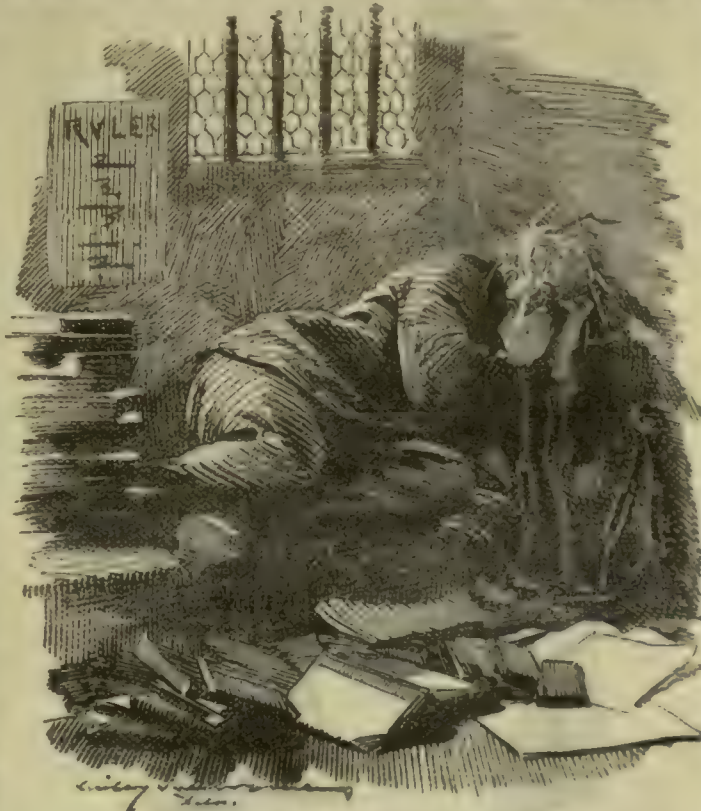
"Is there no way of escaping from this persecution?" I asked, with sympathy.

"None—none! I have written to the *Times*; I have applied to the Magistrates; I have penned letters which might melt the heart of a stone; I have even been unmannerly, I fear, now and then, for I cannot always dissemble! No!" he cried, "I am doomed, —"

'Presentation copies sore Long time he bore'—

write that on my sepulchre."

Here he broke down, and wept like a child. Poor fellow! he is now under restraint, and I expect soon to hear that we have lost St. BARBE, at heart a kind, benevolent man, but sorely treated by authors. Such are the dangers of a critical career, and so wearing are the facilities of the Parcels Post. Others may perish like him, men deserving of a better fate. But to appeal to authors for mercy is vain, I know; far from sympathising with taste and culture in distress, they actually complain that they are harshly treated by critics. They little know what they themselves inflict.



"Poor fellow! he is now under restraint."

DIARY OF A STATESMAN.

("Made in France.")

Monday.—Immense enthusiasm. The Ministry never so strong. When asked my intentions, replied, "My intentions are the intentions of my country." They nearly shook my hand off in their delight. Grand official reception in the evening. Everyone there. All the Diplomatic body offered congratulations.

Tuesday.—Ministry suddenly threatened by an unseen danger. Everything going smoothly, when someone in the back benches interrogated us about an open window in the corridors. Considering the question frivolous, declined to answer. Enormous excitement, all the Members shaking their fists, and gesticulating. "Urgency" asked for. We protested; and, after a heated debate, secured the passing to the Order of the Day *pur et simple* by a majority of two! Too close to be pleasant.

Wednesday.—We have been defeated! The window incident was renewed. The Minister of Justice explained that it was the accidental carelessness of a Commissionnaire of Police. Although the man was brave, and crippled by a wound, the Chamber demanded his immediate dismissal. We protested. "Urgency" was voted by a majority of 343, and we immediately resigned. Bore to have to pack up!

Thursday.—Have refused to join no less than five combinations. Too dangerous. None of them seemed sufficiently stable. Six men have been tried, but at present without result. Well, if nothing is done by to-morrow morning, I shall go into the country for a little shooting. *Fido* is quite ready—he has his coat out, his moustache curled, and can carry a bag in his mouth. He is very good at tricks too. Altogether a thorough sporting dogue.

Friday.—Back again. Others being unable to form a Cabinet, have formed one myself. Think it will hold together, but one never knows. So far we have had an overwhelming vote of confidence. Put it to the Members whether we might do what we pleased with the windows. "Yes," and "Urgency" voted almost simultaneously. No doubt a veritable triumph!

Saturday.—Everything went smoothly until the afternoon, when a Deputy wished to know the correct time. Minister of Education gave it as a quarter to six. It was proved that he was wrong.

He should have said ten minutes to the hour. Serious Ministerial crisis in consequence. Fearful excitement. A Bill brought in and passed legalising everything that four men and a boy might decide. Ministry forced to protest; turned out in consequence. Base ingratitude; but a time will come! Generally hop in and out of office twice in a fortnight. Quite accustomed to it. Good exercise.

Sunday.—Released from my Ministerial duties. Shall have a day's shooting with *Fido* in consequence. But I must be back again to-night, because I am sure to be expected to form a New Ministry to-morrow!

Query.—Why cannot Mr. GLADSTONE eat more than two-thirds of a rabbit, whether boiled or curried? **Answer.**—It does not matter what Mr. GLADSTONE or anybody else can do, as nobody can eat a rabbit (w)hole.

"SMALL BY DEGREES, AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the authorities at Monte Carlo very properly have refused permission to Doctors, their wives and families, to visit the tables of the Casino. I have not yet ascertained the reason for the prohibition, but no doubt it is because the "powers that be" consider Physicians too valuable to the community to run the risk of endangering their lives in the excitement of play. If we may accept this as a basis, we can see how the idea can be developed. If it is right to exclude Doctors, why then, as a kindred class, Lawyers should also be refused admission. Of course Clergymen of all denominations are, even now, conspicuous by their absence. If they are not, the decree of banishment should refer also to the wearers of the cloth.

We have now got rid of Doctors, Lawyers, and Parsons—three of

the Professions. To be consistent, we must take the fourth. This will prevent Musicians from gambling. But if Musicians are tabooed, why not Actors? And if Actors, why not Artists? And if we except Artists, we must join Literature and Science, or there might be jealousy. And now we have excluded Doctors, Lawyers, Parsons, Musicians, Actors, Artists, Authors, Men of Science, and everyone more or less connected with them.

Now we must remember what is bad for the master must be equally bad for the man. So if a Doctor is excluded, a Chemist, an Undertaker, and a Grave-digger would also be kept away. A Lawyer would carry with him Judges, Magistrates, Clerks, and Law Stationers. The Clergy would represent everyone connected with a church, from an Archbishop to a Bellingranger. Then, if we are to take away the Professions, Commerce must follow—wholesale and retail. In one blow we keep out of the rooms nearly the entire community.

Still there are the Army, the Navy, and the Civil Service. But these are all more or less branches of the original class. They, like the Doctors, work for the public good. Without an Army and Navy and a Civil Service, how would the State exist? So they must go. And now we have very little left. We have lost the Doctors, the Clergy, the Lawyers, the Contributors to Fine Arts, the Merchants, the Traders, and the Servants of the Crown. Naturally the lower orders would follow the lead of the upper classes, and then there would be only the Croupiers left. And as the Croupiers may not play

themselves, and would have the play of no one to superintend, they, too, might be excused, as their labour would be in vain.

And now having reduced the visitors of the tables to an unknown quantity, I may disappear myself.

Spanish Castle, Isle of Skye.

Yours retiringly,

AN EX-X.

A RUSH OF ONE.—The *Times*, a few days ago, alluding to the unemployed loafer, said, "it is he who flocks" to Relief Committees, and so forth. How delightful to be able to flock all by yourself! It recalls the bould Irish soldier who "took six Frenchmen prisoners by surrounding them"?

THE GRAMMAR OF ART.—"Art," spell it with a big or little "a," can never come first in any well-educated person's ideas. "I am" must have the place of honour; then "Thou Art!" so apostrophised, comes next.



KINDLY MEANT.

"WHERE ARE YOU STAYING? I'LL CALL AND SEE YOU."

"DON'T! YOU'LL ONLY THINK THE WORSE OF ME WHEN YOU SEE MY SURROUNDINGS!"

"OH, MY DEAR FELLOW, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, YOU KNOW!"



ROYAL ACADEMICIANS AT MILLBANK.

[“We understand that Millbank Prison, the site offered by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT for the National Gallery of British Art, has been accepted by Mr. TATE.”—*Morning Papers*.]

FROM PENCIL TO PEN.

(A Story of the Merry Yule-Tide Season.)

Publisher's Sanctum. Publisher and Author discovered in conference.

Publisher. And so I thought that, perhaps, with your kind assistance, we might work off some of the blocks that have been left on our hands under the unfortunate circumstances I have just related.

Author. Certainly. Quite easy. You want to get a Christmas Number out of them. All right—give me the subjects, and I will just jot down how they shall be worked in. We will commence—hero and heroine—say, for the moment, *Edwin* and *Angelina*.

Pub. (looking at pictures). Ifancy this is intended for somewhere in the neighbourhood of the North Pole. Sailors surrounded by white bears on an iceberg.

Auth. Very good. *Edwin's* father was an Arctic explorer. Write under sketch, "The old man had many a startling adventure in the silent land of eternal snow." Go on.



For Sail or Return.

Pub. Here is, seemingly, a quarrel to the death, in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND. Ball-room, with Cavaliers and their Ladies. Central group, a fight with swords. Can we do anything with it?

Auth. Why, certainly. *Edwin* excites the jealousy of *Angelina's* cousin *Reginald*. The latter calls out the former at a fancy-dress dance. Label it—"Captain de Courcy was too impatient to wait until the ball was over, but challenged his rival as the company were on the eve of going down to supper." Drive on!

Pub. This seems rather a puzzle,—a ship sinking in mid-ocean.

Auth. The very thing. *Edwin* having lost all his money on the Stock Exchange, goes to Australia for more gold. Label—"The storm was terrific, and the *Belgravia* had much difficulty in weathering this gale of almost unprecedented violence." Next, please!

Pub. Why here are some sketches of Venice, St. Petersburg, China, and North Wales.

Auth. I can take them *en bloc*. *Edwin* and *Angelina*, before they return home, go upon a honeymoon. Work them all in. Anything else?

Pub. A man being shot by a company of French soldiers. Is that of any use?

Auth. First-rate fate for the wicked *Reginald*. Goes to France during the Franco-German War as a Special Correspondent, and is shot as a Prussian spy. Couldn't be better. Anything else?

Pub. A village crowd looking at a representation of "Punch and Judy."

Auth. Obviously a recollection of *Edwin's* schooldays. Label it—"Sometimes he would join the crowd, watching an exhibition of perambulating puppets." Anything else?

Pub. A man being thrown from his horse into a brook.

Auth. All right! *Angelina* first falls in love with *Edwin* when nursing him after an

accident in the hunting-field. Label it—"His horse swerved, and *Edwin* was thrown with great violence into the water." Anything else?

Pub. A man with a dark lantern looking, I think, at a mile-stone.

Auth. *Reginald*, before his death in France, tries to enter burglariously the dwelling-house of his hated rival. Label—"The misguided wretch paused for a moment while he examined one of the mile-stones." Anything further?

Pub. Only two. Which shall we have, a happy or a wretched ending?

Auth. Either you please. One's as easy as the other. What are they?

Pub. First a man dying in the prairie is threatened by a vulture.

Auth. Evidently *Edwin*. You see, we have already disposed of the wicked cousin. What is the other?

Pub. Oh, the conventional thing—bridal party in a village church. I wish we could use both.

Auth. So we can. Cut down bridal block, and punch out enough of sky in prairie to make room for it. Then give the legend, "And *Edwin* died happily, for in his vision he saw his love once more as he had hoped to see her. With his last breath he blessed her as she stood beside him at the altar." That will do, and then I can finish off with, "Who knows they may not meet again?" THE END.

Pub. And now I want to ask your opinion about some trade advertisements. I want to know if we can work them in?

[Scene closes in upon arrangements of a business-like character.]

THE KISS.

(By a Jubilant Jurymen.)

[Kissing the Book is now to be dispensed with as part of a Jurymen's duties.]

LIP to lip is pleasant altogether,
But there is no charm in lip to leather
All the bards who've sung of osculation,
Down from OVID to song's last sensation,
Could not lend romance, or even sense,
To the Court's poor labial pretence,
Always meaningless, and most unpleasant.
Here the past is bettered by the present.
Kissing is the due of Love and Beauty,
Dull and dismal when 'tis made mere duty.
Mere lip-loyalty to Love means little—
But to Truth? 'Tis not worth jot or tittle!
When from lip to lip in cold formality
Passed the grubby cover, in reality
Binding kissing made no oath more binding
Nor more easy Justice's clear finding.
Therefore, thanks to common sense,—long missing—
That makes obsolete one form of kissing!

"THERE AND BACK."

FIRST night at Covent Garden of new Opera, *Irmengarda*, by Chevalier, not Chevalier Coster, but Chevalier EMIL BACH. In this plot the women of a besieged city are allowed to leave it, carrying whatever is most precious on their backs—but this one BACH can't carry *Irmengarda*, which is, however, not too, too precious, but is supportable. Sir DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS "gives a Back," and it's "Over!" First Act, while performing, is promising; second very much after, or behind the first. House full. Everybody good, specially VALDA and ABRAMOFF. Mr. ARMBRUSTER conducted the MASCAGNICUM—WAGNER-&-Co. music. Everybody happy, specially BACH himself, who was not backwards in coming forwards, and bowing his acknowledgments.

By the way, as in Act III. the King enters "a-riding a-riding," this Opera may be distinguished from any of BACH's future works by being called The Horse-BACH Opera. Not to exhaust the punning possibilities in the name of the composer, it may be incidentally noted that, original and fresh as every air in this Opera may be, yet this present work consists entirely of "BACH Numbers." No more on this subject at present.

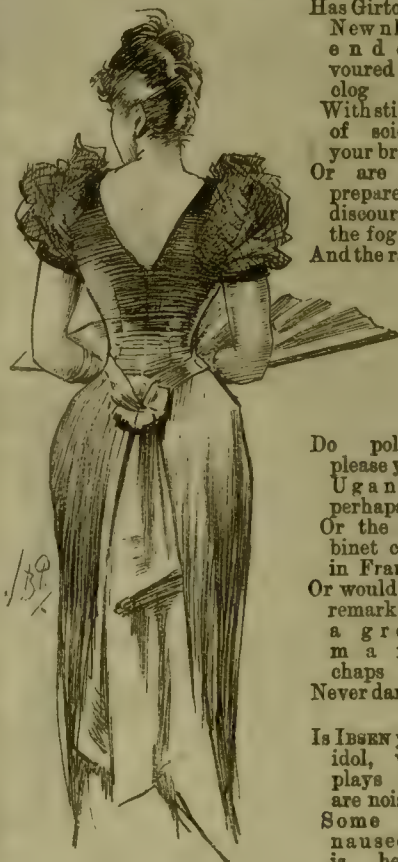
Last week of Opera by night at Covent Garden, as the Garden is turned into a Race-course for *The Prodigal Daughter's* steeplechase, and Drury Lane is wanted for the Pantomime. Sir DRURIOLANUS has his hands full—likewise his pockets. "So mote it be!"

TO MY PARTNER.

"MISS RED SASH"—my programme can't even relate
Your name, and I know nothing more
Of your tastes. Do you talk of high Art—or
the state

Of the floor?

Has Gilton or
Newnham
endeavoured to
clog
With stiffest
of science
your brain;
Or are you
prepared to
discourse of
the fog
And the rain?



Do politics
please you?
Uganda,
perhaps,
Or the Ca-
binet crisis
in France?
Or would you
remark that
a great
many
chaps
Never dance?

Is IBSEN your
idol, with
plays that
are noise,
Some say
nauseous;
is he a
sage?

Or are you contented to see a live horse
On the stage?

You love PADEREWSKI, and would not be false
To your faith in BRAHMS, GRIEG, WAGNER
and
Co.; or you are awfully pleased with this
And this Band?

I'll fan you, and hear if you then will repeat
Facts on currents of air, or simoom;
Or simpler, and smilingly speak of the heat
Of the room.

A GOOD "SECOND".—A Dutch Oyster.



SNUBBING A DECADENT.

He. "A—DON'T YOU FIND EXISTENCE AN AWFUL BORE!"

She. "A—WELL, SOME PEOPLE'S EXISTENCE—MOST DECIDEDLY!"

YULE-TIDE—OLD AND NEW.

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CENTURY.

AND they made merry in the good old fashion. The pictures on the walls were covered with holly and mistletoe. They had come from British woods. Then the tables groaned with Christmas cheer. The baron of beef was flanked with plum-pudding and mince-pies. There never was a more jovial crew. The compliments of the season were passed round, and the Christmas Waits, singing their Christmas carols, were entertained right royally. For was it not a time of peace and good will? Then there was a mighty laugh. A huge joke had been perpetrated. Grandfather had been asleep, and he was telling the youngsters, who had been playing a round game, the character of his dream.

"I give you my word it is true," said the old man. "Yes, I actually forgot it was Christmas!"

"But it was only in your dreams, Grandpapa," urged one of his descendants.

"Yes, but that was bad enough," cried the old man in a tone of self-reproach, "fancy forgetting Christmas—even in one's dreams! Everything seems changing nowadays!"

But the Grandfather was wrong—the Christmas bills were unchangeable. And ever will be!

AT THE END OF THE CENTURY.

AND certainly it was dull enough in all conscience. Nowadays everything is dull. Although it was towards the end of December, the room was decorated with summer flowers. They had come from Algeria. Then the side-table was spread with a *recherché* repast, for they were all going to dine *à la Russe*. But the guests were sad and thoroughly bored. They had sent a policeman after the itinerant street-musicians, with the desired result. Inside and outside silence reigned triumphant. Was it not a time for "moving on" and threatening "six weeks without the option of a fine"?

Then there was a deep groan. A young man—somebody's Grandson—suggested a round game. At first the suggestion was received with derision.

"You can't get up a Missing Word Competition," said one. "No, my Grandson, you can't."

"Can't I?" said the youngster, who had been called "Grandson." "Can't I? Look here, I will write out a Word, and I will bet you none of you will guess it."

And "Grandson" wrote out a Word on a piece of paper, and sealed it in a packet. Then he called out the sentence, "The present season of the year is known as—"

Then they all tried to guess it. Some one said "unfavourable," another "pleasant," a third "dreary," and a fourth "troublesome."

But they all were wrong.

At last the sealed-up packet was produced, and opened. For the first time there was a smile when the Word was known.

"Who would have thought of it?" was the cry.

The word chosen was "Christmas."

"Fancy anyone remembering Christmas! Even for a Missing Word Competition! Everything seems changing nowadays!"

But the Grandson was wrong—his Christmas bills were unchangeable. And ever will be!

"ART COMPETITIONS."

"Since these competitions were started, the public had been educated in artistic matters, and their judgment was almost equal to that of the members of the Royal Academy."—*Mr. Poland's Speech in the "Missing Word" case.*

MR. POLAND said, at Bow Street,
Choosing pictures thus imparts
Judgment good as that of those treat-
Ed as foremost in the arts.

Hitherto each paid his shilling
At the House of Burlington,
Gazed at pictures, feeble, thrilling,
Bad or good, and wandered on—

Stared with awe-struck admiration
At "the Picture of the Year,"
Gained artistic education
In a stuffy atmosphere.

Then all changed; he paid his shilling
And he sent his coupon in
To a weekly paper, willing
To discriminate the tin;

And be wisely praised or blamed, yet
He knew nothing of design,
The BRIDGE of Bow Street claimed yet
One more shilling as a fine.

Oh, rejoice, Academicians!
Learned BRIDGE knew what to do;
Artisans or mechanicians
Might have grown as wise as you.

Which would sadden any just man,
And might make an angel weep—
DICKSEE distanced by a dustman,
STOREY staggered by a sweep!

BOUGHTON beaten by a baker,
Housemaids humbling helpless HOOK;
STONE surpassed by sausage-maker,
COOPER conquered by a cook!

CROWE or CROFTS crushed by a cow-boy,
MILLAIS made by milkmen mad,
PETTIE plucked by any ploughboy,
LEIGHTON licked by butcher's lad!

It effected all you care for,
But Sir JOHN has pulled you through:
Bold Bow-Street's Beak is, therefore,
No Bridge of Sighs for you

"A NOTE ON THE APPRECIATION OF GOLD."
—Send a five-pound note verified by the Bank of England) to our office, and we will undertake to get it changed immediately, and thereupon to hand over to the Bearer, in exchange for the note, two golden sovereigns, and one golden half-sovereign, ready cash. This will show what is our appreciation of gold.

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.



Lindsey Sanderson del.

"I confess it does seem to me that certain decisions made by a competent tribunal have rendered it extremely doubtful whether there is a single one of the 670 gentlemen who now compose the House of Commons, who might not find himself, by some accident, unseated, if a full investigation were made into everything that had taken place in his constituency, say, during the ten years preceding his candidature."—*Mr. Balfour at Sheffield.*

M.P. (of any Party you please), loquitur:—

PHREW! It's all very fine, when you gather to dine,
And to blow off the steam, while you blow off your 'bacca,

(As the farmers of Aylesbury did, when their wine
Was sweetened with "news from the Straits of Malacca");
But things are much changed since the voters of Bucks
Flushed red with loud fun at the phrases of DIZZY,
And M.P.'s are dreadfully down on their lucks,
Since BALFOUR'S confounded "tribunals" got busy.

What precious stiff posers to loyal Primrosers
Are offered by Rochester, Walsall, and Hexham!



SUCH A HAPPY FAMILY PARTY—AT CHRISTMAS.

Uncle John (losing his money and his temper). "NOW, JANE, DO ME A FAVOUR FOR ONCE, AND DON'T SHOW YOUR HAND!"
 Aunt Jane (whose best Cards her Partner has invariably over-trumped). "I CAN'T HELP IT. YOU SHOW FOUR HANDS, AND I'M SURE THEY'RE NO BRAUTIES!"
 [After this, there's a prospect of a very pleasant evening.]

Platform perorators, post-prandial glossers,
 Must find many points to perplex 'em and vex 'em.
 It bothers a spouter who freely would flourish
 Coat-tails and mixed tropes at political dinners,
 When doubts of his safety he's driven to nourish,
 Through publicans rash and (electoral) sinners.

Good lack, and good gracious! One may be veracious,
 And look with disgust upon bribes and forced bias,
 Yet owing to "Agents" more hot than sagacious,
 Appear as Autolycus-cum-ANANIAS.
 One might just as soon be a Man-in-the-Moon,
 Or hark back at once to the style of Old Sarum.
 That Act (Corrupt Practices) may be a boon,
 But the way they apply it seems most harum-scarum.

Should a would-be M.P. ask old ladies to tea,
 Or invite male supporters to crumpets or cricke';
 Should a snug Party Club prove a trifle too free,
 Or give an equivocal "treat," or hat-ticket;
 A seven years' nursing of Slopville-on-Slime,
 A well-fought Election and Glorious Victory
 (Crowd o'er by proud Party prints at the time)
 May—lose you your Seat. It does seem contradictory.

Of course, my good friends, one would not say a word,
 Against England's glory—Electoral Purity!
 Suspect me of slighting that boon? Too absurd!
 But what good's a Seat without some small security.
 To fight tooth and nail, land a win, and then fail
 Along of dishon—I mean o'er-zealous "Agents"—
 Well, well, I don't wish at our Judges to rail,
 But—putting it plainly—I fear it won't pay, gents

'Tis hard to attend a political feast,
 And strut like a peacock, and crow like a bantam,
 Yet feel at one's back, like a blast from the east,
 A be-robed and be-wigged and blood-curdling law phantom.

Stentorian cheers, and uproarious hear-hears,
 Though welcome, won't banish the sense of "wet-blanket."
 (That's INGOLDSBY's rhyme), when Petition-bred fears
 Conjure up a grim Skeleton (Judge) at the Banquet!

THE SHORTEST DAY.

SHORT verse
 We need,
 Most terse
 Indeed,
 That it—
 This lay—
 May fit
 This day.
 Short sight
 Of sun.
 Long night,
 Begun
 At four,
 Sunshine
 Once more
 At nine.

A M.
 Meets eyes
 Of them
 Who rise
 If no
 Fog hide—
 Then woe
 Betide;
 The day
 That ought
 To stay
 So short
 A space
 Can't show
 Its face
 Below.

But when
 It goes,
 Why then
 One knows
 New Year
 Will soon
 Be here—
 Then June,
 So bright!
 So sweet!
 So light!
 We'll greet
 The day
 That's long
 With gay,
 Glad song—

Excessively long-footed verse will undoubtedly characterize what we say.
 For LONGFELLOW's longest lines skip along when we've long longed for the Longest Day. (Signed) TOUCHSTONE.

MILITARY MOTTO FOR THE NEW SOUTH LONDON OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL OPENED LAST FRIDAY BY THE DUKE OF YORK.—"Eyes right!"

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

To various opinions the quidnuncs give voice,
 But the best "choice of books" means—the books of your choice.

THE LAST WORD.

(A Domestic Drama of the Day before Yesterday.)

SCENE.—The Breakfast Room at Linoleum Lodge, the suburban residence of SAMUEL STODGEFORD, Esq. Mr. and Mrs. STODGEFORD, their son PARMENAS, and daughters POMPILIA and PRISCILLA, discovered at breakfast.

Mr. Stodgeford. We shall probably get it by the second post, and though the delay is—ah—to some extent, annoying, we must not allow ourselves to be unduly impatient. Personally, I regard these—ah—weekly competitions as chiefly valuable in providing an innocent form of domestic recreation, and an interesting example of the—ah—value of words.

Parmenas S. The value of one word, I should say, Father. Last week, as there were very few who guessed right, it amounted to a considerable sum.

Mr. S. That is a stimulant to ingenuity, no doubt, with some minds, but let us put that aside. We feel some natural curiosity to know whether we have selected the missing adjective, and I see no reason myself to doubt that our united efforts will this time be crowned with success.

Pompilia. It is almost impossible that it won't be one of the two hundred and fifty we sent in.

Parmenas. I drew up a list of synonyms which, I flatter myself, was practically exhaustive.

Priscilla. I dreamt I heard a voice saying quite clearly in my ear, "Nonsensical! nonsensical!"—like that—so I sent it in the first thing next morning.

Mr. S. These—ah—supernatural monitions are not vouchsafed to us without a purpose. It may be "nonsensical."

Mrs. S. The only two words I could think of were, "absurd" and "idiotic," and I'm afraid they haven't much chance.

Mr. S. I wouldn't say that, SOPHRONIA. It is not always the most appropriate epithet that—let me run over the paragraph again—where is last week's paper? Ah, I have it. (He procures it and reads with unction.)

"The lark, as has been frequently observed by the poets, is in the habit of ascending to high altitudes in the exercise of his vocal functions. Scientific meteorologists, it is true, do not consider that there is any immediate danger of a descent of the sky, but many bird-catchers of experience are of opinion that, should such a contingency happen, the number of these feathered songsters included in the catastrophe would, in all probability, be simply —" It might be "idiotic," of course, but I fancy "incalculable" or "appalling" would be nearer the mark.

Parmenas. Too obvious, I should say. If you had adopted a few more of the words I got from Roget's Thesaurus, we should have been safer. Sending in a word like "disgusting" was sheer waste of one-and-twopence! "I sold my Chanst to the Butcher-boy!" And as for POMPILIA, with her synonyms to "sensational," and PRISCILLA, with her rubbishy superstition, depend upon it, they're no good!

Pompilia. You think you know so much, because you've been to London University—but we've been to a High School; so we're not absolute idiots, PARMENAS!

Priscilla. And I'm sure people have dreamt which horse was going to win a race over and over again!

Mr. S. Come, come, let us have none of these unseemly disputes! And, when you compare a literary competition with—ah—a mere gambling transaction, PRISCILLA, you do a grave injustice to us all. You forget that we have, all of us, worked hard for success; we have given our whole thoughts and time to the subject. I have stayed at home from the office day after day. Your mother has had no leisure for the cares of the household; your brother has suspended his studies for his approaching examination, and your elder sister her labours at the East End—on purpose to devote our combined intelligence to the subject. And are we to be told that we are no better than the brainless multitude who speculate on horse-racing! I am not angry, my child, I am only—(Enter ROBERT, the Page, with a paper in a postal wrapper.) Tiddler's Miscellany—ha, at last! Why didn't you bring it up before, Sir? You must have known it was important!

Robert. Please, Sir, it's on'y just come, Sir.

Mr. S. (snatching the paper from him, and tearing it open; the other members of the family crowd round excitedly). Now we shall see! Where's the place? Confound the thing! Why can't they print the result in a— (His face falls.) What are you waiting for, Sir? Leave the room!

[To ROBERT, who has lingered about the sideboard.]

Robert. Beg pardon, Sir, but would you mind reading out the Word—'cause I'm—

The Family. Read the Word, Papa, do!

Mr. S. (keeping the Journal). All in good time. (Addressing ROBERT.) Am I to understand, Sir, that you have actually had the presumption to engage in this competition?—an uneducated young rascal like you!

Robert. I didn't mean no harm, Sir, I sent in nothink—it was on'y a lark, Sir!

The Family (dancing with suspense). Oh, never mind ROBERT now, Father—do read out the Word!

Mr. S. (ignoring their anxiety). If you sent in nothing, Sir, so much the better. But, in case you should be tempted to such a piece of infatuation in future, let me tell you this by way of—ah—warning. I and my family, have, with every advantage that superior education and abilities can bestow, sent in, after prolonged and careful deliberation, no less than two hundred and fifty separate solutions, and not a single one of these solutions, Sir, proves to be the correct one!

The Family (collapsing on the nearest chairs). Oh, it can't be true—one of them must be right!

Mr. S. Unfortunately, they are not. I will read you the sentence as completed. (Reads.) "Should such a contingency happen, the number of these feathered songsters

included in the catastrophe would, in all probability, be simply—ah—nought!" Now I venture to assert that nothing short of—ah—absolute genius could possibly— (To ROBERT.) What do you mean by interrupting me, Sir?

Robert. Please, Sir, I said nothink, Sir!

Pompilia. Oh, what does it matter? Give me the paper, Papa. (She snatches it.) Oh, listen to this:—"The number of solutions sent in was five hundred thousand, which means that twenty-five thousand pounds remain for division. The only competitor who gave the correct solution was Mr. ROBERT CONKLING, of Linoleum Lodge, Camberwell..." Oh! Why, that's you, ROBERT!

Robert. Yes, Miss, I told you I said "Nought," Miss. I'm sure if I'd thought—

Mr. S. (gasping). Twenty-five thousand pounds! Ah, ROBERT, I trust you will not forget that this piece of—ah—unmerited good fortune was acquired by you under this humble roof. Shake hands, my boy!

Pompilia. Wait, Papa—don't shake hands till I've done—(continuing)—"Mr. CONKLING, however, having elected to disregard our conditions, requiring the solution to be written out in full, and to express the word "Nought" by a cipher, we cannot consider him legally entitled to the prize—"

Mr. S. How dare you use my private address for your illiterate attempts, Sir?

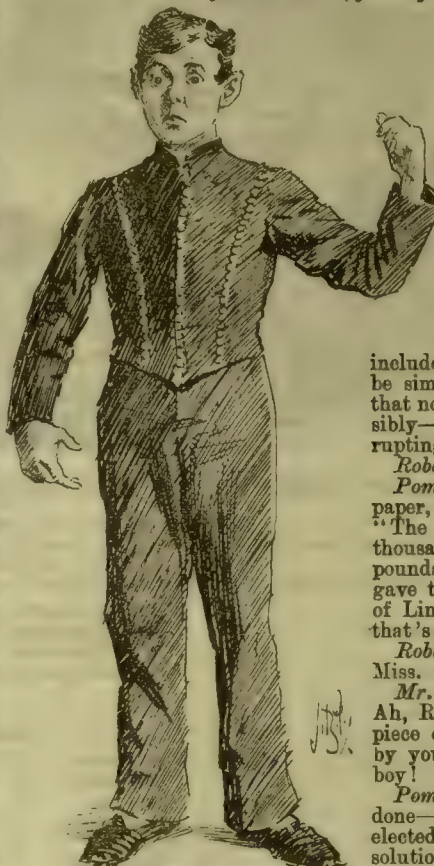
Prisc. (seizing the paper). Why don't you read it all?—"We are prepared, nevertheless, to waive this informality, and a cheque for the full amount of twenty-five thousand pounds, payable to his order, will be forwarded to Mr. CONKLING accordingly—"

Mr. S. Well, ROBERT, you deserve it, I must say—shake hands!—I—ah—mean it.

Robert. Thankee, Sir, I'm sure—it was Cook and JANE 'elped me, Sir, but—(dolefully)—I sold my chanst to the butcher-boy, for tuppence and a mouth-organ, Sir.

Mr. S. You unspeakable young idiot! But there, you will know better another time; and now go out at once, and order five hundred copies of Tiddler—a periodical which offers such intellectual and—ah—substantial advantages, deserves some encouragement. (Exit ROBERT.) Now Mother, PARMENAS, girls—all of you, let us set to work, and see—just for the—ah—fun of the thing—if we can't be more fortunate with the next competition. We'll have Cook and JANE, and—ah—ROBERT in to help; the housework can look after itself for once... what is it now, PRISCILLA?

Prisc. (faintly). I've just seen this. (Reads.) "In consequence of the recent decision at Bow Street, those who send solutions for this,



and any future competitions, will not be required to forward any remittance with their coupons—"

Mr. S. (approvingly). An admirable arrangement—puts a stop at once to any pernicious tendency to—ah—speculation!

Prisc. (continuing).—"and successful competitors must, we fear, be content with no other reward than that of honourable mention."

Mr. S. Here, send after ROBERT, somebody! It's scandalous that the precious time of a whole family should be frittered away in these unedifying and—ah—idiotic competitions. I will not allow another Tiddler to enter my house!

Robert (entering with his arms full of "Tiddlers"). Please, Sir, I brought a 'undred, Sir, and they'll send up the rest as soon as ever they— Oh Lor, Sir, I on'y done as I was told, Sir!

[*He is pounced upon, severely cuffed by a righteously indignant family, and sent flying in a whirlwind of tattered "Tiddlers," as the Scene closes.*]

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

Am! welcome, through autumnal mist,
For each returning ruralist,
Waif metropolitan, to list

Thy tinkle unto.
No sound of seas or bees or trees
Can Londoners so truly please—
The cheapest epicure with ease

Thy dainties run to.



They need
not, like
the fruits
on sticks,
The fruits
Venetian
boyhood
licks,
A voice with
operatic
tricks
Their praise
to trumpet.
The simple
bell shall,
fraught
with sense
Of teapot,
urn, and
hearth in-
tense,
Best herald
thee and
thy com-
mens-
-n r a b l e
crumpet.

Lives there a cit with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my crisp, my native-bred,
My British muffin!"?
Let picturesque Autolyci
Their cloying foreign dainties cry;
I don't see much to buy, not I,
Such messy stuff in!

Mysterious vagrant, dost prepare
Thyself that inexpensive fare;
Thyself, partake of it—and where?
The boon thou sellest?
'Tis Home, where'er it be; thy load
Can cheer the pauper's dark abode,
And lack of it, with gloom corrode
The very swellest.

There are who deem it vulgar fun
For dressy bachelors to run
Themselves to stop thee; I'm not one
So nicely silly:

I'm not ashamed to track thy way,
And test the triumphs of thy tray,
And bring them back in paper, say,
To Piccadilly.

Yes, heedless of a gibing town,
To hand them PHYLLIS, sit me down,
And wait, till they come up in brown
And glossy sections.

Then, brew my cup—the best Ceylon—
And, bidding care and chill begone,
Concentre heart and mouth upon
Thy warm perfections.

MONTECARLOTTERY.

[It remains true that for those who want a brief and exhilarating change, and are glad to reap for the nonce the harvest of a quiet eye, there are spots within the borders of England which, both in climate and in scenery, can vie with the proudest and most vaunted watering-places of the Sunny South.—*Daily Paper.*]

Damon on the Riviera, to Pythias at Torquay.—"Here I am, by the blue Mediterranean! At least, the attendant of the sleeping-car says the Mediterranean is somewhere about, only, as a violent rain-storm is going on, we can't see it. Very tired by journey. Feel that, after all, you were probably right in deciding to try the coast of Devonshire this winter, instead of Riviera."

Pythias at Torquay, to Damon at Nice.—"Coast of Devonshire delightful, so far. Pleasant run down from London by G. W. R.—only five hours. Thought of and pitied your crossing to Calais, and long night-and-day journey after. You should just see our geraniums and fuchsias, growing out-of-doors in winter! Mind and tell me in your next how the olives and orange-trees look."

Damon to Pythias.—"Olives all diseased—have not seen an orange-tree yet—there is my reply to the query in your last. Hitherto I have not had much opportunity of seeing anything, as the mistral has been blowing, and it has been rather colder than England in March. Wretched cold in my head. No decent fires—only pine-cones and logs to burn, instead of coal! Wish I were at Torquay with you!"

Pythias to Damon.—"Sorry to hear that Riviera is such a failure. More pleased than ever with Devonshire. Glorious warm sunshine to-day. Natives say they hardly ever have frost. Children digging on sand on Christmas Eve—too hot for great-coat. Rain comes down occasionally, but then it dries up in no time. Quite a little Earthly Paradise. Glad I found it out."

Later from Damon.—"Riviera better. Mistral gone. Sun warm, and have seen my first orange-tree. Have also found that there's a place called Monte Carlo near Nice. Have you ever heard of it? There's a Casino there, where they have free concerts. Off there now!"

Later from Pythias.—"After all, Devonshire is sometimes a little damp. Yes, I have heard of Monte Carlo Casino, and I wish there was anything of the sort at Torquay. Walks and drives pretty, but monotonous. Hills annoying. Still, evidently far superior to any part of Riviera."

Still later from Damon.—"Glorious place, Monte Carlo. Superb grounds! Scenery lovely, and Casinero still lovelier! And, between ourselves, I have already more than paid for expenses of my trip by my winnings at the Tables. No time for more just now. Must back the red!"

Reply to above from Pythias.—"Very sorry to hear you have been playing at the Tables. Sure to end in ruin. By the bye, what system do you use? The subject interests me merely as a mathematical problem, of course. Wish

I could pay expenses of my Devonshire hotel so easily. But then one ought to have some reward for visiting such a dreary place as the Riviera, with its Mistrals, and diseased olive-trees, and all that."

Latest from Damon.—"Since writing my last letter, my views of the Riviera have altered. The climate, I find, does not suit me. Sun doesn't shine as much as I expected—not at night, for instance. Then the existence of an olive disease anywhere near is naturally very *dégoûtant* (as they say here). And the Casino at Monte Carlo is simply an organized swindle. It ought to be put down! After staking ten times in succession on "Zero," and doubling my stake each time, I was absolutely cleared out! Only just enough money to take me home. Shall follow your example, and try Torquay for the rest of the winter."

Latest from Pythias.—"Just a hasty line to say—don't come to Torquay! I am leaving it. Since I last wrote, my views of Devonshire have also altered. Can't conceal from myself that the climate is a mistake. Damp, dull, and depressing. Your account of Monte Carlo—not the Casino, of course—so enchanting, that I've determined to try it. Just off to London to catch 'train de luxe.'"

THE MISSING WORD.

(By a much-battered Barmaid.)

EACH boobyish bar-lounger calls me "dear,"

And "Misses" me in manner most absurd.
I should not miss him! But the boss, I fear,
Would miss his custom; so I still must hear
His odious "Missing" word!

But oh! I'd sooner bear a monkey's kisses,
Than some of these cheap mashers' mincing
"Misses" "two d"

And there is one young ape!—I'd stand
Could I hit him each time he "Misses" me!

QUEER QUERIES.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.—I should be glad to know whether it would be advisable for me to write a book of "Reminiscences," as I see is now the fashion. My life has been chiefly passed in a moorland-village in Yorkshire, so that it has

not been very eventful, and I have never written anything before; still the public might like to hear my opinions on things in general, and I think I could make the anecdote of how our kitchen chimney once caught fire—which would be the most

important incident chronicled—rather thrilling. Among interesting and eminent persons I have met, and of whom I could give some account in my forthcoming work, are Mr. GLADSTONE (who passed through our station in a train going at fifty miles an hour while I was on the platform), Lord SALISBURY whom I met (under similar circumstances, and the back of whose head I feel confident that I actually saw) and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England, who ordered an Usher to remove me from his Court at the Assizes as I was (incorrectly) alleged to be snoring. I should be glad to hear of any leading Publisher who would be likely to offer a good price for such a book.—RUSTICUS EXPETENS.



Notes.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS. A REHEARSAL.

The Captain. "AT THIS STAGE OF THE PROCEEDINGS I'VE GOT TO KISS YOU, LADY GRACE. WILL YOUR HUSBAND MIND, DO YOU THINK?"
Lady Grace. "OH NO! IT'S FOR A CHARITY, YOU KNOW!"

"CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" Pleasant truth
 To all—save the dyspeptic!
 To most in whom some smack of youth
 Hath influence antiseptic.
 Pessimists prate, and prigs be-rate
 The time of mirth and holly;
 But why should time-soured sages "slate"
 The juvenile and jolly?
 "Though some churls at our mirth repine"
 (As old GEORGE WITHER put it),
 We'll whiff our weed, and sip our wine,
 And watch the youngsters foot it.
 They did so in quaint WITHER's time,
 When wassail-bowls were humming,
 And still girls laugh, and church-bells
 chime,
 Because—"Christmas is coming!"

"Christmas is coming!" Let him bring
 Mirth to the toiling million.
 What is't he bears—a gracious thing—
 Behind him on the pillion?
 Her snowy garb, and smile benign,
 Make sunshine in dark places;
 The gentlest, rarest, most divine
 Of all the Christian graces.
 Her eyes are full of loving light,
 Her hands with gifts are laden;
 True Yule-tide Almoner, of right,
 This *Una*-pure sweet maiden!
 She smiles on all, full-feeding mirth,
 Young love, mad motley mumming;
 There is less dearth of joy on earth,
 Because—"Christmas is coming!"

A Merry Christmas? Round each room
 That's writ in leaf and berry;

But there be those, alas! to whom
 There's mockery in the "Merry."
 Merry?—when sorrow loads the heart,
 And nothing loads the larder?
 In the world's play the poor man's part
 At Yule-tide seems yet harder.
 Good cheer to him who hungry goes,
 And mirth to her who sorrows,
 Lend bitter chill to Christmas snows.
 Small joy care's bondsman borrows.
 From jollity he may not share,
 Despair is darkly drumming
 At his dull breast, whose hearth won't flare,
 Because—"Christmas is coming!"

Good Greybeard Sire, you would not tire
 Gay youth with tales of trouble;
 World-gladness is your heart's desire,
 And so you're—riding double!
 Pleasant to see dear Charity
 Close pillion-poised behind you,
 Eager to bid her gifts fly free,
 We're happy so to find you.
 Ride on, and scatter largesse wide!
 Sore need is still no rarity,
 For all our Progress, Power, and Pride,
 We can't dispense with Charity.
 Ride on, kind pair, and may the air
 With happiness be humming,
 And poverty shake off despair,
 Because—"Christmas is coming!"

RATHER TOO PREMATURE.—We see "*Christmas Leaves*" advertised everywhere in glaring colours. This announcement is too early. "*Christmas Comes*," it should be, and then, any time after the 25th, will be appropriate for the announcement of his departure.

THE PORTER'S SLAM.

[A meeting at Manchester has raised a protest against the nuisance caused by the needlessly loud "slamming" of railway carriage doors.]

THE porter has a patent "slam,"
 Which smites one like a blow,
 And everywhere that porter comes,
 That "slam" is sure to go.
 It strikes upon the tym-pa-num
 Like shock of dynamite;
 By day it nearly makes you dumb—
 It deafens you at night.
 When startled by that patent "slam,"
 The pious pas-sen-jare,
 Says something else that ends in
 "am,"
 (Or he has patience rare.)
 Not only does it cause a shock,
 But—Manchester remarks—
 "Depreciates the rolling stock."
 Well, that is rather larks!
 That's not the point. The porter's "slam"
 Conduces to insanity,
 And, though as mild as MARY's lamb,
 Drives men to loud profanity.
 If Manchester the "slam" can stay
 By raising of a stir,
 All railway-travellers will say,
 "Bully for Man-ches-ter!"

Kelly's Directory for 1893.—Invaluable, and considered as "portable property" (to quote *Pip's* friend), admirably suited for the pocket of any individual who should happen to be about twenty-five feet high. How to use it? Why—see inside—it is full of "Directions."



“CHRISTMAS IS COMING!”

MIXED NOTIONS.—No. II. UGANDA.

SCENE—As before, a Railway-carriage in a suburban morning train to London. Persons also as before—namely, two Well-informed Men, an Inquirer, and an Average Man.

First Well-informed Man (laying down his paper). So the Government's going to stick to Uganda, after all. I had a notion, from the beginning, they wouldn't be allowed to scuttle.

Average Man. Ah—I don't know that I'm particularly enthusiastic about Uganda.

Inquirer. Why not?

A. M. What are we going to get out of it?—that's the question. We go interfering all over the world, grabbing here, and grabbing there, merely in order to keep other people out; and then some nigger King, with a cold in his head, sneezes as he passes the Union Jack. That's an insult to the flag, of course; so off goes an expedition, and, before you know where you are, we've spent about ten millions, and added a few thousand acres of swamp to the Empire. Why can't we leave things alone? Haven't we got enough?

First W. I. M. That's all very well, I daresay; but you forget that the Berlin Conference made Uganda one of our spheres of influence.

Inquirer. When was that?

First W. I. M. Why, just after the Franco-Prussian War. They all met in Berlin to settle up everything—and we got Uganda.

Inquirer. I thought it was later than that, somehow.

First W. I. M. Well, anyhow, it was somewhere about that time. I don't pledge myself to a year or two. But what I say about Uganda is this. We're there—or rather the Company is—and we should simply disgrace ourselves before the whole world if we chucked up the sponge now. And, if we did, we should have France or Germany nipping in directly.

Second W. I. M. They can't.

First W. I. M. Why not?

Second W. I. M. Why not! Because it's our sphere of influence whatever happens.

Inquirer (timidly). I'm afraid you'll think me very ignorant, but I don't quite know what a "sphere of influence" is. I've read a lot about it lately, but I can't quite make it out.

Second W. I. M. (condescendingly). Yes, I know it's deuced difficult to keep up with these new notions, unless you're in the way of hearing all about them. Spheres of influence mean—well, don't you know, they mean some country that's not quite yours, but it's more yours than anybody else's, and if anybody else comes into it, you're allowed to make a protocol of it. Besides, it gives you a right to the Hinterland, you know.

Inquirer (dubiously). Ah, I see. What's the Hinterland?

Second W. I. M. (stumped). I fancy it's about the most fertile part of Africa. (To *First W. I. M.*) Isn't it?

First W. I. M. Yes, that's it. It's the German for Highlands.

Inquirer. Of course, so it is. I might have thought of that.

Average Man (to First W. I. M.). Seems to me you've none of you got hold of the right point. What I want to know is, does Uganda pay? LUGARD says it don't; the Company hasn't made

anything of it, and they've got to go whether they like it or not; though I daresay they're deuced glad to be out of the hole. But, if it don't pay, what on earth are we going to do with it?

Second W. I. M. (triumphantly reinforcing him). Yes, what on earth are we to do with it?

First W. I. M. (calmly, but contemptuously). Ah! I see you're both little-England men. From your point of view, I daresay you're right enough. But I'm one of those who believe that we must stick on wherever we've planted the flag. I agree with MOLTKE, that the nation that gives up is in a state of decay.

Second W. I. M. It wasn't MOLTKE who said that; it was VICTOR HUGO, or (after a pause) LORD PALMERSTON.

First W. I. M. Well, it doesn't matter who said it. The point is, it's true. Besides, what are you going to do about the slaves and the Missionaries?

Average Man. Oh, bother the Missionaries!

First W. I. M. It's all very well to say "bother the Missionaries!" but that won't get you any further. They're our fellow-creatures after all, and what's more, they're our fellow-countrymen, so we've got to look after them.

Average Man. I should let the whole lot of Missionaries fight it out together. They only keep quarrelling amongst themselves, and trying to bag one another's converts; and then France and England get involved.

Inquirer. By the way, where is Uganda, exactly?

First W. I. M. Just behind Zanzibar—or somewhere about there. You can get to it best from Mashonaland. Didn't you see that RHODES said he was going to make a telegraph-line through there? It used to belong to the SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR. Don't you remember?

Inquirer. Of course; so it did.

[Train draws up at Terminus.]

"'Twas WHISPERED IN HEAVEN, 'Twas MUTTERED IN H—." 2 *propos* of the much-discussed article written by Dr. ST. GEORGE MIVART in *The Nineteenth Century*, on "Happiness in Hell."

begging pardon for uttering a word "unmentionable to ears polite,"—our old friend 'ARRY writes thusly:—"Sir,—We 'ave all of us been familiar for years with the well-known 'Mivart's 'Otel.' If the clever Professor is correct, this name ought to be changed, as there ain't no such a place; and, in future, when alluded to, it ought to be called *Mivart's Cool'el*. Am I right?"

"Yours truly, THE 'ARRY OPAGITE."

In "Lucky Shoes," baskets, and in other dainty trifles, does RIMMEL arrange his beautiful bottles of scent. RIMMEL is not a Head Centre, but our Chief Scenter, "and," exclaims Mr. WAOSTAFF, the Unabashed, "what a great day will be his Scentenary!"

"THE SILENT BATTLE."—See this charming piece at the Criterion. Of course it is brought out by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM in illustration of the old proverb, "Acts, not words."



A SALVE FOR THE CONSCIENCE.

Vegetarian Professor. "No, MADAM, NOT EVEN FISH. I CANNOT SANCTION THE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE. THESE LITTLE ANIMALS, FOR INSTANCE, WERE BUT YESTERDAY SWIMMING HAPPILY IN THE SEA."

Mrs. O'Laughlan. "OH BUT, PROFESSOR, JUST THINK IT'S THE FIRST TIME THE POOR LITTLE THINGS HAVE EVER BEEN REALLY WARM IN THEIR LIVES!"



HAPPY AND NOVEL COMBINATION! THE HARMONIOUS CHRISTMAS "PARTY."

Harry Furniss

CHOOSING CHRISTMAS TOYS.

(A Sketch in the Louther Arcade.)

Between the sloping banks of toys, and under a dense foliage of coloured rosettes, calico banners, and Japanese-lanterns, the congested Stream of Custom oozes slowly along, with an occasional overflow into the backwaters of the shops behind, while the Stall-keepers keep up a batrachian and almost automatic croak of invitation.

Fond Grandmother. So you've chosen a box of soldiers, have you,

FRANKY? — very well. Now what shall we get for little *ELSIE* and Baby?

Franky (promptly). Another box of soldiers would do nicely for *ELSIE*, Grandmamma, and — *I* know, a fort for Baby!

Grandm. (doubtfully). But they're such little tots — they won't know how to play with them.

Franky. Oh, but I can teach them, you know, Grandmamma.

Grandm. That's right — I like to see a boy kind to his little sisters.

[*She adopts Master FRANKY's disinterested suggestion.*

A Mother. Now, *PERCY*, it's all nonsense — you can't want any more toys — those you've got are as good as new. (*To her Friend.*) He's such a boy for taking care of his things — he'll hardly trust his toys out of their boxes, and won't allow anyone else to touch them!

The Friend. Dear little fellow — then I'm sure he deserves to be given a new toy for being so careful!

The Mother. Well, he'll give me no peace till I do give him something. I know — but mind this, *PERCY*, it's only to keep you quiet, and I'm not going to buy *EDDIE* anything. (*To Friend.*) He gives all his things away as it is!

[*Master PERCY takes both these valuable moral lessons to heart.*

Mrs. Stilton (*to her less prosperous Sister-in-law, Mrs. BLOOMOLD*). Nonsense, *VINNIE*, I won't hear of it! *REGGIE* has more toys already than he knows what to do with!

Mrs. Bloom. (apologetically). Of course, my dear *SOPHIA*, I know your children are born to every — but still, I have no one but myself now, you know — and if I might — it would be such a pleasure!

Mrs. Stilton. I have already told you there is not the slightest occasion for your spending your money in any such foolish manner. I hope that is enough.

Mrs. Bloom. I'm sure he would like one of these little water-carts — now wouldn't you, *REGGIE*?

Mrs. Stilton. Buy him one, by all means — he will probably take the colour out of my new carpets with it — but, of course, that's of no consequence to you!

Mrs. Bloom. Oh dear, I quite forgot your beautiful carpets. No, to be sure, that might — but one of those little butcher's shops, now! — they're really quite cheap!

Mrs. S. I always thought cheapness was a question of what a person could afford.

Mrs. Bloom. But I can afford it, dear *SOPHIA* — thanks to dear *JOHN'S* bounty, and — and yours.

Mrs. S. You mustn't thank me. I had nothing to do with it. I warned *JOHN* at the time that it would only — and it seems I was right. And *REGGIE* has a butcher's shop — a really good one — already. In fact, I couldn't tell you what he hasn't got!

Reggie. I can, though, Aunt *VINNIE*. I haven't got a train, for one thing! (*To his Mother, as she drags him on.*) I should like a

little tin train, to go by clockwork on rails so. Do let Auntie — what's she staying behind for?

Mrs. Bloom. (catching them up, and thrusting a box into *REGGIE'S* hands). There, dear boy, there's your train — with Aunt *VINNIE'S* love! (*REGGIE* opens the box, and discovers a wooden train.) What's the matter, darling? Isn't it —?

Mrs. S. He had rather set his heart on a clockwork one with rails — which I was thinking of getting for him — but I am sure he's very much obliged to his Aunt all the same — aren't you, *REGINALD*?

Reggie (with a fortunate inspiration). Thank you ever so much, Auntie! And I like this train better than a tin one — because all the doors open really — it's exactly what I wanted!

Mrs. S. That's so like *REGGIE* — he never says anything to hurt people's feelings if he can possibly help it.

Mrs. B. (with meek ambiguity). Ah, dear *SOPHIA*, you set him such an example, you see! (*REGGIE* wonders why she squeezes his hand so.)

A Vague Man (*to Saleswoman*). Er — I want a toy of some sort — for a child, don't you know. (*As if he might require it for an elderly person*) At least, it's not exactly a child — it can talk, and all that.

Salesw. Will you step inside, Sir? We've a large assortment within to select from. Is it for a boy or a girl?

The Vague Man. It's a boy — that is, its name's *EVELYN* — of course, that's a girl's name too; but it had better be something that doesn't — I mean something it can't —

[*He runs down.*

Salesw. I quite understand, Sir. One of these little 'orses and carts are a very nice present for a child — (*with languid commendation*) — the little 'orse takes out and all.

The V. M. Um — yes — but I want something more — a different kind of thing altogether.

Salesw. We sell a great many of these rag-dolls; all the clothes take off and on.

The V. M. Isn't that rather — and then, for a boy, eh?

Salesw. P'raps a box of wooden soldiers would be a more suitable toy for a boy, certainly.



The V. M. Soldiers, eh?—yes—but you see, it might turn out to be a girl after all—and then—

Salesw. I see, you want something that would do equally well for either. *Here's a toy now.* (*She brings out a team of little tin swans on wheels.*) You fix a stick in the end—so—and wheel it in front of you, and all the little swans go up and down.

[She wheels it up and down without enthusiasm.]

The V. M. (inspecting it feebly). Oh—the swans go up and down, eh? It isn't quite—but very likely it won't—May as well have that as something else—Yes, you can send it to—let me see—is it Hampstead or Notting Hill they're living at now? (*To the Saleswoman, who naturally cannot assist him.*) No, of course, you wouldn't know. Never mind, I'll take it with me—don't trouble to wrap it up!

[He carries it off—to forget it promptly in a hansom.]

A Genial Uncle (entering with Nephews and Nieces). Plenty to choose from here, eh? Look about and see what you'd like best.

Jane (the eldest, sixteen, and "quite a little woman"). I'm sure they would much rather you chose for them, Uncle!

Uncle. Bless me, I don't know what boys and girls like nowadays—they must choose for themselves!

Salesw. (wearily). Perhaps one of the young gentlemen would like a dredging-machine? The handle turns, you see, and all the little buckets go round the chain and take up sand or mud—or there's a fire-engine, that's a nice toy, throws a stream of real water.

[TOMMY, aged eleven, is charmed with the dredging-machine, while the fire-engine finds favour in the eyes of BOBBY, aged nine.]

Jane (thoughtfully). I'm afraid the dredging-machine is rather a messy toy, Uncle, and the fire-engine wouldn't do at all, either—it would be sure to encourage them to play with fire. BOBBY, if you say "blow!" once more, I shall tell Mother. Uncle is the best judge of what's suitable for you!

Uncle. Well, there's something in what you say, JENNY. We must see if we can't find something better, that's all.

Salesw. I've a little Toy-stige, 'ere—with scenes and characters in "*Richard Cured o' Lyn'*" complete and ready for acting—how would that do?

[TOMMY and BOBBY cheer up visibly at this suggestion.]

Jane. I don't think Mother would like them to have that, Uncle—it might give them a taste for theatres, you know!

Uncle. Ha—so it might—very thoughtful of you, JANE—Mustn't get in your Mother's bad books; never do! What's in these boxes? soldiers? How about these, eh, boys? (*The boys are again consoled.*)

Jane (gently). They're getting rather too big for such babyish things as soldiers, Uncle! I tell you what I think—if you got a nice puzzle-map for TOMMY—he's so backward in his Geography—and a drawing-slate for BOBBY, who's getting on so nicely with his drawing, and a little work-box—not an expensive one, of course—for WINNIE, that would be quite—

[These sisterly counsels are rewarded by ungrateful and rebellious roars.]

Uncle. TOMMY, did I hear you address your sister as a "beast"? Come—come! And what are you all turning on the waterworks for, eh? Strikes me, JANE, you haven't quite hit off their tastes!

Jane (virtuously). I have only told you what I know Mother would wish them to have, Uncle; and, even if I am to have my ankles kicked for it, I'm sure I'm right!

Uncle. Always a consolation, my dear JENNY. I'm sure no nephew of mine would kick his sister, except by the merest accident—so let's say no more of that. But it's no use getting 'em what they don't like; so suppose we stick to the fire-engine, and the other concern—theatre is it, JOHNNY?—Very well—and don't you get me into trouble over 'em, that's all. And WINNIE would like a doll, eh?—that's all right. Now everybody's provided for—except JANE!

Jane (frostily). Thank you, Uncle—but you seem to forget I'm not exactly a child! *[She walks out of the shop with dignity.]*

Uncle. Hullo! Put my foot in it again! But we can't leave JENNY out of it—can we? Must get her a present of some sort over the way... Here, TOMMY, my boy, you can tell me something she'd like.

Bobby (later—to TOMMY). What did you tell Uncle to get for JANE?

Tommy (with an unholy chuckle). Why, a box with one of those puff-things in it. Don't you know how we caught her powdering her nose with Mother's? And Uncle got her one too! Won't she be shirty just!

[They walk out in an ecstasy of anticipation, as Scene closes.]

MR. PUNCH's Paragraphist says, "he was never good at dates," not even when served in dishes, for they're dry at the best; but, of the very newest and best kind of Date Cards, MARCUS WARD & Co. have a capital selection. Among them the *Grandfather's Clock* makes a pretty screen, and, being a clock, is, of course, always up to the time of day.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron's Diarist and Date Examiner makes the following exhaustive notes:—first that Mr. C. LETTS describes some of his *Pocket Diaries* as "The Improved." There is nothing so good but what it could be better. Lett's admit this, and be satisfied with the latest edition of Lett's Annuals, which are prizes, though, until Jan. 1, blanks.

The Paradise of the North, by DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE. When a gentleman chooses the North Pole as a Paradise, he must be allowed any amount of Latitude and Longitude. This explorer leaves his CHAMBERS (the Publishers of that ilk) in order to get out of the world by the coldest route.

A note on INNES & Co. "Innes" has several Outs this season. Cheery name for a Christmas Publisher, "Innes." We take our ease at our Innes, and we read with pleasure their dainty books called, *Bartlemy's Child*, by FRANCES COMPTON, a very pretty story. L. B. WALFORD (the authoress of *Mr. Smith*) condescends to write *For Grown-Up Children*, a number of delightful tales.

Messrs. OSGOOD as good as ever. Why not follow up their *Bret Harte Birthday Book* (most Harte-tistically got up) with a *Sweet-Heart Birthday Book*? Madame VAN DE VELDE has compiled this. Our sparklingest Baronite exclaims, "Velde done!"

Thanks to MARCUS WARD & Co. for *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, by ROBBIE BURNS. "Oh, was some friend the giftie gi'e us!"—as anyone who would like this for a Christmas present may say, adapting the poet to his purpose.



The Baron and his Christmas Books.

"A most sweet story! A most charming story!" gurgled the Baron, as, with sobs in his inner voice, talking to himself, he finished the penultimate chapter of *Dolly*. "Now, Mrs. BURNETT, if you dare to kill your heroine, I swear I'll never forgive you, and never read another of your fatally-fascinating books." The Baron trembled as he commenced the last chapter of the simplest, most natural, most touching, and most exquisitely-told story he has read for many a day. How would it end? A few lines sufficed. "Bless you, Mrs. BURNETT!" snivelled the Baron, not ashamed of dabbling his eyes with his kerchief. "Bless you, Ma'am! You have let 'em live! May your new book go to countless editions! May it be another *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and may you reap a golden reward for this, your masterpiece of simple work, your latest story—*Dolly*!" The Baron is bound ("bound in morocco" as the slaves were, poor wretches!) to add that he wishes it had not been illustrated, for, as good wine needs no bush, so a perfect story, such as this, needs no illustration; nay, is rather injured by it than not. There is only one small item of common-place in it, and that is making the would-be seducer a married man. Of course, to prove him so was the easiest and shortest way of saving his vain and feather-headed little victim. Perhaps an alternative would have involved complication, and might have marred the natural simplicity of the story. So critically the Baron states his one very small objection, and reverts with the utmost pleasure to the hours he spent over the tale, absorbed in every page, in every line of it; and herewith doth he, not only most strongly, but most earnestly recommend everyone to procure this book (published by E. WARNE & Co.), for it is one that can be and must be given a place of honour by the side of DICKENS and THACKERAY, to be read again and again, here a bit and there a bit, when other works of fiction now enjoying a greater literary reputation (though 'twould be difficult to name them), shall be relegated to the lowest shelves of books that have had their day. "Dixi! Scripsi!" quoth THE LEARNED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

(A Characteristic Welcome to the Coming Year.)

It was on the 31st of December that they met. It had been arranged that at the final hour of the last day of the expiring year they should compare notes, and not one of them had failed to keep the appointment. It would be scarcely right to say they were cheerful, but merriment was not included in the programme.

"There is not the slightest chance of my bettering myself," said the Military Man. "Now that the Regiment has come home from India, I can't afford to live at home, and I can't exchange because of my liver."

The Military Man.

Promotion was never slower than in 'Ours,' and my look-out is about the most ghastly there ever yet was seen."

"You are wrong there," observed the Briefless Barrister of mature years. "I think mine is a shade worse. I give you my word that during the last twelve



The Briefless Barrister.

months I have not earned enough fees to pay the rent of my Chambers and the salary of my Clerk. And things are getting worse and worse. One of the Solicitors who used to give me an occasional turn has been struck off the Rolls, and the other,



The Doctor.

has transferred his business to Australia. I feel inclined to follow, but I can't raise the passage-money. What luck, now, could be worse than mine?"

"Why mine," answered the Author. "An entirely new set of men have come to the front since I was popular, and my works are a drug in the market. I haven't been able to get rid of more than a dozen pages during the twelve months, and

they appeared in a Magazine that stopped before the appearance of the next number! The future never looked blacker and more hopeless. I believe I am the most unfortunate man on earth."

"I fancy you are wrong," put in the Doctor. "I think my look-out worse than yours. Sold my practice seven years ago to flutter on the Stock Exchange. Lost my money in seven minutes, and have never had a patient since. I went to West Slocum (my old home) the other day, and found the place occupied by three Doctors, and the local Undertaker told me there was not room enough for one! Talk about luck, I am the unluckiest dog in the world!"

"I am not so sure of that," said the Actor, "here have I been 'resting' for the last twelve months, and it seems just as likely as not that I shall continue the operation until '94. I have tried everything in Town and the Provinces, and there isn't an opening

anywhere. My fate is about the worst of the lot."

"Not so bad as mine," grumbled the Artist. "Haven't sold a single picture since the Jubilee year, and can't afford to pay the frame-maker. My studio is full of paintings, and the dealers say that there isn't a single canvas amongst the lot but what would be refused admission to an Exhibition of Sign-boards! Don't know how I should have kept body and soul together if it hadn't been for an opportune loan from one who in happier times was, in my employment as a model. Talk about prospects! Look at mine!"



The Actor who has his Head turned with Applause.

"Well, come, you are better off than I



The Artist.

am," said the City Man. "If I hadn't now and again to appear before the Registrar in the Bankruptcy Court, I don't know what I should do with my time! I am stone broke. That's about it—stone broke! Knocked out of the 'House,' and without a scrap of credit: I am done for!"



Bulls and Bears. City Men.

And it was agreed that none of them had any prospects. Then they separated, or rather, were on the eve of separating.

"By the way—fancy forgetting to do it!" said one of them. And then they rectified the omission, and wished one another, "A Happy New Year!"



DRAWN BLANK.

Huntsman. "HOW IS IT YOU NEVER HAVE ANY FOXES HERE NOW!"
Keeper (who has orders to shoot them). "PHEASANTS HAVE EAT 'EM ALL!"



The latest Kangaroo Development.

THE FEAST OF REASON UP TO DATE.

THE old Alchemist smiled as he watched the crucible on the glowing coals. The fumes rose, and he inhaled them with delight.

It was a triumph. Yes, he was able to go forth a conqueror. It mattered not where he wandered, for all flew from before him. He seemed to possess some subtle power that no one understood, but which was all-conquering. After a lengthened absence he returned to England.

At his Club he met one of his friends—a doctor. "I will tell you my adventures," said the old Alchemist, lighting a strong cigar. "You must know—"

"I know everything," said the Physician, sternly. "I know why you have scared the Arabs, and why disease cannot touch you. The secret is revealed by a recent Lancet. You can brave disease and death, because you are fond of eating onions!"

Seeing that his secret was known, the old Alchemist heaved a heavy sigh, and disappeared, perchance for ever!



A PRIME CUT.

Mrs. Fidget (who has been fingering all the joints for some time). "CAN YOU GUARANTEE THIS TO BE WELSH MUTTON?"

Butcher's Assistant. "CERTAINLY WE CAN, MUM; BUT IF YOU GO 'ANDLING IT MUCH LONGER, IT 'LL BE IRISH STOO DIRECTLY!"

THE PLEA OF THE POSTMAN.

ALL work and no play
Makes a dull boy; so they say,
Proverb-mongers, pretty bards.
"All play," may be, worse I'll bet 'em!
If they doubt my word, then let 'em
Try my hand at (Christmas) Cards!

Punch in reply.

True for you! You growl with reason.
Hearts are trumps, and at this season,
Pray remember, Goldylocks,
When your cards arrive in flocks,
Postman earns his Christmas Box!

"REDE ME ARIGHT!"—SIR EDWARD REED, M.P., is anything but a "bruised reed." On the contrary. More correct would it be to describe him as A Bruiser Reed, for his plucky encounter with his adversaries, over whom he triumphed by "A Vast Majority."



"Tinned Dinners."

A propos of an interesting article in the Daily Telegraph last Thursday on this subject, the problem that most naturally suggests itself is, "How about the dinner, if you haven't any tin?" "No Song, No Supper" is pleasantly alliterative, but is not of universal application. "No tin, no dinner," may pass into a proverb, but, anyhow, it's a fact.

"AH!" exclaimed our dear old Mrs. R., "I'm fond of high-class music. For many years I've heard my musical friends talking about 'SHOOLBRED's Unfinished Symphony.' Why doesn't he get it finished? When was it ordered? But there—I know geniuses are always unpunctual."

THE INEVITABLE.

(As Illustrated by recent Political, Social, and other Public "Functions.")

SAY you'd get up an "Inaugural Meeting,"
Anything "forming," or Anyone "greeting."
If you'd have guests in their tankards their
nose bury,
Ruddy with mirth, you must put up Lord
ROSEBERRY.
If facts and statistics your minds you will
task with,
He must be followed—of course—by young
ASQUITH.
Q.C. and canny Earl, Earl and 'oute Q.C.,
gents!
There you've your "Popular Programme"
in nuce, gents!

TO MY RIVAL.

How I loved her, blindly, madly!
Sighing sadly,
Feeling hurt
If I did not see her daily.
Oh, how gaily
She could flirt!
Flirt with me, or flirt with others,
With my brothers
Just as well,
How I could be such a duffer
So to suffer,
I can't tell.
Then you came, played tennis finely,
Danced divinely,
Sang as well;
Half Adonis, half Apollo,
Beat me hollow.
Such a swell!
How I hated you, so clever!
You were never
Thought a bore!
When I saw you so romantic
I was frantic;
How I swore!
I've recovered. Is she not a
Child that's got a
Newer toy?
From the first she thought she'd booked you;
Now she's hooked you.
Wish you joy!



I'll forgive you altogether,—
She'll see whether
I shall care,—
Shake your hand and gaily greet you,
When I meet you
Anywhere.

A GRAND OLD DIARY FOR 1893.

(Published in Advance.)

January.—As I am in Biarritz, may just as well see how they manage things in Spain. Looked up the Ministry at Madrid, and drafted them a treaty with Portugal. They thanked me with the courtesy of hidalgos, but refused with the paltry jealousy of a petty-fogging second-rate Power! What nasty pride! Sent home to one of my Magazines, "How I took part in a Bull-fight."

February.—Opened Parliament and set things going, and then thought I might take a trip to Russia to fill up the odd time. Had a chat with the Czar, and knocked off a plan for the introduction of "Home Rule." Czar polite, but didn't see it. Well of course every one has a right to his own opinions, still I think it would do. Czar didn't. Sent home to one of my Magazines, "How I lived for three days in the Mines of Siberia."

March.—Back to town for a few days, and then off again. CLARK says travelling the best thing in the world for superfluous energy. Did China thoroughly. Drew up a plan for altering the language, manners, religions, politics, and customs of the Chinese. Brought it before a Special Committee of Mandarins; but they prevaricated, and practically shelved it. Sent home to one of my Magazines an article, "How I had a Boxing-match with the Emperor of CHINA, and knocked his Majesty out of time."

April.—Things going on decently well at Westminster, so started for Turkey. Arranged Turkish Finance for the Grand Vizier. But that official distinctly an—well, not a wise man—said he would knock out a better budget himself. Sent home to one of my Magazines, "My Fortnight's Manœuvres with the Bashi Bazouks."

May.—Dropped in at St. Stephen's, and put a few finishing touches to one or two measures, then away to Egypt. Sketched out a Republican form of Government for the Khedive. However, his Highness did not seem to see it. The Egyptians are very Conservative in their notions. Sent home to one of my Magazines, "A Fortnight in the MAHDI'S Camp, by an Acquaintance of OSMAN DIGNA."

June.—Attended a couple of Cabinet Meetings, and then to America for a jaunt. Gave the President a carefully worked-out scheme for converting the Government of the United States into a Monarchy of limited liability. The President greatly pleased, but not quite sure it would work. The Americans are sadly behind the age. Sent home to one of my Magazines, "How to see the World's Fair at Chicago in Twenty Minutes, by One who has done it."

July.—Session nearly out. Took part in a debate or two and then off to the North Pole in a balloon. Managed to see a good deal of snow and ice, and fancy we caught a sight of the Pole itself. Sent home (by parachute) to one of my Magazines, "How I got within Measurable Distance of the Moon."

August.—Just back to Westminster for a couple of days to wind up the Session, then away to India. Went on my own responsibility to see the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN. Drew up a treaty in draft to be signed by the Ameer and the Emperor of RUSSIA, Czar was immensely pleased and wanted to make me Prince of CRIM TARTARY. Sent to one of my Magazines, "How I shot my first Wild Elephant."

September.—Returned to Hawarden for the inside of a week and then paid my hurried visit to Australia. Submitted to the Colonies

a scheme for "A Federal Association for the encouragement of the Naturalisation of the Rabbit in Australasia." The proposal fell rather flat. Find the rabbit is already known in these places. Sent home to one of my Magazines an article entitled, "My Prize-fight with the Kangaroo, and how I won it."

October.—In London for a few days, then to Mexico. Saw the President, and suggested the revival of the Empire. President very rude; told me to mind my own business. Sent home to one of my Magazines, "A Week on the Prairies Buffalo lassoing."

November.—Popped in at Midlothian, and made a speech or two, and then hurried away to Norway and Sweden. Tried to induce them to give up their form of Home Rule, which, as all the world knows, has been a failure. Wanted them to take our Irish edition. They asked me "if it had been a success?" Stumped! Sent to one of my Magazines, "How to take a Photograph by Midnight Sunlight, by One who has done it."

December.—Obliged to stay at home, because I think we are going to change our Town-house. Downing Street most convenient, but question whether I shall be able to get a renewal of the lease next year. Sketched out the scenario of the Drury Lane Pantomime; but Sir AUGUSTUS prefers his own. Well, well, youth will have its way. Sent in my special article for Christmas and the New Year, "The History of the World, from the Earliest Times to the close of the Nineteenth Century, by One who has employed his leisure moments in its compilation." And here I may conclude, by wishing everybody "A Happy New Year."

TRIFLES.

(From Our Special Autolycus.)

MR. OSCAR BROWNING has republished, with other Historical Essays, his account of the Flight to Varennes, in which he demonstrates that CARLYLE was hopelessly wrong in the narrative which glows through the most famous and fascinating chapter in *The French Revolution*. There seems no doubt about it; but AUTOLYCUS says, he knows a man who would rather be wrong with CARLYLE than right with O. B.

Met the Duke of SOTTO-VOCE to-day. Evidently in most doleful dumps. "No, it's not the weather, AUTOLYCUS," he said. "Fact is that, although supposed to be a rich man, I am reduced to extremities. Lunched yesterday at the Carlton off dish of braised ox-tail, and supped at night at Beefsteak on cow-heel *à la cordonnier*."

AUTOLYCUS hears that, early in the New Year, Mr. ARMISTEAD, Mr. GLADSTONE's host in the South of France, will be raised to the Peerage, under the title of BARON BIARRITZ OF BARMOUTH. "Pau! Pau!" said Mr. STUART-RENDALL, when the rumour reached him. "What are Barmouth and Biarritz? I took Mr. G. on to the Pyrenees, and Cannes. If a fresh Barony is to be created for ARMISTEAD, what shall I have?" "Why, a Cannes one," said ALGY WEST, who is always so ready. (Signed) AUTOLYCUS.

"THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY:—To liberate, means, 'make free.' If the present charges are proven, the title will be rather appropriate, considering how very free it seems to have made with a considerable amount of property."



GETTING OUT OF IT.

Fair Authoress. "BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU READ ANY OF MY BOOKS?"

Q. C. "No; I'M KEEPING THEM FOR MY OLD AGE!"

F. A. "OH, DON'T TALK OF OLD AGE!—IT'S SO HORRID!"

Q. C. "NOT WITH YOUR BOOKS!"

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

V.—THE MAN WHO WOULD BRING AN ACTION FOR LIBEL.

THE following incident in the career of BROWZER was recalled to memory by an article in a literary journal. An author was airing his grievances; among them this,—that writers of repute occasionally lend their names and pens to obscure or unsuccessful papers for a consideration, without asking how the usual staff of the paper is paid. These, indeed, are delicate inquiries. Part of the plaint was expressed in the following sentence:—

"When a journal makes a call upon a good author, and in the pages of which he can gain neither honour nor renown, from which, as a matter of taste, he would shrink, under ordinary circumstances, from contributing to, that journal ought to be subjected to careful scrutiny."

Now what can this possibly be supposed to mean?—

"When a journal makes a call upon a good author, and in the pages of which he can gain neither honour nor renown," (why "and"? "from which" (namely, "honour and renown") "he would shrink" (why should he shrink from renown and honour?) "from contributing to," (and how can he contribute to honour and renown?) "that journal ought to be subjected to careful scrutiny." "From which he would shrink from contributing to," what have we here? Surely it is the grammar that needs careful scrutiny, and surely, in no circumstances, could a lofty "rate of pay" be conferred on a style of this description.

It is natural to reflect that a writer in this unconventional manner has mainly to thank himself for any want of success which he, and we, may regret; and that reflection, again, suggests the case of BROWZER, the Man who would bring an Action for Libel.

BROWZER had a small patrimony, any amount of leisure, and a good deal of ambition. He liked the society of literary gentlemen, he envied their buoyant successes, such as being "interviewed," and sorrowed with their sorrows, such as being reviewed. He listened to their artless gossip, and fancied himself extremely knowing. In these circumstances of temptation, BROWZER fell, as many better men have done, and wrote a Novel. He drew on the recollections of his suburban youth; he revived the sorrows of his sole flirtation; he sketched his aunts with a satirical hand, and he produced a packet of manuscript weighing about 7½ lbs. This manuscript he sent, first, to a literary man, whose name he had seen in the papers, with a long and fulsome letter, asking for an opinion. The parcel came back next day, accompanied by a lithographed form of excuse. BROWZER denounced the envy and arrogance of mankind, and sent his parcel to a publisher. He carefully set little traps, with pieces of adhesive paper, every here and there, to detect carelessness on the side of the reader. The parcel came back in a week, with a note of regret that the novel was not suitable. Only one of BROWZER's pieces of adhesive paper had been removed, but the others were carefully initialled. A modest author would have concluded that his opening chapters condemned him, but BROWZER's wrath against mankind only burned the more fiercely. He removed his traps, however, and sent *Wilton's Wooing* the round of the Row. It always came back, "returning like the peewit," at uncertain intervals. It was really a remarkable manuscript, for it was written in black ink, blue ink, red ink, penoil, and stylograph; moreover, most of it was inscribed on the margins, the original copy having been erased, in favour of improved versions. Finally BROWZER discovered a publisher who would take *Wilton's Wooing*, on conditions that the author should pay £150 for preliminary expenses (exclusive of advertising, for which a special charge was to be made), would guarantee the sale of 300 copies, and would accept half profits on the net results of the transaction.

The work saw the light, and, externally, it certainly did look very like a novel. The reviews, which BROWZER read with frenzied excitement, also looked very like reviews of novels. They were usually about two inches in length, and generally ended by saying that "Mr. BROWZER has still much to learn." Some of them condensed BROWZER's plot into about eight lines, in this manner:—

"He was a yearning psychologist—she was a suburban flirt. He sighed, and analysed; she listened, and yawned. Finally, she went on the stage, and he compiled this record of the stirring transaction."

But at last there came a longer criticism of *Wilton's Wooing* in the *Erechtheum*. Somebody took BROWZER to pieces, averring that "Mr. BROWZER has neither grammar" (here followed a string of examples of BROWZER's idioms) "nor humour," (here came instances of his wit and fancy), "nor taste" (again reinforced by specimens), "nor even knowledge of the French language, which he habitually massacres." (Here followed *à l'outrance, bête noir, soubriquet*, all our old friends.) Finally, Mr. BROWZER was informed that many fields of honourable distinction might be open to him, but that a novelist he could never be.

The wrath of BROWZER was magnificent. He went about among his friends, who told him that the critique was clearly by that brute St. CLAIR; they knew his hand, they said; a confounded, conceited pendant, and a stuck-up puppy. The review was calculated to damage the sale of any book; it was a dastardly attack on BROWZER's reputation as a man of wit and humour, a linguist, and a grammarian. They thought (as BROWZER wished to know) that an action would lie against the reviewer, or the review. BROWZER went to a Solicitor, who espoused his cause, but without enthusiasm. The name of the reviewer was demanded. Now St. CLAIR was not the reviewer; the critic was a man just from College, hence his fresh indignation. Whether for the sake of diversion, or for the 'advertisement, the critic wished himself to bear the brunt of BROWZER's

anger, and the *Erechtheum* handed him over to justice; his name was SMITH. This damped BROWZER's eagerness; no laurels were to be won from the obscure SMITH. The advocate of that culprit made out a case highly satisfactory to the learned Judge, who had been a reviewer himself upon a time. He showed that malice was out of the question; SMITH had never heard BROWZER's name, nor BROWZER, SMITH's (in this instance) before the book was published. He called several professors of the French tongue, to prove that BROWZER's French was that usual in fiction, but not the language of MOIÈRE, or of the Academy. He left no doubt on the question of grammar. As to the wit and pathos, he made much mirth out of them. He cross-examined BROWZER: had other reviews praised him? Had publishers leaped eagerly at his work? On what terms was it published? BROWZER's answer appeared to show that *Wilton's Wooing* was not regarded as a masterpiece by the Trade.

BROWZER's advocate put it that BROWZER was being crushed by unfair ridicule on his first entry into a noble profession, or art, that of SCOTT and FIELDING. He spoke of mighty poets in their misery dead. He drew a picture of BROWZER's agonies of mind. He showed that masterpieces had, ere now, been rejected by the publishers. He denounced the licence of the Press. Who was an unheard-of SMITH, who had written nothing, to come forward and shout at BROWZER from behind the hedge of the anonymous? The novelist was a creature of delicate organisation; he suffered as others did not suffer; his only aim was to lighten care, and instruct ignorance. Why was he to be selected for cruel sarcasm and insult?

The learned Judge summed-up dead against BROWZER. BROWZER had published a book, had invited criticism, and then, when he only got what his work merited, he came and asked for damages.

The question of malice he left to the Jury, who must see that the Critic and Author had each been ignorant of the other's existence.

The Jury did not deliberate long. They brought in a verdict for BROWZER, damages £500, and costs.

The advertisement, the publicity, caused *Wilton's Wooing* to be eagerly asked for. BROWZER's book went into ten editions, and a large issue, at six shillings. Next year BROWZER's publishers proved that he owed them £37 14s. 6d. This was disappointing, and even inexplicable, but BROWZER's fortune was made, and now he is much lauded by all the reviewers.

The Foreman of the Jury is my grocer, and I ventured, in the confidence of private life, to question the justice of the verdict. "Well," he said, "you see it comes to this: where is this to stop? Mr. BROWZER, he sells novels; I sell groceries."

"Excellent of their kind!" I interrupted.

"Well, I try to give satisfaction; and so does Mr. BROWZER. If that young Mr. SMITH writes to the papers that my sugars are not original, that I plagiarise them from a sand-bunker, or that my teas are not good Chinese,—like Mr. BROWZER's French, which is what is



The Foreman of the Jury.

usual in the Trade,—why, then, he interferes with my business. I bring my action, and hope to win it; and so, as a tradesman, I feel that Mr. BROWZER was wronged." There was no reply to these arguments, but I pity the Reviewers.



TO MAUD.—A BIRTHDAY ROUNDEL.

AN empty purse! It's true we often say
This weary world of ours knows nothing
worse,
And yet I send you, on this festive day,
An empty purse.

Do not consign to an untimely hearse
The friend who treats you in this heartless
way.
Don't let your pretty lips invoke a curse,
But let me wish you happiness, and may
You guess the reason from this little verse
Why at your feet to-day I humbly lay
An empty purse.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE worst thing about Mrs. HENNIKER's new Novel, published by HURST AND BLACKETT, is its title. There is a *London-Journalish*, penny-plain-twopence-coloured smack about *Foiled* which is misleading. My Baronite says he misses the re-iterated interjection which should accompany the verb. "Ha! Ha! Foiled!!" would seem to be more the thing—but it isn't. The story is a simple one,

round about an old theme. It is well constructed, and admirably told. All the characters are what are called Society people; but Mrs. HENNIKER has studied them in the drawing-room, not from the area-railings, and reproduces



them on her page with vivid strokes. Some of her acquaintances will probably feel uneasy when they read about *Lord Huddersfield*; whilst others will be quite sure that (among their sisters), they recognise *Mrs. Anthony Gore*. Those not in Society of to-day will find reminiscences of *Becky Sharp* in *Mrs. Gore*; whilst big-boned, good-natured, simple-hearted *Anthony*, pleasantly recalls *Major Dobbin*. The book is full of shrewd observation, and fine touches of character-drawing, with refreshing oases of flower-garden and moor in Yorkshire and Scotland.

Those who like a good "gashly" book should, my Baronite says, forthwith send for *Lord Wastwater* (BLACKWOOD). The plot is so eerie, and its conclusion so incredulous, that the practised novel-reader, seeing whither he is being led, almost up to the last page expects the threatened blow will be averted by some more or less probable agency. But Mr. (or Miss) SYDNEY BOLTON is inexorable. *Lord Wastwater* is dead now, and there can be no harm in saying that the House of Lords is well rid of his impending company. He would have made a sad Duke.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, in celebration of the seventieth birthday of HENRIETTE RONNER, there was published a volume containing reproductions in photogravure of some of the works of that charming painter. Madame RONNER knows the harmless, necessary cat as intimately as ROSA BONHEUR knows the horse or the ox. She has painted it with loving hand, in all circumstances of its strangely-varied life. No one knows, my Baronite says, how pretty and graceful a thing a cat is, till they study it with the assistance of Madame RONNER. CASSELLS afford opportunity of making this study by presentation of a new and cheaper edition of the volume, with cats in all attitudes purring round an interesting essay on themselves, and their Portraiture, contributed by Mr. H. M. SPIELMANN.

Wishing all of you, Constant Riters and Constant Readers, a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I am, yours ever,
THE BLITHESOME BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

(By a Comfort-loving Old Curmudgeon.)

YES, the boys home from school are all playing the fool
With the house and its fittings from garret to basement.
The girls, too, are back, and continual clack
Goes on all day long, to home comfort's
effacement.

The pudding's as sticky, the holly as prickly,

The smell of sour oranges awful as ever;
Stuffed hamper-unpackers, and pullers of crackers,

At making of litter and noise just as clever.

The stairs are all rustle, the hall's full of bustle,

Cold draughts and the banging of doors
are incessant.

They're nailing up greenery, putting up "scenery."

Ready for plays; 'tis a process unpleasant!

A strong smell of size, dabs of paint in one's eyes,

And "rehearsals" don't add to the charm of one's drawing-room.

My pet easy-chairs are all bundled down-stairs,

To leave the young idiots stage-space and more jawing-room

For "Private Theatricals." Wax on my hat trickles

From "Christmas Candles," that spot all the passages.

Heart-cheering youthfulness? Common-sense truthfulness

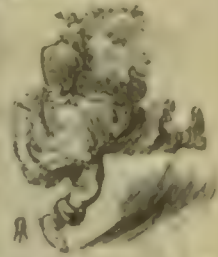
Tell us, at Christmas, youth's crassest of crass ages.

From kitchen to attic plates polychromatic,

From some "Christmas Number," make lumber. Good Heavens!

Ye young Yule-tide stuffers, we know, we old buffers,

The true "Christmas Numbers" are—Sixes and Sevens!



SPORTING NOTES.



Old Year.—"Over!"



New Year.—"Don't quite see my Way!"

THE FRIENDLIES IN "MARS."—We are beginning to know more and more about the planet *Mars* every day. There are newspapers in *Mars*. Their journalists are going to communicate (by electric flash-light signals) news to Earth. Look out for "Pars from *Mars*." The Pa's probably intend having a good time of it when they get away for a Christmas holiday.



"DE MORTUIS."

Chatty Passenger. "DEAD IS HE? POOR CHAP! HE USED TO DRIVE A CITY ATLAS, AND MANY'S THE TIME HE'S DRIVEN ME! HE WAS A GOOD FELLOW, BUT NOT MUCH OF A WHIP, EH?"

Driver. "AH, WELL! WHAT D'Y EXPECT? WHY, HE WAS A GEN'L MAN'S COACHMAN AFORE HE TOOK TO THE ROAD!"

THE YOUNG GUARD.

Old Sentry. For this relief, much thanks; 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart."—*Hamlet.*

First Sentry-go! Night, stars and snow!
The air bites shrewdly, nipping, eager,
As in old Denmark long ago.

A long, long watch through storm and leaguer

That dim, departing Sentinel
Has held. He hails the Young Guard's entry—

"Who goes there?" "Friend!" "Pass, friend!" "All's well!"

Tired age retreats—fresh youth's on sentry.

All's Well? Why that's a formal hail
From Guard to Guard. "Not a mouse stirring."

Francisco cried, chill, sleepy, pale.
No bat through night-wastes wheeling,
whirring;

No trumpet's shrill, no rocket's roar.
And here all seems as calm and quiet
As on the heights of Elsinore,—
Save for far sounds of wassail riot.

Some "wake to-night and take their rouse"
In England as in Denmark, doubtless,
But here calm broods on midnight's brows;
The flag clings to the flag-staff, floutless;
And if ghosts walk—well, youngling Year,
With hints of spectres why alarm you?
Take your first watch, boy, void of fear,
With hope, that inward fire, to warm you!

The Old Guards know that youthful glow
Is not the only thing that's needed
For a long spell of Sentry-go;
But when were veteran croakings heeded?
And if they were, would carking care,
Not wrinkle boy-brow prematurely?
All's well—to-night. May your watch fare
Serenely, steadfastly, securely.

Angels and ministers of grace
Defend you from all spooks alarming!
There's something in your younger face
That even ghosts should find disarming.
They come in questionable shapes,
Those phantoms of the Social Crisis.
Are their cries menaces—or japes?
These be our Mysteries of Isis!

The Citadel you have to ward
Is old, and forces new are mustering.
Vigilant valour will afford
More help, my boy, than fear or flustering.
Young HARRY with his beaver up
Should be your model, my young "nipper!"
Punch, lifting high a brimming cup,
Tips the Young Guard a friendly flipper!

DISTINGUISHED INVALID.—The latest bulletin states that "Mr. C. A. PEARSON still continues weekly. Whether circulation is much impaired will be ascertained within a short time." Dr. STEPHENSON, his Medical Adviser, thinks the system must have sustained a severe shock, but hopes that entire rest, coupled with a liberal diet, may eventually be successful in combating the malady.

TO SOME EXPECTANT BARDS.

God rest you, merry gentlemen!
You twittering, chirping poetasters.
What though you ply for praise the pen,
'Tis a mad world, you know, my masters.

And therefore in our land of fools,
Where genius starves in many a gutter,
And all the lore of all the schools
Scarce finds a man in bread-and-butter;

Where rhymes abound, though small and few

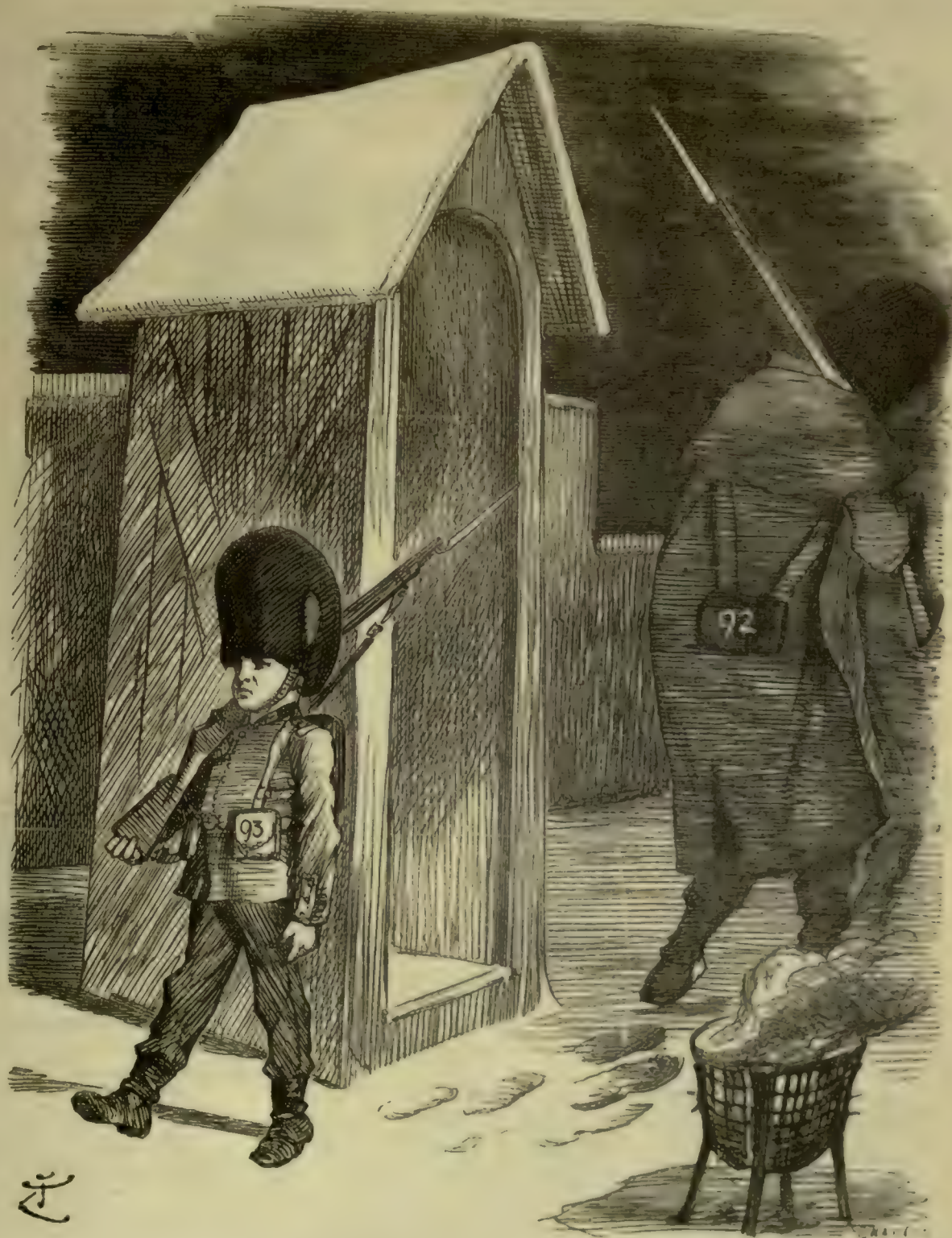
The prizes are that any bard won,
Your lot, O facile rhyming crew
Of would-be laureates, is a hard one.

Go on and versify. God wot,
With bards and rhymes I would not quarrel.

You have my sympathies, but not
(And may it so remain) the laurel.

EXTRAORDINARY FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—A Gentleman, whose name is well known in scientific circles, vouches for the following fact. He was, he says, passing a poulterer's shop, when he actually saw a hare buy a rabbit!! He subsequently added, that much depended on the way of spelling "buy."

Mrs. R., whose nephew broke his leg at football the other day, told a friend that it was a confounded fraction, but she hoped the bones would ignite in the end.



THE YOUNG GUARD.

PHANTASMA-GORE-IA!

Picturing the Various Modes of Melodramatic Murder. (By Our "Off-his"-Head Poet.)

No. III.—THE REVOLVER MURDER.

FROM Bow comes the fur that's on his coat,
From Germany comes his watch;
His trousers the "London make" denote,
His accent is Franco-Scotch;
His liquor is Special Scotch;
He "guesses" much, and he says "You bet";

His manner is slow and sly;
His smoke is a Turkish cigar-ette,
For he is a Russian Spy—
A blood-seeking Russian Spy!

Oh! how will the woes of Vir-tue end?

'Tis late in the Five-Act play;

And Fortune still is dark Vice's friend,

And villany holds its sway,
Its truly wonderful sway!

'Twould scarce be the thing for Vice to crow,

And Virtue to sink and die;

The end must arrive some time, we know—

So bring on your Russian Spy,—
Come, out with your Russian Spy!

It cannot be long! The time is here
For Virtue to pardon Vice,

Providing he does not live too near,
Or call more than once or twice—

Look in more than once or twice.

But wrongs are not brooked by Russian gents—

They're awfully angry fry!
The hero may pardon past events,
But not so the Russian Spy,—
'Tis death from the Russian Spy!



So as humbled Vice up stage retires,
Forgiven by him, he'd slay

(A noble revenge the House admires,
By utterly giving way—

By snifflingly giving way)—

The Spy, with revolver, comes down C.,

And aims at the evening sky,

And down tumbles Vice, as dead as three,

From lead from the Russian Spy!—

Oh! accurate Russian Spy!

SOMETHING LIKE A COUNTY-COUNCILLOR.

(Being Evidences taken in the Palace of Truth.)

Question. And so you object to Theatres and Music-Halls?

Answer. Certainly; and know as much about one as the other.

Q. Do you approve of SHAKSPEARE?

A. Certainly not; nor of any other playwright.

Q. Have you ever read a dramatic composition?

A. Never; it is against my principles to peruse such (so-called) literature.

Q. Then why do you object to the Author's work?

A. Because I know if I were SHAKSPEARE or any of his colleagues, my writings would be entirely unfit for representation.

Q. Have you ever entered a Theatre?

A. Certainly not; and never shall.

Q. Have you visited a Music-Hall?

A. Emphatically no, and don't want to.

Q. Then why do you complain of them?

A. Because my imagination pictures them as indescribably horrible.

Q. How comes it that knowing so little, you have been sent to adjudicate upon so much?

A. Because I was elected by the know-nothings of the district I have the honour to represent.

Q. And what became of the rest of the constituency?

A. You mean the majority—oh, they didn't take the trouble to register their votes.

Q. Then you are the mouthpiece of ignorance and incompetence?

A. Certainly—but that is not a pretty way of putting it!

On the Speculative Builder.

He's the readiest customer living,
While you're lending, or spending, or giving;

But when you'd make profit, or get back your own,

He's the awkwardest customer ever you've known.

SONG AT CHRISTMAS.
—“Then Yule Remember Me!”



“ANECDOTAGE.”

Companion Volume to other Works of the same kind.

THE Duke of WELLINGTON never could persuade GEORGE THE FOURTH that he was not present at Waterloo. One day his MAJESTY, talking over the table, said to his Grace, “I perfectly well remember your crying to the Grenadiers, ‘Up, Guards, and at them!’” “Yes, Sir,” replied the Duke, “so I have been told before.” The King smiled at the jest, but never forgave the carefully-concealed sarcasm.

REPLY FOR EGOTISTS.—“The Eye Hospital.” The Specialist who attends should be Member for Eye.

ODE TO SAPONACEA.

Who claims my strongest missing noun,
When sheets as soft and white as down,
Return in colour yellow-brown?
My Landress!

Who by her science can convert

My best and most expensive shirt
Into a miracle of dirt?
My Landress!

Who, when my collars come back frayed,
Receives my protests undismayed,
And merely wishes to be paid?
My Landress!

Who spite of warnings that one gives,
Turns cambric kerchiefs into sleeves,
Or ragged trellis-work—and lives!
My Landress!

Who at the wash-tub, truth to tell,
Is partly fraud and partly sell,
Yet does her “mangling” very well?
My Landress!



THE POET'S LOVE.

My Lady's name I cannot state,
At different times I greet her
As CHLOE, AMAETHILIS, KATE,
According to the metre;

I've called her MAEHLmany
a time,—
A name which lends itself to rhyme.

My Lady's hair is some-times black
To match her sable dresses,
At others falls about her back

In glorious a u b u r n tresses,
Yet do not take me to imply
She's given to the use of dye.

I like her when she's sweet and small,
The daintiest of flowers,

I love her when, divinely tall,
Above the rest she towers;

And yet, as second thoughts suggest,
Perhaps a golden mean were best.

Sometimes, a simple rustic maid,
She strays through meadows green,

Sometimes her beauty is displayed

In glittering ball-room scene;

More recently I've thought upon

Creating her a lady-Don.

This peerless girl of whom I speak

I ever worship blindly

And sing her praises once a week,

If editors are kindly;

Alas, this paragon, I own,

Exists within my verse alone!



A'CHILLING WINTER “DRAFT.”—That of The Home-Rule Bill.



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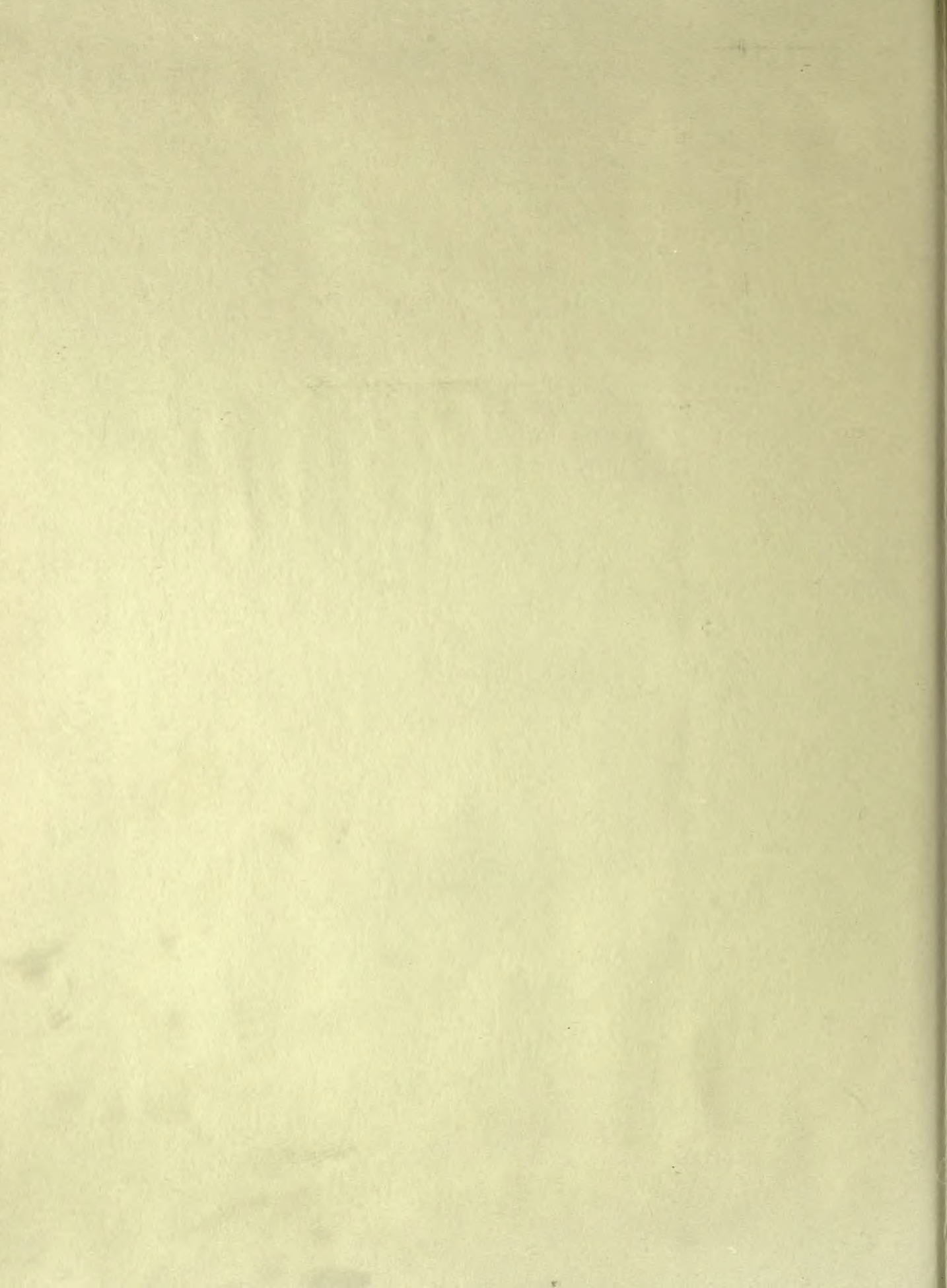
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